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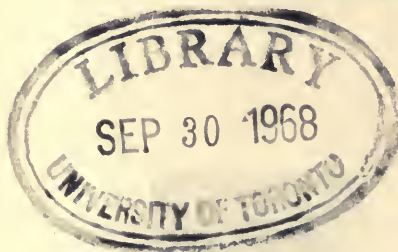


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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XX.

OLD CHESTER liked Roger Carey and approved of him; although, indeed, one involved the other, for Old Chester never did anything so ill judged as to like where it could not approve. But even though Roger had won regard, his departure had not been entirely a regret. After all, a love affair is a pretty thing to watch; but there are other matters in the world, and those who are not lovers, only commonplace folk, must keep their feet upon the earth.

Miss Susan Carr said she should be glad when Lyssie could put her mind on her choir-practicing again; Dr. Laven-
dar felt that one or two families in the upper village needed visiting; and as for Mrs. Drayton — but Mrs. Drayton's opinion can easily be taken for granted. She did, however, confide to her step-daughter that things had been very much upset by the engagement.

"I have been much shaken by it, much shaken," she said. "Of course, I have not had, have not expected, my usual comforts; but then I've been glad to contribute my discomfort to Lyssie's happiness. It is a little bitter to think that a poor, miserable, useless invalid like me has nothing to give except discomfort."

"At least, your contribution has been unstinted," Cecil said sweetly; but her face was dull, and she turned away from her stepmother, feeling for once no desire to torment her.

It was the morning after Roger had

gone. Cecil was very restless; she came down to see Lyssie for the mere occupation of moving about.

"Oh, how glad I am to get rid of him!" she thought once or twice. To have company at such a crisis as had come into her life might well seem intolerable. It was no wonder that she drew a deep breath and said, "Thank Heaven, he's gone!" and braced herself for the struggle which was at hand. Yet she was restless. "One is always restless when one's company goes," she explained to herself. Perhaps it was because with the departure of her guest departed also those commonplaces which pad the sharpnesses of life to us all. The necessary smile, the formal gayety, the mere requisites of eating and drinking, cover decently many things, among the rest that naked and primal passion which underlies existence; a passion which, smouldering long, had sprung into flame in that talk between the husband and wife, — the passion of self-preservation, with its terror and bitterness and horrible intensity! Cecil may have missed the comfort of the commonplace, or she may have missed the man, with his daily impetuous revolt of indifference, followed by the flattery of his daily subjugation. But she did not stop to analyze her state of mind; in fact, in those next few terrible days — days of discussion, of incrimination, of violent disagreement about Molly on the part of the husband and wife — she forgot everything except the lust of strife. Yet she

had felt the vague and restless discomfort of missing Roger Carey, — of missing a man whom she had known but a little while, a man who was her sister's lover!

There was, however, nothing apparent in the relations of Mr. and Mrs. Shore which could start a ripple of excitement in Old Chester. They met once a day at the dinner table, with Molly sitting chattering between them; themselves quite silent to each other. This gave no particular ground for comment; the maids only said, "She's got the sulks again," and Philip's man remarked that he was "a fool not to settle her."

Of course, alone, they did talk, these two. Neither spared any truth to the other. It is only when they are husband and wife that two human souls can achieve absolute cruelty.

Until they were able to agree upon something, it was obviously best to keep up appearances; and so Philip and Cecil saw each other at dinner every night, and listened to Molly, and talked to her, and despised each other. For, oddly enough, now that Philip had put his desire into words, his feeling for his wife dropped to a lower plane. He recognized this, but said to himself that it was because of what she revealed of herself in these terrible interviews; the subtilty of his meeting her upon the lower ground of self-interest escaped him.

Each was fighting for the possession of the child. Philip stood by his first opinion, that Molly should spend half of the year with each of them; Cecil violently refused to listen to such a proposition: and there the matter stood, while the long, still August days gave place to the yellow haze of September.

Meantime, the excitement about Lysie having subsided, life in Old Chester slipped back into its ordinary channels of sleepy self-satisfaction. Even at the rectory the tension had relaxed a little. Mr. Joseph was still uncertain about Mr. Pendleton's will; to be sure, he might

have found out, but the idea of going to the probate court to make the necessary examination offended him. Dr. Lavendar, aware that at least the momentous question had not been asked, was very conciliatory, and full of conversation about Miss Susan Carr. Mr. Joseph accepted the friendliness, and, when he came home on Saturdays, walked in the garden at sunset and looked at the hollyhocks, just as usual; but his kind heart knew its own bitterness. Yet with the bitterness was a strange, new happiness, for with opposition his mild regard for Mrs. Pendleton had begun to glow and deepen; and faintly, like the thrill of spring in November sunshine, the ardors of youth and love began to stir in his blood. He thought of his weekly visit to Old Chester with a perceptible heart-beat; and when he walked home with her from the choir-practicing, there was a haze before his eyes that hid the wrinkles about her temples, the sharp lines around her tight little mouth, the shrewdness of her light eyes; he saw again the plump girl, silly and silent, who, twenty years before, blushing and giggling, slid into an engagement and out of it without a quicker heart-beat or falling tear.

"Old Chester," said Mr. Joseph, upon one of these occasions, as they paced along together in the pleasant September dusk, "is very fortunate to have such an addition to its social circle this winter as you will be, ma'am. We are somewhat narrow, I fear, and need widening."

"Exactly!" Mrs. Pendleton agreed.

"I assure you, I feel it a privilege to return to Old Chester from the less agreeable, if more worldly life of Mercer," Mr. Lavendar continued.

"But I suppose the stage journey tries you a good deal as you grow older?" Mrs. Pendleton said sympathetically.

Mr. Joseph looked dashed, though only for a moment. "I am older," he said, "in one way, but not, my dear — Mrs. Pendleton — in every way. My heart, as the

poet says, is ever young, ever young; and I think he adds, fresh. Of that, however, I am not certain."

But Mrs. Pendleton preferred to talk about Mercer rather than about Mr. Lavendar's heart. "I suppose (not that I am inquisitive; I have no curiosity, but I'm so impulsive that I speak just what comes into my mind), — I suppose your income must be quite large, for you to live in Mercer?"

Her interest in him touched him very much. "No, ma'am, no; not large, but sufficient; and we expect it to be greatly augmented when my brother's book is published."

Mr. Lavendar's heart was beating tumultuously; a declaration trembled upon his lips, but the curb of honor held it back. He must know about that will first. With admirable self-restraint he tried to talk of less personal things, — the choir, the weather, the difference of the seasons now and in his youth; and that led Mrs. Pendleton to remark that she and Susy Carr were soon coming to Mercer to do some autumn shopping. "Wednesday a week we are coming," she said; and Mr. Joseph asked eagerly if he might have the honor of waiting upon them in town, and escorting them to the shops. Mrs. Pendleton consented, with a neat smile, and he left her, determined to learn at once whether he were "free" to address her. "For I may have a chance in Mercer," he thought, palpitating.

This visit to Mercer had been arranged nearly a month before, when Susan Carr, in one of those moments of rash good nature common to us all, had promised to "shop" with Mrs. Pendleton. When the day of fulfillment came, Miss Susan was as miserable as we all are when our amiable weaknesses come home to roost. The night before the fatal Wednesday she looked hopefully at a threatening sky; but the morning was full of placid sunshine, and she sighed, and said to herself, "Well, Susan

Carr, it's your own fault!" which comforted her as much as such statements do. She thought of all the things to be done upon the farm; all the things she might do about the house; nay, even the books she would read, the letters she would write, if only she could stay at home. For there is perhaps no moment when we so much appreciate our homes as the moment of departure from them upon some rashly accepted invitation.

Miss Susan put on a short, stout skirt, for she could not endure the thought of any clothing of hers touching those nasty streets; and her oldest bonnet, because the stage ride was dusty; and her waterproof cloak, for fear it might rain. Then she took down from the top shelf in the spare-room wardrobe a large bag with "Susy" worked on one side in brown and yellow worsteds: this was to be filled with the commissions with which she had taken kindly pains to burden herself. "Can I do any shopping for you in Mercer?" she had asked everybody; and the result was that when she climbed into the coach with Mrs. Pendleton, she was naming over on her fingers a dozen errands for other people.

"Lilac ribbons for Fanny Drayton's wrapper; patterns of red flannel for the Sewing Society; six silk handkerchiefs for Jane Temple's Mr. Dove — I think I must write the others down," said Miss Susan, "or else I'll forget 'em."

"Exactly," Mrs. Pendleton agreed.

Mrs. Pendleton looked very pretty: her bonnet had fine hemstitched lawn strings that looked like a clergyman's bands; her hair, with its sleek waves, came down in loops upon her pink cheeks; her round, fresh face was rounder and fresher for the spreading black veil that seemed to take up a great deal of room; a stiff fold even touched Miss Susan's cheek now and then, or fell forward in a wiry shade across the little window of the coach. Mrs. Pendleton took very good care of her crape; she had been heard to say that she had never let a tear fall

on that veil, for fear of spotting it; she said that spotted crape was pure carelessness, and a disrespect to the dead. She plaited the hem gently between her fingers as she answered Miss Susan:—

“Yes, it’s a very good plan to write things down; I always do, and especially to-day. I’ve so many things to think of.” She sighed as she spoke. “You see, my dear Miss Carr, I’m going to lighten.”

“Lighten?”

“Exactly,—my grief. And there is so much to see to, for everything must be consistent. You must n’t have a black-bordered handkerchief when you take off your veil; and it’s the same with gloves,—they must be stitched with white. I think, in such a matter, one should strive to be consistent, but it’s very puzzling.”

Miss Susan said she supposed so.

“Oh, dear me, yes; and I’ve had so much experience in it! I was in lilacs for my dear mother when my dear father died, and of course I went at once into crape; and I’d hardly gotten into half again when aunt Betty went, and that set me back with jets,—no crape. I was married when I’d just begun to wear black and white, and had put my note paper into a narrow edge,—just for an aunt, you know,—and then my dear, dear husband!”

Miss Carr looked sympathetic.

“Of course,” Mrs. Pendleton ended, drying her eyes on a handkerchief still in grief, “then I was in black all through; I did n’t wear a white collar for three months; even my petticoats were black lawn, I do assure you.”

Miss Susan murmured something appropriate, and sighed. Susan Carr had lived too long and had too many griefs not to know that grief, that most precious possession, subsides; not to know that there is a pathetic instant when the mourner recognizes that life still holds some interest for him; that the world is still beautiful, though but a year ago

—nay, a month ago—he had thought it but the blackness of darkness! It is an instant of terror, of remorse, and of fearful joy. Susan Carr knew this; and she looked at the widow with that pity for the little creature’s littleness which only large and tender souls can feel,—for this strange moment had come very soon to Mrs. Pendleton.

It was a pleasant September day: there was a scent of wood smoke in the still air; in the fields along the turnpike road the corn had been cut, and stood upon the yellowing stubble in great tufted shocks which rustled if a rabbit went springing past, or a faint wind stirred the dry, sword-like leaves; the brook, which kept in friendly fashion close to the road, had dwindled in its shallow bed, and left bare the flat, worn stones which a month before had been covered with the dash and foam of hurrying water; the woods were yellowing a little, and a soft haze hung all across the smiling valley.

The stage jogged along in a cloud of dust, or rumbled under covered bridges, where, from between the dry, creaking planks, lines of dust sifted down upon the sunny water below, and from the openings in the roofs streaks of powdery sunshine fell like bars across the gloom, making the horses swerve a little to avoid them. As they pulled up the hills, Jonas pounded with the butt end of his whip on the wide tire, to keep time to a monotonous, jolting song:—

“‘So there, now, Sally,
I kiss ye once again;
So there, now, Sally,
Don’t kiss no other men!’”

Mrs. Pendleton chattered steadily. Miss Susan, her color deepening and her eyes downcast, thought of her last ride in the coach with her impatient and ardent lover. At least, she thought of it until she fell asleep. Occasionally her head nodded forward; but Mrs. Pendleton’s remarks rarely needed more elaborate answers.

Did Miss Susan know if Dr. Lavendar were dependent upon his salary, or did he have an independent income? How old was he? How much did she suppose Joseph Lavendar was worth?

"I'm sure I don't know!" said Miss Susan loudly.

After that Mrs. Pendleton was silent, and sighed once or twice; then, with an effort to change the subject, she began to talk about her works.

"I mean to give a copy of the *Thoughts to Philip Shore's* little girl."

Miss Susan opened her eyes at the sound of Philip's name.

"Oh, is it a child's book?"

"No, — oh, dear me, no; it is for grown persons; but there are lessons in it for all. Though it is very delicate, — nothing which a child might not read;" and to show the character of *Thoughts* Mrs. Pendleton took the trouble to recite a poem about a little girl who went to the spring with

"A long-lipped pitcher of lovely shape."

The moral, she told Miss Susan, was detached, to impress it upon the mind, thus:

MORAL.

"So if you chance to make a sad mistake
On any lovely summer morn,
And pretty dish or long-lipped pitcher break,
Be sure, my dear, and tell mamma 't is done."

"You see, a book like that will be good for that poor little Shore child," Mrs. Pendleton ended, waving her veil back. "She is sadly neglected."

"Neglected? Molly?" said Miss Susan hotly. "She has the best father in the world, and — and her mother is very fond of her, and" —

"Exactly," Mrs. Pendleton broke in, nodding her head; "but it's hard on a child to be brought up by a father and mother who are not united."

"Oh, indeed, I think you must allow that I know them best," Susan Carr said stiffly. "Mr. and Mrs. Shore are both very reserved people, but — but they are devoted to Molly," she ended

lamely. She felt as though she wanted to shake Mrs. Pendleton. "It serves me right for promising to go to Mercer with her!" she thought, and looked at the floor so forbiddingly that conversation flagged. She would not look up until they entered Mercer; and when she did, as the stage stopped, it was to see Joseph Lavendar, his face beaming with a friendly smile that turned the corners of his blue eyes into a network of wrinkles.

"My dear Miss Susan, pray take my hand!" he begged, pulling open the stage door, and letting the hinged steps drop with a clatter. His happiness was apparent in his very voice.

Susan Carr had not a word to say. She got out, and watched him offer Mrs. Pendleton the same courtesy; she felt rigid, and when she tried to smile she had that consciousness of the stiffness of the muscles about her lips that most of us know in those moments when we try to assume enjoyment when we have it not. She flashed a stern and suspicious glance at the little widow covering by her side, who whispered, "Oh, I hope it was all right? I knew it would give the poor man pleasure; though nothing can come of it, I'm afraid."

"Of course nothing can come of it," Miss Susan replied, so loudly that Mrs. Pendleton shrank, and said, "Sh-h-h!" "But it makes no difference to me. I'm going to make a call. You can go to the shops with Mr. Lavendar."

"Oh, won't that be too marked?" remonstrated Mrs. Pendleton, under her breath. "And consider my errand, too! Oh, that is quite marked."

"I wish it to be marked," said Susan Carr dryly. "I'll leave Mrs. Pendleton to you, Joseph," she said maliciously, turning to the nervous and happy escort. "You can take her to White's and Eaton's, — they are the best shops; and I'll meet you at one or the other of them before we go to the hotel for dinner. We'd better have dinner at half past two, I think."

And then she tramped off, with the heavy, swinging step that comes only from having walked between the furrows of new-ploughed fields.

"Of course she told him I was coming!" she said to herself, angry at Mrs. Pendleton's meddling and Joseph's persistence; but with her anger was a certain pride in being so ardently sought.

When she had made her call, she tried to find some interest and pleasure in her shopping; but her heart was hot at the memory of Mrs. Pendleton's perfidy, and heavy with the thought of Joseph Lavendar's disappointment. Nor did she feel more cheerful when, across the street, she caught sight of the two culprits talking so earnestly that they did not see her. Indeed, she even experienced that unreasonable resentment which comes to the best of women when they see a rejected lover consoling himself.

Yet that did not prevent her, when they met at dinner at the hotel, from putting Mrs. Pendleton between herself and Joseph; and when, later, grudgingly enough, she went with them to make some further purchases, from using Mrs. Pendleton as a protector, and placing her in the middle as they walked down the street.

But her conscience reproached her for her severity to them both, and when the stage started she tried to apologize to Mrs. Pendleton for her neglect. "I'm afraid I seemed a little ungracious, but I really had to go and see some people; and I knew Mr. Lavendar would be as good a guide as I."

Mrs. Pendleton shook her head hopelessly. "Oh, I never supposed you were not going to be with me, or I should n't have let him meet me," she said.

But Miss Carr would not pursue the subject; she did not want to talk about Mr. Joseph. She said she must put down her accounts. Yet even while she was adding up her columns of figures, and counting out everybody's change,

she was wretched at the thought of her unkindness to her too devoted lover. Indeed, when she got home, and sat down to her solitary supper table, and heard Ellen scolding her for looking tired, she was almost ready to cry, to think how she had hurt his feelings.

She did not follow Ellen's report of the day's happenings very closely: Miss Lyssie Drayton had gone to the upper village on an errand; Ellen believed that the child would work herself to death over those shiftless people in the upper village. Mrs. Dove had had a whole hind quarter of lamb cooked for Mr. Tommy's dinner; Ellen did n't see how ever cold meat was used up in that house, they had so many joints. "We don't cook no whole hind quarters," Ellen said; "but *we* believe willful waste is woeful want." Mr. Philip went away on the afternoon stage; did Miss Susan know he was going? And then Ellen stopped, and coughed a little, and said there was a tablecloth in last week's wash that needed darning. "He ain't looking real good, Miss Susan?"

Miss Carr came out of her remorse with a start. "Oh, I think he's pretty well," she said.

"Well, Mr. Philip was never what you'd call pious," Ellen commented, shaking her head, "so I'm sure I'd like to see him comfortable in *this* world; but Mrs. Shore's Rosa was in to-day, and — well, I don't know! — she says *they had words* last night. Poor Mr. Philip! Well, he's gone; and Rosa says that he won't be in no hurry to come back. Dear me, I don't know how it will end."

Miss Susan's heart was in her throat, yet she waited for Ellen to finish before telling her, sharply, that she did not know what she was talking about, and that Mr. Philip was very well; and why should n't he go away on business? Miss Carr had thought that Ellen had more sense; she thought she was crazy! and she might go and get some hot tea. "This is cold

as a stone," said Miss Susan; "and you are very foolish, Ellen."

"So people are beginning to see it!" she said to herself, with a groan, as Ellen disappeared with the teapot. But Miss Carr did not realize that this was not the "beginning" of the seeing which she deplored. If she had only known it, Ellen had "seen it" long before she had; and so had Esther and Betsey, and half a dozen other Esthers and Betseys. It was only the little thrill of excitement caused by Mr. Shore's abrupt departure which made their knowledge come to the surface.

"He did n't know he was going last night," John had declared.

"Well, they had an awful row after dinner," said Rosa.

And then the cook bet John a larded sweetbread against a handkerchief ("A good hemstitched one; none o' yer cotton ones, now, mind!") that Mr. Shore would sulk for a week before he would come back. And it was this speculation, shared with Old Chester domestics, which caused Ellen's overflow of gossip, and made Miss Susan say that people were "beginning to see it."

We rarely realize how astoundingly complete is our servants' knowledge of us and of our friends. Our weaknesses belong to them, our errors and our misfortunes; we are to them what the theatre and the latest novel, nay, what other people's scandals are to us.

And though poor Susan Carr shrank from believing it, it was just about this time that all Old Chester, through the lowly medium of the Shores' servants, began to know how bad, how very bad things were up in the big house on the hill.

XXI.

There had, indeed, as Miss Susan's Ellen hinted, been "words" between Mr. and Mrs. Shore; and the result, which had so surprised and interested

his kitchen, was that Philip had taken the stage the next afternoon and gone to town.

"When are you going away?" Cecil had said to her husband, suddenly, at dinner, after John had left the room. "Or shall we leave you here? I am going abroad next month with Molly, and I want to close the house."

"Mamma, is Eric going?" Molly clamored.

"Polly, run upstairs and bring me a box of cigars that is on the table in my room," Philip said, his face pale, his fingers tightening upon the stem of his wineglass. When she had gone, he muttered between his teeth, without looking at his wife, "I will answer you when we are alone."

Cecil cut a peach, smiling. "I'm not sure that it is proper for us to be alone. Do you think Mrs. Drayton would chaperon me, if I asked her? Oh, arrange, of course, about the money you will want; you must n't deprive your art student of his income."

"This is not decent, before the child!" he said passionately.

"Father," Molly called from the first landing, running her hand back and forth across the balusters to make believe that she was playing on a harp, "there is n't any box of cigars here. Father, may I take some cologne out of your green bottle?"

"Yes. Look in my dressing-room for the cigars," Philip called back.

Cecil put her peach down; she leaned forward, her eyes narrowing like a tiger's. "Very well, then, you understand: *I take Molly with me*. Listen! If you try to 'divide her time,' I'll carry it through every court in the land, and I'll tell — everything! I don't care! I'm going to leave America, so I don't mind the scandal. Besides, people will think you are mad; 'not a fit guardian,' you know."

"Father," Molly said cheerfully, coming downstairs one foot at a time, with

the box of cigars in her arms, "I put some cologne on your cigars to make them smell sweet."

It was like a keen edge laid against some tense chord. Philip's face, set with anger, suddenly quivered; then his eyes blurred. But Cecil rose, with a passionate exclamation.

Molly, leaning against her father, was pulling out the cologne-soaked cigars with all the pride of the benefactor.

"Just smell 'em! Oh, father, may Eric go on the ship?"

"Do you want Eric to go, darling?" Cecil said. "Then come here to mamma, and she'll tell you all about it."

And Molly joyously deserted her father, and ran to hang on her mother's hand and chatter about her dog.

Later, when the child had gone to bed, Philip came into the parlor, where his wife was reading. "I am going to town to-morrow" — he began.

"To see your lawyer?" Cecil interrupted sardonically.

"Yes. I want you to give me your word of honor not to go away in my absence."

Cecil laughed. "Oh, Philip, how melodramatic!"

"Give me your word."

"I had n't thought of abducting her," she assured him; "that sort of thing is n't my style. I much prefer you to find out from your lawyer how absurd you are to suppose that you have any claim." And then she took up Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé, and he went away.

"How silly in him to make all this fuss!" she thought, looking absently over the top of the book; "but I suppose I must consult somebody."

And later in the evening, half reluctantly, half eagerly, she wrote to Mr. Roger Carey, saying that she wished to consult him on a matter of business. As she sealed the letter, she remembered, with some annoyance, that she did not know his address. She could find out from Lyssie; and yet, oddly enough,

she did not want to ask Lyssie. So the letter stood on her writing-desk for a day or two; stood there, in fact, after Philip had consulted his lawyer, and had learned that, as he had supposed, if the question of the disposition of Molly were pressed to a legal decision, she would undoubtedly be given to her mother.

"The court does not recognize your subtleties, Shore," his lawyer told him, and looked as though he would like to add his own opinion on the subject. But his client's face did not encourage him.

Philip Shore did not go back at once to Old Chester. He must, he told himself, be alone to meet the question of giving up Molly to her mother or giving up his convictions. Nor did he communicate with his wife; and, her letter to Roger still unsent, Cecil was ignorant of the legal probabilities. She was not exactly anxious about them, but she was irritated at the delay. If there were going to be any complication, she wanted to know it. Roger Carey could tell her; and yet some strange instinct made her still delay to ask Lyssie for his address; perhaps an unconscious application of the Mosaic command that at least one shall not seethe a kid in its mother's milk.

She explained this reluctance to herself by saying that Lyssie would wonder why she was writing to him. "And there's no use in telling her until the last moment," she thought, softening. "Poor Lys! she'll be so distressed." The grief of it all to Lyssie was in her mind, as, in the small jewel of a room which she used as a morning-room, she sat, after dinner, idly looking at a pile of unanswered letters on her writing-desk. A little fire was burning on the hearth, repeating itself in faint gleams on the dark furniture, in the sconces high up between the windows, and in the long mirror that, divided by gilded pilasters, hung lengthwise above the mantel.

To Lyssie, pushing the door open, and coming smiling into the room, it had never looked more peaceful: the flicker-

ing fire; Eric on, the white rug before the hearth, his great nose between his paws; Molly asleep on a sofa in a dusky corner; and Cecil sitting at her desk, writing,—perhaps to Philip. Lyssie, poor child, hoped it was to Philip; she had been greatly troubled of late by Cecil's manner to her husband.

"Am I interrupting you, Ceci?" she said gayly. "Mother seemed so bright this evening that I thought I'd run up for a little while. Esther escorted me."

"No, kitty; it's very nice to have you," Cecil said, in a preoccupied way, getting up from her desk, and letting Lyssie kiss her before sinking down into a chair before the fire. "Oh, shut the door, will you, dear? There is a draught on Molly."

"I thought Molly went to bed at eight?" Lyssie commented, as she closed the door.

"She did n't want to, to-night."

"But she'd be so much more comfortable in bed than lying here with her clothes on," Alicia urged; for Molly's face was flushed and troubled, and she moved uneasily in her sleep.

"I like her near me," Cecil said calmly.

Lyssie opened her lips to protest, but apparently thought better of it, and began to talk of other things. She told Cecil that Eliza Todd's baby had died that afternoon. "I never saw death before," she said, her voice a little awed, "but it was n't dreadful. The poor little thing was so sick and so tired, and it just stopped breathing,—that was all. I was holding it on my lap, and I did n't know until poor Eliza said, 'Oh, she's gone!' Poor Eliza!"

"It's really the best thing that could have happened, though," Cecil returned gravely. "Poor little Eliza! I suppose she cries just as much as though she had not six other empty stomachs to think about. When is it to be buried? Do you think she would be pleased if I sent her some flowers?"

Alicia looked at her lovingly. "How

sweet in you to think of it! Yes, indeed she would. The funeral is to be to-morrow." And then they were silent a little while, until Lyssie asked her sister if she had been out. "It's been a perfect day. You lazy thing, I believe you've just poked over the fire all day!"

"I've read a very bad French novel," Cecil assured her; "that is exercise enough. I feel it my duty to keep up my French when I'm in the country."

"I suppose a bad book is better exercise than a good one?" Lyssie retorted. "I don't see any use in reading bad books, Ceci."

"That's because you've never done it, my dear."

"Well," Alicia returned, hesitating, "Roger said once that he thought"—

"Now, Lyssie, for Heaven's sake, don't be the kind of woman who is forever quoting what 'he' says! Your own opinions are good enough."

"They are not as good as Roger's, and I don't know anybody else's that are, either!"

"Oh well," Cecil declared, "you must n't talk so much about him! If you are forever talking of his superhuman virtues, you'll make people hate him. I hate him now, a little."

"Then you are a very narrow-minded person," Lyssie said placidly, sitting down on the rug in front of the fire, and dragging Eric's head over into her lap. "Wake up, old fellow!" she commanded, squeezing his black nose with her two pretty hands. Eric flopped his tail heavily, and opened one eye, and then dozed again. "To prevent your hating Roger, I'll change the subject. When does Philip come home?"

"I don't know," Cecil replied; and then added, yawning, "and I'm sure I don't care."

Lyssie's face sobered. She was so happy herself—for she had Roger—that the pity of it all made the tears spring to her eyes. She came and knelt down at Cecil's side, putting her arms

around her sister's waist and kissing her shoulder softly.

"Ceci darling, you know you ought n't to say those things. Even if they were true, they ought not to be said."

Cecil, clasping her hands behind her head, and smiling with a dubious droop of the corner of her mouth, looked down at the sensitive, quivering face before her.

"Lys dear, Philip and I are going to separate. So, naturally, I don't concern myself as to his movements."

"Separate?" Lyssie repeated vaguely, "separate? Why — why, what do you mean?"

"To separate means to live apart, ordinarily."

"What! I — I don't understand," Alicia said faintly. "Cecil, what do you mean? Cecil, you don't mean — separate?" She grew white to her lips.

"Why, Lys, you surely have n't thought us such a united pair?" Cecil said, surprised. Alicia's speechless pallor troubled her; she put her arm about the girl's waist. "Come, now, you must n't be so upset. I did n't mean to tell you just yet, but there is really no reason why you should n't know; only you must n't be so upset about it. And don't speak of it, please." She paused, and patted Alicia's head. "Why, you poor little thing!"

"Oh, Cecil, it is n't true? You are not telling me the truth?"

"My dear," Cecil answered impatiently, "of course it's true; it is n't a subject on which I should romance. Now, please don't cry, Lys; it always makes me cross to have people cry."

Alicia lifted her face, and caught at Cecil's wrists with trembling hands, leaning heavily against her. "You can't be in earnest? It's wicked! Leave Philip? It's wicked. *Cecil!*"

Cecil frowned. "If you are going to be so silly, I'm sorry I told you. But I thought perhaps you could help me about Molly. Philip has an idea that he wants her part of the time, — a sort of King

Solomon arrangement, you know. Of course I sha'n't allow it. But he will probably make a dreadful fuss. I thought you might advise him to have more sense; but you just sit there and cry! I tell you, I'll be much happier when it's all settled. I'm going to take Molly abroad, and I'll be very happy."

"Cecil," said Alicia faintly, "do you mean that you and Philip are going to be" —

"Divorced?" Cecil ended dryly. "No, that's horrid and public. Besides, we neither of us want to marry anybody el—"

"Don't!" Alicia put her hands over her ears. "You must n't speak, you must n't think — such things! Oh, I!" — She stopped; she had no protests, no arguments, nothing but horror.

"We don't want to marry again," Cecil went on calmly, — "at least, I'm sure I don't; I've had enough of it! But I simply cannot endure Philip any longer. And I suppose that is exactly the way he feels about me. Which really, Lys — I don't want to be egotistical, but really, that is very odd in Philip. So we are going to separate. I shall go abroad with Molly. Oh, don't sit there and weep, Lyssie!"

Cecil got up angrily, pushing past Alicia's crouching figure, and going over to Molly, who, asleep, was looking, in spite of the cushions, very uncomfortable, cramped by her clothing and the straight lines of the sofa.

Cecil Shore knelt down beside the child, the anger in her eyes melting into the passion, not of motherhood, but of the mother, — the dam. Her voice trembled with caresses: "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Open your little eyes, my own, open your eyes!" She pushed her arm under the pillow and drew Molly towards her, gathering her two small hot hands in one of hers, pressing them against her lips, her throat, her bosom, in a fierce caress. "Molly, kiss mamma! kiss mamma!" Molly stirred, and sighed, and burrowed

her head in her mother's breast. Cecil, panting, and with passionate, inarticulate murmurs, devoured the little neck with kisses; she strained the soft body against her, so that Molly struggled and gasped, and then opened her eyes, and said with the heavy tongue of slumber, "Don't!" and pushed out her arms, fretting to be asleep again.

"I'm so uncomfortable," she said.

Alicia looked at her sister, then turned away her eyes; why, she could not have said. It was not because this outburst of maternal love was sacred; on the contrary, it was not even human; it frightened her, it almost shocked her.

"Mamma, you squeeze me so tight," Molly complained.

"Cecil!" Alicia burst out sharply, "don't!"

Cecil, rocking back and forth, looked over her shoulder and smiled, with a tightening of her lips. "Well, do you think I would give her up?" Then, as if fatigued, with a smiling sigh, her arms relaxed; and Molly, with a catch at her mother's dress to save herself, slipped to the floor, and stood on her unsteady little legs, blinking with bewildered, sleepy eyes at her mother and aunt. Then she turned as though to climb on the sofa again, but Cecil restrained her gently. "No, darling; you must go to bed now, kitty. I'll call Rosa."

Molly whimpered, and broke into a fretful wail.

"Don't, Precious; mamma does n't like little girls who cry!" and, half impatiently, she pushed the child towards the door. "Take her, Rosa! Molly, if you don't stop, I'll punish you."

She put her fingers in her ears, and came back to her chair before the fire. "Does n't a shriek like that go through you? Now, Lys, I want to say just one thing about — what we were speaking of. There is no use making yourself miserable over it. I shall be much more comfortable. I have our beloved father's example, you know, and" —

"You must n't say those things to me!" Alicia interrupted, with indignant grief. "It reflects upon my mother as well as papa, and I won't hear it."

"Well, then I have n't his example, if that pleases you better. It is original sin. But what I wanted to say is, don't say anything about it, please, until I've made my final arrangements. It may be a week or two yet," she ended, frowning.

Lyssie did not answer; the child was too heartsick for any more words. Cecil began to walk restlessly about the room; once she stopped as though about to speak, but checked herself, and went over to her desk, and seemed to arrange some letters; then, suddenly, as though the words had broken free from her will, she said, standing with her back to Alicia, "Oh — where is your Mr. Carey, Lys? What is his address? I've got to write to him on business."

For once Roger's name woke no happy consciousness in Alicia Drayton's face; she gave the address, and then, with a quivering lip, stammered, brokenly, something of duty, of Molly, of Philip's goodness. "Oh, Cecil, say you won't leave him!"

But Cecil drew back impatiently. "Ach! your face is all wet," she cried, rubbing her cheek.

"Good-night, Cecil," Lyssie said, in a low voice, and kissed her, and went away.

XXII.

As she walked home through the darkness, the sense of her own helplessness in this dreadful matter fell upon Alicia Drayton like some tangible despair. Her most agonized efforts beat against her sister's flippancy like wind against some crystal barrier.

"Oh, if Cecil would only listen to me!" she said to herself. "But she won't; she never has!" Alicia did not cry; she was too terrified for tears.

When she reached home, she was so

absorbed that she did not notice the traces of tears upon her mother's cheek, although Mrs. Drayton's elaborate concealment of them might well have called her attention to them. She went silently about her task of arranging things for the night: she rolled Mrs. Drayton's thin hair into a thicket of curl papers, and put the shade before the night lamp, and said, gently, "yes" or "no" to this or that sighing question; then she kissed her mother good-night, and turned to go away. But a smothered sound arrested her, and she came back.

"What is it, dear? Did you call me?"

"Oh no, no; it does n't matter; it's nothing. Go to bed. Don't mind me," and Mrs. Drayton sobbed faintly.

But Alicia's grave patience did not relax into any girlish burst of tenderness.

"What's the matter, mother darling? Your head does n't ache, does it?"

"You are so absorbed now, Lyssie, in your own happiness, of course I don't expect you to think about me. I've been crying here alone all the evening, while you've been enjoying yourself at Cecil's. Not that it matters; I'm glad to have you enjoy yourself."

"I know you are, dear," Lyssie said simply. "But I'm so sorry anything troubles you. Won't you tell me what it is?" She knelt down by the bedside, and, lifting Mrs. Drayton's hand to her lips, kissed the finger tips once or twice, gently. "What troubles you, mother dear? Were you lonely?"

It was the first time in her life that Alicia had felt that sense of effort in showing affection which is such pain to a tender heart.

"I'm always lonely," Mrs. Drayton reminded her severely.

"I know," Alicia said sympathetically. "But maybe papa will be home soon. I really think, from his last letter, that he is stronger, and perhaps he will soon be able to come back."

Mrs. Drayton caught her breath, and sat up in bed excitedly. "I don't know

why you say so! I don't think so at all!" she cried shrilly. "What makes you say such things?"

"Why, I only thought perhaps he might," Lyssie began to explain, wearily; "that was all."

"Then why do you startle me so?" demanded Mrs. Drayton, sinking back on her pillows, and panting, the tears of anger and relief glittering suddenly in her eyes. "You speak of his coming home, and then you—you just disappoint me! As if I did n't suffer enough from his absence, without having my nerves shattered in this way!"

"I'm sorry, dear; I did n't mean to."

"And I'm sure I'm unhappy enough without your making me more so. I'm very unhappy; I'm a great sinner."

At this Alicia at once resigned herself to an hour's battle with hysteria; she knew too well the various phases through which her mother must pass in struggling with a sense of sin, before finding comfort "in the bosom of her Heavenly Father."

She was never impatient with or suspicious about these struggles; she was only tender, with a tenderness which kept her reverent even of those peculiar phrases with which Mrs. Drayton was apt to clothe her religious emotions. We sometimes grow impatient of such phrases unless we have love like little Lyssie's; yet, after all, there is not one of them but once was body to a living thought. A human heart must have beat its way through a terrible or uplifting experience in those words, a soul found them the portal to eternal things. Long since the life has gone out of the phrase, though its dead body still goes about among the churches, and thrusts itself into formal prayers, and comes at last to be what one might call spiritual slang upon the lips of persons like Mrs. Drayton. Yet for its beginnings of truth let us be reverent of it, as Lyssie was.

"I've lost my sense of intimacy with God," said Mrs. Drayton.

"Do you feel sick, mother?" Alicia asked anxiously.

"Sick!" said Mrs. Drayton, with a reproachful look. "Do you think a sense of sin is a matter of digestion? No; of course I'm not sick any more than I always am. I've done wrong; and my Heavenly Father is showing me that He is offended with me."

"I don't believe you have done anything very bad, dear," Alicia comforted her; "but — but you know, mother, if you are sorry, why — it's all right."

Lyssie had never been able to speak her mother's religious language; she could not talk of God's forgiveness; she could only say it would be "all right."

"Not at all!" Mrs. Drayton retorted. "You don't understand, Lyssie, what a high ideal I have. When one has walked with God daily, and then — then does something which makes Him hide the light of his countenance, why, it's — it's trying," said Mrs. Drayton, weeping. "And I *have* sinned, — I acknowledge that. And now I suffer from the withdrawal of his favor."

Alicia murmured some appropriate word; she wondered how soon she might, without offense, suggest a sleeping-powder. The knowledge of Cecil's intention hung over her as such an appalling reality that it was an effort to speak or think of anything else. Mrs. Drayton still wept. She said she must get up, and kneel and pray again. "He will be displeased with me unless I kneel down," she sighed.

Alicia combated this gently. "You'd take cold, dear; please don't. And — and God understands."

"Well, I shall just tell Him you would n't let me! I tell Him everything, you know; and I ask Him for everything I want, too. I wish you'd do that, Lyssie. I just say, 'Now, Lord, I leave this in your hands; I want it, and I know you'll attend to it.' And He always does. I said that when I wanted the parlor sofa covered, and you remember how you found the covering in the garret? Yet,

kind as He is, I've — I've displeased Him! Oh, I'm very unhappy!"

Lyssie consoled and comforted; but all the while she was searching, passionately, for some help for Cecil and Philip. She did not hear the meaning in Mrs. Drayton's moans and sighs of repentance, until, suddenly, the sin which kept the poor lady from an intimacy with God was put in half a dozen clear words. It was not that she had been impatient with Esther last Tuesday; it was not that she had left Lyssie's dear papa's letter unanswered for three days (and there was not a single word in it to lead anybody to think he was coming home, — Lyssie would please remember that); it was not even that she had seemed to criticise Dr. Lavendar to Susy Carr. Alicia knew all these sins well. It was something which, as the whimpering woman told it, made a look come into Lyssie's face that turned her mother sober, and brought a note of reality into her voice.

"You said you would n't get married while I was very ill, Lyssie. You promised, — do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," Lyssie answered patiently. "Roger would n't have wanted me to. You need n't have asked me to promise, mother."

But Mrs. Drayton could not hear so delicate a reproach. "Well," she faltered, her heart beating hard with excitement and interest, "well, I — oh, of course I know it was a dreadful sin, but I was *so* unhappy. I had made up my mind, before I asked you, that if you would n't promise, I — oh! I should — commit suicide."

Alicia was silent.

"Take — take my own life," Mrs. Drayton explained tremulously. "I had Esther get me a little bottle of laudanum from Mr. Tommy's. I said it was for a toothache. Well, so it was. You remember I had a toothache? But I did n't use it all, and so I meant, if you would n't promise, to — to — Oh, I suppose it was a great sin?"

Alicia put her hand across her eyes. "Oh, mother!" she said faintly.

It was really too bad that poor little Lyssie did not know how meaningless is this vain and silly threat from the lips of an hysterical woman. Yet perhaps, if she had known, she could have found no wise answer. To receive such statements with the laugh they justly provoke is seldom beneficial; to take them seriously is an outrage upon truth; to point out their selfishness and silliness results, generally, in an outcry against the hardness of the listener. Alicia Drayton, covering her face with her hands, only said, half whispering, "Oh, mother, mother! if you loved me, you could n't think such thoughts."

"Why, it's just because I love you!" cried Mrs. Drayton, growing shrill and frightened. "I don't see how I can live when you get married and go away. I thought I'd much better die; and so, if the Lord did n't think it wise to remove me, I thought I'd just do it myself. I thought" —

And thus and thus she babbled on; Alicia listening silently. It was a long time before things were peaceful enough for the tired girl to creep away to her room. She forgot to light her candle; she sat down in the dark, her hands folded

listlessly in her lap; once her breath caught in a long sigh. After a while she took Roger's last letter out of her pocket and held it tightly, as though it were the strong clasp of his hand, full of comfort and assurance. She could not understand all this misery, and pain, and puzzle; but — Roger loved her! She held on to that, while she felt the shock and surge of human passion all about her sweet young life; while she saw Hate hidden by a shallow wash of flippancy, like a scum of foam and froth over treacherous sands; and Selfishness lying like a dreadful rock below the currents of daily living, ready to make shipwreck of the hopes and happiness of young souls like hers. It was as though the bad world suddenly lifted the veil from its face and laughed.

Alicia Drayton hid her eyes, and kissed her lover's letter, and had no prayer but his name repeated over and over.

At last, when the night was far gone, she got up and lit her candle, and wrote to him. It was only a cry that something dreadful had happened, something dreadful for Cecil. She would not tell him what, but would he not come? Now! He could help things, she thought, if there were any help. "But oh, come, — come and help Cecil. She will tell you all about it, and I know you will help her."

Margaret Deland.

LETTERS OF SIDNEY LANIER.

I.

PERENNIALY interesting, and too often tragic, is the record of the world with its poets. For the Poet is an embodied Ideal, sent into the world to rebuke its commonplace aims and to leaven its dull, brute mass. He feels its griefs, he sees its needs, he publishes the everlasting Truth and Beauty which alone can bring it peace; yet the world does

not at first listen to him, or listens only to mock. The truth he utters, though it be from everlasting, seems new and strange and difficult; it shatters the old comfortable traditions; it compels to thought and action; it rouses souls long confined in indolent conventions. But from change which involves effort the world instinctively shrinks: purblind, though it know well that it can see but dimly till its cataract be couched, yet it

dreads the operation, and puts it off from day to day. Sloth is so pleasant, though it take the guise of modern commercial restlessness, which keeps only the lower activities in nervous agitation, and leaves all the higher to drowse unused! To them the Poet speaks; them the Ideal will permeate at last; the new truth, the added beauty, will be acknowledged, and the tardily grateful world will build monuments or dedicate shrines to its ethereal benefactor.

Meanwhile, the Poet must live, at least long enough to deliver his message. His wares are indeed without price, but he must exchange them for food and raiment, or die. Yet how many measures of corn will the world give for a sheaf of his sonnets, how many yards of cloth for his odes? It has not yet learned that it needs them; it does not set on them even the value that it sets on quaintnesses and curiosities. So it usually happens that the Poet's gifts are free gifts, which the great, practical, dollar-jingling world can no more pay for than for rainbows or starbeams or the inexhaustible benefits of sunshine. Milton came to it with his *Paradise Lost*, and it gave him the price of a yearling heifer in return; Dante it paid nothing. The Poet must drudge, therefore, in the world's way, his winged feet must blister in the common treadmill, ere he can earn his scant supply of bread and apparel. Hampered by poverty, burdened by neglect, he may be; but these are not all the obstacles Fate bids a man overcome before he proves himself worthy of the hallowed title of Poet: ill health, too, may weigh him down, — ill health, which means the constant struggle of the physical to bind and silence the spiritual.

The record of our American poets is remarkably free from these tragic elements. Of the New England band, — Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and Bryant, — whatever their early conflict with poverty and a slighting world, and whatever their transient infirmities, all lived to a ripe and honored age, and

heard the grandchildren of the contemporaries of their youth call them *master*. Of the others, Poe died, the victim of his wayward passions, before he had done his work, but not before his talents had been recognized; Whitman, though ill requited in money, enjoyed for a quarter of a century a revenue of notoriety which compensated him, so peculiarly greedy of applause, for what else he lacked; but Sidney Lanier, the youngest in the brotherhood of our poets, suffered the accumulated ills of poverty, neglect, disease, and premature death. His experience proved that in our time, as in the past, the world is slow to appreciate its best.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the publication of *Corn*, the poem which revealed to a few the presence of a new poet; it is more than a dozen years since Sidney Lanier died, under the pines of North Carolina: yet, because he was a true poet, we are coming to pay heed to him; acquaintance with his works makes us wish to know more about his life, and the stray fragments which have hitherto been given lead us back to find new meanings in his works. I foresee that ere long his right to rank among the few genuine poets of America will not be questioned; that he is the most significant figure in our literature since the Civil War is a conclusion likely to be accepted when his work and his personality are fairly understood. My purpose is not, however, to write a eulogy nor a critical estimate: it is my privilege to introduce a series of letters in which Lanier tells his own story, and which furnishes the public, for the first time, with intimate glimpses of him during the most important years of his life. To whatever rank in literature critics may finally assign him matters little to us; the weighty fact now is that his worth, both as poet and man, is undeniable, and that therefore it behooves us to learn more about him, in whom we shall behold again the rare spectacle of an embodied Ideal in its passage through an unresponsive world.

Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842. The Laniers were French Huguenots, who took refuge in England in Elizabeth's time, and attained, at her court and that of the Stuarts, to distinction in music and painting. The founder of the American branch came to Richmond, Va., in 1716. Lanier's mother, Mary Anderson, was of Scotch descent. So far as heredity counted, therefore, he had behind him, on both sides, pious ancestors, and it may not be too fanciful to suppose that he drew from those far-off, art-loving Huguenot fore-runners the beginnings of his own exquisite sensibility to art. Of this sensibility he early showed signs, music especially having a wonderful power over him. At fourteen he entered Oglethorpe College, where he got such education as was to be obtained at a small Southern seminary before the Rebellion. Graduating with highest honors in 1860, he accepted a tutorship, but in the following year, at the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in the first regiment of Georgia Volunteers, and served till 1864, when, being in command of a blockade runner, he was taken prisoner and confined at Point Lookout. In February, 1865, he was exchanged, and made his way on foot back to Macon, where he broke down with the first serious premonitions of consumption. The exposures in the army, the rigor of his imprisonment, — he had passed the winter months at Point Lookout with only summer clothes to wear, — had weakened his constitution, and a tendency to consumption, inherited from his mother, warned him thus early that to live he must struggle.

Upon his recovery he was employed as a clerk at Montgomery, Ala., and in 1867 he published, in New York, *Tiger Lilies*, a novel into which he wove some of his war experiences, and which better deserves to be unearthed than do many of the firstfruits of genius. That same year he married Miss Mary Day, of Macon. Thenceforth, through all his

wanderings he was blessed with the companionship of one who firmly believed in his powers, and who cheered alike his years of disappointment and of illness. Doubly precarious was his existence: his ill health prevented him from pursuing any occupation long, and his straitened means forced him to accept uncongenial employments, if only he might thereby earn bread. We find him teaching school at Prattville, Ala., and then for several years, at his father's urgent request, practicing law at Macon, till in 1872 the condition of his lungs drove him to San Antonio, Texas, in search of a climate in which he might safely live. In the following spring, however, he returned to Georgia, and in December, 1873, he went to Baltimore, where he was engaged to play the first flute in the Peabody Orchestra.

These are but the externals of his early life: to know how, amid such vicissitudes, his genius had developed we should need to have recourse to his diary and letters to his family, and to other material that will some day be the basis of an adequate biography. But we know already enough to say that his flowering as a poet was neither sudden nor casual. From his youth up, Music and Poetry had been equally his mistresses, and for a long time there was doubt as to which would predominate. As a boy, he could play almost any instrument, and he has recorded how, after improvising on the violin, he would be rapt into an ecstasy which left his whole frame trembling with the exhaustion of too tense delight. In the army, his flute had been his constant companion, and it had endeared him to his captors at Point Lookout. Yet all this while he had felt the growing compulsion of poetry within him; he had planned a drama, and occasionally written verses. Neither sickness nor drudgery could long turn him from the deepest craving of his spirit. Conscious of his powers, he yet had, what is perhaps the rarest talent in men

of his temperament, the talent of waiting. The mission of poet, as he conceived it, transcends all others; he knew that the innate poetic faculty would not suffice for its fulfillment unless it were reinforced by character and by knowledge. So he refrained from miniature utterance. "Day by day," he wrote to his wife in February, 1870, "from my snow and my sunshine, a thousand vital elements rill through my soul. Day by day, the secret deep forces gather, which will presently display themselves in bending leaf and waxy petal, and in useful fruit and grain." Again, from Texas, he wrote: "All day my soul hath been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of all wind-songs, bird-songs, passion-songs, folk-songs, country-songs, sex-songs, soul-songs, and body-songs hath blown upon me in quick gusts like the breath of passion, and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

Conscious of his powers, therefore, he had nevertheless patience to await their ripening. Feeling that the highest mission had been entrusted to him, he seems to have said to himself, like Milton: "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

To break away from the law against his father's advice, and to seek support from his art among strangers, required resolution which only his loyalty to art could justify. In Baltimore his flute brought him a bare maintenance, and left him leisure for study and for poetry. He felt that the time had come when he

might open his lips. A long poem, *Corn*, took shape, and he hoped to find in New York an editor who would publish it; but a visit to that city only served to teach him the "wooden-headedness" of many persons who were leaders there in literary matters. Yet he was not discouraged, nor did the rebuff sour him. "I remember," he writes, "that it has always been so; that the new man has always to work his way over these Alps of stupidity, much as that ancient general crossed the actual Alps, splitting the rocks with vinegar and fire, — that is, by bitterness and suffering. D. V., I will split them. . . . The more I am thrown against these people here, and the more reverses I suffer at their hands, the more confident I am of beating them finally. I do not mean, by 'beating,' that I am in opposition to them, or that I hate them, or feel aggrieved with them; no, they know no better, and they act up to their light with wonderful energy and consistency. I only mean that I am sure of being able, some day, to teach them better things and nobler modes of thought and conduct."

A few months later, in Lippincott's Magazine for February, 1875, *Corn* was published. Read after twenty years have proved its staying powers, we do not wonder that here and there a discerning reader at once recognized the merits of that poem; for in it we plainly see Lanier's credentials from the Muse. Nevertheless, recognition came slowly, but it came from persons whose opinion confirmed his unflinching yet unpretentious belief in his poetic mission. First among these was Mr. Gibson Peacock, the friend to whom the following series of letters was written. Mr. Peacock was the editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, a newspaper in which, under his direction, literary and artistic matters were treated seriously at a time when it was rare for Philadelphia journals so to treat them. In these days he would be called an editor of the old

school, since he had had a college education, had read widely the best English literature, was familiar with the modern languages, had traveled far in this country and in Europe, and had cultivated himself not less in music and in dramatic criticism than in books. Having read *Corn* in Lippincott's, he wrote an enthusiastic notice of it in the *Evening Bulletin*; and this notice speedily brought him a letter from Lanier, the first in this collection, and ere many weeks they met. From their meeting ripened a friendship strong and honorable on both sides, as these letters will show. Though Mr. Peacock was a man of extreme reserve, and the elder by twenty years, yet neither age nor reserve hindered his affectionate interest from manifesting itself to Lanier, who, in turn, rejoiced at finding a friend who was also competent to criticise and to suggest.

Through Mr. Peacock, Lanier became acquainted with Charlotte Cushman, with Bayard Taylor, and with many another of the appreciators of art and literature who in those days frequented the little parlors in Walnut Street. How inspiring and helpful this intercourse was to Lanier we may guess when we remember that until now, though past thirty, he had been seeking health and a livelihood in places which, stricken by the havoc of conquest, had little time or means for culture. Amid hostile conditions he had cherished his Ideal, and now he found, what every genuine soul craves, friendship and appreciation. There was no danger of his becoming spoiled; the sympathy he received was far removed from flattery. To Miss Cushman he was especially drawn, — as were all who had the privilege of knowing well that generous and brave spirit, — and to Mrs. Peacock, whose voice of wonderful range and beauty, and whose sympathetic nature, made her doubly attractive to him. He could now feel that though fame still lingered, and though the daily struggle for existence must be

met, there was a little circle of friends whose commendation he could trust, and upon whose affection, liberal and sincere, he could at all times rely. At the Peacocks' he more than once found shelter in distress. There, during the Centennial year, he was tenderly nursed through an illness which brought him very near the grave; there, his visits were always welcome.

Lanier's letters to Mr. Peacock tell so fully his plans and wanderings between 1875 and 1880 that it is unnecessary to add biographic details here. During those years there was no other correspondent to whom he so freely wrote out of his heart. These letters not only admit us into the fellowship of a poet, but they also disclose to us a man whose life was, in Milton's phrase, "a true poem." Here is nothing to extenuate, nothing to blot: the poet and the man are one. My purpose in editing has, accordingly, been to retain whatever reveals aught, however slight, of the man, in order that the portrait of Lanier's personality, unconsciously drawn by himself, should be as complete as possible; and whatever does not refer to this will at least illustrate the conditions by which an embodied Ideal, a Poet, so recently found himself beset in this world of ours. I know not where to look for a series of letters which, in bulk equally small, relate so humanly and beautifully the story of so precious a life.

64 CENTRE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.,
January 26th, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR: A very lovely friend of mine — Mrs. F. W. — has been so gracious as to transmit to me, through my wife, your first comments on my poem *Corn*, in Lippincott's, which I had not seen before. The slip appears to be cut from the *Bulletin* of 16th or 17th.

I cannot resist the impulse which urges me to send you my grateful acknowledgments of the poetic insight, the heartiness and the boldness which

display themselves in this *critique*. I thank you for it, as for a poet's criticism upon a poet.

Permit me to say that I am particularly touched by the courageous independence of your review. In the very short time that I have been in the hands of the critics, nothing has amazed me more than the timid solicitudes with which they rarefy in one line any enthusiasm they may have condensed in another, — a process curiously analogous to those irregular condensations and rarefactions of air which physicists have shown to be the conditions for producing an indeterminate sound. Many of my critics have seemed — if I may change the figure — to be forever conciliating the yet-unrisen ghosts of possible mistakes. From these you separate yourself *toto cælo*: and I am thoroughly sure that your method is not only far more worthy the dignity of the critical office, but also far more helpful to the young artist, by its bold sweeping-away of those sorrowful uncertain mists that arise at times out of the waste bitterness of poverty and obscurity.

— Perhaps here is more feeling than is quite delicate in a communication to one not an old personal friend: but I do not hesitate upon propriety, if only I may convey to you some idea of the admiration with which I regard your manly position in my behalf, and of the earnestness with which I shall always consider myself

Your obliged and faithful friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

March 2nd, 1875.

DEAR MR. PEACOCK: I write a line to say that business will probably call me to Philadelphia in a day or two, and that I particularly desire to go with you and Mrs. Peacock to Theodore Thomas' Symphony Concert on Friday night. If you have no other engagement for that evening, pray set it apart graciously for me: who am already tingling with the

anticipated double delight of *yourselves* and of music.

Many thanks for the Bulletin containing the Sonnet. I am gratified that you should have thought the little poem worth republishing. I have not now time to say more than that I am always

Your friend, SIDNEY LANIER.

March 24th, 1875.

A thousand thanks for your kind and very thoughtful letter. I should have gone to Philadelphia in acceptance of your invitation to meet Missushman, — although much tied by engagements here, and in ill condition of health to go anywhere, — had I not expected to meet her here in April. Your announcement of her illness gives me sincere concern, and I will be thankful to you if you will keep me posted as to her progress in recovery. I wrote her a short time ago, to care of her bankers in New York: but fear she has been too ill to read my letter.

I have the delightful anticipation of seeing you again, for a day or two, ere-long: but cannot tell whether it will be in two or three weeks. My plans depend on the movements of others; and as soon as they become more definite you shall know them.

Pray tell your good Mrs. Peacock that I am much better, and, though in daily fight against severe pain, am hard at work. About four days ago, a certain poem which I had vaguely ruminated for a week before took hold of me like a real James' River ague, and I have been in a mortal shake with the same, day and night, ever since. I call it *The Symphony*: I personify each instrument in the orchestra, and make them discuss various deep social questions of the times, in the progress of the music. It is now nearly finished; and I shall be rejoiced thereat, for it verily racks all the bones of my spirit.

Did you see Mr. [Bayard] Taylor? Tell me about him. I cannot tell you

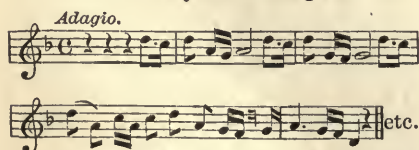
with what eagerness I devoured Felix Holt. For perfect force-in-repose, Miss Evans (or, I should have said, Mrs. Lewes) is not excelled by any writer.

Pray convey my warm regards to Mrs. Peacock, and keep that big, heart-some "Max Adeler"¹ in remembrance of his and

Your friend, SIDNEY LANIER.

BRUNSWICK, GA., April 18th, 1875.

MY DEAR MRS. PEACOCK: Such a three days' *dolce far niente* as I'm having! With a plenty of love, — wife's, bairns', and brother's, — and no end of trees and vines, what more should a work-battered man desire, in this divine atmosphere which seems like a great sigh of pleasure from some immense Lotos in the vague South? The little house, by one of whose windows I am writing, stands in one corner of an open square which is surrounded by an unbroken forest of oaks, of all manner of clambering and twining things, and of pines, — not the dark, gloomy pines of the Pennsylvania mountains, but tall masses of vivid emerald all in a glitter with the more brilliant green of the young buds and cones; the sun is shining with a hazy and absent-minded face, as if he were thinking of some quite other star than this poor earth; occasionally a little wind comes along, not warm, but unspeakably bland, bringing strange scents rather of leaves than of flowers; the mocking-birds are all singing, but singing *sotto voce*, and a distant cock crows as if he did n't *mean* to crow, but only to yawn luxuriously; an old mauma over in the neighborhood is singing, as she sets about washing in her deliberate way, something like this:



¹ The pseudonym of Charles Heber Clark, at that time an editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, and the author of Out of

persistently rejecting all the semitones of the D minor in which she is singing (as I have observed all the barbaric music does, as far as it can), and substituting the stronger C \sharp for the C \natural ; and now my little four-year-old comes in from feeding the pöny and the goat, and writhes into my lap, and inquires with great interest, "Papa, can you whistle *backwards*?" by which I find, after a puzzled inquiry, that he means to ask if I can whistle by drawing my breath *in*, instead of forcing it *out*, — an art in which he proceeds to instruct me with a great show of superiority; and now he leaves, and the whole world is still again, except the bird's lazy song and old mauma's monotonous crooning.

I am convinced that God meant this land for people to rest in, — not to work in. If we were so constituted that life *could* be an idyll, then this were the place of places for it; but being, as it is, the hottest of all battles, a man might as well expect to plan a campaign in a dream as to make anything like his best fight here. . . .

Pray write me how Miss Cushman seemed on the morning after the reading. She was so exhausted when I helped her from the carriage that I fear her strength must have been severely taxed. My address for a month hence will be at Jacksonville, Fla.: I leave for that place on Wednesday (day after to-morrow), and shall make it headquarters during all my ramblings around the flowery State.

These lonesome journeys — which are the necessities of my unsettled existence — make me doubly grateful for the delightful recollections which form my companions along the tiresome miles, and for which I am indebted to you. Believe, my dear Mrs. Peacock, that they are always with me, and that I am always your, and Mr. Peacock's,

Sincere friend, SIDNEY LANIER.

the Hurtle-Burly, Elbow Room, and other humorous works.

BRUNSWICK, GA., June 16th, 1875.

I am just stopping here a day, after the woods of Florida. I have all your letters. Out of what a liberal sky do you rain your gracious encouragements upon me! In truth, dear friend, there is such large sweep and swing in this shower-after-shower of your friendliness, it comes in such big rhythms of generousities, it is such a poem of inner rains, that I cannot at all get myself satisfied to meet it with anything less than that perfect rose of a song which should be the product of such watering. I think I hear one of these growing now down in my soul yonder, somewhere: presently the green calyx of silence shall split, . . . and you shall see your flower.

Your notice of *The Symphony*¹ has given a great deal of pleasure to my family as well as to me. It has been extensively copied in the Southern papers, and adopted by editors as expressing their views of the poem.

Mr. [Bayard] Taylor's letter brings me a noble prospect of realizing an old dream. I had always a longing after him, but I have never dared indulge it more than one indulges what one considers only a pet possibility; so that now when I behold this mere shadow of a meeting assume the shape of an actual hand-shaking in the near future, it is as when a man wakes in the morning and finds his Dream standing by his bed.

After August, when my present engagement will terminate, my motions will entirely depend on whatever income-bringing work I may succeed in finding. Within three weeks from this time, I will however be *en route* to New York: and you must write me as soon as you receive this — addressing me at Macon, Ga. — your programme for that time, if you're going to be out of Philadelphia. I shall look you up *ubicunque in Angliâ*, wherever you may be.

¹ The *Symphony* was published in Lippincott's Magazine, June, 1875.

May I beg that you will cause Mr. Taylor to address me to your own care, or, if you are to leave town before I get there, to care of the Bulletin? I will write my own plans more definitely in a few days.

Pray accept this photograph.² Of course you will see that, instead of being an *average* of my phiz, it is the best possible single view thereof, and is for that reason much better looking than I am, but it will serve to remind you and my dear Mrs. Peacock of

Your friend, SIDNEY L.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 31st, 1875.

If you have ever watched a shuttle, my dear friend, being violently knocked backward and forward in a loom, never settled for an instant at this end before it is rudely smacked back to the other, you will possess a very fair idea of the nature of my recent travels. I do not know how many times I have been from North to South in the last six weeks; the negotiations about the Florida book and the collection of additional material for it have required my presence at widely-separated points often; and as my employer is himself always on the wing, I have sometimes had to make a long chase in order to come up with him. I believe my wanderings are now ended, however, for a time, and as the very first of the many blessings which this cessation of travel will bring to a tired soul, I count the opportunity to send a line which will carry my love to you and to your *other* you.

Lippincott has made what seems to be a very fair proposition to print the Florida book, taking an interest in it which I think practically amounts to about one half. I am going to add to it, by way of appendix, a complete Guide-book to Florida; and as this feature ought of itself to secure some sale among the fif-

² The photograph is reproduced in the volume of Lanier's poems published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1884.

teen or twenty thousand annual visitors, I am induced to hope that my employer may be reimbursed for his entire outlay, — though I keep in mind, what they all tell me, that the publication of any book is a mere lottery, and baffles all prophecy as to its success. Two chapters of the book, one on St. Augustine in April, and one on The Oclawaha River, are to appear in the Magazine, October and November numbers.

I will probably leave here to-day, and my address for a month hence will be 195 Dean St., Brooklyn. Your package of letters was handed me duly at the Bulletin office. I was ready to murder somebody, for pure vexation, when I learned there that I had just missed you by about two hours; it would have been *such* a comfort to have seen your two faces before you left.

Many thanks for Mr. Taylor's letter. I do hope I may be able to see him during the next month. Do you think a letter from me would reach him at Mattapoisett? For his estimate of my Symphony seems to me so full and generous that I think I will not resist the temptation to anticipate his letter to me. I will write also to Mr. Calvert to-morrow; his insight into a poet's internal working, as developed in his kind notice of me in the Golden Age, is at once wonderful and delightful.

The next number of Lippincott's will contain four sonnets of mine in the Shakespearian metre. I sincerely hope they are going to please you. You will be glad to know that The Symphony meets with continuing favor in various parts of the land.

My month in Brooklyn will be full of the very hardest work. I will be employed in finishing and revising the Florida book, many of the points in which demand very careful examination. In August my railroad employment terminates.

My friend Miss Stebbins has sent me a letter of introduction to her brother,

who is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the new College of Music in New York. I am going to see if they will found a chair of the Physics of Music and give it me. I can scarcely describe to you how lovely my life would seem if I could devote the balance of it to such lectures as would properly belong to a professorship of this nature, and to my poetry.

— So, now, you know all about me: tell me how you and Mrs. Peacock fare through the summer. What is Cushing's Island?¹ A small one, broken, with water dashing up all around you, and a clean, sweet wind airing your very souls? I wish it might be, for your sakes, and I hope you are both getting strong and elastic. Write me straightway all about yourselves. I beg that each of you will deliver a loving message for me to the other: and that you will both hold me always as

Your faithful friend,
SIDNEY LANIER.

195 DEAN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
August 10th, 1875.

Your letter of the 8th, enclosing McClellan's, reached me a few moments ago. Accept my thanks for both.

Your syren-song of the beauties of your Island is at once tempting and tantalizing. When you say you "*think I would be tempted to come, if I could imagine the enchanting views from this house,*" you make me think of that French empress who *wondered how the stupid canaille could be so obstinate as to starve when such delicious pâtés could be bought for only five francs apiece.* Cushing's Island, my dear friend, is as impossible to me, in the present state of the poetry-market, as a dinner at Very's was to a *chiffonnier*: all of which I would n't tell you, both because it is personal and because poverty is not a pleasant thing to think about at Cushing's Island, except for the single controlling reason

¹ A resort in the harbor of Portland, Me.

that I cannot bear your thinking that I *could* come to you, if I would.

— And all of which you are to forget as soon as you have taken in the whole prodigious conclusiveness of it, and only remember so far as to consider yourselves charged to breathe enough sea-air (heavens, how I long for it!) for all three of us; as Arsène Houssaye's friend with the big appetite said, on sitting down and finding that the gentleman who had been invited to dine with him was unavoidably absent, "Well, I will eat for us both," and then proceeded actually to do it, helping himself twice at each course.

I will probably see you, though, in Philadelphia, when you come: and that is some consolation.

BROOKLYN, *September 9th, 1875.*

Will you be in Ph^a about the 13th or 14th next? Business calls me there at that time; and I wish to know if I'm going to have the pleasure of seeing you. I can only scrawl a line. My work has been rudely interrupted by a series of troublesome hæmorrhages, which have for some time prevented me from reading or speaking, as well as from writing. I'm crawling back into life, however, and hope to be at work in a few days.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *September 24th, 1875.*

How bright you made my little visit to Philadelphia, — a sort of asteroid to circle round my dark. But I haven't more than just time now to thank you for the letter and papers which you forwarded, and to tell you to address me henceforth at the Westminster Hotel, New York City, where I go presently, being now in the bitter agonies of moving, packing and the like dreadful bores. A letter from Miss Stebbins informs me that they are all safely at Lennox and our dear Miss Cushman improving. One can entrust one's message to a blue sky like this morning's; consider this lovely day to be the salutation of

Your friend,

SIDNEY L.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.,
November 4th, 1875.

On arriving here at six o'clock in the morning, half frozen and very sleepy, I found a pleasant room with a glowing fire ready for me, and so tumbled into bed for another snooze before the world should rise. About nine I rose again; and while I was *in puris naturalibus* — 'midst of the very crisis and perilous climax of ablution — came a vivacious tap at my door; I opened the same, with many precautions: and behold, my eyes — which were all in lather, what time my beard was in strings that shed streams around my path, and, as it were, "writ my name in water" wherever I walked — rested on the bright face of my good Charlotte Cushman shining with sweetness and welcome.

I had expected to find her all propped up in pillows; and was therefore amazed to see how elastic was her step, and how strong and bright she is in all particulars. She sleeps "beautifully" (she says), and as we meet at the breakfast table each morning she is fairly overflowing with all manner of bright and witty and tender sayings, although in the midst of them she rubs the poor swollen arm that gives so much trouble.

Altogether, there can be no question as to her temporary benefit, nor as to the permanent gain resulting from the good digestion, the healthy appetite, the sound sleep, and the control of pain which her physician has secured for her. I believe that she is at least half-convinced that he is going to cure her; he tells her so, continually, and does not seem to entertain the shadow of a doubt of it. I have seen him twice for a few moments: and can say that he interests me very much, because his theory — which he makes no concealment of whatever — is, as far as he has been able in our very short talks to expound it to me, at least new, bold, and radical, while I do not perceive that he gives any sign of being a mere charlatan. I heard last night, at the Wednes-

day Night Club (where Mr. Coolidge was kind enough to invite me), all sorts of stories about him, many of which I do not doubt to be true. So that, on the whole, I am still waiting a little for the drawing-out which I intend to bring to bear on him, before I allow myself to make a final judgment about him. Meantime there can be no question of Miss Cushman's genuine improvement; and her intercourse with the young physician seems to have been very satisfactory to her.

I have not yet written a line of my India papers: and am going at it this morning, tooth and nail. Will you take the trouble to ask the Librarian of the Ph^a Library if I may keep the two books I have, for a couple of days longer? If he refuses, I will ask you to telegraph me, so that I may get them back in time.

Mr. Taylor, whom I saw for a few moments in New York, asked after you both very particularly: Miss Cushman is now secluded with the physician, else I am sure she would send messages to you. As for me, dear friend, my thoughts go to you as thickly as these snowflakes which are now falling outside my window, and — alas, as silently, for lack of expression. But I feel sure that you know I am always

Your friend, S. L.

BOSTON, November 10th, 1875.

I scrawl a hasty note, just as I am leaving, to beg that you will hand the two books which I have to-day sent you *by express* to the Librarian, with my thanks for his kind permission to keep them over the time. They were very useful to me.

Our friend Miss Cushman is suffering a good deal of pain every day, but appears to keep up her general health steadily. I've had several talks with her doctor; — and I would not be surprised if he really cured her. I find him not at all a quack, at least not an ignorant one; he is quite up to the most advanced ideas in his profession.

But I have not time now to say more. I go directly to Macon, except one day in New York, and will be at home for two weeks, then to Baltimore for the winter, to resume my old place as first flute in the Orchestra.

God bless you both, says your friend,
S. L.

66 CENTRE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.,
December 16th, 1875.

Yours enclosing three dollars came to me safely; and I should have immediately acknowledged it, had I not been over head (literally) and ears in a second instalment of my India papers for which the magazine was agonizedly waiting. Possibly you may have seen the January number by this time; and it just occurs to me that if you should read the India article, you will be wondering at my talking coolly of strolling about Bombay with a Hindu friend. But Bhima Gandharra (*Bhima* was the name of the ancient Sanscrit hero *The Son of the Air*, and *Gandharra* means *A Heavenly Musician*) is only another name for *Imagination* — which is certainly the only Hindu friend I have; and the propriety of the term, as well as the true character of Bhima Gandharra and the insubstantial nature of all adventures recorded as happening to him and myself, is to be fully explained in the end of the last article. I hit upon this expedient, after much tribulation and meditation, in order at once to be able to make something like a narrative that should avoid an arid encyclopedic treatment, and to be perfectly truthful. The only plan was to make it a pure *jeu d'esprit*; and in writing the second paper I have found it of great advantage.

I have n't heard a word of the Florida book beyond what you sent me; — God have mercy upon its soul, — I suppose it will be (as the judge says when the black cap is on) hanged by the neck until it is dead, dead, dead.

I have with me my Charley, *et al.*

seven, the sweetest, openest, honestest little man was ever built. I find him splendid company; and I wish you might see him at this moment, with his long lashes fringing the full oval eyes, profoundly slumbering in bed where I have but ten minutes ago tucked him in and kissed him good-night.

I have a charming letter from C. C. [Charlotte Cushman], but through all the fair things she says to me I can detect the note of physical pain, and the poor sweet soul is evidently suffering greatly.

It does not now look like I shall be able to see you, as I had hoped at Xmas. I wish I had some method of telling you with what deep satisfaction I reflect upon you both, and with what delight I would find myself able to be to you, in some fair act as well as in all fair words,

Your faithful friend, S. L.

66 CENTRE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.,
January 18th, 1876.

For several weeks past all my minutes have been the property of others, and I have in vain tried to appropriate a little one to you.

The enclosed¹ will show you partly what I have been doing. I am not at liberty to mention the matter; but you will keep it until the interdiction against publicity is removed. The Centennial Commission has invited me to write a poem which shall serve as the text for a Cantata (the music to be by Dudley Buck, of New York) to be sung at the opening of the Exhibition, under Thomas' direction. All this is to be kept secret.

I've written the enclosed. Necessarily I had to think out the musical conceptions as well as the poem, and I have briefly indicated these along the margin of each movement. I have tried to make the whole as simple and as candid as

a melody of Beethoven's; at the same time expressing the largest ideas possible, and expressing them in such a way as could not be offensive to any modern soul. I particularly hope you'll like the Angel's Song, where I have endeavored to convey, in one line each, the philosophies of Art, of Science, of Power, of Government, of Faith, and of Social Life. Of course, I shall not expect that this will instantly appeal to tastes peppered and salted by Swinburne and that ilk; but one cannot forget Beethoven, and somehow all my inspirations came in these large and artless forms, in simple Saxon words, in unpretentious and purely intellectual conceptions; while nevertheless I felt, all through, the necessity of making a genuine song — and not a rhymed set of good adages — out of it. I adopted the trochees of the first movement because they *compel* a measured, sober, and meditative movement of the mind; and because, too, they are not the genius of our language. When the trochees cease, and the land emerges as a distinct unity, then I fall into our native iambics.

I am very anxious you should think it worthy. If your Maria shall like it, I shall not feel any fear about it.

BALTIMORE, January 25th, 1876.

Your praise, and your wife's, give me a world of comfort. I really do not believe anything was ever written under an equal number of limitations; and when I first came to know all the conditions of the poem, I was for a moment inclined to think that no genuine work could be produced under them. As for the friend who was the cause of the compliment, it was, directly, Mr. Taylor.² I knew nothing of it whatever until Mr. T. wrote me that it had been

¹ First draught of the Cantata, to be sung at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Portions of this and the following letter were printed as an appendix to the Poems, 1884.

² In answer to inquiries, Senator Hawley, president of the Centennial Commission, writes: "The Centennial Commission, with the assent of the Board of Finance, made me a committee of one on all matters of ceremony, the most im-

settled to invite me. *Indirectly*, I fancy *you* are largely concerned in it; for it seems from Mr. Taylor's account that General Hawley was very glad to have me do the work, and I fancy this must have been owing much to the reputation which you set a-rolling so recently.

If you should see anything about the India papers, I particularly desire to get it; for I fancy that Mr. Kirk was not quite as pleased with them as with other works of mine, and I would therefore hail any sign of their popularity. I do not have time to read any papers; life is getting so full to me that I scarcely know how I am going to win through the next two months' work.

After that, though, there is a charming *possibility* ahead of me, which holds the frequent sight of *you* among its delights. (None of this to be mentioned yet.) When Theodore Thomas passed through here a few days ago, to my great surprise he told me that his orchestra would probably be increased during the summer, and that he would like me to take the additional flute in it. I had played several duos with his first flute, — Wehner, — and it is to his voluntary recommendation that I owe the offer. It would be very charming for me; and is such a compliment to a player wholly untaught as I am, and but recently out of the country, that I'm indulging myself in considerable gratification over it.

portant of which were the exercises on Opening Day and the great celebration on the Fourth of July. Of course I did not presume to act without the best advice I could get. My warm, patriotic, and eminently unselfish adviser and friend in the matter was Bayard Taylor. I easily selected Theodore Thomas to take charge of the music, and a great orchestra and a great chorus were secured. I wanted a hymn from Lowell, who 'begged off,' as the phrase is, or Whittier. I visited both, and finally secured Mr. Whittier, who wrote the charming hymn you may recollect. We then selected the musical composers, Mr. Paine and Mr. Dudley Buck, and decided, very likely upon the suggestion of Thomas, that we should have a cantata, or some sort of a composition of that description. It was Mr. Taylor who first brought

Mr. Buck writes me that he has now completed his sketches for the Cantata, and is going at once to the work of scoring it for orchestra and voices. He seems immensely pleased with the text, and we have gotten on together with perfect harmony during the process of fitting together the words and the music, which has been wholly accomplished by letter.

By the way, there are two alterations which I think I have made since your copy was sent you. They are: —

Now praise to God's *oft-granted* grace,
Now praise to man's *undaunted* face;

the two underscored words having been added; and the last four lines — which did not roll with enough majesty to suit me — have been entirely remodelled, to read thus: —

Then, Music, from this height of time my Word
unfold:

In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's
Heart behold:

Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags
unfurled,

And wave the world's best lover's welcome to
the world.

Pray make these alterations in your copy. Also in the Huguenot stanza, instead of "Toil e'en when brother-wars" write "Toil when wild brother-wars," etc. So, God bless you both.

BALTIMORE, April 11th, 1876.

By a miraculous burst of hard work since early this morning, I've managed

Mr. Lanier to my attention. I believe I knew as much as this, that there was a promising writer of that name. We were anxious to secure participation from the Southern States. Mr. Taylor and I talked the matter over very carefully, and he showed me, I think, some writings of Mr. Lanier's, but I relied very largely upon his judgment, and decided to invite Mr. Lanier. We were all of us always glad that we had done so. The Cantata was somewhat unusual in style and character; that is to say, it was original, but it was charmingly so, and both Buck and Thomas thought it very remarkably adapted to our needs. I saw something of Mr. Lanier, but not much. What I did see impressed me very favorably, and I have a very kind and tender recollection of that gentleman."

to get ready a few minutes before time for me to start, and I devote those to sending you a line which may convey to you how sorry I was to miss you yesterday. You will care to know that Mr. Kirk gave me three hundred dollars for the poem,¹ but that includes book-copy-right and all. Write me at Exchange Hotel, Montgomery, Ala. If you only knew what an uplifting you have always been to your friend,

S. L.!

MACON, GA., April 27th, 1876.

May and I ran over here yesterday from Montgomery, Ala., where I have been spending the time since I saw you, with my brother's family and my own. My father lives here; and we are to remain about five days, when May returns to the children at Montgomery, and I hasten back to Philadelphia. I therefore hope to see you within a week.

I've been such a subject and helpless victim of ovation among the good people of these regions that the time has never seemed to come when I could answer your good letter. The Southern people make a great deal more of my appointment to write the Cantata-poem than I had ever expected, and it really seems to be regarded by them as one of the most substantial tokens of reconciliation yet evinced by that vague *tertium quid* which they are accustomed to represent to themselves under the general term of "the North." I am astonished, too, to find what a hold Corn has taken upon all classes. Expressions come to me, in great number, from men whom I never supposed accessible by any poetry whatever; and these recognitions arrive hand [-in-hand] with those from persons of the highest culture. The Tribune notice of the Cantata has been copied by a great many Southern papers, and I think it materially assisted in starting the poem off properly; though the people here are so enthusiastic in my favor at present

that they are quite prepared to accept blindly anything that comes from me. Of course I understand all this; and any success seems cheap which depends so thoroughly on local pride as does my present position with the South; yet, in view of the long and bitter struggle which I must make up my mind to wage in carrying out those extensions of poetic Forms about which all my thoughts now begin to converge, it is pleasant to find that I have at least the nucleus of an audience which will be willing to receive me upon the plane of mere blind faith until time shall have given a more scientific basis to their understandings.

I have seen a quotation (in the Baltimore Bulletin, which indignantly takes up the cudgel in my behalf) of one sentence from The —, which makes me suppose that I have had a harsh reception from the New York papers generally, in the matter of the Cantata-text. The Bulletin represents The — as saying that the poem is like "a communication from the spirit of Nat Lee through a Bedlamite medium." Nothing rejoices me more than the inward perception how utterly the time, and the frame of mind, are passed by in which anything of this sort gives me the least disturbance. Six months ago this would have hurt me, even against my will. Now it seems only a little grotesque episode, — just as when a few minutes ago I sat in my father's garden, here, and heard a catbird pause, in the midst of the most exquisite roudades and melodies, to mew, — and then take up his song again.

What a fearsome long screed, — and all about Me! But it is not with the least malice prepenze: you are to reflect that I've just stolen away, from a half dozen engagements, to my father's office, in an unspeakable spring morning, to send you a little message out of my heart, — wherein, truly, whenever I think of you, there is always instantly born a spring full of gardens, and of song-birds that never mew.

¹ Psalm of the West, Lippincott's Magazine, June, 1876.

I hope so soon to kiss the hands of your two ladies that I send no further messages now save the old one that I am always their and your friend, S. L.

WEST CHESTER, PA., *October 4th, 1876.*

I had expected to be in Philadelphia to-day, and to answer your kind inquiries in person. But some of those hateful things mildly called circumstances beyond one's control prevented, and I send a note to say how much obliged we have been by your thoughtful communications from Brunswick. Our advices from Mr. Day,¹ which had been delayed in some way, now arrive regularly.

I returned from Baltimore late on Saturday. Mr. Gilman, Pres^t of Johns Hopkins University, received me with great cordiality. I took tea with him on Thursday, and he devoted his entire evening to discussing with me some available method of connecting me with the University officially. The main difficulty was in adjusting the special work which I wish to do to the existing scheme of the institution. I found that Mr. Gilman was familiar with all my poems, and he told me that he had thought of inviting me to a position in the University last winter, but did not know whether I had ever pursued any special studies. He had been greatly attracted by the *Cantata*, and its defence. It was finally agreed that a proposition should be made to the Trustees to create for me a sort of nondescript chair of

"Poetry and Music," giving me leave to shape my lectures into any mould I desired. He is to choose whatever time may seem suitable to him, in which to broach the project: and will then write me the result. I have no doubt of his sincere desire for the favorable consummation of the business; and inasmuch as the most happy relations have heretofore existed between him and the Trustees, it would seem that the prospect is good.

I am better than when you saw me last, but still suffering much with cough. May is much worn with nursing Harry, who has been quite troublesome of nights.

I hope you are both well. I'm trying hard to get May off to Ph^a again soon, for a day and a night; the tonic of seeing or hearing anything beautiful seems to have a wonderful effect on her. She joins in loving messages to you both. . . .

The hope of filling that "nondescript chair of Poetry and Music" hovered before Lanier during that summer and autumn, but in spite of Lanier's fitness and of President Gilman's inclination the offer was not made. Later, indeed, three years later, when the poet's sands were almost run, the trustees of the University gave Lanier an appointment, and he delivered two courses of lectures with such conspicuous success that, after his death, Johns Hopkins University honored him with a memorial tablet, and has been glad to be associated with his rising fame.

William R. Thayer.

THE CITY ON THE HOUSETOPS.

ABOVE the narrow, crowded streets of the tenement-house district there is a city of housetops, which alone enjoys the pure air and the sunlight, and turns its face upward to the sky. This sky

¹ Mrs. Lanier's father.

is no longer circumscribed, as it appears when seen in long, horizontal sections from the street below, but unlimited, without measure either as to depth or extension. "Not the sky over the prison," the Russian writer, Dostoyevsky,

says, in one of his stories of exile, "but another, far-off, free sky," — forgetting that it is just the sky over the prison that seems immeasurable by contrast, the only thing to speak to the poor prisoners of the liberty that exists completely nowhere in the world, unless it be in men's minds. Wherever men's affairs — the strange thing we call civilization, fathered, some say, by commerce — bring them together in compact communities, in which each one struggles for space to stand upright among his neighbors, there the sky, better than elsewhere, fulfills its peculiar mission of recalling the infinite to men's souls. The sky over a great city, provided it be not so obscured by smoke as no longer to seem a sky at all, has more to confide to its devotees than even a sunset in the high Alps, or the rising of the moon at sea.

When I recall my moments (they are moments rather than hours) passed on the housetop, whether in the fresh clearness of an autumn morning or in the fierce glow of a summer noontide, it is the sky, broad, blue, and luminous, that furnishes the dominant note to my recollections; the glorious sense of expansion coming as an exhalation from all that limitless azure, which acted like an intoxicant after the almost breathless confinement of the life below stairs. Few among the loiterers on the Bowery or along the thronged East Side thoroughfares know of this region, which has been all but crowded out of their experience by the tall buildings and the queer sky-tracks of the elevated railways. Now and then, when people talk of a mysterious comet, or when a kite strays so far into the boundless blue as to become an object of curiosity, one may see bloated faces turned searchingly to the sky, suggesting by the blindness of their gaze poor moles that burrow all their lives in the dank earth. But they who know the housetops are not thus deprived of nature's widest privilege.

This city of the housetops has a life

of its own, distinct from that of the city down below there between the squares of tall houses. Even in the winter this life does not cease altogether, but in the summer it expands, until it includes most of the leisure existence of the tenement dwellers in the neighborhood. The families living in a house have a common right to the roof, and the communistic ideal of sharing all things together comes nearest to realization there. As a matter of fact, the families living in the lower stories of a house visit but little the aerial city. The city of the street has superior attractions for them, lying as it does at their door or before their window; and if the house has a high "stoop," they will take their station here, and watch for the flotsam and jetsam that the tide of human travel brings sooner or later to their feet. It is a less depraved taste that brings people, of a summer evening, to the starlit precincts of the city on the housetops. One is not secure there from occasional bickerings; but the presence of night is more appreciable, there is opportunity for closer intimacy, the disturbance from the street reaches one only in faint gusts, and there is less grating of the merely individual upon the consciousness of the universal. Do not suppose I mean that the people who prefer the street are really depraved! But we roof-dwellers — the devil's roosters, as the French idiom¹ most incorrectly describes us — cannot help looking down a little upon those of our neighbors who are either in continual fear of fire, or else dislike the fatigue of climbing five flights of stairs.

But it is time to particularize concerning the city on the housetops. We cannot go at all deeply into its topography, but we feel that we are describing it accurately when we say that it is very varied; nothing like its sudden ups and downs is known in cities where streets usurp the place of platforms open to heaven. Its highways are better adapted

¹ "Percher au diable," to dwell in an attic.

to cats than to men ; but this does not inconvenience its human inhabitants, who seldom want to go anywhere. And if they did, are there not fire-escapes, and does not the law say that they shall be kept free of obstructions ? The law is not very carefully observed, doubtless from a general feeling that indiscriminate intercommunication *via* the fire-escapes would be a blessing very much disguised.

The principal structures of the city on the housetops are the chimneys, skylights, and little hutlike out-buildings bearing resemblance to the deck-cabins on some ships, which shelter the stairway leading to the house below, and permit, when the door is left open, a draught of air to penetrate the hallways. Many of the housetops are surrounded by a high wooden fence with projecting poles from which the clotheslines are suspended. Here and there one finds an improvised roof-garden, its green shrubs and potted plants occupying a corner between high brick walls. The city abounds in good views. The Brooklyn Bridge is in sight, its long, low arch between the great Gothic piers spanning an arc in the sky, firm and distinct, — an imperial roadway by day, studded with stars at night. High buildings and church spires lift their heads on all sides, and flags are streaming from a score of poles. Thick columns and thin spirals of smoke ascend from hundreds of chimneys. Over there is the river : in faint outline one can see the sharp bow of a ship, with a piece of the rigging ; the smoke of a steamboat or tug hangs like a dusky cloud across the face of the tall buildings on the Brooklyn shore ; the hoarse whistles of the ferryboats announce each arrival and departure. At sunset, distant windows catch the reflection of the sun's rays, and gleam as if the interior of the house were ablaze. Bits of gilding and some unpainted tin roof take up the glow, which only passes completely when the sun has sunk be-

hind the outspread sea of houses in the west. The nearer prospect is crowded with a confusion of detail. Like a vast forest, the chimneys and clothesline poles crop up on every hand, the difference in elevation of the various houses lending an aspect of variety to their growth. On the clotheslines are spread out all the family linen, and how much besides ! — dresses, rugs, quilts, carpets, and underwear ; the white garments gleam in the sunshine, all flutter in the breeze. The parapets, cornices, and projections of other houses ; the interlacing lines of telegraph wires ; the quaint minarets and queer gewgaws of the newer tenements designed to appeal to an Oriental taste, — all these interrupt the line of the horizon, and lend variety and animation to the city's outline. One's gaze may rest upon objects miles away, which the clear atmosphere renders quite conspicuous and distinct, or it may fall upon the narrow, well-like court, crowded with fire-escapes and clotheslines, which opens at one's feet. Down there are a few square feet of damp, ill-smelling, badly-paved courtyard, in the gloom of which some little children are at play. A single spear of green grass has undertaken, with rare courage and perseverance, to grow in one of the interstices between the paving-blocks, and merry voices, raised in glee over its discovery, rise to the housetop. The children are nearly always merry, and they are perhaps the principal inhabitants alike of the city on the housetops and of the stagnant courts at its feet.

During the day, the women and children, except for the occasional presence of a painter, a carpenter, or a roof-mender, have the city on the housetops to themselves. The clothes are put out to dry, if it is wash-day. If not, there are carpets to be beaten, various household preparations to be made. The little girls, when home from school in the middle of the day, help their mothers, or watch the baby, to see that it does

not creep too near one of those abrupt precipices in which the city on the housetops abounds. Sad accidents occur now and then, although not so frequently as one would think probable. A periodical visitor is the line-man, a young fellow who mounts the gaunt poles from which the clotheslines are suspended to the windows opposite, climbing up by means of the big iron nails which serve as pegs upon which to tie the lines. His lusty shout of "Line up!" informs the neighbors that now is the time to get their lines attached, and familiar conversations and exchanges of greeting mark the progress of his ascent. His acquaintance is a large one, and his social function important. Resort to these clothesline poles is sometimes had by small boys in search of a temporary retreat before an irritated relative. The little boys fly their kites; and this is one of the gayest, most delightful amusements to all who really understand what amusement is. One can never visit the city overhead, unless perhaps at the dead of night, without becoming aware of several kites skylarking about in his own immediate azure. They are subject to strange, abrupt evolutions, or rather revolutions, with their strings in the control of such irresponsible young masters. Sometimes one undertakes, perversely enough, to act for itself, and then it frequently gets caught and tangled up in a telegraph wire, where it hangs limp and forlorn, like some gigantic wounded bird of prey, helpless to extricate itself, and piteous to look upon. But when it sails clear and free, with a graceful streamer in its wake, there is no sight more gracious and encouraging.

Among the kites circle the pigeons, of which there are many everywhere. I have a friend (we have never spoken) who devotes most of his life to enticing them to alight upon his own particular housetop. He is a tall, athletic young fellow, whom I have never seen with hat, coat, or waistcoat. He wears knee-

breeches, and one shapely calf is clad in a black stocking; the other — now we are coming to the sad part of the story — is but a stump, the foot and leg halfway to the knee having suffered amputation, probably while he was still a child. Every pleasant day he spends on a roof neighboring my own, watching incessantly the pigeons in their flight, cooing to them and whistling low, with an interest that seems never to flag. His agility is remarkable; he clammers like a cat, and, with the aid of a long pole, passes from one housetop to another on a very different level. He prefers to take his station high upon a wooden fence built to separate two housetops, his maimed limb twined tightly round the topmost bar, so as to leave the stump invisible, while his foot rests upon a lower support. In this position he seems a young Apollo, his lithe, youthful figure, without a flaw or any symptom of deficiency, outlined against the clear sky, while every movement, instinct with vigor and grace, betrays a vivid interest in all about him. His face, too, is suggestive of the sun-god's, — not of the Apollo of the nymphs and lyre, — and I catch myself thinking of him as the incarnation of the sunlight. In an hour he is up and down many times, always returning to his exalted perch, whence he can look over most of the neighboring roof-trees. Standing up there — alone in the sky, as it were — all day long, for days and weeks, months and years, perhaps, with half the city spread at his feet, what must be his outlook upon life! Alas, poor fellow, he is bound to earth and comparative inactivity by that painful deficiency of his, and it is well for him that the pigeons can occupy so much of his time. I have seen him, standing aloft on his single leg, brandish his long pole with superb energy and strength, while the birds went whirring away. Some of them always returned, and I used to be puzzled to explain their preference for the roof where they seemed exposed to

the constant interference of this young tyrant of the housetops. Perhaps, I thought, they know his misfortune and their own security. But at last I found the clue to this wonder that daily renews itself in front of my windows. These pigeons that constantly alight on this particular roof, and as often depart from it again, are plainly decoys, and their young owner is engaged in a business, — that of pigeon-stealing. The birds that fall into his hands find their way, in all probability, to the bird-fancier's shop, two blocks away, where one sees pigeons and rabbits in the window, and where these innocent creatures are made the pretext of corrupting children sometimes as innocent as they. Here, then, is a drama of the housetops that has reached its many hundredth performance, and is not yet acted to its close. What shall we say of its hero, whom I lightly compared to the sun-god? Is he, perhaps, a symbol for one of those other forces that in nature and in human society make, all unconsciously, for death when most they seem instinct with brilliancy and life? We know not, and we shall not know. What is sure is that his energy and strength must find an outlet; and in this case more of pity than of blame must attach to their useless expenditure. The pigeons, meanwhile, will generally contrive to elude him, and the whirl of their wings will long be a feature of the city on the housetops.

During the dinner hour, and in mid-summer through the early hours of the afternoon, when the sun is scorching the tin roofs with its rays, the city on the housetops is deserted. But let a thunder shower come up and cool off the burning roofs, then after it is over the people will return to enjoy the momentary freshness, and to look around upon the world that has just received such a ducking. I have seen some little boys make their appearance, on a hot day in August, in the very midst of a thunder shower, and fully prepared to enjoy it. There

were three of them, and they were guiltless of a garment amongst them. They took their shower bath with delight, and chased one another about among the chimneys and clotheslines, with the lightning flashes playing around them. Their gambol ended only when the storm ceased, and they disappeared, by this time shivering, down the hatchway.

Late in the afternoon is the grandfathers' hour. Old men, the day's labor at an end, come up to the city on the housetops to smoke their pipes and enjoy an hour of peace before descending into the close, often crowded rooms where the night must be spent. One hears from every direction the factory whistles proclaiming the cessation of work for another breathing-space, and down below the streets are filled with a long, black procession of men and women, lads and maidens, returning from the labor of the day. From one of the open windows of a tall tenement in the opposite street come the plaintive strains of an old violin, into which a young fellow seeks to infuse the poetry that is budding in his soul. His efforts are a little primitive, but now and then such things as Little Annie Rooney or a few bars of Comrades struggle to recognition. All the while the west is slowly reddening, and a reflected glow suffuses the eastern sky. Long bars of crimson, suggesting the heavy dashes at the end of a chapter in an author's manuscript, rest with an aspect of finality over the western horizon of housetops. These fade in their turn, losing themselves in a flood of color that passes from orange into burnished gold, ending in a dull rusty glow.

Then the evening comes; and in summer this is the fashionable hour for the denizens of the housetops. It is less stifling up there than in the houses, or in the streets below. Often there is a breeze, generally from the south, with a whiff of the ocean in its breath. Then the scene on the housetops becomes animated. Whole families are encamped up

there ; there is singing, stories are told, sometimes there is dancing. Musical instruments are not at all rare, and the accordion is chief among them. Now and then the merriment of separate parties becomes extinct ; all pause to listen to a single voice that rises high and distinct above the hubbub. Sometimes it is a hymn of the synagogue, caroled forth upon the night by a boy's quavering voice ; sometimes it is an air from an operetta, delivered in stentorian tones by a "professional" man singer. The applause, when the performance is over, comes from every roof in the neighborhood. When there is a saloon "on the block," — and what block is without its drinking-house ? — sounds of carousal make their way, from time to time, to the city on the housetops. An impromptu orchestra, in attendance at some wedding or birthday festivity in the brilliantly lighted apartments of a family "on the block," gladdens with its strains the hearts of tired mortals on the roof. Sometimes a burst of mad melody, full of the weird cadence and passionate abandon that characterize the dance-music of the peasantry of eastern Europe, awakens sad memories or passionate longing in some immigrant ("greenhorn," the older immigrants call him) lately come from some far-off country. The poor Jew who finds his way straight from the immigrant station on Ellis Island to one of the innumerable "sweater's" dens of this neighborhood breathes for an hour, perhaps, the air of the night, and gazes about him at the strange city that his toil leaves him no opportunity to investigate. Perhaps he does not even care to do this, the dull, hard grind deadening all sentiment of curiosity in his soul. Wild, unthinking gaiety alone can arouse him from the lethargy in which his life is wrapped.

Late into the night the merriment lasts ; and then, when good-nights have been said, only about one half of the company descend to take their rest indoors.

The others roll themselves in sheets and blankets, and prepare for a night under the stars. A thunder shower coming up in the middle of the night disperses them, and there is a great noise of scuffling and running, as each one awakes to take up his bed and walk with it. Between two and three o'clock of a fine morning, the moon looks down upon a bivouac of shrouded motionless figures, and the city on the housetops is turned into a shining necropolis. Little children and women sleep thus in the open air, sometimes on the roof, sometimes on their own fire-escape ; but the majority of the out-of-door sleepers are young men, accustomed all their lives, many of them, to hard bunks and uneasy surroundings. The glow of a cigar or a cigarette from one of these shapeless heaps of bedding might disturb the night's slumber of an apprehensive person. Dawn comes to awaken them early, for the most part, but it is no uncommon sight to see their outstretched forms when the sun already rides high in the sky. Other men and women pass in and out among them without disturbing them ; and when they awake and open their arms to the day, no complicated toilet awaits them ; they are half clothed already, and a few instinctive touches do the rest. Do not shake your head, and reflect sadly upon the low, uncivilized state of these primitive beings, O cultivated reader ! Circumstances do not always admit of daintiness, but you will do wrong to assume, on this account, that refinement is absent from the soul. Volumes are written every year concerning the overcrowding of the poor, and it is commonly taken for granted that this overcrowding leads to immorality and vice. Among the weak and vicious it is so ; but we have only to appeal to our general experience of humanity to know that in the majority of cases it must act rather as a safeguard against immorality. Where even one in a family lives well, the rest are restrained from abasing themselves in his

or her sight. So even the weak, who if left to themselves could scarcely resist temptation, are sustained by the constant society of some person whose strength they are enabled to share. In even the worst of tenements there are families that live decently; nay, some that live beautifully, in a sense that would be little understood among their "betters." Vice is not excluded from the city on the housetops, but it is not more repellent there than in the comfortable homes of the rich.

When the autumn comes, if you live in a neighborhood where there are many Hebrews, you will discover a new feature in the city on the housetops. It is the season of the Jewish Succoth, or Harvest-Home. On the surrounding roofs they have erected little huts, or arbors, covered with boughs of hemlock and cedar, and inclosed on the sides with rugs, mats, and curtains. Within, there is room for a table and two or three chairs. Here sits the head of the family, often a patriarch with flowing white beard, and takes his food, which is brought to him by the women, while he returns thanks to God for his bounty. Often the chill wind whistles uncomfortably about the corners and through the chinks of his extemporized abode, but the old man continues his devotions, seemingly oblivious to the cold. The children in the streets and worshipers in the synagogues carry large palm branches and Adam's apples as symbols of the earth's fruitfulness. When they can obtain autumn leaves, these are sprinkled about the arbors on the housetops. In the European villages whence these people come, the arbors are built in the open, at the rear of their houses, or on the skirt of some wood; sometimes, also, on the roof-trees. Here, in crowded New York, the earth is already too much cumbered with buildings to allow room for them, and they are built, accordingly, in the city of the roofs and chimney-pots, where, besides, there are

pure air and sunlight to remind people of the blessings for which they are offering thanksgiving. Few enough of these blessings do they ever experience, the poor Jews, in their laborious and confined lives. But they cling to this ceremonial of their agricultural ancestors as they cling to every other tradition and ceremony of the race. Long condemned to live in crowded cities, all connection with the land having been denied them, as constituting a danger to the state, what wonder if the spirit of barter and money-getting has entered into the soul of these people so long excluded from the wide communion of open field and flowing river? For centuries the Jew has been thrown back upon money as the one means of obtaining immunity to enjoy the ordinary privileges of life. Shall we wonder at the exorbitant value our ancestors have taught him to set upon it?

We have glanced, from our window, upon the city on the housetops under many of its aspects. We have seen it prostrate beneath the burning rays of the summer sunshine, awakening to life as the afternoon waned to its close, growing animated in the evening, and lying mute and extended under the tranquil stars. We have seen it, for a moment, in the crisp air of autumn, when a peculiar people are preparing to make it the scene of their religious festivities and worship. We shall see it again in its winter aspect, when a coverlid of snow softens a thousand inequalities, and adds a new picturesqueness to the familiar outlook. We have noted, very hastily, and leaving too much to be desired for adequacy, a few of the manifestations of its life. It is time now to close our window and draw to the blinds. In the lamplight, over a book that has abstracted our thoughts from the realm of the actual, we shall begin to ask ourselves whether the city that has just been described has any existence in reality. The mind, at such moments, dwells in an

atmosphere of its own, and what is not immediately present before it is quickly relegated to a class of phenomena experienced, but not realized. It is easy enough, in this case, to go to the window and convince ourselves anew that the city on the housetops has an objective existence. There, indeed, it lies, much as we left it, beneath the gray starlight. The night is a damp one, and its silent precincts are abandoned to the cats, those stealthy night-watchmen, whose mysterious peregrinations lead

them many times in and out among the manifold obstructions of the housetops. But the mood has changed, and we are no longer disposed to regard as in any way poetic or romantic this deserted realm upon which the starlight falls with so desolate a chill. Prosaic, almost sordid, our eyes disclose it to us; yet a reality, so far as we can distinguish the real, and conveying consolation, by reason of the social instinct that is in us all, as the haunt of living men, one of the shifting scenes of their activity on earth.

PONTIAC'S LOOKOUT.

JENIEVE LALOTTE came out of the back door of her little house on Mackinac beach. The front door did not open upon either street of the village; and other domiciles were scattered with it along the strand, each little homestead having a front inclosure palisaded with oaken posts. Wooded heights sent a growth of bushes and young trees down to the pebble rim of the lake.

It had been raining, and the island was fresh as if new made. Boats and bateaux, drawn up in a great semicircle about the crescent bay, had also been washed; but they kept the marks of their long voyages to the Illinois Territory, or the Lake Superior region, or Canada. The very last of the winterers were in with their bales of furs, and some of these men were now roaring along the upper street in new clothes, exhilarated by spending on good cheer in one month the money it took them eleven months to earn. While in "hyvernements," or winter quarters, and on the long forest marches, the allowance of food per day, for a winterer, was one quart of corn and two ounces of tallow. On this fare the hardest voyageurs ever known threaded a pathless continent and made a great

traffic possible. But when they returned to the front of the world, — that distributing point in the straits, — they were fiercely importunate for what they considered the best the world afforded.

A segment of rainbow showed over one end of Round Island. The sky was dull rose, and a ship on the eastern horizon turned to a ship of fire, clean-cut and poised, a glistening object on a black bar of water. The lake was still, with blackness in its depths. The American flag on the fort rippled, a thing of living light, the stripes transparent. High pink clouds were riding down from the north, their flush dying as they piled aloft. There were shadings of peacock colors in the shoal water. Jenieve enjoyed this sunset beauty of the island, as she ran over the rolling pebbles, carrying some leather shoes by their leather strings. Her face was eager. She lifted the shoes to show them to three little boys playing on the edge of the lake.

"Come here. See what I have for you."

"What is it?" inquired the eldest, gazing betwixt the hairs scattered on his face; he stood with his back to the wind. His bare shins reddened in the wash of

the lake, standing beyond its rim of shining gravel.

"Shoes," answered Jenieve, in a note triumphant over fate.

"What's shoes?" asked the smallest half-breed, tucking up his smock around his middle.

"They are things to wear on your feet," explained Jenieve; and her red-skinned half-brothers heard her with incredulity. She had told their mother, in their presence, that she intended to buy the children some shoes when she got pay for her spinning; and they thought it meant fashions from the Fur Company's store to wear to mass, but never suspected she had set her mind on dark-looking clamps for the feet.

"You must try them on," said Jenieve, and they all stepped experimentally from the water, reluctant to submit. But Jenieve was mistress in the house. There is no appeal from a sister who is a father to you, and even a substitute for your living mother.

"You sit down first, François, and wipe your feet with this cloth."

The absurdity of wiping his feet before he turned in for the night tickled François, though he was of a strongly aboriginal cast, and he let himself grin. Jenieve helped him struggle to encompass his lithe feet with the clumsy brogans.

"You boys are living like Indians."

"We are Indians," asserted François.

"But you are French, too. You are my brothers. I want you to go to mass looking as well as anybody."

Hitherto their object in life had been to escape mass. They objected to increasing their chances of church-going. Moccasins were the natural wear of human beings, and nobody but women needed even moccasins until cold weather. The proud look of an Iroquois taking spoils disappeared from the face of the youngest, giving way to uneasy anguish. The three boys sat down to tug, Jenieve going encouragingly from one to another.

François lay on his back and pushed his heels skyward. Contempt and rebellion grew also in the faces of Gabriel and Toussaint. They were the true children of François Iroquois, her mother's second husband, who had been wont to lounge about Mackinac village in dirty buckskins and a calico shirt having one red and one blue sleeve. He had also bought a tall silk hat at the Fur Company's store, and he wore the hat under his blanket when it rained. If tobacco failed him, he scraped and dried willow peelings, and called them kinnickinnick. This worthy relation had worked no increase in Jenieve's home except an increase of children. He frequently yelled around the crescent bay, brandishing his silk hat in the exaltation of rum. And when he finally fell off the wharf into deep water, and was picked out to make another mound in the Indian burying-ground, Jenieve was so fiercely elated that she was afraid to confess it to the priest. Strange matches were made on the frontier, and Indian wives were commoner than any other kind; but through the whole mortifying existence of this Indian husband Jenieve avoided the sight of him, and called her mother steadily Mama Lalotte. The girl had remained with her grandmother, while François Iroquois carried off his wife to the Indian village on a western height of the island. Her grandmother had died, and Jenieve continued to keep house on the beach, having always with her one or more of the half-breed babies, until the plunge of François Iroquois allowed her to bring them all home with their mother. There was but one farm on the island, and Jenieve had all the spinning which the sheep afforded. She was the finest spinner in that region. Her grandmother had taught her to spin with a little wheel, as they still do about Quebec. Her pay was small. There was not much money then in the country, but bills of credit on the Fur Company's store were the same as cash, and

she managed to feed her mother and the Indian's family. Fish were to be had for the catching, and she could get corn meal and vegetables for her soup pot in partial exchange for her labor. The luxuries of life on the island were air and water, and the glories of evening and morning. People who could buy them got such gorgeous clothes as were brought by the Company. But usually Jenieve felt happy enough when she put on her best red homespun bodice and petticoat for mass or to go to dances. She did wish for shoes. The ladies at the fort had shoes, with heels which clicked when they danced. Jenieve could dance better, but she always felt their eyes on her moccasins, and came to regard shoes as the chief article of one's attire.

Though the joy of shoeing her brothers was not to be put off, she had not intended to let them keep on these precious brogans of civilization while they played beside the water. But she suddenly saw Mama Lalotte walking along the street near the lake with old Michel Personneau. Beyond these moving figures were many others, of engagés and Indians, swarming in front of the Fur Company's great warehouse. Some were talking and laughing; others were in a line, bearing bales of furs from bateaux just arrived at the log-and-stone wharf stretched from the centre of the bay. But all of them, and curious women peeping from their houses on the beach, particularly Jean Bati' McClure's wife, could see that Michel Personneau was walking with Mama Lalotte.

This sight struck cold down Jenieve's spine. Mama Lalotte was really the heaviest charge she had. Not twenty minutes before had that flighty creature been set to watch the supper pot, and here she was, mincing along, and fixing her pale blue laughing eyes on Michel Personneau, and bobbing her curly flaxen head at every word he spoke. A daughter who has a marrying mother on her

hands may become morbidly anxious; Jenieve felt she should have no peace of mind during the month the coureurs-de-bois remained on the island. Whether they arrived early or late, they had soon to be off to the winter hunting-grounds; yet here was an emergency.

"Mama Lalotte!" called Jenieve. Her strong young fingers beckoned with authority. "Come here to me. I want you."

The giddy parent, startled and conscious, turned a conciliating smile that way. "Yes, Jenieve," she answered obediently, "I come." But she continued to pace by the side of Michel Personneau.

Jenieve desired to grasp her by the shoulder and walk her into the house; but when the world, especially Jean Bati' McClure's wife, is watching to see how you manage an unruly mother, it is necessary to use some adroitness.

"Will you please come here, dear Mama Lalotte? Toussaint wants you."

"No, I don't!" shouted Toussaint. "It is Michel Personneau I want, to make me some boats."

The girl did not hesitate. She intercepted the couple, and took her mother's arm in hers. The desperation of her act appeared to her while she was walking Mama Lalotte home; still, if nothing but force will restrain a parent, you must use force.

Michel Personneau stood squarely in his moccasins, turning redder and redder at the laugh of his cronies before the warehouse. He was dressed in new buckskins, and their tawny brightness made his florid cheeks more evident. Michel Personneau had been brought up by the Cadottes of Sault Ste. Marie, and he had rich relations at Cahokia, in the Illinois Territory. If he was not as good as the family of François Iroquois, he wanted to know the reason why. It is true, he was past forty and a bachelor. To be a bachelor, in that region, where Indian wives were so plenty and so easily

got rid of, might bring some reproach on a man. Michel had begun to see that it did. He was an easy, gormandizing, good fellow, shapelessly fat, and he never had stirred himself during his month of freedom to do any courting. But Frenchmen of his class considered fifty the limit of an active life. It behooved him now to begin looking around; to prepare a fireside for himself. Michel was a good clerk to his employers. Cumbersome though his body might be, when he was in the woods he never shirked any hardship to secure a specially fine bale of furs.

Mama Lalotte, propelled against her will, sat down, trembling, in the house. Jenieve, trembling also, took the wooden bowls and spoons from a shelf and ladled out soup for the evening meal. Mama Lalotte was always willing to have the work done without trouble to herself, and she sat on a three-legged stool, like a guest. The supper pot boiled in the centre of the house, hanging on the crane which was fastened to a beam overhead. Smoke from the clear fire passed that richly darkened transverse of timber as it ascended, and escaped through a hole in the bark roof. The Fur Company had a great building with chimneys; but poor folks were glad to have a cedar hut of one room, covered with bark all around and on top. A fire-pit, or earthen hearth, was left in the centre, and the nearer the floor could be brought to this hole, without danger, the better the house was. On winter nights, fat French and half-breed children sat with heels to this sunken altar, and heard tales of massacre or privation which made the family bunks along the wall seem couches of luxury. It was the aboriginal hut patterned after his Indian brother's by the Frenchman; and the succession of British and American powers had not yet improved it. To Jenieve herself, the crisis before her, so insignificant against the background of that historic island, was more important than massacre or conquest.

"Mama," — she spoke tremulously, —

"I was obliged to bring you in. It is not proper to be seen on the street with an engagé. The town is now full of these bush-lopers."

"Bush-lopers, mademoiselle!" The little flaxen-haired woman had a shrill voice. "What was your own father?"

"He was a clerk, madame," maintained the girl's softer treble, "and always kept good credit for his family at the Company's store."

"I see no difference. They are all the same."

"François Iroquois was not the same." As the girl said this she felt a powder-like flash from her own eyes.

Mama Lalotte was herself a little ashamed of the François Iroquois alliance, but she answered, "He let me walk outside the house, at least. You allow me no amusement at all. I cannot even talk over the fence to Jean Bati' McClure's wife."

"Mama, you do not understand the danger of all these things, and I do. Jean Bati' McClure's wife will be certain to get you into trouble. She is not a proper woman for you to associate with. Her mind runs on nothing but matchmaking."

"Speak to her, then, for yourself. I wish you would get married."

"I never shall," declared Jenieve. "I have seen the folly of it."

"You never have been young," complained Mama Lalotte. "You don't know how a young person feels."

"I let you go to the dances," argued Jenieve. "You have as good a time as any woman on the island. But old Michel Personneau," she added sternly, "is not settling down to smoke his pipe for the remainder of his life on this doorstep."

"Monsieur Personneau is not old."

"Do you take up for him, Mama Lalotte, in spite of me?" In the girl's rich brunette face the scarlet of the cheeks deepened. "Am I not more to you than Michel Personneau or any other engagé?"

He is old; he is past forty. Would I call him old if he were no more than twenty?"

"Every one cannot be only twenty and a young agent," retorted her elder; and Jenieve's ears and throat reddened, also.

"Have I not done my best for you and the boys? Do you think it does not hurt me to be severe with you?"

Mama Lalotte flounced around on her stool, but made no reply. She saw peeping and smiling at the edge of the door a neighbor's face, that encouraged her insubordinations. Its broad, good-natured upper lip thinly veiled with hairs, its fleshy eyelids and thick brows, expressed a strength which she had not, yet would gladly imitate.

"Jenieve Lalotte," spoke the neighbor, "before you finish whipping your mother you had better run and whip the boys. They are throwing their shoes in the lake."

"Their shoes!" Jenieve cried, and she scarcely looked at Jean Bati' McClure's wife, but darted outdoors along the beach.

"Oh, children, have you lost your shoes?"

"No," answered Toussaint, looking up with a countenance full of enjoyment.

"Where are they?"

"In the lake."

"You did n't throw your new shoes in the lake?"

"We took them for boats," said Gabriel freely. "But they are not even fit for boats."

"I threw mine as far as I could," observed François. "You can't make anything float in them."

She could see one of them stranded on the lake bottom, loaded with stones, its strings playing back and forth in the clear water. The others were gone out to the straits. Jenieve remembered all her toil for them, and her denial of her own wants that she might give to these half-savage boys, who considered nothing lost that they threw into the lake.

She turned around to run to the house. But there stood Jean Bati' McClure's wife, talking through the door, and encouraging her mother to walk with *cou-reurs-de bois*. The girl's heart broke. She took to the bushes to hide her weeping, and ran through them towards the path she had followed so many times when her only living kindred were at the Indian village. The pine woods received her into their ascending heights, and she mounted towards sunset.

Panting from her long walk, Jenieve came out of the woods upon a grassy open cliff, called by the islanders Pontiac's Lookout; because the great war chief used to stand on that spot, forty years before, and gaze southward, as if he never could give up his hope of the union of his people. Jenieve knew the story. She had built playhouses here, when a child, without being afraid of the old chief's lingering influence; for she seemed to understand his trouble, and this night she was more in sympathy with Pontiac than ever before in her life. She sat down on the grass, wiping the tears from her hot cheeks, her dark eyes brooding on the lovely straits. There might be more beautiful sights in the world, but Jenieve doubted it; and a white gull drifted across her vision like a moving star.

Pontiac's Lookout had been the spot from which she watched her father's bateau disappear behind Round Island. He used to go by way of Detroit to the Canadian woods. Here she wept out her first grief for his death; and here she stopped, coming and going between her mother and grandmother. The cliff down to the beach was clothed with a thick growth which took away the terror of falling, and many a time Jenieve had thrust her bare legs over the edge to sit and enjoy the outlook.

There were old women on the island who could remember seeing Pontiac. Her grandmother had told her how he looked. She had heard that though his bones had been buried forty years beside

the Mississippi, he yet came back to the Lookout every night during that summer month when all the tribes assembled at the island to receive money from a new government. He could not lie still while they took a little metal and ammunition in their hands in exchange for their country. As for the tribes, they enjoyed it. Jenieve could see their night fires begin to twinkle on Round Island and Bois Blanc, and the rising hubbub of their carnival came to her like echoes across the strait. There was one growing star on the long hooked reef which reached out from Round Island, and figures of Indians were silhouetted against the lake, running back and forth along that high stone ridge. Evening coolness stole up to Jenieve, for the whole water world was purpling; and sweet pine and cedar breaths, humid and invisible, were all around her. Her trouble grew small, laid against the granite breast of the island, and the woods darkened and sighed behind her. Jenieve could hear the shout of some Indian boy at the distant village. She was not afraid, but her shoulders contracted with a shiver. The place began to smell rankly of sweetbrier. There was no sweetbrier on the cliff or in the woods, though many bushes grew on alluvial slopes around the bay. Jenieve loved the plant, and often stuck a piece of it in her bosom. But this was a cold smell, striking chill to the bones. Her flesh and hair and clothes absorbed the scent, and it cooled her nostrils with its strange ether, the breath of sweetbrier, which always before seemed tintured by the sun. She had a sensation of moving sidewise out of her own person; and then she saw the chief Pontiac standing on the edge of the cliff. Jenieve knew his back, and the feathers in his hair which the wind did not move. His head turned on a pivot, sweeping the horizon from St. Ignace, where the white man first set foot, to Round Island, where the shameful fires burned. His hard, set features were silver color rather than

copper, as she saw his profile against the sky. His arms were folded in his blanket. Jenieve was as sure that she saw Pontiac as she was sure of the rock on which she sat. She poked one finger through the sward to the hardness underneath. The rock was below her, and Pontiac stood before her. He turned his head back from Round Island to St. Ignace. The wind blew against him, and the brier odor, sickening sweet, poured over Jenieve.

She heard the dogs bark in Mackinac village, and leaves moving behind her, and the wash of water at the base of the island which always sounded like a small rain. Instead of feeling afraid she was in a nightmare of sorrow. Pontiac had loved the French almost as well as he loved his own people. She breathed the sweetbrier scent, her neck stretched forward and her dark eyes fixed on him; and as his head turned back from St. Ignace his whole body moved with it, and he looked at Jenieve.

His eyes were like a cat's in the purple darkness, or like that heatless fire which shines on rotting bark. The hoarfrosted countenance was noble even in its most brutal lines. Jenieve, without knowing she was saying a word, spoke out:—

"Monsieur the chief Pontiac, what ails the French and Indians?"

"Malatat," answered Pontiac. The word came at her with force.

"Monsieur the chief Pontiac," repeated Jenieve, struggling to understand, "I say, what ails the French and Indians?"

"Malatat!" His guttural cry rang through the bushes. Jenieve was so startled that she sprang back, catching herself on her hands. But without the least motion of walking he was far westward, showing like a phosphorescent bar through the trees, and still moving on, until the pallor was lost from sight.

Jenieve at once began to cross herself. She had forgotten to do it before. The rankness of sweetbrier followed her some

distance down the path, and she said prayers all the way home.

You cannot talk with great spirits and continue to chafe about little things. The boys' shoes and Mama Lalotte's lightness were the same as forgotten. Jenieve entered her house with dew in her hair, and an untterrified freshness of body for whatever might happen. She was certain she had seen Pontiac, but she would never tell anybody to have it laughed at. There was no candle burning, and the fire had almost died under the supper pot. She put a couple of sticks on the coals, more for their blaze than to heat her food. But the Mackinac night was chill, and it was pleasant to see the interior of her little home flickering to view. Candles were lighted in many houses along the beach, and amongst them Mama Lalotte was probably roaming, — for she had left the door open towards the lake, — and the boys' voices could be heard with others in the direction of the log wharf.

Jenieve took her supper bowl and sat down on the doorstep. The light cloud of smoke, drawn up to the roof-hole, ascended behind her, forming an azure gray curtain against which her figure showed, round-wristed and full-throated. The starlike camp fires on Round Island were before her, and the incessant wash of the water on its pebbles was company to her. Somebody knocked on the front door.

"It is that insolent Michel Pensionneau," thought Jenieve. "When he is tired he will go away."

Yet she was not greatly surprised when the visitor ceased knocking and came around the palisades.

"Good - evening, Monsieur Crooks," said Jenieve.

"Good - evening, mademoiselle," responded Monsieur Crooks, and he leaned against the hut side, cap in hand, where he could look at her. He had never yet been asked to enter the house. Jenieve continued to eat her supper.

"I hope monsieur your uncle is well?"

"My uncle is well. It is n't necessary for me to inquire about madame your mother, for I have just seen her sitting on McClure's doorstep."

"Oh," said Jenieve.

The young man shook his cap in a restless hand. Though he spoke French easily, he was not dressed like an engagé, and he showed through the dark the white skin of the Saxon.

"Mademoiselle Jenieve," — he spoke suddenly, — "you know my uncle is well established as agent of the Fur Company, and as his assistant I expect to stay here."

"Yes, monsieur. Did you take in some fine bales of furs to-day?"

"That is not what I was going to say."

"Monsieur Crooks, you speak all languages, don't you?"

"Not all. A few. I know a little of nearly every one of our Indian dialects."

"Monsieur, what does 'malatat' mean?"

"'Malatat'? That's a Chippewa word. You will often hear that. It means 'good for nothing.'"

"But I have heard that the chief Pontiac was an Ottawa."

The young man was not interested in Pontiac.

"A chief would know a great many dialects," he replied. "Chippewa was the tongue of this island. But what I wanted to say is that I have had a serious talk with the agent. He is entirely willing to have me settle down. And he says, what is the truth, that you are the best and prettiest girl at the straits. I have spoken my mind often enough. Why should n't we get married right away?"

Jenieve set her bowl and spoon inside the house, and folded her arms.

"Monsieur, have I not told you many times? I cannot marry. I have a family already."

The young agent struck his cap impatiently against the bark weather-boarding. "You are the most offish girl I

ever saw. A man cannot get near enough to you to talk reason."

"It would be better if you did not come down here at all, Monsieur Crooks," said Jenieve. "The neighbors will be saying I am setting a bad example to my mother."

"Bring your mother up to the Fur Company's quarters with you, and the neighbors will no longer have a chance to put mischief into her head."

Jenieve took him seriously, though she had often suspected, from what she could see at the fort, that Americans had not the custom of marrying an entire family.

"It is really too fine a place for us."

Young Crooks laughed. Squaws had lived in the Fur Company's quarters, but he would not mention this fact to the girl.

His eyes dwelt fondly on her in the darkness, for though the fire behind her had again sunk to embers, it cast up a little glow; and he stood entirely in the star-embossed outside world. It is not safe to talk in the dark: you tell too much. The primitive instinct of truth-speaking revives in force, and the restraints of another's presence are gone. You speak from the unseen to the unseen over leveled barriers of reserve. Young Crooks had scarcely said that place was nothing, and he would rather live in that little house with Jenieve than in the Fur Company's quarters without her, when she exclaimed openly, "And have old Michel Personneau put over you!"

The idea of Michel Personneau taking precedence of him as master of the cedar hut was delicious to the American, as he recalled the engag  s' respectful slouch while receiving the usual bill of credit.

"One may laugh, monsieur. I laugh myself; it is better than crying. But it is the truth that Mama Lalotte is more care to me than all the boys. I have no peace except when she is asleep in bed."

"There is no harm in Madame Lalotte."

"You are right, monsieur. Jean Bati' McClure's wife puts all the mischief in her head. She would even learn to spin, if that woman would let her alone."

"And I never heard any harm of Michel Personneau. He is a good enough fellow, and he has more to his credit on the Company's books than any other engag   now on the island."

"I suppose you would like to have him sit and smoke his pipe the rest of his days on your doorstep?"

"No, I would n't," confessed the young agent. "Michel is a saving man, and he uses very mean tobacco, the cheapest in the house."

"You see how I am situated, monsieur. It is no use to talk to me."

"But Michel Personneau is not going to trouble you long. He has relations at Cahokia, in the Illinois Territory, and he is fitting himself out to go there to settle."

"Are you sure of this, monsieur?"

"Certainly I am, for we have already made him a bill of credit to our correspondent at Cahokia. He wants very few goods to carry across the Chicago portage."

"Monsieur, how soon does he intend to go?"

"On the first schooner that sails to the head of the lake; so he may set out any day. Michel is anxious to try life on the Mississippi, and his three years' engagement with the Company is just ended."

"I also am anxious to have him try life on the Mississippi," said Jenieve, and she drew a deep breath of relief. "Why did you not tell me this before?"

"How could I know you were interested in him?"

"He is not a bad man," she admitted kindly. "I can see that he means very well. If the McClures would go to the Illinois Territory with him — But, Mon-

sieur Crooks," Jenieve asked sharply, "do people sometimes make sudden marriages?"

"In my case they have not," sighed the young man. "But I think well of sudden marriages myself. The priest comes to the island this week."

"Yes, and I must take the children to confession."

"What are you going to do with me, Jenieve?"

"I am going to say good-night to you, and shut my door." She stepped into the house.

"Not yet. It is only a little while since they fired the sunset gun at the fort. You are not kind to shut me out the moment I come."

She gave him her hand, as she always did when she said good-night, and he prolonged his hold of it.

"You are full of sweetbrier. I did n't know it grew down here on the beach."

"It never did grow here, Monsieur Crooks."

"You shall have plenty of it in your garden, when you come home with me."

"Oh, go away, and let me shut my door, monsieur. It seems no use to tell you I cannot come."

"No use at all. Until you come, then, good-night."

Seldom are two days alike on the island. Before sunrise the lost dews of paradise always sweeten those scented woods, and the birds begin to remind you of something you heard in another life, but have forgotten. Jenieve loved to open her door and surprise the east. She stepped out the next morning to fill her pail. There was a lake of translucent cloud beyond the water lake: the first unruffled, and the second wind-stirred. The sun pushed up, a flattened red ball, from the lake of steel ripples to the lake of calm clouds. Nearer, a schooner with its sails down stood black as ebony between two bars of light drawn across the water, which lay dull and bleak towards the shore. The ad-

dition of a schooner to the scattered fleet of sailboats, bateaux, and birch canoes made Jenieve laugh. It must have arrived from Sault Ste. Marie in the night. She had hopes of getting rid of Michel Pensonneau that very day. Since he was going to Cahokia, she felt stinging regret for the way she had treated him before the whole village; yet her mother could not be sacrificed to politeness. Except his capacity for marrying, there was really no harm in the old fellow, as Monsieur Crooks had said.

The humid block-house and walls of the fort high above the bay began to glisten in emerging sunlight, and Jenieve determined not to be hard on Mama Lalotte that day. If Michel came to say good-by, she would shake his hand herself. It was not agreeable for a woman so fond of company to sit in the house with nobody but her daughter. Mama Lalotte did not love the pine woods, or any place where she would be alone. But Jenieve could sit and spin in solitude all day, and think of that chill silver face she had seen at Pontiac's Lookout, and the floating away of the figure, a phosphorescent bar through the trees, and of that spoken word which had denounced the French and Indians as good for nothing. She decided to tell the priest, even if he rebuked her. It did not seem any stranger to Jenieve than many things which were called natural, such as the morning miracles in the eastern sky, and the growth of the boys, her dear torments. To Jenieve's serious eyes, trained by her grandmother, it was not as strange as the sight of Mama Lalotte, a child in maturity, always craving amusement, and easily led by any chance hand.

The priest had come to Mackinac in the schooner during the night. He combined this parish with others more or less distant, and he opened the chapel and began his duties as soon as he arrived. Mama Lalotte herself offered to dress the boys for confession. She put their

best clothes on them, and then she took out all her own finery. Jenieve had no suspicion while the little figure preened and burnished itself, making up for the lack of a mirror by curves of the neck to look itself well over. Mama Lalotte thought a great deal about what she wore. She was pleased, and her flaxen curls danced. She kissed Jenieve on both cheeks, as if there had been no quarrel, though unpleasant things never lingered in her memory. And she made the boys kiss Jenieve; and while they were saddened by clothes, she also made them say they were sorry about the shoes.

By sunset, the schooner, which had sat in the straits all day, hoisted its sails and rounded the hooked point of the opposite island. The gun at the fort was like a parting salute, and a shout was raised by *coureurs-de-bois* thronging the log wharf. They trooped up to the fur warehouse, and the sound of a fiddle and the thump of soft-shod feet were soon heard; for the French were ready to celebrate any occasion with dancing. Laughter and the high excited voices of women also came from the little ballroom, which was only the office of the Fur Company.

Here the *engagés* felt at home. The fiddler sat on the top of the desk, and men lounging on a row of benches around the walls sprang to their feet and began to caper at the violin's first invitation. Such maids and wives as were nearest the building were haled in, laughing, by their relations; and in the absence of the agents, and of that awe which goes with making your cross-mark on a paper, a quick carnival was held on the spot where so many solemn contracts had been signed. An odor of furs came from the packing-rooms around, mixed with gums and incense-like whiffs. Added to this was the breath of the general store kept by the agency. Tobacco and snuff, rum, chocolate, calico, blankets, wood and iron utensils, firearms, West India sugar and rice, — all sifted their invisible essences on the air. Unceiled joists showed heavy

and brown overhead. But there was no fireplace, for when the straits stood locked in ice and the island was deep in snow, no *engagé* claimed admission here. He would be a thousand miles away, toiling on snowshoes with his pack of furs through the trees, or bargaining with trappers for his contribution to this month of enormous traffic.

Clean buckskin legs and brand-new belted hunting-shirts whirled on the floor, brightened by sashes of crimson or kerchiefs of orange. Indians from the reservation on Round Island, who happened to be standing, like statues, in front of the building, turned and looked with lenient eye on the performance of their French brothers. The fiddler was a nervous little Frenchman with eyes like a weasel, and he detected Jenieve Lalotte putting her head into the room. She glanced from figure to figure of the dancers, searching through the twilight for what she could not find; but before he could call her she was off. None of the men, except a few Scotch-French, were very tall, but they were a handsome, muscular race, fierce in enjoyment, yet with a languor which prolonged it, and gave grace to every picturesque pose. Not one of them wanted to pain Lalotte's girl, but, as they danced, a joyful fellow would here and there spring high above the floor and shout, "Good voyage to Michel Pensonneau and his new family!" They had forgotten the one who amused them yesterday, and remembered only the one who amused them to-day.

Jenieve struck on Jean Bati' McClure's door, and faced his wife, speechless, pointing to the schooner ploughing southward.

"Yes, she's gone," said Jean Bati' McClure's wife, "and the boys with her."

The confidante came out on the step, and tried to lay her hand on Jenieve's shoulder, but the girl moved backward from her.

"Now let me tell you, it is a good thing for you, Jenieve Lalotte. You can make a fine match of your own to-morrow. It is not natural for a girl to live as you have lived. You are better off without them."

"But my mother has left me!"

"Well, I am sorry for you; but you were hard on her."

"I blame you, madame!"

"You might as well blame the priest, who thought it best not to let them go unmarried. And she has taken a much worse man than Michel Personneau in her time."

"My mother and my brothers have left me here alone," repeated Jenieve; and she wrung her hands and put them over her face. The trouble was so overwhelming that it broke her down before her enemy.

"Oh, don't take it to heart," said Jean Bati' McClure's wife, with ready interest in the person nearest at hand. "Come and eat supper with my man and me to-night, and sleep in our house if you are afraid."

Jenieve leaned her forehead against the hut, and made no reply to these neighborly overtures.

"Did she say nothing at all about me, madame?"

"Yes; she was afraid you would come at the last minute and take her by the arm and walk her home. You were too strict with her, and that is the truth. She was glad to get away to Cahokia. They say it is fine in the Illinois Territory. You know she is fond of seeing the world."

The young supple creature trying to restrain her shivers and sobs of anguish against the bark house side was really a moving sight; and Jean Bati' McClure's wife, flattening a masculine upper lip with resolution, said promptly, —

"I am going this moment to the Fur Company's quarters to send young Monsieur Crooks after you."

At that Jenieve fled along the beach

and took to the bushes. As she ran, weeping aloud like a child, she watched the lessening schooner; and it seemed a monstrous thing, out of nature, that her mother was on that little ship, fleeing from her, with a thoughtless face set smiling towards a new world. She climbed on, to keep the schooner in sight, and made for Pontiac's Lookout, reckless of what she had seen there.

The distant canvas became one leaning sail, and then a speck, and then nothing. There was an afterglow on the water which turned it to a wavering pavement of yellow-pink sheen. In that clear, high atmosphere, mainland shores and islands seemed to throw out the evening purples from themselves, and thus to slowly reach for one another and form darkness. Jenieve had lain on the grass, crying, "O Mama — François — Toussaint — Gabriel!" But she sat up at last, with her dejected head on her breast, submitting to the pettiness and treachery of what she loved. Bats flew across the open place. A sudden rankness of sweetbrier, taking her breath away by its icy puff, reminded her of other things, and she tried to get up and run. Instead of running she seemed to move sidewise out of herself, and saw Pontiac standing on the edge of the cliff. His head turned from St. Ignace to the reviving fires on Round Island, and slowly back again from Round Island to St. Ignace. Jenieve felt as if she were choking, but again she asked out of her heart to his, —

"Monsieur the chief Pontiac, what ails the French and Indians?"

He floated around to face her, the high ridges of his bleached features catching light; but this time he showed only dim dead eyes. His head sunk on his breast, and Jenieve could see the fronds of the feathers he wore traced indistinctly against the sky. The dead eyes searched for her and could not see her; he whispered hoarsely to himself, "Malatat!"

The voice of the living world calling

her name sounded directly afterwards in the woods, and Jenieve leaped as if she were shot. She had the instinct that her lover must not see this thing, for there were reasons of race and religion against it. But she need not have feared that Pontiac would show himself, or his long and savage mourning for the destruction of the red man, to any descendant of the English. As the bushes closed behind her she looked back : the phosphoric blur

was already so far in the west that she could hardly be sure she saw it again. And the young agent of the Fur Company, breaking his way among leaves, met her with both hands ; saying gayly, to save her the shock of talking about her mother : —

“Come home, come home, my sweet-brier maid. No wonder you smell of sweetbrier. I am rank with it myself, rubbing against the dewy bushes.”

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

AL MAMOUN.

BAGDAD's palms looked tall in the tide
Of Tigris, tawny and swift and wide ;
Bagdad's minarets gleamed and glowed
In the sun that burned in its blue abode ;
Bagdad's life made rumble and jar
In booth and highway and bright bazaar ;
Bagdad's monarch lolled in the dusk
Of the citron shade, 'mid the scent of musk,
And around him sat the makers of rhyme,
Come from many a distant clime ;
For song by him was held as a boon,

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun.

From lands of cold and lands of the sun
He hearkened the poets, one by one,
Giving a portion of praise to each,
And a guerdon of gold with his pearls of speech ;
Spreading a luscious banquet there
In the languid, richly-perfumed air ;
Plucking from luxury's laden stem
The royal wealth of its fruit for them ;
Bidding the soul of the grape be brought
To kindle the bosom to happy thought ;
Speeding the amber afternoon,

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun.

And on through the starlit purple hours
The sound of song was heard in the bowers ;
The zither and lute would blend and blur
And tangle with notes of the dulcimer ;

And above and over and through it all
 Would soar and swell, or would fail and fall
 With the dreamful lull of the dying word,
 An ecstasy voiced from the throat of a bird.
 So, leashed by the love of song, would he,
 Praising the poets and poesy,
 Linger till night had neared its noon,

*Al Mamoun,
 The son of the great Haroun.*

With crumbling mosque and with toppling tomb
 Have vanished Bagdad's beauty and bloom,
 While a far, faint breath on the lips of fame
 Is all we know of the monarch's name.
 But rather to him than his mightier sire
 O'er gulfs of time shall the song aspire;
 For song to the lover of song is due,
 Though centuries darken with rust, and strew
 With mosses, the marble above his head.
 And so, in the land of the happy dead,
 May song still stir with its blissful boon

*Al Mamoun,
 The son of the great Haroun.*

Clinton Scollard.

THE HOME OF GLOOSCAP.

THERE are siren voices at Ingonish. I can say this with confidence, because I heard one, and it rings in my ears now, and will ring there as long as memory lasts. I was lying on the sunlit sand outside the cobblestone wall of Ingonish South Bay beach, dreaming. To my right rose the red, forest-capped wall of Smoky, on my left was Middle Head, and behind me many a mountain side walled in the valley. Suddenly, the heavens, the bluffs, and the mountains gave out a sound which made my heart stand still. It had the force of thunder and the pitch of agony. I was told afterwards that the first time the sound startled Ingonish was at night, and that people fled from their houses or fell upon their knees, thinking the day of reckoning had come. Springing to my

feet, I saw, coming slowly past the cliffs of Smoky and towards the lighthouse at the pier, a good-sized steamer. It was the Harlaw, from Halifax *via* the Bras d'Or lakes, on her way to Newfoundland. As I lay upon the sand, I had been dreaming of a voyage across those sixty miles of sea to the rock-bound island just out of sight below the ocean's cheek. The Harlaw's siren had banished the dream in more senses than one. To take the steamer now was impossible, and only by that steamer could I go to Newfoundland.

The next morning, consequently, we turned our faces towards home, and started southward. Mr. Gillies also turned his face towards home, and started southward; the difference being that in his case home was at Ingonish, northward,

and that he faced it across a painful snarl of his own legs and arms, as he hung for dear life to the back of the wagon-seat, while I walloped his thin horse and enjoyed the comforts of the driver's cushion. Over the ferry, up Smoky, away from the home of the raven and the sweet charms of Ingonish, on, on, on we went, mile after mile, until the thin horse wearied of life, and the snarls in Mr. Gillies's legs caused him to groan aloud. At times I ventured on conversation with Mr. Gillies. When I spoke, and my quavering intonations reached his ears, a reverberating "Sorr-r-r?" was usually hurled at me with such force as to banish, momentarily, all idea of what it was I meant to say. An opinion from me was always indorsed by Mr. Gillies in one of two ways: warmly, by "Jist;" less confidently, by "Aye — yi — yi," uttered with outward fervor. In an endeavor to learn something of the fauna of the country, I inquired whether the porcupine was found near Ingonish. Gillies assented promptly. I then asked how much one weighed when full grown. This staggered him, but after a pause he said, "Which kind of pine was you speaking of, sorr?"

Mr. Gillies's horse was not endearing in his qualities. In the first place, he was named "Frank," a circumstance I mentally resented; but what was more to the point, he had an evident desire to spill us over the steepest bank he could find. When we were passing a most dangerous unfenced slide on Smoky, where a misstep meant a plunge hundreds of feet down into a rocky ravine, Gillies regaled us with a story of Frank's overturning the Gillies family on a river bank, "breaking the sleigh to pieces all right," and then bolting for home. As Frank and his wagon constituted the only conveyance within twenty miles that could carry three persons, it was not alone love of life which made me watch the beast with unceasing solicitude. Thanks to vigilance and the whip, he

carried us down Smoky, past Big Rory's, Sandy McDonald's, and so on to the valley of Indian Brook, where we planned to "stay the night" at Angus McDonald's. Standing on the bridge above Indian Brook, we saw the best fisherman on the north shore casting his sixty-foot line with unerring hand over the dark pool from which he had just taken a three-pound trout. In his creel lay also a five-pound trout, and his man whispered to us that a ten-pound salmon had been taken by the same magic line that morning. Battles between big salmon, or trout, and man armed with his cobweb line and tiny hook command admiration, but they make the inane hooking of six-inch trout in our New England brooks seem contemptible.

The next morning I was up and dressed at half past three, standing on Angus McDonald's doorstep, and rejoicing in the sense of lightness, purity, and strength which comes at dawn. When Gabriel blows his trumpet, I hope he will select the moment before sunrise for his summons.

Eastward, the placid sea reached away towards Newfoundland, St. Pierre, and the red sun. Newfoundland and St. Pierre were hiding behind the curve of the sea, but the sun was climbing above it, and peering, dim-eyed, through the fog. Westward, beyond a dew-drenched swale, rose the hills covered with balsam, black spruce, and white spruce. Darkness still pervaded the woods, for the sun was too dim to illuminate their pinnales, or even to gild the sea or tint the sails of the fishing-smacks, already several miles from shore. Sheep and cows stood in the curving meadow, and a young bull, their leader, looked at me more sleepily than sullenly as I passed him. The dew was cold on the grass, and it soaked my feet; but the dew and its chill were part of the hour, so serene and pure, quite as much as were the whistle of a crossbill which flew past overhead, and the matins of the juncos

which they were singing in their forest cloisters. I crossed the meadow, and followed the road through the spruces and over the bridge above Indian Brook. A narrow footpath led from the further end of the bridge up the northern bank of the stream. Now it passed through groves so dark and silent that night seemed still supreme; then it came out into twilight at the edge of the bank above the water, and showed me that, little by little, it was climbing above the pools and rapids as it followed the channel back into the mountains.

After walking for half an hour, I came to a sharp bend in the river, which had previously been flowing east, but which here came from the north, emerging from between steep cliffs, to roar and foam over a sloping bed of broken rock. Above the music of the rapids I could hear the splash of a cascade, and by peering through the trees I could see the white form of a waterfall, half concealed by the foliage on the other bank. A tributary stream approached Indian Brook at this point, and fell from a hilltop into a mossy basin among the large trees on the western shore. To gain a nearer view of its beauty, I clambered and slid down the high, steep bank, to the brow of which the path had brought me. On reaching the level of the water, I realized more fully the nature of the place I was in. High forest-clad hills rose on every side, inclosing the river, so that its only method of escape was through deep rifts cut into their slopes. The part of the stream which I had followed consisted of broad and deep pools of brownish water alternating with rapids. Sometimes, one bank was of rock, and the other of gravel; sometimes, both shores, although steep, were wooded almost to the edge of the current. Looking upstream, I saw that the scenery above me was even more striking than that below. The river came from between abrupt rocky walls. Its waters were deep, slow, and foam-

flecked. They came out of a vale of shadows, and I knew, on the word of an Ingonish fisherman, that somewhere within those shadows there was a waterfall, singularly beautiful, though unknown save to a few.

Directly in front of me, the story of the river seemed to be told on a small scale. Far up against the sky was a dip or notch in the mountain wall. Through it came the brook which joined the river at my feet. To reach this lower level the dancing waters must fall as many yards as they advanced. Their last leap made the cascade whose splashing filled the glen with music. I forded the icy river, and entered the chamber in the side of the western bank which held the cascade, and its screen of trees, ferns, and mosses. Since leaving the open meadow by the sea and entering the dark forest, I had felt the spell of the wilderness resting upon me, the sense of age, beauty, purity, persistent force; all existing or working without man's knowledge or approval, yet being the very essence of this dewy land of twilight. On coming to this grotto of rushing waters, Nature seemed for the moment to find a voice with which to tell of her wonderful power. The falling spray was singing of the sea from which it had been taken into heaven, and to which it was hastening back after a new life. Its cycle is but the emblem of all ebbing and flowing life. The spell of the wilderness grew stronger upon me, and when, suddenly, I thought how many wearied souls there were in great cities who would love to see this beautiful, hidden spot, something akin to shame for my own race came also into my mind. If man came here, would he not destroy? His foot would trample, his hand deface, and finally he would cut down the firs, blast out the rock, choke the salmon with sawdust, and leave the glen to fire and the briars which follow flame. It is always so; those of us who love nature and the beautiful are only

the few, sure to be thrust aside by the many who value bread or riches higher than the fair earth's bloom.

Leaving the cascade, I climbed the hill over which it fell, until I reached a level terrace about two hundred feet above the river bed. There was no path here, so I simply pushed on northward, following the general direction of the gorge, and listening for the heavy rumble of Indian Brook Falls. The forest through which I was walking closely resembled northern New Hampshire timber. Here were white spruces with long, slender, light-colored cones pointing downwards; black spruces with dark cones, also pendent; balsam firs with erect purplish cones; hemlocks, pines, yellow birches, big, clean-limbed beeches, a few maples and poplars, and the mountain ash. I saw juniper, but no hobblebush. Hastening through the dimly lighted vistas, I was startled by a loud, angry cry which rang out suddenly among the treetops. I stopped, and peered upwards. Another scream echoed from the hills, and two great birds with fierce and eager eyes swooped towards me, pausing among the branches to watch me with hostile curiosity. Their coloring and size made me confident that they were goshawks. When a smaller hawk, holding a squirrel in its clutch, flew into a neighboring tree, one of the goshawks hurled itself upon the intruder and drove it from view. They would have liked to expel me in the same way, and their startling cries and resentment made me feel as though I had no place or part in their great solitude. Nevertheless I pushed on, feeling somewhat as one does who invades a cathedral by night, and hears his clumsy footsteps protested by the echoes in the vaulted roof.

An hour and a half, or more, after leaving Angus McDonald's, I heard the booming sound of the Indian Brook Falls. Pushing through the last screen of fallen timber and underbrush, I gained the crumbling edge of cliff over-

hanging the river. Far beneath, the foam-flecked water crept along the bottom of a dark, narrow cañon. It passed away southward between lofty walls of rock, above which stood the forest and the higher slopes of the mountains. The space into which I was looking was a vast, circular pit, a pothole of enormous size worn in the rock by whirling water during unnumbered ages. Its height seemed to be as great as its diameter, and either would be measured by hundreds of feet. Although at high water Indian River doubtless covers the whole bottom of this punch bowl, at this time a long, slender sandspit projected from the western wall to the middle of the dark brown pool. It was an index finger pointing towards the falls, whose solemn music made sky and mountain vibrate in perpetual unison.

The northern curve of the rock basin's wall was broken by a narrow, perpendicular rift reaching from the sky down to within sixty or eighty feet of the surface of the pool. This was the door through which Indian Brook had, since the time of glaciers, sprung from the bosom of the mountain, and by which it was now pouring its compressed mass, with a single motion, into the dark depths of the basin. Looking through the rift, I could discern only a few yards of flat water racing towards its fall, and black walls of rock scowling upon the mad stream which swept past them. These walls rose to meet the spruce forest; the forest sloped far upwards to meet the pale blue sky, and the slender points of the highest trees were now faintly touched by the morning sun. There was no trace of man in this solitude, yet it was eloquent with beauty and power. What the high altar is to the dimly lighted cathedral, this hollow in the heart of the Cape Breton hills is to the wilderness which surrounds it. The altar is the focus for every eye, every moving lip, every prayerful heart. This vale of falling waters is the focus of the

beautiful lines of the mountains, down which sunlight and shadows steal in turn, along which brooks hurry to the river, and through which the moving life of the forest takes its way. The ancient hemlock bends towards it, the falling boulder plunges downwards to it, and the wind, coming through the embrasures and over the ramparts of the mountains, blows to it, ruffling the treetops in passing. The altar is the focus of man's senses and thoughts, but it is only an emblem even to him. This scene of beauty is a focus of Nature's deepest and purest life; and though in it man has no place, it does not on that account lack meaning or significance. Man is a masterful figure in the drama of creation; but he is not all, nor even half, what the world has long been taught to consider him. Perhaps he has been studied too much; certainly Nature, unspoiled by his greed, has not been studied enough or loved enough. Standing alone in that fair solitude, as much alone as on some atoll in a distant sea, I felt as though I might know man better, see him in stronger contrasts and clearer lights, if I could live apart from him longer in such still, calm, holy places as Indian Brook cañon.

As I walked swiftly back to Angus McDonald's, the sunlight grew strong in the woods, and shone kindly on the amber waters of the river. A hot day was beginning, and I sighed to think of the twenty-five-mile drive to Baddeck, — sighed not only on my own account, but on account of Gillies's legs and back bent and doubled under the seat, and on account of the horse, Frank, and the whip. Something which had pervaded the woods in the early morning twilight had gone out of them now. The enchantment of the wilderness seemed left behind, localized in and near those beautiful falls. Scolded by Hudson's Bay chickadees and three-toed woodpeckers, I hurried on to the highway, the meadow, and the view of the sparkling sea.

Yes, Frank was already harnessed, and the twenty-five-mile drive waiting to be begun.

When Frank brought us to the valley of the Barasois, we decided to turn inland, avoiding Torquil McLean's ferry, Englishtown, and the east side of St. Anne's Bay, in order to see the picturesque North River country, which could be reached by ascending the Barasois a few miles, and then passing behind St. Anne's Mountain, so as to approach the bay from the westward. This we did successfully, and arrived at Baddeck by supper time. The bridge by which this road crosses North River is one of the most remarkable objects in Cape Breton. Fairly good roads characterize the neighborhood. They are good enough to lead a driver to expect sound bridges, but instead he finds death-traps. This particular bridge is very long, and upon much of it the flooring is laid parallel to the direction of the bridge. The ancient planks have decayed, until many holes have been made in them large enough for a horse's foot to pass through, while in long sections of the bridge the spaces between the planks are so wide that first one wheel, and then another, slips down, until the hub strikes. Needless to say, we walked across that bridge, while Gillies and Frank danced and pranced onward before us; Gillies distracted to keep his toes away from Frank's hoofs, and Frank distracted to keep his hoofs away from the holes in the planks.

The next two days were rainy: Sunday, while we rested in Baddeck, and Monday, when we bade farewell to the Bras d'Or. In a drizzle we steamed from Baddeck to Grand Narrows, — I recall a flock of ducklings swimming madly away from the steamer; we breakfasted at the Narrows, — I remember seeing a heron catching frogs in a meadow; in a drizzle we crossed the Strait of Canso, — I recall a group of young Micmac Indians coasting down a slippery bank to the water's edge, crawling up and coast-

ing (that is, *sitting*) down again, until fog hid them from us, and us from them; still in drizzle we passed Tracadie with its Trappist monastery, and Antigonish with the pretentious cathedral of the Bishop of Arichat; in drizzle hours came and hours went, until, late in the afternoon, we passed through the Cobequid Mountains, which I recall as gaunt hillsides swept by cloud, steam, smoke, and stinging rain; and then we were dropped in the wilderness, near a dirty tavern, at a place called Springhill Junction.

Drizzle and cinders were here, too; but my mind awoke from a semi-comatose condition as soon as we left the train. The possibility of having to spend a night at the Lorne, or the Forlorn, or whatever the terrible tavern was called revived my rain-sodden faculties, and I began to ask questions: "Is there a train away from here to-night?" "Yes, one to Springhill." "How soon will it go?" "Don't know; when the conductor pleases, or when he is wired to go." Then I found the conductor. "How soon do you start?" "Don't know. Am waiting for orders." "Why not start now?" "Train two hours late from St. John; may have to wait for it." "Will you wait until I get supper?" "Oh yes, certainly. Go ahead; no hurry."

After supper we entered our train, which consisted of a big engine and one car, which was baggage and third-class combined. We were at the mercy of the Cumberland Coal Company, which owns a bit of road running from its mines at Springhill north five miles to meet the Intercolonial rails in the wilderness where we were waiting, and south twenty-seven miles to Parrsboro on the Basin of Minas, near Blomidon. Darkness was coming, yet still we waited. Presently a message came. The coal king or his viceroy had perhaps finished his supper, and remembered to release us. Yes, we were to wait no longer for the Moncton train, but to start for

Springhill. The road was ballasted with soft coal dust; even the hollows were filled with wasted fuel, which was cheaper for the purpose than gravel. The conductor came in, and I asked him about Springhill. What was it like? "A coal-mining town, with thousands of miners, pits, shafts, dirt, poverty, and the memory of the horror of three years ago, when scores of widows and hundreds of fatherless children wept and wailed round the pit mouths after the explosion which suffocated their bread-winning husbands and fathers." "And must we stay there all night?" He hesitated. "Perhaps not; an engine may be run down to Parrsboro with some freight cars. But the lady?" and he looked inquiringly at my wife.

Soon, through the dismal rain and smoke, we saw the flaring lights near the pits, and heard the throbbing heart of the great mine-pump. A few dim lamps burned in streets or dingy windows, but the town looked smothered in wet coal dust and misery. A whisper came in my ear, — "Better to ride to Parrsboro on the engine than to spend a night here;" and my heart assented. We and our trunk were turned out upon the dirty platform, and lanterns were held close to us while Springhill inspected its unwilling guests. I pleaded with the railway men, the conductor, the engineer, and the fireman. Might we not ride on the engine, in a freight car, somewhere, anywhere, rather than stay here? They consented, and an engine came clanging out of the blackness, with a freight car attached. Into this freight car we and our trunk were put, and left there in utter darkness, alone with the steam-steed, and he ready to leap southward on his wet rails the moment hand touched the lever. The rain splashed on the roof, wind wailed through sheds and cars near us, flames flickered round the pit's mouth, and the throbbing pump kept on with its wearisome pulsation, until our hearts and lungs seemed forced to keep time

with its rhythm. Then a lonesome watchman came and talked to us, and left a lantern, which sputtered, smoked, and went out. After a long interval a big miner came and sat with us. He told gruesome tales of the explosion. "Them doctors they had were to blame for many a good man's death. They looked at the boys as they hoisted them up from the pit, and said 'Dead,' when they war'n't no more dead than we be this night. They did n't know what they was talkin' about. Some of us took a young fellow they said was dead, and we covered him over with dust and let him lie till the damp was drawn out of him, and he's walkin' round with the best of us to-day. The damp was in them, — that was all, — and the doctors did not know how to draw it out."

The man's deep voice was full of mournful feeling, the darkness added pathos to his story, and the pump with its never-ending beat seemed to bear witness to all he said. More than an hour had passed, and still we sat and waited; but the end was near. The engineer passed, and gave a word of cheer. Then the conductor climbed in beside us, and we were off. It might have been down the bottomless pit's own mouth that we were tearing, for all that eye or ear could tell. Forest hemmed us in, and intense darkness hung over us. Occasionally, when coal was hurled into the fire, a spasm of red light passed over the whizzing gloom outside; but it only made our eyeballs weary, for we could distinguish nothing. Perhaps we went a mile a minute; perhaps not. Freight cars have no tender springs, yet the motion was not especially uncomfortable until we began to slow up on nearing Parrsboro. Then dislocation was threatened; but a moment later we were using our trunk as a step to dismount on, and saying a cheerful good-night to our companions.

Parrsboro harbor at low tide is a sight to behold. Coming from the Bras d'Or,

where the tide rises only a few inches, to the head of the Bay of Fundy, where it rises thirty feet, made us feel as though something must be wrong with us or the moon. The wharves reared themselves upon a forest of slimy piles, and far below them, reclining in all kinds of postures upon the mud, were sailing-vessels of various sizes. A schooner, ready for launching at two P. M., was perched upon such a height that it was easier to believe that it was to be launched into space than into water which was to come from some unknown point, and in a few hours fill this empty harbor to its brim. However, the tide came in, not like a tidal wave, with a solid front, a hiss, a roar and rush, as I had always imagined Fundy tides to appear, but little by little, as though it were trying to catch us unawares in its horrid depths. Of course we saw the launch, and felt a thrill as the clumsy little tub darted down the greased track, and became rather a graceful creature when fairly afloat. The tub's first step in the world was not wholly dignified. When the last prop had been knocked from under her, and she still sat motionless in her bed of cold grease, the master workman cried out, "Shake her up, boys!" And forthwith the five-and-twenty urchins on her decks rushed up the rigging, and swayed and yelled, until their kicking gave the desired start to her career.

The launch was on August 15, and it was on the following morning, immediately after breakfast, that we resumed our journey by driving across the neck of land which leads from Parrsboro to Parrsboro Pier and Partridge Island. We wished to reach the shore of the Minas Channel at a point where we could look directly down the Bay of Fundy between Cape Split and Cape Sharp. The mingling of sea and land in this region affords endless temptation for sketching. If it were a part of the United States instead of being, nationally, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, it would be

one of the favorite resorts of our amateur artists and summer tourists. As matters stand, Blomidon on the one shore, with its forest-crowned palisades reaching down to Cape Split, and on the other Partridge Island, with sculptured rocks around which the tides of Fundy surge and eddy; Cape Sharp, red-walled and spruce-capped; and even Parrsboro itself, where one must eat and sleep, are places hard to reach promptly and comfortably. We had been forced to storm Parrsboro by night in a rain-soaked freight car. We escaped from it by a steamer so tiny and primitive in form that I wondered whether it had not in years past seen service as a towboat in New York harbor.

From the hillside above Minas Channel we saw several large ships lying at anchor in the protected water between Cape Sharp on our right, westward, and Partridge Island on our left, eastward. The tide was coming in beyond them, and even at a distance the channel seemed like a river flowing from Fundy into Minas Basin. To gain a nearer view of it, and a slightly different outlook, we drove along the shore until we reached Parrsboro Pier, which is in a sheltered nook under the lee of Partridge Island. The tiny tub which was to take us across to the Blomidon side lay at the foot of the pier, waiting for the tide to lift it high enough for passengers to find it. From the pier a ridge of pebbles runs across to Partridge Island, and on this natural causeway we strolled over to nature's Mont St. Michel, with its grottoed cliffs rising on high from the raging waters, and its dark pinnacles of spruce piercing the sky. A winding avenue leads through moss-bearded trees to the island's summit, ending upon a grassy shelf where the rocks overhang the channel, and where either folly or courage is needed to induce the visitor to stand upon the dizzy brink and look down, down, into the hurrying, eddying tide below. My childish imaginings of Fundy tides were all satisfied here, if they had been

disappointed in Parrsboro harbor. The eager rush, whirl, and hiss of that vast mass of water, as it surged past, told of the limitless strength of old ocean, far away at Fundy's mouth, heaving and pushing its way into bay and channel, basin and cove, with woe and destruction for anything opposing its mad progress.

Cape Split and Cape Sharp seemed monuments to the passion and cruelty of this tide. Sharp, on the northern side of the channel, rears its mangled face, and tells of ages of horrid contest with tides and storms, grinding ice below, and cleaving, wedging ice above. Split, on the southern side, is a perpetual reminder of the Micmac legends of the deeds of Glooscap. A huge fragment of the palisades — cliffs which reach from Blomidon seven miles along the Minas Channel to Split — appears at a distance to have broken from the projecting end of the cape, and to lean outward over the bay, its sharp sides rising to a toothlike point. A broad section of cliff next to it is also separated from the mass of the palisades by a deep cleft. The Micmac story runs that Glooscap, angry with the monster beaver for building a dam from Blomidon across the Minas Channel, freed the end of the dam on the northern or Parrsboro shore, so that the released waters, rushing towards Fundy, swung the dam round violently, thus forming the palisades, and leaving the broken end showing at Cape Split.

A shrill whistle summoned us from Partridge Island to the deck of the *Evangeline*, as the steam tub is called which sails from Parrsboro Pier, across the mouth of Minas Basin, under Blomidon, past the Pereaux shore, and into Kingsport, whence a branch railway runs to Kentville. When a series of whistles had gathered together upon the *Evangeline's* deck all the floating population within hearing of the pier, amounting in all to seven souls, we puffed out past Mont St. Michel into the

Fundy maelstrom. Why I did not follow the forcible example of some of the passengers and retire to the dark interior of the tub for secluded misery, I know not; but I did not, and, moreover, I was not seasick a moment during the pitching and tossing which lasted until we approached Kingsport. The fury of the water which surrounded us was marvelous, considering that there were no great waves, and no storm to make waves. True, the wind blew hard, and cold rain beat upon us spitefully, stinging like hail; but it was not the wind which made the fury of the sea. Looking westward down the Minas Channel in the direction of Fundy, we saw boiling, whirling, eddying water coming towards us. We felt it, too; for when a great whirl struck the tub, its stern fell off, and its head swung round a dozen points from the true course. The visible movement of separate masses of the water reminded me of White Mountain rivers in freshet time. It was uncanny, out there miles from land, to have the sea open and allow a great gush of water to rise up and spread itself out as though forced from a submarine duct. The Evangeline struggled hard with the swift current, but it carried her far out of the direct course towards Blomidon, and it was only by repeated rallies that we were kept from being swept well out into Minas Basin.

As we neared Blomidon the distinctive outlines of the noble bluff were lost. The sturdy profile fell back into line with the palisades, and it was hard to say just what part of the cliffs which we were passing furnished the bold features so familiar from a distance. A moment later, Cape Split and the distant palisades passed from view, then Cape Sharp was concealed, and soon the profile of Blomidon began to grow again, as all that lay northward and westward of it was hidden behind its simple but severe contour.

Our ever ready guide, philosopher,

and friend remarked, before we had fairly set foot on Kingsport Pier, that seldom though it might be that man stood on Partridge Island in the morning and on the top of Blomidon in the afternoon, he wished us, nevertheless, to accomplish the feat. Accordingly, dinner at the cosiest little hotel in Nova Scotia was treated with scant courtesy, and we were soon speeding over red mud roads towards Blomidon. In one place, which I remembered puzzling over, through my glass, from the Lookoff, three weeks before, we had our choice of driving along the top of an old Acadian dike, or of following the level of the reclaimed *pré* just inside of it. Like our New England stone walls, the Acadian dikes are a monument to the patience of the makers of America. It is wearisome to consider the millions of hours of labor buried in such memorials.

After crossing the Pereaux valley we drew near to Blomidon, and saw the narrow red beach and water-worn cliffs extending far out into the Minas waters. The tide was falling, and by the time we had climbed the height and returned a broad beach would invite us to explore its sticky expanse, in search of minerals of many colors. So to the top we drove, easily, for the road was well made and not steep, — at least in New Hampshire eyes. Although we were now but half a thousand feet above the waves, while at Cape Smoky we had been twelve hundred, Blomidon held its own in our hearts, and sent thrills through us by its views, westward, of the Bay of Fundy, now brilliant with sunlight; of *Isle au Haut*, a blue cloud in the midst of the most distant sparkling waters; and eastward, of the fair Minas Basin, bounded on the one hand by the Cobequid Mountains, and on the other by *Grand Pré*, the Gaspereaux and the hills above the Avon, yet reaching between the two to the horizon line at the point where we knew Truro lay. The top of Blomidon is not the abode of storm winds

alone, for two houses stand upon it, and the laughter of children rings cheerily among the evergreen groves. Much of it is pasture land, and not for cows alone, as I discovered when a huge sow came charging down upon me with hungry gruntings. The view, taken as a whole, was much like that from the Lookoff, so we spent only a few moments on the summit, and then hastened to the beach below.

The road led directly down to the edge of the sea; so, defying Fundy tides, knowing this one to be still falling, we drove along the beach, until our horse's feet became balls of red mud, and the wagon wheels threatened to turn no more. Then we left the horse tethered to a stone, and picked our way beneath the sculptured cliffs, searching for amethyst, jasper, agates, and salmon-colored masses of fibrous gypsum. The cliffs were soft red sandstone with many layers of gray

intermingled, and erosion had worn their faces into columnar forms of singular grace and beauty. At intervals, hundreds of pounds' weight of gypsum had dropped upon the shore, and been beaten into fragments by the sea. The beach was about half red mud, and half small stones and pebbles. Of pretty stones we could have carried home a ton, but of crystals or minerals of real interest we found few. The shore is as carefully gleaned for amethyst as Musketaquid meadows are for arrowheads.

Dewy twilight surrounded us before we could tear ourselves away from the fascination of the towering cliffs, red beach, purple shallows, and lapping waves. When we climbed back into the wagon, it was with the feeling that the spell of Blomidon and Smoky, of Minas Basin and the Bras d'Or, was broken at last, and that our faces were set in earnest towards Chocorua.

Frank Bolles.

LUCRETIUS.

EPICUREANISM is no longer a hypothesis or a doctrine. It is a name given to a man's character, not to his beliefs. It is an elegant malady of the soul, a laziness and self-indulgence glorified by culture and refinement, a term devised to mitigate the word "selfish" when applied to the well-to-do, a euphemism for incapacity when it is not too ungraceful, just as kleptomania is a euphemism for dishonesty when dishonesty has plainly no motive. Epicureanism now awakens no enthusiasm and seeks to make no proselytes.

But though Epicureanism is dead, it by no means follows that the poem of Lucretius is only a baseless fabric of errors, possessing an interest merely as an example of a certain brilliant and highly fascinating vagary of a very finely

touched spirit. The part of the book that is dead is the system. The inner impulse which "rends the veil of the old husk," and comes forth as a living flash of light, is the enthusiasm of the poet, his genuine pride in the "train of flowery clauses" in which he sets forth

"the sober majesties

Of settled sweet Epicurean life,"

and his abiding awe for the unchangeable laws of Nature. But above all things else, that which keeps the work instinct with life is the fine frenzy which clothes every argument, however dry or abstruse, with the varied hues of fancy, and which makes the poem like nothing else in literature, if we except our own Tennyson's *Two Voices*, which, though on a very minute scale compared with the six books *On the Constitution of*

Nature, shows unmistakably this rare aptitude for "shutting reasons up in rhyme."

Lucretius has exercised a powerful attraction, on the one hand, on students of language, who meet in his poem Latin at a most interesting epoch, — before it has lost the *insouciance* of childhood, but after it has outgrown the helplessness of infancy. On the other hand, free-thinkers have congratulated themselves that they have found in Lucretius an ally, and have eagerly welcomed him into their camp. The philologists, lost in admiration of the vase, have hardly tasted the strong wine which it holds. The philosophers have clutched the fruit because they thought it was forbidden, and have not paused to admire the stately branches or the lustrous leaves of the tree on which it grows. But beside these there is room for a greater interest, both literary and psychological, in this High Priest of atheism, this Apostle of irreligion, who thunders against inspiration like one inspired, and who shows all the rapt devotion of a Stephen in his denial of immortality, all the fervor of a Bossuet while he scatters to the winds the last perished leaves of human hope. We must, therefore, on the very threshold of our inquiry into the mind of Lucretius, investigate his relation towards God and religion. I have called Lucretius an atheist. I am aware that, technically, this is a misnomer; for Lucretius provided in his system for the existence of the gods. But why did he recognize gods? What were his gods? And what was the religion which he so bitterly assailed?

Epicureanism, which explained the origin of our ideas by the theory that material images of things (*simulacra*), disengaged from external objects, struck our senses, and thus became cognizable by us, was forced to rise from the idea of God which we find within us to the

existence of gods themselves. Thus, Lucretius was compelled, by his physical theories adopted from Democritus and Leucippus, to recognize gods. But nothing is more formidable to the mind than the conception of a power which is outside and beyond ourselves, which is malevolent to us, and which we cannot resist. Such a power were the ancient gods to Lucretius; and the eagerness with which he goes out of his way to rail against their conventional attributes, and to protest against their supposed providence, suggests to us not so much a philosophic inquirer into the truth of a dogma, or even a fervid preacher demolishing a heresy, as some mediæval enthusiast who believes himself to be possessed by a devil, or to be in perpetual struggle with a devil for the life of his soul; whose reason is convinced that he is saved, but whose whole spirit shudders at the thought of damnation; a St. Simeon Stylites who strives and wrestles till he dies, or one of those whose curse it is to suffer

"half the devils' lot,
Trembling, but believing not."

For Lucretius is ever and anon haunted by "the fear that we may haply find the power of the gods to be unlimited."¹

The religion against which Lucretius protested was grotesque beyond belief. Without going back so far as the *Iliad*, where we find that human affairs are going all awry, and that this is because Zeus and the other gods have gone to spend a couple of weeks with the Ethiopians, and there is no one to look after the affairs of the world; without trespassing beyond the bounds of serious and unquestioned history, we see the Roman and the Carthaginian fleets facing each other, ready for the most critical struggle in which Rome has yet been involved. We find the whole Roman armament intent on the question whether the sacred chickens will feed. Can always the vigorous and literal prose translation of Munro.

¹ In the absence of any really worthy metrical version of the poem, I have used nearly

we wonder that a really serious nature refused, impatiently, to sympathize with the religious sentiment which felt horror at the impiety of Appius, who very naturally threw the abstemious hens overboard, with the remark that if they would not eat, they might drink? The Roman religion, which was originally, as in other Aryan nations, worship of the powers of Nature, never assumed the rich mantle of poetry and legend with which the Greek mythology early adorned itself. It took the stamp of the national character, and lay chiefly in rigorous observances, showing much fear, little respect, and no love for the gods. The Roman legends are prosaic and monotonous, nearly always taking the form of a hero or benefactor, who shows his superhuman quality by a fire which plays innocuously about his head, as in the case of Ascanius in the *Æneid*, and who finally vanishes, as Romulus disappeared (*non comparuit*) in the narrative of Livy. The sole discovery of Rome in religion is represented by the Indigitamenta, or lists of gods attending every moment of man's life, from the cradle to the grave. Vaticanus presides over the infant's first cry, and Fabulanus over his earliest attempt at articulate speech. Educa teaches him to eat, Potina to drink, and Cuba to sleep. His goings-out and his comings-in are the special care of Abeona and Adeona. The gods of the Roman pantheon are inconveniently numerous. Petronius makes the witty, wicked Quartilla remark that the place is so densely populated with gods that there is hardly room for the men. Some of the deities are mere abstractions, like Salus Populi, Securitas Sæculi. *Religio* comes from the same root as *diligentia*, and means "regularity." There is no Greek for it; certainly not *θεοσιδαιμονία* or *εὐσεβία*. The people would stone the gods if they offended them, like those savages who thrash their idols when they come home after an unsuccessful hunt. At the death of the beloved Germanicus the people rose in

fury, and threw volleys of stones at the temples of the gods. Ovid tells us how Numa bargained so shrewdly with Jove that the god at last smiled and gave him his way. Cicero relegates religion to the province of his wife, and Cæsar, the Pontifex Maximus, denies the immortality of the soul before the Senate. The *Senatus-consultum de Bacchanalibus* gives us a glimpse of the shocking immorality which sometimes polluted the Roman ritual; and we even read of human sacrifices after Cannæ. Hence, perhaps, the terrible earnestness with which Lucretius reflects on the sacrifice of Iphigenia, "a fair maiden foully murdered by a parent, — a maiden more meet for the marriage bed than the bier, — that the fleet might have good hap: such crimes could religion prompt," —

"Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum."

Against this shallow, barren, and sometimes horrible faith, what wonder that Lucretius should seize the first weapon that came to hand, — against a theory of divine government which, according to him, had its rise, not in reason, logic, or instinct, but in disgraceful, groveling fear! This was the "foul religion" under which human life lay crushed, "a horrid monster lowering over mankind from the sky," against which "the Greek first dared to raise his head," and which now lies trampled under the feet of the elect, — "a victory," cries Lucretius, "that lifts man to the sky!" What wonder that he should feel indignant that beings like the ancient gods should have assigned to them such a stately home as the firmament, in which revolve

"The Moon, and the Light of the Day, and the Night with its solemn fires"!

Bound, therefore, as we have seen, by his physical theory to find a place for the gods in his system, he gave them a lotus-land in

"The lucid interspace of world and world."

He treated them as we treat the Nawabs

and Nizams of India, whom we surround with all the means of luxurious self-indulgence, in the well-grounded confidence that they will accept this condition in lieu of real power. Lucretius is mistaken in praising Epicurus for his originality. Every one knows that Epicurus borrowed his physics from Democritus, and his ethics from Aristippus. His originality lay only in subordinating in his system physics to ethics, and abolishing Providence in the interests of humanity. Lucretius, following him, established a court of gods who reign, but do not govern, to whom, when he addresses them in prayer, he whispers, as Voltaire said that Spinoza did, —

"Je soupçonne entre nous que vous n'existez pas."

These *fainéant* gods are no gods, and it is only technically inaccurate to speak of Lucretius as an atheist. We shall see how some idea of Providence forces its way, in spite of his system, into his naturally religious mind. For the present we will leave this part of the subject, first quoting the splendid verses in which he gives to these gods lip-service in exchange for the ill-used powers which he has taken away from them: "The nature of the gods must ever in itself of necessity enjoy immortality together with supreme repose, far removed and withdrawn from our concerns; for, exempt from every pain, exempt from all dangers, strong in its own resources, not wanting aught of us, it is neither gained by favors nor moved by anger."

The spirit of this sublime passage is finely caught and blended with a Homeric strain in Tennyson's Lucretius:

"The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a
wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm!"

So little was Epicurus believed to have really provided a place in his system for

God that Christianity has used against the pagan deities the weapons of Epicurus; and we read that in the time of Diocletian the treatise of Cicero, *De Divinatione*, inspired as it was by Epicurean principles, was, by command of the Emperor, burned along with the Bible, both being held to be equally inimical to paganism.

Epicureanism arose at a time when poetry, art, eloquence, and all free institutions languished under the Macedonian protectorate of Greece. It lent itself to the enervated mind of the nation by the easiness of its acquisition and the simplicity of its tenets. Epicureanism actually discouraged learning, both literary and scientific, and took no trouble even to defend its own doctrines. Its *voluptas* led merely to apathy. Its physical system excited no interest among its adherents, and was adopted merely to facilitate the denial of an overruling Providence and of a future life. Towards the end of the Roman Republic, Epicureanism prevailed mainly among the upper classes. That thoughtless and voluptuous aristocracy which then was stepping so gayly to its destruction grasped the system as a relief from the fear of death, but found that the philosophy which only promised annihilation instead had no power to give real comfort. Even Lucretius turns but a haggard eye on his heaven, bare of real gods, and peopled by indifferent voluptuaries. That is a despairing cry of his that "there is nothing immortal but death." (*"Mortalem vitam mors immortalis ademit."*) When Lucretius took up this dead-alive system, his eager spirit made the dry bones live. He breathed upon the system of Epicurus, and created a soul under the ribs of death.

Enthusiasm, even when it takes the form of despair, is the keynote of the poem. Epicurus discourages the passion of love as tending to introduce an element of disquietude into that calm existence which is his ideal. Lucretius

throws himself upon the passion with the fury of a wild beast, and seems to rend the limbs of some material victim. Nearly as fierce is his hatred for ambition, and still more intense his loathing for superstition. The feeling of conviction with which the early Christians heaped contempt on all foregoing systems seems cold and lymphatic beside the ardor of Lucretius in proclaiming his faith, and condemning all other wisdom as filthy rags. "He was a god, a very god" (*deus ille fuit deus*), he exclaims of Epicurus, in the beginning of the fifth book. The fabled inventions of Ceres and Bacchus, the labors of Hercules, are as nothing. Man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of Epicurus. He discovered what is more sustaining than bread and wine. And what monster slain by Hercules was so foul and ugly as Religion? The poet boasts that, like a bee, he sucks the honeyed words of Epicurus; that it is his delight "to watch through calm nights" over his master's scrolls, and in sleep to dream of them. Even "the poverty of his native tongue" (*patrii sermonis egestas*) but seldom gives him pause. The rudest instrument is good enough for the miner who has just struck a vein of gold. Like a true enthusiast, he exults most in the dullest part of his work. When he treats of the atoms, their colors and movement, he is ecstatic over his discoveries, "made by labor, oh, so sweet!" He dismisses objections with disdainful curttness. "This is folly" (*desipere est*), is a common retort, and he claims for the doctrines which he preaches a certitude greater than that of the oracles of Apollo. The Psalmist speaks of the "beauty of holiness," and the Christian hymn cries, "The veil that hides thy glory, rend." But Lucretius goes beyond them. He even fears lest the dazzling radiance of Epicurean truth might blind those to whom it should be too suddenly revealed. He hesitates to

rend the veil that hides its glory. He regards with trembling awe and half-averted face the transfiguration of Epicurus through the medium of words. When one reads the rapturous verses in which he describes his task of "making a harsh truth less bitter," likening himself to one who smears with honey the rim of the cup of medicine which the child must drink, one cannot but be astonished at the energy of his conviction. The language of Epicurus is as gentle as the life which it inculcates. Epicurus, as well as his successors, breathes the calm of Omar Khayyám, the apathy of the East. "It is better to lie than to sit; it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to be idle than to stretch forth the hands to work." But Lucretius is like a physician who, in recommending his patient perfect rest, should rush at him, shake him, fling him on a bed, and shriek at him, "Don't stir!" Lucretius puts himself into a violent heat with his exhortation to us to keep ourselves perfectly cool. Well did Statius speak of the "towering passion of Lucretius" (*furor arduus Lucreti*). His book is indeed "a passionate scroll written over with lamentation and woe."

The third book of the poem stalks through the valley of the shadow of death. Its theme is the blackness of death (*mortis nigror*), from the fear of which he longs to emancipate man. Like the hapless author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, he tells his fellow-men that though the Garden of Life be wholly waste, the sweet flowers withered, and the fruit trees barren, over its wall hang ever the rich, dark clusters of the Vine of Death, within easy reach of the hand which may pluck of them when it will. He proffers then

"One anodyne for torture and despair,

The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
Can put off long; and which, divinely tender,
But waits the outstretch'd hand to promptly
render

That draught whose slumber nothing can
bereave."

The good tidings of great joy, that there is no life beyond the grave, he announces in a spirit of exultation. "I see," he cries, "all the inmost springs of nature," in the rapt ecstasy of Rossetti's Blessed Damsel, who leaned out over the gold bar of heaven, and saw

"Time like a pulse beat fierce
Through all the worlds."

Lucretius looks back in awe on what he has already proved a world constructed by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, and utterly dissociated from the gods who luxuriate in an idle beatitude. He revels in the thought of death and the grave, but he treats with all the scorn of a Hebrew prophet the *carpe diem* philosophy which Horace has taught us to regard as the natural expression of Epicureanism. Other Epicureans pass over the topic of death lightly, and bid us not to think of it, or to think of it as little as we may. Lucretius, like Walt Whitman is in love with "delicate Death," and calls his disproof of a future life

"The fruit of toil so long, and oh, so sweet!"

The following verses, in which the similarity of the theme suggested the use of the metre of Tennyson's Two Voices, show Lucretius in a milder mood; not crying, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" not "putting under his feet," as Virgil sang, "All forms of fear, inexorable doom,

And all the din that rises from Hell's maw,"

but rather whispering, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people;" gently consoling his fellow-sufferers, and proffering them quiet counsel:—

"No more shall look upon thy face
Sweet spouse, no more with emulous race
Sweet children court their sire's embrace.

"To their soft touch right soon no more
Thy pulse shall thrill; e'en now is o'er
Thy stewardship, Death is at the door.

"One dark day wresteth every prize
From hapless man in hapless wise;
Yea, e'en the pleasure of his eyes."

Thus men bewail their piteous lot,
Yet should they add, "'T is all forgot;
These things the dead man recketh not."

Yea, could they knit for them this chain
Of words and reasons, men might gain
Some dull narcotic for their pain;

Saying, "The dead are dead indeed;
The dead, from all heart-sickness freed,
Sleep, and shall sleep and take no heed."

Lo, if dumb Nature found a voice,
Would she bemoan, and not make choice
To bid poor mortals to rejoice?

Saying, "Why weep thy wane, O man?
Wert joyous e'en when life began,
When thy youth's sprightly freshets ran?"

"Nay, all the joys thy life e'er knew
As poured into a sieve fell through,
And left thee but to rail and rue.

"Go, fool, as doth a well-fill'd guest
Sated of life with tranquil breast
Take thine inheritance of rest.

"Why seekest joys that soon must pale
Their feeble fires, and swell the tale
Of things of naught and no avail?

"Die, sleep! For all things are the same;
Though spring now stir thy crescent frame,
'T will wither: all things are the same."

It is very strange, this minor chord of ennui, "all things are the same," and the sad, sad word "in vain" (*nequidquam*), which so often recur in the midst of his fervid and glad evangel; which intrude as uninvited guests at his feast of reason, and cast ashes on the train of flowery clauses in which he has enshrined his honeyed precepts.

It was his fierce attack on the belief in a future life which drew down on Lucretius the implacable enmity of the Christian writers, and which whelmed him under a conspiracy of silence on the part of his Roman contemporaries and successors. Virgil and Horace make allusions to him which show that they deeply admired him, but they never mention his name. Ovid only says that his work will not be forgotten (to give the

sense of the Ovidian passage in the words of Tennyson) till

“this cosmic order everywhere
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces.”

Cicero indeed wrote of him, in his *Epp. ad Q. Fr. ii. 9* (11), that his work was marked by brilliant flashes of genius, and yet by excellent art, — a passage which shows Cicero's perfect literary judgment, but which his editors have for the most part perverted by inserting a *non*, and making Cicero thus deny brilliancy to his illustrious contemporary. The other writers and thinkers of Rome have regarded the poem as some *triste bidental*, some spot blasted with lightning. As the ancient Romans fenced off the place which Jove had smitten with his thunderbolt, lest some unwary footstep should trespass on a region accursed of God, so they kept aloof and closed their ears to the sombre strain which breathed the stern note of defiance of death. The statement of Jerome that Lucretius was maddened by a love-philter and perished by his own hand, and the other record, that he died on the day when Virgil assumed the *toga* of manhood, are myths of the kind so frequent in the ancient world, and have no weight save in so far as they suggest the wrath of the gods which ought to have pursued the author of the poem On the Constitution of Nature, and mark the fact that Lucretius was, as it were, the literary godfather of the poet who wrote the *Georgics*.

We must call to mind certain points of view which greatly mitigate the audacity of the Lucretian assault on the doctrine of a future life. This belief was not firmly held even by the most orthodox thinkers of his time. Cicero acknowledges that the letter which Sulpicius sent him on the occasion of his daughter Tullia's death embraces every source of consolation which the case admitted; yet there is no allusion in that letter to the comfort which would have been afforded by the belief in the hap-

piness of Tullia in another state. “If,” writes Sulpicius, — a sad *if*, — “if the dead have any consciousness, the girl will be grieved to think that you persevere in obstinate grief.” In a letter written a few months after, to Torquatus, Cicero speaks of death, if it should befall him in that troublous time, as being annihilation (*sine ullo sensu*). Even Seneca, long after the time of Lucretius, calls the immortality of the soul a beautiful dream (*bellum somnium*), and describes its champions as asserting rather than proving a most acceptable doctrine. The traditional pictures of the future abodes of the blest and the damned were universally discredited. Future life, even when regarded as possible, was the object, not of hope, but of fear. At best it was a sphere of ennui and inaction. The open rebels against Zeus had at least the dignity of suffering, but the rank and file of the dead languished in a world which was but a pale shadow of this, — a world without hope or aim, “a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.” Even the heroic Achilles (*Odyssey xi. 488*) sees nothing comfortable in a future life. “Rather would I live upon the soil as the hireling of another, with a landless man that had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that are gone.” Such was the pale realm whose walls Lucretius battered with such fierce exultation, — walls to which no trembling hopes looked up as to an abiding city, or a treasure house where rust and moth corrupt not, and where thieves cannot break through and steal.

A brilliant French critic, M. Patin, has used a striking phrase about the poet of Epicureanism. He says there is in Lucretius an anti-Lucretius who is forever pulling him back from the extreme consequences of his theory, and forcing him into conclusions more in accordance with his ardent and enthusiastic temperament. It will be opportune

here to glance at some of the manifestations of the anti-Lucretius in Lucretius. As Lucretius deprives the gods of all influence over Nature, he is obliged to account for the existence of Nature by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. But here we are surprised to meet with expressions quite inconsistent with this cold materialism. What have principles, conditions, laws (*rationes, fœdera, leges*), to do with the freaks of blind Chance? How can Nature be called *creatrix* or *gubernans*, "creative" or "regulative," if she is bound fast in the fetters of Fate? We have even *Fortuna gubernans* in i. 108. What is this but a *deus* (or *dea*) *ex machina*, who brings about the *dénouement* of a drama which else would have had a lame and impotent conclusion indeed? In vi. 640 he ascribes to Nature those volcanic convulsions which he elsewhere expressly dissociates from divine influence. And what but divine influence is the hidden power (*vis abdita*), of which he says that it "constantly tramples on human grandeur, and is seen to tread under its heel and make sport for itself of the insignia of human power"?

Nature presented by Lucretius as a mother in ii. 990 again appears as a cruel stepmother in v. 778, where she is described as casting the newly born infant, naked and weeping, on the inhospitable shore of life, — more helpless than the brutes, and more able to feel and deplore its helplessness; then fostering the growth of tares and all noxious weeds, and trying to wrest from wretched man the scanty portion of the earth which she has granted him wherefrom to extract a meagre sustenance by the sweat of his brow. Everywhere Nature has the attributes of will and personality. Again, he subtilizes the soul, the soul of the soul, up to the very verge of spirituality. It is from his vivid and beautiful illustrations of the interdependence of body and soul that Virgil has taken two fine passages: that in which Dido "sought

the light of heaven, and groaned when she found it;" and that in which the fingers of the dying man twitch with the longing to grasp the hilt of the sword again.

Above all, in the *clinamen* of the atoms, or the causeless deviation of the atom-stream from the right line, we have an active, intelligent principle thrusting itself, in spite of his materialism, into his system. In the words of De Musset, "Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut tourner les yeux."

He is not a fatalist. He recognizes a nameless force (*vis nominis expers*), which he finely calls "an influence torn from the grasp of Necessity" (*fatis avolsa voluntas*), and which is not unlike Matthew Arnold's postulate of a "tendency that makes for righteousness."

The very language of Lucretius is tinged with a deep religious fervor which reminds us of Milton. We recall the "hideous hum" of the oracles when we read of "the awful state" in which the image of the divine mother of the gods is carried through with lauds, and how she "mutely enriches mortals with a blessing not expressed in words." Indeed, if the philosophy of Lucretius can be described as a poisonous plant at all, it is at least one of those venomous flowers which supply healing influences, too. There is nothing in his system of morality which can shock us except some of his theories with regard to the passion of love; and in extenuation of them we must remember how coarsely the spirit of the time regarded womanhood. Moreover, we can hardly be wrong in seeing in the poet himself evidences of the pangs of disprized love animating him with a furious hatred of the passion itself. His master, Epicurus, looked on it but as a disturbing influence; Lucretius assailed it as a bane and a curse. Not his the "tears that love can die;" his rather to heap "shards, flints, and pebbles" on the grave of love. He has a delight like that of Dean Swift in showing the seamy

side of the passion; and indeed, in this respect strongly reminds us of the great Irishman whose bones moulder in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, whose heart, as his epitaph says, "cruel indignation now no longer rends." As Thackeray says of Swift, so we may well say of Lucretius, "What a vulture it was that tore the heart of that giant!"

The true charge against Epicureanism is not that it debases morality, or makes divine philosophy

"Procuress to the lords of hell,"

but that it tends to extinguish energy by enfeebling the springs of action. According to it, passion and action are alike folly; there is no virtue but egotism; the true wisdom is apathy. The extraordinary originality of Lucretius is shown in the strenuous spirit which he breathes into this flaccid and lymphatic creed. We seem to see a St. Anthony fiercely fighting the passions that fiercely tear him; a St. Simeon Stylites who has not succeeded in quenching his ambition, but only in giving it another object, passionate in the vaunting of his victory over himself, and leaping with all the ardor of a young lover into the arms of his "passionless bride, divine Tranquillity."

It may seem strange that Lucretius should have chosen verse as the vehicle of his teaching, especially as Epicurus wrote in prose, and condemned poetry on principle. However, he had the precedent of Xenophanes and Empedocles, and, among his own countrymen, that of Ennius, who translated Epicharmus. He tells us that his design was "to make a harsh truth less bitter." Do we not find in our own time the novel forced into the service of some particular school of religious thought, and do we not meet certain purists who condemn novel-reading as a practice, but make an exception in favor of such works of fiction as embellish and promote those particular church principles which they themselves affect?

In the poem of Lucretius, beside cer-

tain amusingly puerile speculations, we find real contributions to knowledge, which science now accepts, and which were truly remarkable discoveries in the time of the poet. Among the most crude is his theory of the causes of sleep, in the fourth book, to which he carefully bespeaks the attention of his readers in some very fine verses. Another passage of amusing *naïveté* is that in which he seeks to account for the terror manifested by the lion in the presence of the cock.

A good Epicurean does not hesitate in his choice between science and his system. Polyænus, on his conversion to Epicureanism, declared his conviction that there was no such thing as geometrical proof. Catholicism was once as thoroughgoing. I have myself seen an old edition of Newton's *Principia*, by a learned abbé, who took care to explain in his preface that though the conclusions of Newton constituted a good discipline for the exercise of the mental faculties, and therefore might be studied with profit, yet they must not be regarded as true, inasmuch as a bull of the holy father had spoken of the sun as revolving round the earth. In a similar spirit, Lucretius, after setting forth a theory of the antipodes with amazing scientific accuracy, rejects it as "a fond thing vainly invented" (*vanus error*). The same theory was afterwards repudiated by the Christian Church. It is remarkable how speculative beliefs sometimes, so to speak, change sides. Here we have Epicureanism and early Christianity arrayed hand in hand against history and science. So, again, Lucretius believes in a final destruction of the world, while the religion of his time held that it would be eternal. It is now the orthodox who maintain the Lucretian view, and the free-thinkers who take the other side. These considerations should teach us that we ought not either to embrace a scientific theory because we think we recognize in it an ally to religion, or to reject

it as a suspected foe. Ajax tells us, in a pathetic passage of the play of Sophocles, how sad experience has taught him that we should look on our friends as those who may one day be our enemies, and on our enemies as those whom time may yet draw to our hearts. Such ought to be the attitude of the true friend of religion towards scientific theories. He should consider only their absolute worth. About their relation to religion he may be mistaken, or the friend of yesterday may be the foe of to-morrow.

It is indeed food for deep reflection when we observe the intense interest and confidence which this mighty intelligence feels in the childish physical theory which he has embraced. It is to him a source of ever new and ever present delight. The pool of water in the street fills him with wonder and awe. It is but a few inches deep, yet to the eye its profundity is that of the reflected heavens. Like this is the mind of Lucretius himself. The most trivial things become invested with a sombre sublimity, an august big-ness, as soon as they begin to reflect his majestic spirit.

In contrast with the absurd speculations which we have been considering, it will be interesting to point to places in which Lucretius or his predecessors have really anticipated modern scientific research. Lucretius recognizes that in a vacuum every body, no matter what its weight, falls with equal swiftness; that the atmosphere is material; that in youth the repair of the tissues is greater than the waste, the contrary being the case in old age. The circulation of the sap in the vegetable world is known to Lucretius; and he describes falling stars, aerolites, etc., as the unused material of the universe. But, far above and beyond these particular anticipations of modern thought, we have in the whole atomistic theory what is now the basis of the molecular hypothesis, which latter adds the existence of chemical as well as mechanical changes among the atoms, but leaves the

general conception the same. Snow and fire, according to Lucretius, come from different combinations of the same atoms, just as a tragedy and a comedy are made of the same letters differently disposed. Finally, the Darwinian natural selection, struggle for existence, and survival of the fittest are distinctly adumbrated in book v. 873: "They" (the creatures unfit for existence) "doubtless became the prey of others, unable to break through the bonds of fate by which they were confined, until Nature caused that species to disappear."

Decidedly the most remarkable feature in the whole poem is the solemn beauty of imagery and language into which he bursts in unfolding his thorny speculations. Examples of this are abundant, and an excellent instance is the passage so exquisitely reproduced in Tennyson's *Lucretius* when he celebrates

"The all-generating powers and genial heat
Of Nature, when she strikes through the thick
blood
Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are
glad,
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of
flowers."

I know of no poem except Tennyson's *Two Voices* in which the same wealth of poesy is enlisted to explain and beautify abstruse argument. Nearly every verse of the *Two Voices* illustrates this exquisite marriage of poetry and logic. Here are a few specimens of the picturesque in the Latin poet: "With death there is ever blending the wail of infants newly born into the light. And no night has ever followed day, no morn ever dawned on night, but hath heard the mingled sounds of feeble infant wailings and of the lamentations that follow the dead and the black funeral train;" "the wiles and force and craft of the faithless sea;" "the treacherous, alluring smile of the calm ocean;" "the shells that paint the lap of earth;" "and now, shaking his head" (a fine touch), "the aged peasant laments that the toil of his hands has

come to naught ; ” “ then all those vapors gather together above, and, taking shape as clouds on high, weave a canopy beneath the firmament.”

Lucretius has won his place among the great poets of the world. He has survived the anathemas of zealots and the plaudits of the enemies of religion. We now see how religious is the irreligion of this Titan. We hear not the sneers of the encyclopædist, but the high words of Prometheus on the Caucasus. At last the world has learned that intrepid audacity combined with noble sincerity may have a beauty which is like the beauty of holiness. At last Lucretius

“ lifts
His golden feet on those empurpled stairs
That climb into the windy halls of heaven.”

We see in him a sage who dwells on the lofty vantage ground of science, and from his philosophic observatory looks down with disdain on the petty interests of the world. But he looks down on the world with a godly joy (*divina voluptas*) and a holy awe (*horror*). And we see in him an eager student of Nature, who has been raised by a naturally religious cast of mind, through cold and intangible abstractions to which he tried in vain to cling, — raised out of Nature, and up to Nature's God.

R. Y. Tyrrell.

ON THE BEACH AT DAYTONA.

THE first eight days of my stay in Daytona were so delightful that I felt as if I had never before seen fine weather, even in my dreams. My east window looked across the Halifax River to the peninsula woods. Beyond them was the ocean. Immediately after breakfast, therefore, I made toward the north bridge, and in half an hour or less was on the beach. Beaches are much the same the world over, and there is no need to describe this one — Silver Beach, I think I heard it called — except to say that it is broad, hard, and, for a pleasure-seeker's purpose, endless. It is backed by low sand-hills covered with impenetrable scrub, — oak and palmetto, — beyond which is a dense growth of short-leaved pines. Perfect weather, a perfect beach, and no throng of people : here were the conditions of happiness ; and here for eight days I found it. The ocean itself was a solitude. Day after day not a sail was in sight. Looking up and down the beach, I could usually see somewhere in the distance a carriage or two, and as many foot passengers ; but I

often walked a mile, or sat for half an hour, without being within hail of any one. Never were airs more gentle or colors more exquisite.

As for birds, they were surprisingly scarce, but never wanting altogether. If everything else failed, a few fish-hawks were sure to be in sight. I watched them at first with eager interest. Up and down the beach they went, each by himself, with heads pointed downward, scanning the shallow water. Often they stopped in their course, and by means of laborious flappings held themselves poised over a certain spot. Then, perhaps, they set their wings and shot downward clean under water. If the plunge was unsuccessful, they shook their feathers dry and were ready to begin again. They had the fisherman's gift. The second, and even the third attempt might fail, but no matter ; it was simply a question of time and patience. If the fish was caught, their first concern seemed to be to shift their hold upon it, till its head pointed to the front. That done, they shook themselves vigorously and started

landward, the shining white victim wriggling vainly in the clutch of the talons. I took it for granted that they retired with their quarry to some secluded spot on the peninsula, till one day I happened to be standing upon a sand-hill as one passed overhead. Then I perceived that he kept on straight across the peninsula and the river. More than once, however, I saw one of them in no haste to go inland. On my second visit, a hawk came circling about my head, carrying a fish. I was surprised at the action, but gave it no second thought, nor once imagined that he was making me his protector, till suddenly a large bird dropped rather awkwardly upon the sand, not far before me. He stood for an instant on his long, ungainly legs, and then, showing a white head and a white tail, rose with a fish in his talons, and swept away landward out of sight. Here was the osprey's parasite, the bald eagle, for which I had been on the watch. Meantime, the hawk too had disappeared. Whether it was his fish which the eagle had picked up (having missed it in the air) I cannot say. I did not see it fall, and knew nothing of the eagle's presence until he fluttered to the beach.

Some days later, I saw the big thief — emblem of American liberty — play his sharp game to the finish. I was crossing the bridge, and by accident turned and looked upward. (By accident, I say, but I was always doing it.) High in the air were two birds, one chasing the other, — a fish-hawk and a young eagle with dark head and tail. The hawk meant to save his dinner if he could. Round and round he went, ascending at every turn, his pursuer after him hotly. For aught I could see, he stood a good chance of escape, till all at once another pair of wings swept into the field of my glass.

"A third is in the race! Who is the third, Speeding away swift as the eagle bird?"

It was an eagle, an adult, with head and tail white. Only once more the osprey circled. The odds were against him, and

he let go the fish. As it fell, the old eagle swooped after it, missed it, swooped again, and this time, long before it could reach the water, had it fast in his claws. Then off he went, the younger one after him. They passed out of sight behind the trees of an island, one close upon the other, and I do not know how the controversy ended; but I would have wagered a trifle on the old white-head, the bird of Washington.

The scene reminded me of one I had witnessed in Georgia a fortnight before, on my way south. The train stopped at a backwoods station; some of the passengers gathered upon the steps of the car, and the usual bevy of young negroes came alongside. "Stand on my head for a nickel?" said one. A passenger put his hand into his pocket; the boy did as he had promised, — in no very professional style, be it said, — and with a grin stretched out his hand. The nickel glistened in the sun, and on the instant a second boy sprang forward, snatched it out of the sand, and made off in triumph amid the hilarious applause of his fellows. The acrobat's countenance indicated a sense of injustice, and I had no doubt that my younger eagle was similarly affected. "Where is our boasted honor among thieves?" I imagined him asking. The bird of freedom is a great bird, and the land of the free is a great country. Here, let us hope, the parallel ends. Whether on the banks of Newfoundland or elsewhere, it cannot be that the great republic would ever snatch a fish that did not belong to it.

I admired the address of the fish-hawks until I saw the gannets. Then I perceived that the hawks, with all their practice, were no better than land lubbers. The gannets kept farther out at sea. Sometimes a scattered flock remained in sight for the greater part of a forenoon. With their long, sharp wings and their outstretched necks, — like loons, but with a different flight, — they were rakish-looking customers. Some-

times from a great height, sometimes from a lower, sometimes at an incline, and sometimes vertically, they plunged into the water, and after an absence of some seconds, as it seemed, came up and rested upon the surface. They were too far away to be closely observed, and for a time I did not feel certain what they were. The larger number were in dark plumage, and it was not till a white one appeared that I said with assurance, "Gannets!" With the bright sun on him, he was indeed a splendid bird, snowy white, with the tips of his wings jet black. If he would have come inshore, like the ospreys, I think I should never have tired of his evolutions.

The gannets showed themselves only now and then, but the brown pelicans were an every-day sight. I had found them first on the beach at St. Augustine. Here at Daytona they never alighted on the sand, and seldom in the water. They were always flying up or down the beach, and, unless turned from their course by the presence of some suspicious object, they kept straight on just above the breakers, rising and falling with the waves; now appearing above them, and now out of sight in the trough of the sea. Sometimes a single bird passed, but commonly they were in small flocks. Once I saw seventeen together, — a pretty long procession; for, whatever their number, they went always in Indian file. Evidently some dreadful thing would happen if two pelicans should ever travel abreast. It was partly this unusual order of march, I suspect, which gave such an air of preternatural gravity to their movements. It was impossible to see even two of them go by without feeling almost as if I were in church. First, both birds flew a rod or two, with slow and stately flappings; then, as if at some preconcerted signal, both set their wings and scaled for about the same distance; then they resumed their wing strokes; and so on, till they passed out of sight. I never heard them utter a

sound, or saw them make a movement of any sort (I speak of what I saw at Daytona) except to fly straight on, one behind the other. If church ceremonials are still open to amendment, I would suggest, in no spirit of irreverence, that a study of pelican processions would be certain to yield edifying results. Nothing done in any cathedral could be more solemn. Indeed, their solemnity was so great that I came at last to find it almost ridiculous; but that, of course, was only from a want of faith on the part of the beholder. The birds, as I say, were *brown* pelicans. Had they been of the other species, in churchly white and black, the ecclesiastical effect would perhaps have been heightened, though it is hard to conceive how that were possible.

Some beautiful little gulls, peculiarly dainty in their appearance ("Bonaparte's gulls" they are called in books, but "surf gulls" would be a prettier and apter name), were also given to flying along the breakers, but in a manner very different from the pelicans'; as different, I may say, as the birds themselves. They, too, moved steadily onward, north or south as the case might be, but fed as they went, dropping into the shallow water between the incoming waves, and rising again to escape the next breaker. The action was characteristic and graceful, though often somewhat nervous and hurried. I noticed that the birds commonly went by twos, but that may have been nothing more than a coincidence. Beside these small surf gulls, never at all numerous, I usually saw a few terns, and now and then one or two rather large gulls, which, as well as I could make out, must have been the ring-billed. It was a strange beach, I thought, where fish-hawks invariably outnumbered both gulls and terns.

Of beach birds, properly so called, I saw none but sanderlings. They were no novelty, but I always stopped to look at them: busy as ants, running in a

body down the beach after a receding wave, and the next moment scampering back again with all speed before an incoming one. They tolerated no near approach, but were at once on the wing for a long flight up or down the coast, looking like a flock of snow-white birds as they turned their under parts to the sun in rising above the breakers. Their manner of feeding, with the head pitched forward, and a quick, eager movement, as if they had eaten nothing for days, and were fearful that their present bit of good fortune would not last, is strongly characteristic, so that they can be recognized a long way off. As I have said, they were the only true beach birds; but I rarely failed to see one or two great blue herons playing that rôle. The first one filled me with surprise. I had never thought of finding him in such a place; but there he stood, and before I was done with Florida beaches I had come to look upon him as one of their most constant *habitués*. In truth, this largest of the herons is well-nigh omnipresent in Florida. Wherever there is water, fresh or salt, he is certain to be met with, sooner or later; and even in the driest place, if you stay there long enough, you will be likely to see him passing overhead, on his way to the water, which is nowhere far off. On the beach, as everywhere else, he is a model of patience. To the best of my recollection, I never saw him catch a fish there; and I really came to think it pathetic, the persistency with which he would stand, with the water halfway to his knees, leaning forward expectantly toward the breakers, as if he felt that this great and generous ocean, which had so many fish to spare, could not fail to send him, at last, the morsel for which he was waiting.

But indeed I was not long in perceiving that the Southern climate made patience a comparatively easy virtue, and fishing, by a natural consequence, a favorite avocation. Day after day, as I crossed the bridges on my way to and from the

beach, the same men stood against the rail holding their poles over the river. They had an air of having been there all winter. I came to recognize them, though I knew none of their names. One was peculiarly happy looking, almost radiant, with an educated face, and only one hand. His disability hindered him, no doubt. I never saw so much as a sheep-head or a drum lying at his feet. But inwardly, I felt sure, his luck was good. Another was older, fifty at least, sleek and well dressed. He spoke pleasantly enough, if I addressed him; otherwise he attended strictly to business. Every day he was there, morning and afternoon. He, I think, had better fortune than any of the others. Once I saw him land a large and handsome "speckled trout," to the unmistakable envy of his brother anglers. Still a third was a younger man, with a broad-brimmed straw hat and a taciturn habit; no less persevering than Number Two, perhaps, but far less successful. I marveled a little at their enthusiasm (there were many beside these), and they, in their turn, did not altogether conceal their amusement at the foibles of a man, still out of Bedlam, who walked and walked and walked, always with a field-glass protruding from his side pocket, which now and then he pulled out suddenly and leveled at nothing. It is one of the merciful ameliorations of this present evil world that men are thus mutually entertaining.

These anglers were to be congratulated. Ordered South by their physicians, — as most of them undoubtedly were, — compelled to spend the winter away from friends and business, amid all the discomforts of Southern hotels, they were happy in having at least one thing which they loved to do. Blessed is the invalid who has an outdoor hobby. One man, whom I met more than once in my beach rambles, seemed to devote himself to bathing, running, and walking. He looked like an athlete; I heard him tell how far he could run without

getting "winded;" and as he sprinted up and down the sand in his scanty bathing costume, I always found him a pleasing spectacle. Another runner there gave me a half-hour of amusement that turned at the last to a feeling of almost painful sympathy. He was not in bathing costume, nor did he look particularly athletic. He was teaching his young lady to ride a bicycle, and his pupil was at that most interesting stage of a learner's career when the machine is beginning to steady itself. With a very little assistance she went bravely, while at the same time the young man felt it necessary not to let go his hold upon her for more than a few moments at once. At all events, he must be with her at the turn. She plied the pedals with vigor, and he ran alongside or behind, as best he could; she excited, and he out of breath. Back and forth they went, and it was a relief to me when finally he took off his coat. I left him still panting in his fair one's wake, and hoped it would not turn out a case of "love's labor's lost." Let us hope, too, that he was not an invalid.

While speaking of these my companions in idleness, I may as well mention an older man, — a rural philosopher, he seemed, — whom I met again and again, always in search of shells. He was from Indiana, he told me with agreeable garrulity. His grandchildren would like the shells. He had perhaps made a mistake in coming so far south. It was pretty warm, he thought, and he feared the change would be too great when he went home again. If a man's lungs were bad, he ought to go to a warm place, of course. *He* came for his stomach, which was now pretty well, — a capital proof of the superior value of fresh air over "proper" food in dyspeptic troubles; for if there is anywhere in the world a place in which a delicate stomach would fare worse than in a Southern hotel, — of the second or third class, — may none but my enemies ever find it. Seashell collecting is not a pa-

nacea. For a disease like old age, for instance, it might prove to be an alleviation rather than a cure; but taken long enough, and with a sufficient mixture of enthusiasm, — a true *sine qua non*, — it will be found efficacious, I believe, in all ordinary cases of dyspepsia.

My Indiana man was far from being alone in his cheerful pursuit. If strangers, men or women, met me on the beach and wished to say something more than good-morning, they were sure to ask, "Have you found any pretty shells?" One woman was a collector of a more businesslike turn. She had brought a camp-stool, and when I first saw her in the distance was removing her shoes, and putting on rubber boots. Then she moved her stool into the surf, sat upon it with a tin pail beside her, and, leaning forward over the water, fell to doing something, — I could not tell what. She was so industrious that I did not venture to disturb her, as I passed; but an hour or two afterward I overtook her going homeward across the peninsula with her invalid husband, and she showed me her pail full of the tiny coquina clams, which she said were very nice for soup, as indeed I knew. Some days later, I found a man collecting them for the market, with the help of a horse and a cylindrical wire roller. With his trousers rolled to his knees, he waded in the surf, and shoveled the incoming water and sand into the wire roller through an aperture left for that purpose. Then he closed the aperture, and drove the horse back and forth through the breakers till the clams were washed clear of the sand, after which he poured them out into a shallow tray like a long bread-pan, and transferred them from that to a big bag. I came up just in time to see them in the tray, bright with all the colors of the rainbow. "Will you hold the bag open?" he said. I was glad to help (it was perhaps the only useful ten minutes that I passed in Florida); and so, counting quart by quart, he

dished them into it. There were thirty odd quarts, but he wanted a bushel and a quarter, and again took up the shovel. The clams themselves were not canned and shipped, he said, but only the "juice."

Many rudely built cottages stood on the sand-hills just behind the beach, especially at the points, a mile or so apart, where the two Daytona bridge roads come out of the scrub; and one day, while walking up the beach to Ormond, I saw before me a much more elaborate Queen Anne house. Fancifully but rather neatly painted, and with a stable to match, it looked like an exotic. As I drew near, its venerable owner was at work in front of it, shoveling a path through the sand, — just as, at that moment (February 24), thousands of Yankee householders were shoveling paths through the snow, which then was reported by the newspapers to be seventeen inches deep in the streets of Boston. His reverend air and his long black coat proclaimed him a clergyman past all possibility of doubt. He seemed to have got to heaven before death, the place was so attractive; but being still in a body terrestrial, he may have found the meat market rather distant, and mosquitoes and sand-flies sometimes a plague. As I walked up the beach, he drove by me in an open wagon with a hired man. They kept on till they came to a log which had been cast up by the sea, and evidently had been sighted from the house. The hired man lifted it into the wagon, and they drove back, — quite a stirring adventure, I imagined; an event to date from, at the very least.

The smaller cottages were nearly all empty at that season. At different times I made use of many of them, when the sun was hot, or I had been long afoot. Once I was resting thus on a flight of front steps, when a three-seated carriage came down the beach and pulled up opposite. The driver wished to ask me a question, I thought; no doubt I looked very much at home. From the day I

had entered Florida, every one I met had seemed to know me intuitively for a New Englander, and most of them — I could not imagine how — had divined that I came from Boston. It gratified me to believe that I was losing a little of my provincial manner, under the influence of more extended travel. But my pride had a sudden fall. The carriage stopped, as I said; but instead of inquiring the way, the driver alighted, and all the occupants of the carriage proceeded to do the same, — eight women, with baskets and sundries. It was time for me to be starting. I descended the steps, and pulled off my hat to the first comer, who turned out to be the proprietor of the establishment. With a gracious smile, she hoped they were "not frightening me away." She and her friends had come for a day's picnic at the cottage. Things being as they were (eight women), she could hardly invite me to share the festivities, and, with my best apology for the intrusion, I withdrew.

Of one building on the sand-hills I have peculiarly pleasant recollections. It was not a cottage, but had evidently been put up as a public resort; especially, as I inferred, for Sunday-school or parish picnics. It was furnished with a platform for speech-making (is there any foolishness that men will not commit on sea beaches and mountain tops?), and, what was more to my purpose, was open on three sides. I passed a good deal of time there, first and last, and once it sheltered me from a drenching shower of an hour or two. The lightning was vivid, and the rain fell in sheets. In the midst of the blackness and commotion, a single tern, ghostly white, flew past, and toward the close a bunch of sanderlings came down the edge of the breakers, still looking for something to eat. The only other living things in sight were two young fellows, who had improved the opportunity to try a dip in the surf. Their color indicated that they were not yet hardened to open-air bathing, and from their ac-

tions it was evident that they found the ocean cool. They were wet enough before they were done, but it was mostly with fresh water. Probably they took no harm; but I am moved to remark, in passing, that I sometimes wondered how generally physicians who order patients to Florida for the winter caution them against imprudent exposure. To me, who am no doctor, it seemed none too safe for young women with consumptive tendencies to be out sailing in open boats on winter evenings, no matter how warm the afternoon had been, while I saw one case where a surf bath taken by such an invalid was followed by a day of prostration and fever. "We who live here," said a resident, "don't think the water is warm enough yet; but for these Northern folks it is a great thing to go into the surf in February, and you can't keep them out."

The rows of cottages of which I have spoken were in one sense a detriment to the beach; but on the whole, and in their present deserted condition, I found them an advantage. It was easy enough to walk away from them, if a man wanted the feeling of utter solitude (the beach extends from Matanzas Inlet to Mosquito Inlet, thirty-five miles, more or less); while at other times they not only furnished shadow and a seat, but, with the paths and little clearings behind them, were an attraction to many birds. Here I found my first Florida jays. They sat on the chimney-tops and ridgepoles, and I was rejoiced to discover that these unique and interesting creatures, one of the special objects of my journey South, were not only common, but to an extraordinary degree approachable. Their extreme confidence in man is one of their oddest characteristics. I heard from more than one person how easily and "in almost no time" they could be tamed, if indeed they needed taming. A resident of Hawks Park told me that they used to come into his house, and stand upon the corners of the dinner table waiting for

their share of the meal. When he was hoeing in the garden, they would perch on his hat, and stay there by the hour, unless he drove them off. He never did anything to tame them except to treat them kindly. When a brood was old enough to leave the nest, the parents brought the youngsters up to the doorstep as a matter of course.

The Florida jay, a bird of the scrub, is not to be confounded with the Florida *blue* jay (a smaller and less conspicuously crested duplicate of our common Northern bird), to which it bears little resemblance either in personal appearance or in voice. Seen from behind, its aspect is peculiarly striking; the head, wings, rump, and tail being dark blue, with an almost rectangular patch of gray set in the midst. Its beak is very stout, and its tail very long; and though it would attract attention anywhere, it is hardly to be called handsome or graceful. Its notes—such of them as I heard, that is—are mostly guttural, with little or nothing of the screaming quality which distinguishes the blue jay's voice. To my ear they were often suggestive of the Northern shrike.

On the 23d of February I was standing on the rear piazza of one of the cottages, when a jay flew into the oak and palmetto scrub close by. A second glance, and I saw that she was busy upon a nest. When she had gone, I moved nearer, and waited. She did not return, and I descended the steps and went to the edge of the thicket to inspect her work: a bulky affair,—nearly done, I thought,—loosely constructed of pretty large twigs. I had barely returned to the veranda before the bird appeared again. This time I was in a position to look squarely in upon her. She had some difficulty in edging her way through the dense bushes with a long, branching stick in her bill; but she accomplished the feat, fitted the new material into its place, readjusted the other twigs a bit here and there, and then, as she rose to depart, she looked

me suddenly in the face and stopped, as much as to say, "Well, well! here's a pretty go! A man spying upon me!" I wondered whether she would throw up the work, but in another minute she was back again with another twig. The nest, I should have said, was about four feet from the ground, and perhaps twenty feet from the cottage. Four days later, I found her sitting upon it. She flew off as I came up, and I pushed into the scrub far enough to thrust my hand into the nest, which, to my disappointment, was empty. In fact, it was still far from completed; for on the 3d of March, when I paid it a farewell visit, its owner was still at work lining it with fine grass. At that time it was a comfortable-looking and really elaborate structure. Both the birds came to look at me as I stood on the piazza. They perched together on the top of a stake so narrow that there was scarcely room for their feet; and as they stood thus, side by side, one of them struck its beak several times against the beak of the other, as if in play. I wished them joy of their expected progeny, and was the more ready to believe they would have it for this little display of sportive sentimentality.

It was a distinguished company that frequented that row of narrow back yards on the edge of the sand-hills. As a new-comer, I found the jays (sometimes there were ten under my eye at once) the most entertaining members of it, but if I had been a dweller there for the summer, I should perhaps have altered my opinion; for the group contained four of the finest of Floridian songsters, the mocking-bird, the brown thrasher, the cardinal grosbeak, and the Carolina wren. Rare morning and evening concerts those cottagers must have. And besides these there were catbirds, ground doves, red-eyed chewinks, white-eyed chewinks, a song sparrow (one of the few that I saw in Florida), savanna sparrows, myrtle birds, redpoll warblers, a phoebe, and two flickers. The last-

named birds, by the way, are never backward about displaying their tender feelings. A treetop flirtation is their special delight (I hope my readers have all seen one; few things of the sort are better worth looking at); and here, in the absence of trees, they had taken to the ridgepole of a house.

More than once I remarked white-breasted swallows straggling northward along the line of sand-hills. They were in loose order, but the movement was plainly concerted, with all the look of a vernal migration. This swallow, the first of its family to arrive in New England, remains in Florida throughout the winter, but is known also to go as far south as Central America. The purple martins — which, so far as I am aware, do not winter in Florida — had already begun to make their appearance. While crossing the bridge, February 22, I was surprised to notice two of them sitting upon a bird-box over the draw, which just then stood open for the passage of a tug-boat. The toll-gatherer told me they had come "from some place" eight or ten days before. His attention had been called to them by his cat, who was trying to get up to the box to bid them welcome. He believed that she discovered them within three minutes of their arrival. It seemed not unlikely. In its own way a cat is a pretty sharp ornithologist.

One or two cormorants were almost always about the river. Sometimes they sat upon stakes in a patriotic, spread-eagle (American eagle) attitude, as if drying their wings, — a curious sight till one became accustomed to it. Snakebirds and buzzards resort to the same device, but I cannot recall ever seeing any Northern bird thus engaged. From the south bridge I one morning saw, to my great satisfaction, a couple of white pelicans, the only ones that I found in Florida, though I was assured that within twenty years they had been common along the Halifax and Hillsborough rivers. My birds were flying up the river at a good

height. The brown pelicans, on the other hand, made their daily pilgrimages just above the level of the water, as has been already described, and were never over the river, but off the beach.

All in all, there are few pleasanter walks in Florida, I believe, than the beach-round at Daytona, out by one bridge and back by the other. An old hotel-keeper — a

rural Yankee, if one could tell anything by his look and speech — said to me in a burst of confidence, "Yes, we've got a climate, and that's about all we have got, — climate and sand." I could not entirely agree with him. For myself, I found not only fine days, but fine prospects. But there was no denying the sand.

Bradford Torrey.

THE RED BRIDAL.

FALLING in love at first sight is less common in Japan than in the West; partly because of the peculiar constitution of Eastern society, and partly because much sorrow is prevented by early marriages which parents arrange. Love suicides, on the other hand, are not infrequent; but they have the particularity of being nearly always double. Moreover, they must be considered, in the majority of instances, the results of improper relationships. Still, there are honest and brave exceptions; and these occur usually in country districts. The love in such a tragedy may have evolved suddenly out of the most innocent and natural boy-and-girl friendship, and may have a history dating back to the childhood of the victims. But even then there remains a very curious difference between a Western double suicide for love and a Japanese *jōshi*. The Oriental suicide is not the result of a blind, quick frenzy of pain. It is not only cool and methodical; it is sacramental. It involves a marriage of which the certificate is death. The twain pledge themselves to each other in the presence of the gods, write their farewell letters, and die. No pledge can be more profoundly sacred than this. And therefore, if it should happen that, by sudden outside interference and by medical skill, one of the pair is snatched from death, that

one is bound by the most solemn obligation of love and honor to cast away life at the first possible opportunity. Of course, if both are saved, all may go well. But it were better to commit any crime of violence punishable with half a hundred years of state prison than to become known as a man who, after pledging his faith to die with a girl, had left her to travel to the Meido alone. The woman who should fail in her vow might be partially forgiven; but the man who survived a *jōshi* through interference, and allowed himself to live on because his purpose was once frustrated, would be regarded all his mortal days as a perjurer, a murderer, a bestial coward, a disgrace to human nature. I knew of one such case — but it is not good to talk about! I would rather try to tell the story of an humble love affair which happened at a village in one of the eastern provinces.

I.

The village stands on the bank of a broad but very shallow river, the stony bed of which is completely covered with water only during the rainy season. The river traverses an immense level of rice-fields, open to the horizon north and south, but on the west walled in by a range of blue peaks, and on the east by a chain of low wooded hills. The village itself is separated from these hills

only by half a mile of ricefields; and its principal cemetery, the adjunct of a Buddhist temple, dedicated to Kwannon-of-the-Eleven-Faces, is situated upon a neighboring summit. As a distributing centre, the village is not unimportant. Besides several hundred thatched dwellings of the ordinary rustic style, it contains one whole street of thriving two-story shops and inns with handsome tiled roofs. It possesses also a very picturesque *ujigami*, or Shintō parish temple, dedicated to the Sun-Goddess, and a pretty shrine, in a grove of mulberry-trees, dedicated to the Deity of Silkworms.

There was born in this village, in the seventh year of Meiji, in the house of one Uchida, a dyer, a boy called Tarō. His birthday happened to be an *aku-nichi*, or unlucky day, — the seventh of the eighth month, by the ancient Calendar of Moons. Therefore his parents, being old-fashioned folk, feared and sorrowed. But sympathizing neighbors tried to persuade them that everything was as it should be, because the calendar had been changed by the Emperor's order, and according to the new calendar the day was a *kitsu-nichi*, or lucky day. These representations somewhat lessened the anxiety of the parents; but when they took the child to the *ujigami*, they made the gods a gift of a very large paper lantern, and besought earnestly that all harm should be kept away from their boy. The *kannushi*, or priest, repeated the archaic formulas required, and waved the sacred *gohei*, paper cut to represent spirits, above the little shaven head, and prepared a small amulet to be suspended about the infant's neck; after which the parents visited the temple of Kwannon on the hill, and there also made offerings, and prayed to all the Buddhas to protect their first-born.

II.

When Tarō was six years old, his parents decided to send him to the new

elementary school which had been built at a short distance from the village. Tarō's grandfather bought him some writing-brushes, paper, a book, and a slate, and early one morning led him by the hand to the school. Tarō felt very happy, because the slate and the other things delighted him like so many new toys, and because everybody had told him that the school was a pleasant place, where he would have plenty of time to play. Moreover, his mother had promised to give him many cakes when he should come home.

As soon as they reached the school, — a big two-story building with glass windows, — a servant showed them into a large, bare apartment, where a serious-looking man was seated at a desk. Tarō's grandfather bowed low to the serious-looking man, and addressed him as *Sensei*, and humbly requested him to teach the little fellow kindly. The Sensei rose up, and bowed in return, and spoke courteously to the old man. He also put his hand on Tarō's head, and said nice things. But Tarō became all at once afraid. When his grandfather had bid him good-by, he grew still more afraid, and would have liked to run away home; but the master took him into a large, high, white room, full of girls and boys sitting on benches, and showed him a bench, and told him to sit down. All the boys and girls turned their heads to look at Tarō, and whispered to each other, and laughed. Tarō thought they were laughing at him, and began to feel very miserable. A big bell rang; and the master, who had taken his place on a high platform at the other end of the room, ordered silence in a tremendous way that terrified Tarō. All became quiet, and the master began to speak. Tarō thought he spoke most dreadfully. He did not say that school was a pleasant place: he told the pupils very plainly that it was not a place for play, but for hard work. He told them that study was painful, but that they must study

in spite of the pain and the difficulty. He told them about the rules which they must obey, and about the punishments for disobedience or carelessness. When they all became frightened and still, he changed his voice altogether, and began to talk to them like a kind father, — promising to love them just like his own little ones. Then he told them how the school had been built by the august command of His Imperial Majesty, that the boys and girls of the country might become wise men and good women, and how dearly they should love their noble Emperor, and be happy even to give their lives for his sake. Also he told them how they should love their parents, and how hard their parents had to work for the means of sending them to school, and how wicked and ungrateful it would be to idle during study hours. Then he began to call them each by name, asking questions about what he had said.

Tarō had heard only a part of the master's discourse. His small mind was almost entirely occupied by the fact that all the boys and girls had looked at him and laughed when he had first entered the room. And the mystery of it all was so painful to him that he could think of little else, and was therefore quite unprepared when the master called his name.

"Uchida Tarō, what do you like best in the world?"

Tarō started, stood up, and answered frankly, "Cake."

All the boys and girls again looked at him and laughed; and the master asked reproachfully, "Uchida Tarō, do you like cake more than you like your parents? Uchida Tarō, do you like cake better than your duty to His Majesty our Emperor?"

Then Tarō knew that he had made some great mistake; and his face became very hot, and all the children laughed, and he began to cry. This only made them laugh still more; and they kept on laughing until the master

again enforced silence, and put a similar question to the next pupil. Tarō kept his sleeve to his eyes, and sobbed.

The bell rang. The master told the children they would receive their first writing-lesson during the next class hour from another teacher, but that they could first go out and play for a while. He then left the room; and the boys and girls all ran out into the school yard to play, taking no notice whatever of Tarō. The child felt more astonished at being thus ignored than he had felt before on finding himself an object of general attention. Nobody except the master had yet spoken one word to him; and now even the master seemed to have forgotten his existence. He sat down again on his little bench, and cried and cried; trying all the while not to make a noise, for fear the children would come back to laugh at him.

Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder; a sweet voice was speaking to him; and, turning his head, he found himself looking into the most caressing pair of eyes he had ever seen, — the eyes of a little girl about a year older than he.

"What is it?" she asked him tenderly.

Tarō sobbed and snuffled helplessly for a moment, before he could answer: "I am very unhappy here. I want to go home."

"Why?" questioned the girl, slipping an arm about his neck.

"They all hate me; they will not speak to me or play with me."

"Oh no!" said the girl. "Nobody dislikes you at all. It is only because you are a stranger. When I first went to school, last year, it was just the same with me. You must not fret."

"But all the others are playing; and I must sit in here," protested Tarō.

"Oh no, you must not. You must come and play with me. I will be your playfellow. Come!"

Tarō at once began to cry out loud.

Self-pity and gratitude and the delight of new-found sympathy filled his little heart so full that he really could not help it. It was so nice to be petted for crying.

But the girl only laughed, and led him out of the room quickly, because the little mother soul in her divined the whole situation. "Of course you may cry, if you wish," she said; "but you must play, too!" And oh, what a delightful play they played together!

But when school was over, and Tarō's grandfather came to take him home, Tarō began to cry again, because it was necessary that he should bid his little playmate good-by.

The grandfather laughed, and exclaimed, "Why, it is little Yoshi, — Miyahara O-Yoshi! Yoshi can come along with us, and stop at the house awhile. It is on her way home."

At Tarō's house the playmates ate the promised cake together; and O-Yoshi mischievously asked, mimicking the master's severity, "Uchida Tarō, do you like cake better than *me*?"

III.

O-Yoshi's father owned some neighboring rice lands, and also kept a shop in the village. Her mother, a *samurai*, adopted into the Miyahara family at the time of the breaking up of the military caste, had borne several children, of whom O-Yoshi, the last, was the only survivor. While still a baby, O-Yoshi lost her mother. Miyahara was past middle age, but he took another wife, the daughter of one of his own farmers, — a young girl named Ito O-Tama. Though swarthy as new copper, O-Tama was a remarkably handsome peasant girl, tall, strong, and active; but the choice caused surprise, because O-Tama could neither read nor write. The surprise changed to amusement when it was discovered that almost from the time of entering the house she had assumed and maintained absolute control. But the

neighbors stopped laughing at Miyahara's docility when they learned more about O-Tama. She knew her husband's interests better than he, took charge of everything, and managed his affairs with such tact that in less than two years she had doubled his income. Evidently, Miyahara had got a wife who was going to make him rich. As a step-mother she bore herself rather kindly, even after the birth of her first boy. O-Yoshi was well cared for, and regularly sent to school.

While the children were still going to school, a long-expected and wonderful event took place. Strange tall men with red hair and beards — foreigners from the West — came down into the valley with a great multitude of Japanese laborers, and constructed a railroad. It was carried along the base of the low hill range, beyond the ricefields and mulberry groves in the rear of the village; and almost at the angle where it crossed the old road leading to the temple of Kwannon, a small station-house was built; and the name of the village was painted in Chinese characters upon a white signboard erected on the platform. Later, a line of telegraph poles was planted, parallel with the railroad. And still later, trains came, and shrieked, and stopped, and passed, — nearly shaking the Buddhas in the old cemetery off their lotus-flowers of stone.

The children wondered at the strange level ash-strewn way, with its double lines of iron shining away north and south into mystery; and they were awe-struck by the trains that came roaring and screaming and smoking, like storm-breathing dragons, making the ground quake as they passed by. But this awe was succeeded by curious interest, — an interest intensified by the explanations of one of their school-teachers, who showed them, by drawings on the blackboard, how a locomotive engine was made; and who taught them, also, the

still more marvelous operation of the telegraph, and told them how the new western capital and the sacred city of Kyōtō were to be united by rail and wire, so that the journey between them might be accomplished in less than two days, and messages sent from the one to the other in a few seconds.

Tarō and O-Yoshi became very dear friends. They studied together, played together, and visited each other's homes. But at the age of eleven O-Yoshi was taken from school to assist her step-mother in the household; and thereafter Tarō saw her but seldom. He finished his own studies at fourteen, and began to learn his father's trade. Sorrows came. After having given him a little brother, his mother died; and in the same year, the kind old grandfather who had first taken him to school followed her: and after these things the world seemed to him much less bright than before. Nothing further changed his life till he reached his seventeenth year. Occasionally he would visit the house of the Miyahara, to talk with O-Yoshi. She had grown up into a slender, pretty woman; but for him she was still only the merry playfellow of happier days.

IV.

One soft spring day, Tarō found himself feeling very lonesome, and the thought came to him that it would be pleasant to see O-Yoshi. Probably there existed in his memory some constant relation between the sense of lonesomeness in general and the experience of his first schoolday in particular. At all events, something within him — perhaps that a dead mother's love had made, or perhaps something belonging to other dead people — wanted a little tenderness, and he felt sure of receiving the tenderness from O-Yoshi. So he took his way to the little shop. As he approached it, he heard her laugh, and it sounded wonderfully sweet. Then he saw her serving

an old peasant, who seemed to be quite pleased, and was chatting garrulously. Tarō had to wait, and felt vexed that he could not at once get O-Yoshi's talk all for himself; but it made him a little happier even to be near her. He looked and looked at her, and suddenly began to wonder why he had never before thought how pretty she was. Yes, she was really pretty, — more pretty than any other girl in the village. He kept on looking and wondering, and always she seemed to be growing prettier. It was very strange; he could not understand it. But O-Yoshi, for the first time, seemed to feel shy under that earnest gaze, and blushed to her little ears. Then Tarō felt quite sure that she was more beautiful than anybody else in the whole world, and sweeter, and better, and that he wanted to tell her so; and all at once he found himself angry with the old peasant for talking so much to O-Yoshi, just as if she were a common person. In a few minutes the universe had been quite changed for Tarō, and he did not know it. He only knew that since he last saw her O-Yoshi had become divine; and as soon as the chance came, he told her all his foolish heart, and she told him hers. And they wondered because their thoughts were so much the same; and that was the beginning of great trouble.

V.

The old peasant whom Tarō had once seen talking to O-Yoshi had not visited the shop merely as a customer. In addition to his real calling he was a professional *nakōdo*, or match-maker, and was at that very time acting in the service of a wealthy rice dealer named Okazaki Yaichirō. Okazaki had seen O-Yoshi, had taken a fancy to her, and had commissioned the *nakōdo* to find out everything possible about her, and about the circumstances of her family.

Very much detested by the peasants, and even by his more immediate neigh-

bors in the village, was Okazaki Yaichirō. He was an elderly man, gross, hard-featured, with a loud, insolent manner. He was said to be malignant. He was known to have speculated successfully in rice during a period of famine, which the peasant considers a crime, and never forgives. He was not a native of the *ken*, nor in any way related to its people, but had come to the village eighteen years before, with his wife and one child, from some western district. His wife had been dead two years, and his only son, whom he was said to have treated cruelly, had suddenly left him, and gone away, nobody knew whither. Other unpleasant stories were told about him. One was that, in his native western province, a furious mob had sacked his house and his godowns, and obliged him to fly for his life. Another was that, on his wedding night, he had been compelled to give a banquet to the god Jizō.

It is still customary in some provinces, on the occasion of the marriage of a very unpopular farmer, to make the bridegroom feast Jizō. A band of sturdy young men force their way into the house, carrying with them a stone image of the divinity, borrowed from the highway or from some neighboring cemetery. A large crowd follows them. They deposit the image in the guest-room, and they demand that ample offerings of food and of *saké* be made to it at once. This means, of course, a big feast for themselves, and it is more than dangerous to refuse. All the uninvited guests must be served till they can neither eat nor drink any more. The obligation to give such a feast is not only a public rebuke; it is also a lasting public disgrace.

In his old age, Okazaki wished to treat himself to the luxury of a young and pretty wife; but in spite of his wealth he found this wish less easy to gratify than he had expected. Various families had checkmated his proposals at once by stipulating impossible condi-

tions. The Headman of the village had answered, less politely, that he would sooner give his daughter to an *oni* (demon). And the rice dealer would probably have found himself obliged to seek for a wife in some other district, if he had not happened, after these failures, to notice O-Yoshi. The girl much more than pleased him; and he thought he might be able to obtain her by making certain offers to her people, whom he supposed to be poor. Accordingly, he tried, through the *nakōdo*, to open negotiations with the Miyahara family.

O-Yoshi's peasant stepmother, though entirely uneducated, was very much the reverse of a simple woman. She had never loved her stepdaughter, but was much too intelligent to be cruel to her without reason. Moreover, O-Yoshi was far from being in her way. O-Yoshi was a faithful worker, obedient, sweet-tempered, and very useful in the house. But the same cool shrewdness that discerned O-Yoshi's merits also estimated the girl's value in the marriage market. Okazaki never suspected that he was going to deal with his natural superior in cunning. O-Tama knew a great deal of his history. She knew the extent of his wealth. She was aware of his unsuccessful attempts to obtain a wife from various families, both within and without the village. She suspected that O-Yoshi's beauty might have aroused a real passion, and she knew that an old man's passion might be taken advantage of in a large number of cases. O-Yoshi was not wonderfully beautiful, but she was a really pretty and graceful girl, with very winning ways; and to get another like her, Okazaki would have to travel far. Should he refuse to pay well for the privilege of obtaining such a wife, O-Tama knew of younger men who would not hesitate to be generous. He might have O-Yoshi, but never upon easy terms. After the repulse of his first advances, his conduct would betray him. Should he prove to be really en-

amored, he could be forced to do more than any other resident of the district could possibly afford. It was therefore highly important to discover the real strength of his inclination, and to keep the whole matter, in the mean time, from the knowledge of O-Yoshi. As the reputation of the nakōdo depended on professional silence, there was no likelihood of his betraying the secret.

The policy of the Miyahara family was settled in a consultation between O-Yoshi's father and her stepmother. Old Miyahara would have scarcely presumed, in any event, to oppose his wife's plans; but she took the precaution of persuading him, first of all, that such a marriage ought to be in many ways to his daughter's interest. She discussed with him the possible financial advantages of the union. She represented that there were, indeed, unpleasant risks, but that these could be provided against by making Okazaki agree to certain preliminary settlements. Then she taught her husband his rôle. Pending negotiations, the visits of Tarō were to be encouraged. The liking of the pair for each other was a mere cobweb of sentiment that could be brushed out of existence at the required moment; and meantime it was to be made use of. That Okazaki should hear of a likely young rival might hasten desirable conclusions.

It was for these reasons that when Tarō's father first proposed for O-Yoshi in his son's name, the suit was neither accepted nor discouraged. The only immediate objection offered was that O-Yoshi was one year older than Tarō, and that such a marriage would be contrary to custom, — which was quite true. Still, the objection was a weak one, and had been selected because of its apparent unimportance.

Okazaki's first overtures were at the same time received in such a manner as to convey the impression that their sincerity was suspected. The Miyahara refused to understand the nakōdo at all.

They remained astonishingly obtuse even to the plainest assurances, until Okazaki found it politic to shape what he thought a tempting offer. Old Miyahara then declared that he would leave the matter in his wife's hands, and abide by her decision.

O-Tama decided by instantly rejecting the proposal, with every appearance of scornful astonishment. She said unpleasant things. There was once a man who wanted to get a beautiful wife very cheap. At last he found a beautiful woman who said she ate only two grains of rice every day. So he married her; and every day she put into her mouth only two grains of rice; and he was happy. But one night, on returning from a journey, he watched her secretly through a hole in the roof, and saw her eating monstrously, — devouring mountains of rice and fish, and putting all the food into a hole in the top of her head under her hair. Then he knew that he had married the Yama-Omba.

O-Tama waited a month for the results of her rebuff, — waited very confidently, knowing how the imagined value of something wished for can be increased by the increase of the difficulty of getting it. And, as she expected, the nakōdo at last reappeared. This time Okazaki approached the matter less condescendingly than before, — adding to his first offer, and even volunteering seductive promises. Then she knew she was going to have him in her power. Her plan of campaign was not complicated, but it was founded upon a deep instinctive knowledge of the uglier side of human nature; and she felt sure of success. Promises were for fools; legal contracts involving conditions were traps for the simple. Okazaki should yield up no small portion of his property before obtaining O-Yoshi.

VI.

Tarō's father earnestly desired his son's marriage with O-Yoshi, and had tried

to bring it about in the usual way. He was surprised at not being able to get any definite answer from the Miyahara. He was a plain, simple man; but he had the intuition of sympathetic natures, and the unusually gracious manner of O-Tama, whom he had always disliked, made him suspect that he had nothing to hope. He thought it best to tell his suspicions to Tarō, with the result that the lad fretted himself into a fever. But O-Yoshi's stepmother had no intention of reducing Tarō to despair at so early a stage of her plot. She sent kindly worded messages to the house during his illness, and a letter from O-Yoshi, which had the desired effect of reviving all his hopes. After his sickness, he was graciously received by the Miyahara, and allowed to talk to O-Yoshi in the shop. Nothing, however, was said about his father's visit.

The lovers had also frequent chances to meet at the ujigami court, whither O-Yoshi often went with her stepmother's last baby. Even among the crowd of nurse-girls, children, and young mothers, they could exchange a few words without fear of gossip. Their hopes received no further serious check for a month, when O-Tama pleasantly proposed to Tarō's father an impossible pecuniary arrangement. She had lifted a corner of her mask, because Okazaki was struggling wildly in the net she had spread for him, and by the violence of the struggles she knew the end was not far off. O-Yoshi was still ignorant of what was going on; but she had reason to fear that she would never be given to Tarō. She was becoming thinner and paler.

Tarō one morning took his child brother with him to the temple court, in the hope of an opportunity to chat with O-Yoshi. They met; and he told her that he was feeling afraid. He had found that the little wooden amulet which his mother had put about his neck when he was a child had been broken within the silken cover.

"That is not bad luck," said O-Yoshi. "It is only a sign that the august gods have been guarding you. There has been sickness in the village; and you caught the fever, but you got well. The holy charm shielded you: that is why it was broken. Tell the kannushi to-day: he will give you another."

Because they were very unhappy, and had never done harm to anybody, they began to reason about the justice of the universe.

Tarō said: "Perhaps in the former life we hated each other. Perhaps I was unkind to you, or you to me. And this is our punishment. The priests say so."

O-Yoshi made answer with something of her old playfulness: "I was a man then, and you were a woman. I loved you very, very much; but you were very unkind to me. I remember it all quite well."

"You are not a Bosatsu," returned Tarō, smiling despite his sorrow; "so you cannot remember anything. It is only in the first of the ten states of Bosatsu that we begin to remember."

"How do you know I am not a Bosatsu?"

"You are a woman. A woman cannot be a Bosatsu."

"But is not Kwan-ze-on Bosatsu a woman?"

"Well, that is true. . . . But you love me, you say; and a Bosatsu cannot love anything except the Kyō."

"Did not Shaka have a wife and a son? Did he not love them?"

"Yes; but you know he had to leave them."

"That was very bad, even if Shaka did it. But I don't believe all those stories. . . . And would you leave me, if you could get me?"

So they theorized and argued, and even laughed betimes: it was so pleasant to be together. But suddenly the girl became serious again, and said:—

"Listen! . . . Last night I had a dream. I saw a strange river, and the

sea. I was standing, I thought, beside the river, very near to where it flowed into the sea. And I was afraid, very much afraid, and did not know why. Then I looked, and saw there was no water in the river, no water in the sea, but only the bones of the Buddhas. But they were all moving, just like water. . . .

"Then again I thought I was at home, and that you had given me a beautiful gift-silk for a *kimono*, and that the *kimono* had been made. And I put it on. And then I wondered, because at first it had seemed of many colors, but now it was all white; and I had foolishly folded it upon me as the robes of the dead are folded, to the left. Then I went to the homes of all my kinsfolk to say good-by; and I told them I was going to the Meido. And they all asked me why; and I could not tell them."

"That is good," responded Tarō: "it is very lucky to dream of the dead. Perhaps it is a sign we shall soon be husband and wife."

This time the girl did not answer; neither did she smile.

Tarō was silent a minute; then he added: "If you think it was not a good dream, Yoshi, whisper it all to the nanten plant in the garden: then it will not come true."

But on the evening of the same day Tarō's father was notified that Miyahara O-Yoshi was to become the wife of Okazaki Yaichirō.

VII.

O-Tama was really a very clever woman. She had never made any serious mistakes. She was one of those excellently organized beings who succeed in life by the perfect ease with which they exploit inferior natures. The full experience of her peasant ancestry in patience, in cunning, in crafty perception, in rapid foresight, in hard economy, was concentrated into a perfect machinery within her unlettered brain. That machinery worked faultlessly in the environment which had called it into existence,

and upon the particular human material with which it was adapted to deal, — the nature of the peasant. But there was another nature which O-Tama understood less well, because there was nothing in her ancestral experience to elucidate it. She was a strong disbeliever in all the old ideas about character distinctions between *samurai* and *heimin*. She considered there had never been any differences between the military and the agricultural classes, except such differences of rank as laws and customs had established; and these had been bad. Laws and customs, she thought, had resulted in making all people of the former samurai class more or less helpless and foolish; and secretly she despised all *shizoku*. By their incapacity for hard work and their absolute ignorance of business methods, she had seen them reduced from wealth to misery. She had seen the pension-bonds given them by the new government pass from their hands into the clutches of cunning speculators of the most vulgar class. She despised weakness; she despised incapacity; and she deemed the commonest vegetable seller a much superior being to the ex-Karō obliged in his old age to beg assistance from those who had formerly cast off their foot gear and bowed their heads to the mud whenever he passed by. She did not consider it an advantage for O-Yoshi to have had a samurai mother: she attributed the girl's delicacy to that cause, and thought her descent a misfortune. She had clearly read in O-Yoshi's character all that could be read by one not of a superior caste, — among other facts, that nothing would be gained by needless harshness to the child; and the implied quality was not one that she disliked. But there were other qualities in O-Yoshi that she had never clearly perceived, — a profound though well-controlled sensitiveness to moral wrong, an unconquerable self-respect, and a latent reserve of will power that could triumph over any

physical pain. And thus it happened that the behavior of O-Yoshi, when told she would have to become the wife of Okazaki, duped her stepmother, who was prepared to encounter a revolt. She was mistaken.

At first the girl turned white as death. But in another moment she blushed, smiled, bowed down, and agreeably astonished the Miyahara by announcing, in the formal language of filial piety, her readiness to obey the will of her parents in all things. There was no further appearance even of secret dissatisfaction in her manner; and O-Tama was so pleased that she took her into confidence, and told her something of the comedy of the negotiations, and the full extent of the sacrifices Okazaki had been compelled to make. Furthermore, in addition to such trite consolations as are always offered to a young girl betrothed without her own consent to an old man, O-Tama gave her some really priceless advice how to manage Okazaki. Tarō's name was not even once mentioned. For the advice O-Yoshi dutifully thanked her stepmother, with graceful prostrations. It was certainly admirable advice. Almost any intelligent peasant girl, fully instructed by such a teacher as O-Tama, might have been able to support existence with Okazaki. But O-Yoshi was only half a peasant girl. Her first sudden pallor and her subsequent crimson flush, after the announcement of the fate reserved for her, were caused by two emotional sensations of which O-Tama was far from suspecting the nature. Both represented much more complex and rapid thinking than O-Tama had ever done in all her calculating experience.

The first was a shock of horror accompanying the full recognition of the absolute moral insensibility of her stepmother, the utter hopelessness of any protest, the virtual sale of her person to that hideous old man for the sole motive of unnecessary gain, the cruelty

and the shame of the transaction. But almost as quickly there rushed to her consciousness an equally complete sense of the need of courage and strength to face the worst, and of subtlety to cope with strong cunning. It was then she smiled. And as she smiled, her young will became steel, of the sort that severs iron without turning edge. She knew at once exactly what to do, — her samurai blood told her that; and she plotted only to gain the time and the chance. And she felt already so sure of triumph that she had to make a strong effort not to laugh aloud. The light in her eyes completely deceived O-Tama, who detected only a manifestation of satisfied feeling, and imagined the feeling due to a sudden perception of advantages to be gained by a rich marriage.

. . . It was the fifteenth day of the ninth month; and the wedding was to be celebrated upon the sixth of the tenth month. But three days later, O-Tama, rising at dawn, found that her stepdaughter had disappeared during the night. Tarō Uchida had not been seen by his father since the afternoon of the previous day. But letters from both were received a few hours afterwards.

VIII.

The early morning train from Kyōtō was in; the little station was full of hurry and noise, — clattering of *geta*, humming of converse, and fragmentary cries of village boys selling cakes and luncheons: "*Kwashi yoros!*" "*Sushi yoros!*" "*Bentō yoros!*" Five minutes, and the *geta* clatter, and the banging of carriage doors, and the shrilling of the boys stopped, as a whistle blew and the train jolted and moved. It rumbled out, puffed away slowly northward, and the little station emptied itself. The policeman on duty at the wicket banged it to, and began to walk up and down the sanded platform, surveying the silent ricefields.

Autumn had come, — the Period of

Great Light. The sun-glow had suddenly become whiter, and shadows sharper, and all outlines clear as edges of splintered glass. The mosses, long parched out of visibility by the summer heat, had revived in wonderful patches and bands of bright soft green over all shaded bare spaces of the black volcanic soil; from every group of pine-trees vibrated the shrill wheeze of the *tsuku-tsuku-bōshi*; and above all the little ditches and canals was a silent flickering of tiny lightnings, zigzag, soundless flashings of emerald and rose and azure-of-steel, — the shooting of dragonflies.

Now, it may have been due to the extraordinary clearness of the morning air that the policeman was able to perceive, far up the track, looking north, something which caused him to start, to shade his eyes with his hand, and then to look at the clock. But, as a rule, the black eye of a Japanese policeman, like the eye of a poised kite, seldom fails to perceive the least unusual happening within the whole limit of its vision. I remember that once, in far-away Oki, wishing, without being myself observed, to watch a mask-dance in the street before my inn, I poked a small hole through a paper window of the second story, and peered at the performance. Down the street stalked a policeman, in snowy uniform and havelock; for it was midsummer. He did not appear even to see the dancers or the crowd, through which he walked without so much as turning his head to either side. Then he suddenly halted, and fixed his gaze exactly on the hole in my *shōji*; for at that hole he had seen an eye which he had instantly decided, by reason of its shape, to be a foreign eye. Then he entered the inn, and asked questions about my passport, which had already been examined.

What the policeman at the village station observed, and afterwards reported, was that, more than half a mile north of the station, two persons had reached

the railroad track by crossing the rice-fields, apparently after leaving a farmhouse considerably to the northwest of the village. One of them, a woman, he judged, by the color of her robe and girdle, to be very young. The early express train from Tōkyō was then due in a few minutes, and its advancing smoke could be perceived from the station platform. The two persons began to run quickly along the track upon which the train was coming. They ran on out of sight round a curve.

Those two persons were Tarō and O-Yoshi. They ran quickly, partly to escape the observation of that very policeman, and partly so as to meet the Tōkyō express as far from the station as possible. After passing the curve, however, they stopped running, and walked, for they could see the smoke coming. As soon as they could see the train itself, they stepped off the track, so as not to alarm the engineer, and waited, hand in hand. Another minute, and the low roar rushed to their ears, and they knew it was time. They stepped back to the track again, turned, wound their arms about each other, and lay down cheek to cheek, very softly and quickly, straight across the inside rail, already ringing like an anvil to the vibration of the hurrying pressure.

The boy smiled. The girl, tightening her arms about his neck, spoke in his ear: "For the period of two lives, and of three, I am your wife; you are my husband, Tarō Sama."

Tarō said nothing, because almost at the same instant, notwithstanding frantic attempts to halt a fast train without air-brakes in a distance of little more than a hundred yards, the wheels passed through both, cutting evenly, like enormous shears.

IX.

The village people now put bamboo cups full of flowers upon the single grave-stone of the united pair, and burn incense-sticks, and repeat prayers. This is not

orthodox at all, because Buddhism forbids jōshi, and the cemetery is a Buddhist one; but there is religion in it, — a religion worthy of profound respect.

You ask why and how the people pray to those dead. Well, all do not pray to them, but lovers do, especially unhappy ones. Other folk only decorate the tomb and repeat pious texts. But lovers pray

there for supernatural sympathy and help. I was myself obliged to ask why, and I was answered simply, "*Because those dead suffered so much.*"

So that the idea which prompts such prayers would seem to be at once more ancient and more modern than Buddhism, — the Idea of the eternal Religion of Suffering.

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE MAYOR AND THE CITY.

THERE is no more striking anomaly in American politics than the changes which have taken place and now are happening in our town and municipal governments. The little democracies which our Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors established on these shores, unseen or unheeded by the king and his Parliament, were the best school for developing the faculties, for stimulating public spirit, and for training in self-restraint, intelligence, and love of freedom, the world has ever known. To these town governments of New England more than to anything else are due the supremacy of the English in America, and the failure of the French to hold their own during the long struggle for the possession of Canada. In the next and harder struggle, that for independence of Great Britain itself, the towns again had a decisive part. When Francis Bernard, the royal governor, obedient to his instructions from home, prorogued the Assembly, and left the province of Massachusetts without a legislature, the king and his ministers thought that by this course they had deprived the patriots of their opportunity for concerted action, and that they could nip in the bud the incipient rebellion. And so it would have proved had it not been for the town meetings, which were the real fountains of power; so that in place of one general assembly the royal governor found he had

to deal with two hundred or more local assemblies, — small, indeed, for the most part, but self-reliant, aggressive, trained to the consideration of public affairs, and ready for action.

After the Revolution, town meetings continued for nearly fifty years to be the only form of local government in New England, and it was not until about the close of the first quarter of the present century that a break occurred, when Boston reluctantly became a city. Since then, cities which originally were towns have multiplied rapidly, until to-day considerably more than one half of the people have been gathered into municipalities. The pressure upon the legislatures of different States for municipal charters has led to the enactment of general laws, under which any community reaching the prescribed limit may, by the vote of its citizens, cease to be a town, and become a city. Such an event is usually celebrated by the ringing of bells and the noise of cannon. It is a day of rejoicing. There is another side, however, to the shield. The little democracy is dead. The people no longer govern themselves. They only choose those who are to govern them. No more gatherings, with speeches and discussions on roads and bridges and schools, but only once a year a minute or two given in which to drop into the ballot-box a slip of paper con-

taining a list of names. The burdens of government, it is true, are taken off the shoulders of the citizen, but also there have gone the educative and quickening impulses of self-government. The little community has ceased to be a democracy, and has become a republic by representation.

Loss of interest in the affairs of the community has followed, as a rule, and loss of responsibility for their condition. Nearly all the citizens go to town meeting, since there each man may have his say; but a lessening portion go to the polling-booths of a city. It is inevitable that a man shall feel less interest in the marking of a piece of paper to elect those who are to decide questions for him than he would feel in the decision of the same questions by himself and his fellow-townsmen in open and earnest discussion. The town meetings of Boston were notable, among other things, for the numbers who came to them. No citizen, whether minister, merchant, magistrate, mariner, carpenter, or whatever his trade, voluntarily stayed away. On the other hand, in the municipal election of last year, at least one citizen out of every three who were entitled to vote did not care to give even the little time required, and therefore stayed away from the polls.

The change from a town to a city is not considered, in the contemplation of the law, to be the discontinuance of one public corporation, and the establishment of another as its successor. It is a change only in the organization of the existing corporation, so that the inhabitants may choose representatives who shall meet to deliberate instead of themselves. In fact, in Massachusetts at least, as held by its highest court, it is not within the power of the legislature to abolish the town system. It sets up, in place of the selectmen and citizens, the mayor and aldermen and common council. The mayor of a city is not altogether an executive officer, but rather a president or chairman, like the moderator of the town

meeting, whose position he has taken. His duties, very largely, are ministerial, and he may be compelled to perform them by writ of mandamus. The duties of the aldermen and councilmen are in part executive, like those of the selectmen whom they have succeeded, and in part legislative, like those of the inhabitants of the town when gathered in their annual meeting.

The form of organization of the city of Boston was copied from that of London, which was established early in the thirteenth century; from that of New York, which received its charter in 1665; from several other charters which had been granted by the king to large towns outside of New England, and from those granted by the legislature of Connecticut after the Revolution. As the earliest departure in Massachusetts from the ancient system of town government, it was much debated at the time, both within the town and in the state convention which proposed the amendment to the Constitution to provide for the incorporation of cities. The proposal to apply to the legislature for a charter was carried by a majority of only 640, and its acceptance by 900. The charter was draughted by Lemuel Shaw, afterwards the chief justice of the commonwealth, and provides that the mayor and aldermen shall be one board, — the mayor presiding and having the right to vote, — with the general executive powers of selectmen; and all the other powers of the town or its inhabitants shall be exercised by the mayor, aldermen, and common council, by concurrent vote, each board having a negative upon the other. The mayor, as the presiding officer of the board of aldermen, named, as a rule, the members of its own committees, and also of such other committees as were joined to members from the common council as joint committees; and the custom was soon established, and followed for thirty years, of naming himself as the chair-

man of all the most important committees. In this way he came to exercise a far more powerful influence upon the management of affairs than had been at first contemplated. In 1854, however, by a revision of the charter, his authority was largely curtailed. The executive powers of the mayor and aldermen as one board were vested in the aldermen alone; and while the mayor could make certain appointments, subject to their approval, they acquired full control of the police, fire, and health departments, the markets, streets, and licenses, with no right to veto on the part of the mayor unless their action involved an expenditure of money.

This system of government, by means of a council exercising both executive and legislative powers, continued with little change up to the year 1870. Most matters in the beginning were not only considered, but carried out as well, by the action of the whole body; and as the city grew in population and wealth, the changes introduced were, the appointment of committees to consider a new matter and make report to the council for its action, and the election of some officials to administer the affairs of certain departments, under the direction of the committees. In time, however, the duties, which had been performed gratuitously and from public spirit, were felt to be arduous, and to require too large a sacrifice of one's personal occupation; and it followed inevitably either that the public duties were neglected, or that the substantial and busy citizens of the community no longer were willing to be councilmen.

The commencement of the change, which has gone on since with increasing rapidity, was in an act of the legislature, in 1870, establishing a board of street commissioners, to be elected by the people for a term of three years, and transferring to this board all the powers which had been vested in the aldermen relative to laying out, altering, or discontinuing

streets; and also, with true Anglo-Saxon inconsistency, transferring to it another wholly incongruous matter, namely, the power to abate taxes.

In 1871 a department for the survey and inspection of buildings, its chief to be appointed by the mayor with the approval of the council, and his assistants by himself with the approval of the mayor, was established by the legislature; and the following year, by ordinance, the care of the public health was taken from the aldermen, and given to a board of three commissioners, to be appointed by the mayor with the approval of the council; though the cleaning of streets and the collecting of ashes, a work employing many men, were retained for a joint committee. In 1873 the fire department was reorganized, and its control was taken from the city council, and vested in a board of three commissioners, to be appointed by the mayor with the approval of the council, with authority to appoint all other officers and fix their compensation, an extent of power which had not up to that time been given by the council to any department or city official. Further and much larger changes were suggested that year by the very eminent commission which was appointed by the mayor to consider the revision of the charter; but the people were not then ready for these changes, though many have since been adopted. In 1875 the legislature provided for three park commissioners, to be appointed by the mayor with the approval of the council, to take lands, lay out public parks, and make rules for their government; and in the same year all the powers of the council relative to supplying the city with water were conferred upon three commissioners.

Reaction, as usual, followed these changes, so that many expressions of doubt were heard on all sides as to the policy of creating any more commissions and giving any more power to the mayor. The schemes which had been

put forth to limit municipal suffrage, and to transfer the more important duties of the city to officers approved by the governor, found little favor with the people. Nevertheless, three years later, the control of the police and of the liquor traffic was taken from the council, and vested in three commissioners, to be appointed by the mayor with its approval. In 1884 the legislature divided the city into districts for the election of aldermen, in place of the election of all by the city as a whole, as had been the custom up to that time; and in the following year the whole executive power of the city was given by the legislature to the mayor, with the appointment of all officers and boards, and the council and its committees and members were forbidden to take any part in executive or administrative business.

So died the first form of municipal government, as had died, a half-century earlier, the town government which it had succeeded, and both at the hands of the legislature. A popular assembly, elected by the people, took away from that portion of the constituency which lived within the borders of Boston their right to the direct control of their town affairs, and subsequently took away from their representatives, the city council, the successor of the town meeting, the control of the larger part of the affairs which formerly were discussed and determined in and by the town meeting. The mayor is clothed with greater prerogatives and more important powers and privileges than belong to the governor of the commonwealth, and indeed to many kings and princes. For the time being, and within a prescribed territory, he is a Cæsar, responsible for the exercise of his authority only to the people at the close of his term of office. He may, of course, be a wise and beneficent ruler, but none the less it is the rule of a despot, altogether without those checks and guards which our fathers thought to be essential.

This radical change, however, did not stay the hand of the State. In the same year, 1885, it gave the control of the police to a board appointed by the governor, and provided that "all expense for the maintenance of buildings, the pay of the police, and all incidental expenses incurred in the administration of the said police shall be paid by the city of Boston upon the requisition of said board." This statute is a marked departure in New England politics, not so much in the appointment of municipal officers by the State as in the curtailing of the power over the local purse, which had been absolute in the town meeting, and up to that time, except in the case of schools, in the council. The exception relative to schools had not been intentional on the part of the legislature, and the towns have continued to exercise as full control over the expenditures for schools as over those for bridges or roads or any other branch of town administration. In cities, however, as the members of the school committee were not responsible to the city council, which succeeded to the town meeting, and as they were authorized to make contracts with teachers, both the custom and the right grew to be established for the school committee to bind the city by such contracts, even though beyond the appropriation of the city council and the tax levy thereunder.

There was no long delay in the following of this example. Within a few days an act was passed authorizing another board to take land and erect a courthouse, and requiring the city to pay therefor, without any limitation as to the cost of the land. In 1887 this board was authorized to require the city to issue bonds to an amount not exceeding \$2,500,000, and in 1892 the authority was still further enlarged.

The government of Boston, as at present established, is sufficiently inconsistent and illogical to satisfy the most inveterate disciple of Anglo-Saxon institutions, and so far removed from the spirit and

beliefs of the patriots who won our independence as a nation that there can be little doubt it would be altogether abhorrent to them. The city council may enact ordinances, but the police, upon whom it depends to enforce them, are beyond its control, and, so far as it is concerned, may do as they please with reference thereto. The city council must determine the tax levy, and cause the same to be collected; but some departments may spend as much as they please, without any regard whatever to the estimates or appropriations upon which the tax levy was based, and the government cannot call them to account therefor. On the one hand, the government is commanded to pay whatever the police and school boards demand, without limitation; and on the other, it is forbidden to raise the taxes for these or other purposes beyond a fixed percentage; as also it must issue bonds when required so to do by the Courthouse Commissioners, and yet it is forbidden by law to borrow in all more than a fixed percentage. It is a very interesting if complicated condition of things which would arise, if some day these absolute commands and prohibitions should come into conflict, as well they might, and the requisitions from boards and departments, over which the city government had no jurisdiction, should exceed not only the appropriations, but also the possibility, under the statutes, to tax or borrow. We should not consider it fair or reasonable to hold the directors of a corporation to very strict account for the management of its finances, if some of its officers could spend or contract debts as they pleased, without regard to the wishes of the directors, and without any responsibility to them for so doing; and it is just to bear this in mind when we have occasion to criticise our city council as now constituted.

To understand how far like changes have taken place in other portions of our

country, and how general has been the tendency to put the executive beyond legislative control, it is important to consider briefly the governments of a few other representative cities.

The mayor of New York has larger power than the mayor of Boston so far as his appointments are concerned, inasmuch as they do not require confirmation; but in another respect he is less fortunate, as the law authorizes the governor of the State to suspend or remove him from office. The aldermen of the city of New York levy the taxes and cause them to be collected; but it is an empty privilege, as the amount has been determined, and apportioned also, by a board of estimate, which is neither chosen nor controlled by them, and the findings of which they cannot vary in the slightest detail. Wherever history records the growth of free institutions, the struggle begins in the effort to give the control of the public purse to the representatives of the people, and by and through such control is the full measure of liberty at length attained. Here, on the contrary, we find in a republic the control of the purse taken from the representatives of the people, and given over, absolutely and without appeal, to an executive board. The legislative branch of the government cannot spend nor borrow, nor contract debts, nor loan the credit of the city, but these things are done by the mayor and his subordinates. It is as if the Constitution of the United States should provide that salaries, expenses of departments, cost of public buildings, appropriations for the army and navy, and the amount and kind of currency and bonds should be determined by the President and his Cabinet, and that Congress must record and execute their order. We must go back to the so-called Parliaments of France under the old régime to find anything like this condition of affairs, where the executive legislates, and the legislature is content to receive, record, and obey.

The mayor of Chicago presides at all meetings of the city council, which consists of himself and aldermen, though he does not vote except in case of a tie, but has the veto power, extending to items of appropriations; and he appoints, with consent of the aldermen, all municipal officers except the clerk, attorney, and treasurer; and can remove them, giving his reasons therefor to the aldermen, though if they disapprove of such removal by two-thirds vote, the officer is restored to his place. The council prescribes the duties of all municipal officers, and fixes their compensation, which cannot be altered during their term of office. A limitation upon the powers of the council, which is unknown in New England, is found in the provision that it shall not grant to any steam or horse railroad company a right to lay down tracks in the street except upon the petition of more than one half the owners of the abutting lands. Another anomaly is that the courts are authorized to inquire into charges of misconduct or misfeasance on the part of the mayor or other municipal officer; and if, upon indictment, the accused is found guilty, to remove him from office.

The charter of the city of St. Louis is an illustration of the tendency prevailing in some sections of the West, though not to the same extent now as a few years ago, to put into the organic provision for the government of a city, as its charter, or of a State, as its constitution, details for the procedure and conduct of the legislative bodies, which usually have been left wholly to their discretion. The Municipal Assembly of St. Louis consists of two houses: the Council of Thirteen, chosen on a general ticket for four years, one half retiring biennially; and the House of Delegates, consisting of one member from each ward for two years. Each member of the Assembly receives a salary of \$300 a year, and also his reasonable expenses, as approved by the body of which he is a member. The

mayor, comptroller, auditor, treasurer, collector, president of Board of Assessors, and president of Board of Public Improvements, are elected for four years. The mayor is *ex officio* president of the police commissioners, the remaining four members being appointed for four years each by the governor of the State. The schools are in charge of a board of twenty-one, seven elected on a general ticket, and fourteen by districts, each for four years. The Assembly, by a two-thirds vote of the members-elect of each house, may create other offices than those named in the charter, and by a three-fourths vote may distribute the powers and duties, in part or in whole, of any of the offices therein provided; but the mayor has final authority to settle all disputes between city officers as to their powers and duties. All other officers than those already named are appointed for four years by the mayor at the beginning of the third year of his own term. No officer, elected or appointed, can be in arrears for taxes, or in any way indebted to the city, or in any state or federal position; and he must give bond for the faithful performance of his duties, and devote to them his whole time. Any elected officer, including the mayor, may be removed by a two-thirds vote of all the members of the council, or, excepting the mayor, may be suspended by him and removed by a majority of the council, and any appointed officer may be removed by the mayor or council. Upon the suspension of any elected officer, the mayor must present charges to the council, which, upon hearing, may sanction his action by a majority vote; otherwise, the suspended officer is reinstated. Whenever the mayor removes an appointed officer, the council fills the vacancy by election; and whenever the council removes an appointed officer, the mayor fills the vacancy without the confirmation of the council. All other appointments made by the mayor require the confirmation of

a majority of the members of the council; and if the mayor fails, within ten days from the rejection of a nomination to make another, the council proceeds to elect. It is interesting to note with how much care and skill the temptation to make a removal, so as to secure the office for some friend or political follower, is guarded against by the provision that when the removal is made by the mayor, he shall have no voice in the selection of a successor; and when the removal is made by the council, the mayor is not obliged to ask its confirmation of his appointment.

A vote of a majority of the members elected by both houses, taken by ayes and nays, is necessary to pass a bill or to concur in amendment thereto, or to adopt the report of a conference committee. All bills must be signed by the presiding officer in open session, and read at length, and the mayor has ten days after passage by both houses in which to give his approval or disapproval. He also may object to items of appropriations, and may approve portions only of a bill. A bill returned without his approval passes if it receive the vote of two thirds of the members-elect in the house to which it is returned, and the majority of the votes of the members of the other house; the votes in both cases being taken by ayes and nays.

The Assembly has the sole power and authority to give to persons or corporations the right to construct railways, and to control the fares, hours, and frequency of the trips; and it may sell the franchise, and impose a *per capita* tax or a tax on the gross receipts. It also enacts general plans for the construction of streets, and all subdivisions of property thereafter made, and all improvements of the same must be in conformity thereto. It cannot compromise any claim or dispute except by an aye and nay vote of two thirds of the members of both houses.

In the State of California, the constitution provides that all legislation must

be general in its scope; though, so far as this applies to cities, it is easy to make an act special by the division into classes according to their populations, so that only one of them — San Francisco, — shall be in the first class. The Municipal Corporation Bill of the year 1883 makes the council of San Francisco consist of two bodies, each twelve in number, called aldermen and assistant aldermen, and provides to the last detail for the organization of the several departments, the number and duties of the subordinates, and the salaries both of themselves and of their superiors. It carries these restrictions still further in the provision that neither the council nor any officer can exercise any other power or authority than is expressly named in the act, and submits all disputes between officers as to their respective duties to the final decision of the city attorney. No general appropriation bill can be passed, but each one must be for a specific purpose and a specific sum. Members of the council are ineligible to any other office, and they cannot reduce the compensation of any employee whose salary is within their power to determine during his term of office. The Supreme Court of the State has held that while in Great Britain municipal corporations exist for the most part by prescription, and while in New England the towns preceded the organization of the States, and may have some powers and privileges which cannot be taken away without their consent, in California all charters depend absolutely upon the legislature, and may be changed or revoked at its sole will and pleasure. The political code of the State contains provisions, under which cities may be organized, which are logical and harmonious in their general terms, though in the details they frequently depart from the restrictions made at first. For instance, each city is to have legislative, executive, and judicial powers, with the first vested in a common council, the last in a police court, and the executive in

the mayor and his subordinate officers. Nevertheless, the mayor is president of the council, which must consent to all of his appointments. An excellent restriction is found in one of the provisions, — that in granting authority to any gas or water company to lay pipes in the city, it shall reserve the right to grant similar privileges to other like companies. The improvement of streets is entered upon in general under the provision, which is found so usually in the Western States, that a petition must be presented therefor by more than half of the owners of property fronting upon the street, and that the whole cost of the improvement shall be levied upon the abutting owners.

New Orleans, the largest of the Southern cities, is a good type of all of them ; and when we take into account its situation, its varied history, and the nationalities of the population, we are surprised to find in its form of organization so little differing from that with which we are familiar elsewhere. There are the wards, the common council, the mayor, and the several departments, under like names and with like duties as in Puritan New England. The charter of New Orleans is a model of clear, concise, and logical statement, and in comparatively few paragraphs enumerates the powers, privileges, and restrictions which so often, in Northern and Western States, are expanded into as many pages. The council is a single body, with the mayor as its presiding officer, having a right to take part in its business, but with no vote except in the case of a tie. He can veto a resolution, or an ordinance, or any item of an appropriation, which then can be passed only by a two-thirds vote. He can suspend any municipal officer, reporting his reasons therefor to the council, which body can, by its approval, remove such officer, or, by its disapproval, restore him to his office. His term is four years, as is also that of the treasurer, comptroller, and commissioner of public works, who,

like himself, are elected by the people. All ordinances and resolutions must lie over one week after presentation, and the ayes and nays must be recorded on their final passage. No member of the council can hold any other office, or be interested, either directly or indirectly, in any business coming before it. It must make up the budget of revenue and expenses in detail, with separate and distinct items for each part. It can impeach the mayor or any other elected officer, and, if it shall find him guilty, remove him from office. It also may remove any officer elected by it, and is given full and complete authority to organize all departments, and regulate the number, duties, and salaries of the clerks employed therein. The appointments and removals, however, to and from clerkships are by the chiefs of the respective departments.

It is not unusual to find, in the constitutions of States and in the charters of cities, the provision that the legislative body shall not decrease the salary of certain specified officers during their term of office ; but here we find the opposite provision, namely, that the council cannot increase any salary during the term of the incumbent's office. Another unusual provision, though common enough in the Old World, is the farming out annually of the collection of delinquent taxes. Neither the council nor any municipal officer can make a contract or purchase unless the same has been authorized previously by ordinance, and runs to the lowest bidder. Estimates for work are submitted to the council, which modifies them at its discretion, and then the contract for doing it must be given by the comptroller to the lowest bidder. The hiring of any of the city property is open to public competition, and must be given to the highest bidder, as must also all street railroad franchises. Neither can the council nor any municipal officer make a contract unless there is at the time actual money in

the treasury to meet it. The first attack upon the control of its departments by the city was made relative to the police, — a favorite subject of transfer, during the past twenty years, from municipal to state control. In 1888 a police board was organized, to consist of six commissioners, with the mayor as presiding officer and having the casting vote. They serve, however, without salary, are elected by the council, and may be removed by the mayor for misconduct. The whole control of the police department is given to the board, including the appointment of all officers and the promulgation of rules and regulations, and the council cannot reduce the estimates of the board below the sum of \$150,000 a year. Some excellent provisions of the act are those which require all applicants for appointments to pass a civil service examination, that vacancies shall be filled by promotion only, and that the tenure of office shall be during good behavior.

Last year the legislature passed an act which is both novel and characteristic, namely: "Officers and members of the city government are commanded to attend personally to the duties of their offices, and are prohibited from absenting themselves from New Orleans except by permission from the council."

The changes which have taken place and are happening in American town and municipal governments find their culmination in the city of Washington; and no more remarkable anomaly is recorded in history than this, — that the capital of a republic should have its own government vested in an absolute despotism; for an administration is none the less a despotism, while it continues, because there is a limitation to the period of the existence of its particular members, and because this existence depends upon the will of another; upon which will, however, the people of Washington have no legal influence of any kind. The residents of this city cannot

vote for members of Congress, which enacted the form of its government, nor for the President, who appoints the three commissioners controlling it. These commissioners are authorized to apportion the receipts as they please, for the support of schools, for the fire and police departments, and for all the other business of the District of Columbia; to spend contingent funds at their discretion; to make police regulations; to condemn land; to appoint school-teachers, dental examiners, policemen, firemen, and other officers, agents, and employees; to borrow money in anticipation of taxes; to consolidate offices, reduce the number of employees, remove them from office; to levy and assess taxes, collect the same, make sales of property for non-payment of taxes, make all contracts for public works, give permits for street railway companies, electric lines, gas and water pipes; and generally to do all those things which ordinarily are done by a mayor and council; and the people and taxpayers of the city of Washington and of the District of Columbia have not the least voice in determining how much they shall pay for their government, or who shall constitute the same. It is true, this method has given to our capital an excellent and economical administration; but this is the plea of every despotism, that security and efficiency are better provided thereby. It is true also that we are much more likely to get an efficient and vigorous administration of affairs, whether public or private, by giving it wholly into the charge of a competent and energetic man, with the largest powers, and especially with the sole right to select his own assistants; and there is very little danger to the security of life or property therefrom when so much publicity is given to official actions as newspapers now furnish. Undoubtedly, by such means we can obtain an excellent, economical, secure, and efficient administration of a municipality, of a commonwealth, or of a nation; but these

things are not the whole purpose of popular institutions nor of representative government, and they are not even the highest purpose. The administration of affairs by the centralized government of Russia is perhaps more vigorous and efficient than that by the representative Parliament of Great Britain; nevertheless, no one now will contend that the former is better for the people and for humanity than the latter. If so, our fathers, in their contention for political freedom, made a most serious blunder.

In marked contrast with these tendencies in our republic is the method followed in monarchical and aristocratic Great Britain, where the mayor has no appointive power or special executive duties, but simply is a member of the common council, and its presiding officer. Our idea of a mayor outside the

council, as a sort of rival power, would appear in England incomprehensibly absurd. We seek the impossible government by a council and a mayor at the same time, giving arbitrarily greater power sometimes to one, and sometimes to the other, and not infrequently distrusting both, and conferring administrative power upon special boards and commissions. Unquestionably, a central organization is necessary for the good government of every municipality; and while in the United States we seek to obtain it by choosing from time to time an absolute dictator under the title of "mayor," a method highly unrepresentative, in Great Britain it is obtained by the choice of a central elective council, controlling the government of the city throughout all of its departments, a method highly republican.

Harvey N. Shepard.

TO-MORROWS AND TO-MORROWS.

TO-MORROWS and to-morrows stretch a gray
 Unbroken line of shore; but as the sea
 Will fret and gnaw the land, and stealthily
 Devour it grain by grain, so day by day
 Time's restless waters lap the sands away,
 Until the shrinking isle of life, where we
 Had pitched our tent, wholly engulfed shall be,
 And swept far out into eternity,
 Some morn, some noon, some night, — we may not say
 Just how, or when, or where! And then, — what then?
 O cry unanswered still by mortal ken!
 This only may we know, — how far and wide
 That precious dust be carried by the tide,
 No mote is lost, but every grain of sand
 Close-gathered in our Father's loving Hand,
 And made to build again — somehow, somewhere —
 Another Isle of Life, divinely fair!

Stuart Sterne.

COLERIDGE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE LAKE DISTRICT.

THERE is a very characteristic letter of Coleridge's, written from Keswick the day after his arrival, with his family, July 24, 1800, at Greta Hall, from Nether Stowey, Somerset County.

This removal was the result of his coming to know Wordsworth, whom he had first met three years earlier, when Coleridge was twenty-five and Wordsworth twenty-seven years of age, — the beginning of one of the most notable friendships in literary annals; the importance of which to those men personally, as well as in its influence in the field of literature, is not easily estimated. They kindled instantaneously; and in each the effect was characteristic. Coleridge's being burst into unwonted radiance and splendor, — not, alas, to endure, so far as poetical achievement was concerned. A lambent flame suffused the spirit of Wordsworth. Self-centred as he was, and preëminently sufficient unto himself, he entered upon an intercourse with Coleridge which, in those plastic years, was of profound significance. Their meeting was brought about through Wordsworth's little venture in publication, *Descriptive Sketches*. It fell under Coleridge's eye during his last year at Cambridge, and awoke at once his enthusiasm. He did not hesitate to proclaim the rising of a new star above the poetical horizon. Such welcome as he gave was appreciation enough, it would seem, to bear even a less doughty soul than that of Wordsworth over the wide blank of neglect he was to traverse; and we all feel a glow of gratitude for the ringing cheer of young Coleridge at the very beginning of the race.

The baseless fabric of the vision of Pantisocracy had just faded, and left not a rack behind; but it had beamed with glorious iridescent hues for a time, in the early Bristol days, upon Cole-

ridge, Southey, and Lovell, poets all, who had married three Graces, the Fricker sisters, the first converts of the new revelation, — a parallel to Mahomet's experience. There was at least one other convert, George Burnet, who, emboldened by so promising an augury, proposed to a fourth sister, but was promptly rejected! The local habitation of the communistic experiment was to be in America, of course, — the home in succeeding years of innumerable spiritual brotherhoods, — and where else but in the primitive wilds upon the banks of the Susquehanna? It might have been as well in Xanadu, where Alph, the sacred river, ran. Joseph Cottle, the generous friend of the young Pantisocrats, shrewdly saw that they knew almost nothing of the conditions of life in that particular locality, but had fixed upon it mainly from the liquid musical flow of the Indian name!

There were very practical ideas to be entertained by Coleridge of a certain little community of three, when Hartley, his eldest child, was born. He removed to Nether Stowey, near the residence of his stanch friend Thomas Poole; and Wordsworth and his sister took a house at Alfoxden, near by.

Together the poets roamed over the breezy hill country looking out upon the Bristol Channel. The fount of poetry was unintermittent; and ever near them was that rare spirit of appreciation, Dorothy Wordsworth. No poet ever had attendant genius more helpful. With poetical enthusiasm, and original power, too, of no mean order, she was all her life content — transcendently happy, rather — to merge every thought in her brother's work. There was much revolutionary plotting in the poetical field; how revolutionary, we, with our canons so largely the result of the cogita-

tions of those two obscure young men wandering, in 1797, over the Quantock Hills, cannot readily appreciate. This, as we know, was "the blossoming time of Coleridge's life," as his fellow-poet was afterwards wont to say; and during this period nearly all his important poems were written. The humble stone cottage is still standing where *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, the first part of *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, and much else were composed, so far as this was done under other roof than the blue canopy.

The little copartnership volume, *Lyrical Ballads*, destined to a long future, — bearing, even, the seeds of a new poetical literature, — was printed. The public was totally ignorant of its existence. Cottle, its publisher, soon afterwards retiring from business, sold out to a London house, and the copyright of this volume was given back to him as absolutely valueless. To-day a specimen of that first edition will bring nearly its weight in gold.

In the autumn of 1799, Coleridge made his first trip to the north of England, and on a pedestrian excursion with Wordsworth and his sailor brother John, who were among their native hills, penetrated the wild beauties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. This was soon after the memorable winter sojourn of the poets in Germany.

The halcyon days of Stowey and "seaward Quantock's heathy hills" were at an end; and Coleridge came with his wife and the precocious Hartley (he had buried a promising child, Berkeley, in Nether Stowey) to Keswick. Wordsworth and his sister were just settled in their cottage at Grasmere; and the twelve miles' distance now between the friends, it was anticipated, would be only temporary.

Greta Hall is a large, rambling house, with no picturesqueness of structure, but occupying a fine situation upon a little eminence in the outskirts of the village. "The room in which I write commands

six different landscapes," Coleridge says in one of his letters: "the two lakes, the vale, the river and the mountains, and mists, and clouds, and sunshine make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were forever talking to each other." The place was owned by a retired wagoner, a man of unique character, who, "by hard labor, and pennies and pennies," as Coleridge said, had earned a modest estate, had educated himself, and had collected a good library, — a special tidbit, we may be sure, for his new tenant in that back country. Lamb, who visited the Coleridges with his sister in the summer of 1801, — a trip which he enjoyed hugely, inveterate cockney that he was, — describes the study at Greta Hall, with its great blazing fire: "a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church; shelves of scattered folios; an *Æolian* harp; and an old sofa, half bed."

There seemed to be dawning now the happiest years of Coleridge's life. A rainbow of promise spanned the far heavens, and perpetually lured him to dreams of the unattainable. How near then was the dark shadow creeping toward his pathway!

The happy flow of the early days in Keswick is very evident in his letters of the period. There have been few more charming letter-writers than Coleridge. In their free spontaneity, his letters range over wide fields, from rollicking humor to depths of philosophical insight; but after all, their peculiar charm is the genial human quality of the writer which pervades them, his affectionateness and unreflecting generosity. He was always the improvisator. With his pen in hand, the familiar friend's figure in his mind's eye — not that vague, stony, composite portrait, the general public, which always seemed to benumb his fingers and scatter his forces — was an inspiration second only to the fireside companion, or one of those small groups, such as he

had always entranced, from the time of "the inspired charity boy of Christ's Hospital" to the mellow days of his old age. In whatever company, learned or unlearned, Coleridge seems always to have made an instant impression of genius. In his early manhood, the host of the Salutation and Cat, with a shrewd eye to increase of custom, offered him free entertainment "only to come and talk"!

Many writers of fame appear loath to waste their sweetness on the desert air outside of copyright inclosures. Coleridge was lavish of his wealth. He scattered his gold and jewels on every side. The unpublished letter to which I have alluded, here given, shows something of his joyful and ebullient spirits in writing to his friends. It is addressed, "Mr. Tobin, Junr., Berkeley Square, Bristol."

"Friday, July 25, 1800. From the leads on the housetop of Greta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland, at the present time in the occupancy and usufruct-possession of S. T. Coleridge, Esq., Gentleman-poet and Philosopher in a mist.

"Yes, my dear Tobin, here I am, with Skiddaw behind my back; the Lake of Bassenthwaite, with its simple and majestic *case* of mountains, on my right hand; on my left, and stretching far away into the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale, the Lake of Derwentwater; straight before me a whole camp of giants' tents, — or is it an ocean rushing in, in billows that, even in the serene sky, reach halfway to heaven? When I look at the feathery top of this scoundrel pen, with which I am making desperate attempts to write, I see (in that slant direction) the sun almost setting, — in ten minutes it will touch the top of the crag; the vale of Keswick lies between us. So much for the topography of the letter; as to the chronology, it is half past seven in the evening.

"I left Wordsworth yesterday; he was tolerably well, and meditates more than his side permits him even to attempt. He has a bed for you; but I

absolutely stipulate that you shall be half the time at Keswick. We have house-room enough, and I am sure I need say nothing of anything else. What should prevent you from coming and spending the next brace of months here? I will suppose you to set off in the second week of August, and Davy will be here in the first week of September at the farthest; and then, my dear fellow, for physio-pathy and phileltherism — sympathy lemonaded with a little argument — punning and green peas with bacon, or *very ham*; rowing and sailing on the lake (there is a nice boat obsequious to my purposes). Then, as to chemistry, there will be Davy with us. We shall be as rich with reflected light as yon cloud which the sun has taken to his very bosom!

"When you come, I pray you do not forget to bring Bartram's Travels with you. Where is John Pinny? He talked of accompanying you. Wordsworth builds on his coming down this autumn; if I knew his present address, I would write to him. Wordsworth remains at Grasmere till next summer (perhaps longer). His cottage is indeed in every respect so delightful a residence, the walks so dry after the longest rains, the heath and a silky kind of fern so luxurious a bedding on every hilltop, and the whole vicinity so tossed about on those little hills at the feet of the majestic mountains, that he moves in an eddy; he cannot get out of it.

"In the way of books, we are extraordinarily well off for a country place. My landlord has a respectable library, full of dictionaries and useful modern things; *ex. gr.*, the Scotch Encyclopædia, the authors of which may the devil scotch, for toothless serpents that poison with dribble! But there is at some distance Sir Wilfred Lawson's magnificent library, and Sir Wilfred talks of calling upon me, and of course I keep the man in good humor with me, and gain the use of his books.

"Hartley retains his love to you; he talks often about you. I hear his voice at this moment distinctly; he is below in the garden, shouting to some fox-gloves and fern, which he has transplanted, and telling them what he will do for them if they grow like good boys! This afternoon I sent him naked into a shallow of the river Greta; he trembled with the novelty, yet you cannot conceive his raptures.

"God bless you!

"I remain, with affectionate esteem,

Yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

"I open the letter, and make a new fold, to tell you that I have bit the wafer into the very shape of the young moon that is just above the opposite hill."

The superscription of this letter, with its sportive red crescent still adhering to the time-stained sheet, is ambiguous. It may have been to James W. Tobin, Esq., a prosperous citizen well known to the coterie of young aspirants in literature and science in Bristol. But another of that name, John Tobin, was near Coleridge's age, and both he and Coleridge were stirred by the wave of scientific enthusiasm set in motion by Dr. Beddoes' lectures; and it was through them that they made the acquaintance of a certain obscure young man by the name of Humphry Davy, whom the doctor had engaged to assist in his chemical experiments, and especially in the Pneumatic Institute, a project founded in the sanguine expectation that a great panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to would be found in the inhaling of the new wonder, nitrous oxide gas. This was doomed to failure; but Davy's experiments and discoveries won him immediate fame. He was venturesome to hardihood, and it was John Tobin who was with him in one nearly fatal experiment with carbureted hydrogen.

In the meeting of Coleridge and Davy each seems to have made a very vivid

impression upon the other. One effect was highly characteristic. "I attended Davy's lectures," Coleridge said afterwards, "to increase my stock of metaphors!"

Whether or no the letter I have given was to John Tobin, it was probably he — while ostensibly practicing law in Lincoln's Inn, but devoting himself with intense ambition to dramatic composition — of whom Coleridge, in later life, gave some droll reminiscences. "I used to be much amused with Tobin and Godwin," he said. "Tobin would pester me with stories of Godwin's dullness; and upon his departure, Godwin would drop in just to say that Tobin was more dull than ever!" Dullness was not wont to be alleged against the oracular William Godwin by his admiring circle, nor is the aspersion to be taken seriously in regard to the young lawyer of literary aspirations. But in Coleridge's friendships it was not always the intellectual interchange that was prominent. Only that his affections were engaged, or a spark of good-fellowship kindled, — that was enough to unlock the costliest apartment in this "spacious intellect." Witness the body of profoundly interesting letters to Joseph Allsop, — a man of noble instincts and great heart, but a soul so childlike in its simplicity that he could take in sober earnest such tomfoolery as Lamb's, when he once told Allsop that he had advised Coleridge to make the lines near the opening of Christabel inoffensive to fastidious readers in this wise: —

"Sir Leoline, the baron round,
Hath a toothless mastiff hound;"

but that Coleridge showed no alacrity in altering!¹

John Tobin's life was a pathetic instance of the irony of fate in the matter of literary deserts. One play after another which he offered was rejected; and at last, his health failing, he embarked for

¹ Mr. Hall Caine is mistaken in attributing, in his excellent *Life of Coleridge*, this brilliant "emendation" to Allsop.

the West Indies; but he died when scarcely out of sight of his native shore. He had left the manuscript of *The Honeymoon*; it was brought out in the Drury Lane Theatre, and won instant success. It is a singular fact that this, the only work by which the author is remembered, has kept its hold upon the stage until the present day.

One untoward circumstance of Coleridge's situation was his isolation from intellectual companionship. There are hints of this in one or two of his letters. Of books, too, for this Goliath of readers, there was a paucity. It was only during the last year or two of his stay in the Lake District, and while he was publishing, in his funny way, *The Friend*, that he had access to De Quincey's rich collection. Coleridge would sometimes have at the Wordsworths', with whom he was staying, as many as five hundred volumes which De Quincey avers he had borrowed of him! He "could not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios," he told Stewart, who, just before his coming to Keswick, had held out a liberal offer of copartnership on the *Morning Post*, — no, not for many times the sum named.

Sir Wilfred Lawson had "a magnificent library;" but this was eighteen miles away, and, moreover, consisted chiefly of works on natural history. Sir Wilfred's hobby was the collection of wild animals. On one occasion, the master of the beasts at the Exeter 'Change sent him a bear, with a letter of minute directions as to its care and treatment, and, after signing himself, added this postscript. "Permit me, Sir Wilfred, to send you a buffalo and a rhinoceros." "As neat a postscript as I ever heard," remarks Coleridge; "the tradesman-like coolness with which those pretty little animals occurred to him just at the finishing of his letter."

There was little for Coleridge in the way of books or society among the gentry or other of his neighbors; but no

lack of the kind was very deeply felt at first, amidst the charms of the scenery on every side of his home. He was under a constant exhilaration. The fascination of the mountains grew upon him. "They put on their immortal interest first," he says, "when we have resided among them, and learned to understand their language, their written characters and intelligible sounds, and all their eloquence, so various, so unwearied." There was a spell which drew him forth in all conditions of weather. "In simple earnestness, I never find myself alone within the embracement of rocks and hills," he writes to Josiah Wedgwood, "but my spirit careers, drives, and eddies, like a leaf in autumn; a wild activity of thoughts, imaginations, feelings, and impulses of motion rises up from within me."

There may be noted many varying impressions of this scenery upon the minds of Coleridge and Wordsworth. In Coleridge it awoke a mental adumbration all his own. It touched a secret spring that unlocked what treasures, what reminiscences of other worlds than that before his eyes! He showed often a close and discriminating observation, but he did not linger studiously with outward nature. His gaze was intensely introspective. A beautiful scene served to set in motion a vast concourse of images, and aroused that marvelous dream-power, that mystic depth of intuition, which made him a poet who in magic of subtle spiritual intimations is surpassed by no other.

The most interesting fact to us of Coleridge's coming to the Lake District is that he immediately undertook the completion of *Christabel*. For a while all efforts to woo his spirit into the old mood were unsuccessful. The depression of his recent intemperate labors on *Wallenstein* was upon him. He had brought the voluminous manuscript of Schiller's drama with him from Germany, and, shutting himself in London lodgings, had completed that remarkable poetic translation within six weeks.

"The wind from Skiddaw and Borrowdale was often as loud as wind need be," — this was his highly characteristic preparation, — "and many a walk in the clouds and mountains did I take ; but all would not do." He had found the *natale solum* of Christabel among these clouds and mountains, — the poem conceived, and partly written, before he had seen with bodily eyes this dreamland of natural beauty ! Here stood the castle of Sir Leoline ; and somewhere,

"From Bratha Head to Wyndermere,"

Christabel, in the dim forest, met the stately demon-lady, Geraldine, "most beautiful to see." Where else but among the Langdale Pikes, in

"Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,"

and in the shadowy depths of Borrowdale, could have been the scene of the weird story ? And,

"With ropes of rock and bells of air,"

were not the echoes still sounding over the mystic vales ?

Within a few weeks Coleridge managed to shake off his lethargy, and he composed the second part of the poem. An alien spirit at his side reached over and wrote, in invisible ink, at the foot of the manuscript, "Finis."

Coleridge, in after life, was wont to detail his complete conception of the poem ; but a spell was always upon him, and the golden day never dawned when he could again take up the task. It became famous in manuscript form ; and fortunate were those who were privileged to listen to the wondrously interpretative recitation of the poem from the lips of the author. It was not published until 1816. Even then — strangely enough, after its wide appreciation in literary circles — it met with little but contempt and depreciation ("a notable piece of impertinence" was Hazlitt's verdict in the *Edinburgh Review*), and its author with abuse.

The removal of Coleridge to the Lake District marked a climax ; with everything apparently propitious in the change, it led directly to the supreme tragedy of his life. This turned upon the loss of his health. It is possible that the climate did not agree with him ; but early in his residence he seems to have brought upon himself, by careless exposure in inclement weather, — he would even take long rambles in the mountains in the midst of wild storms, — a condition of acute rheumatism and gout which was marked by excruciating inflammation of the eyes, swelling of joints and muscles, with all duly attendant neuralgic tortures. The antidote which he was duped into using became, alas, his tyrant ; and for a term of years he was under its mastery. At last, however, the inherent nobleness of his character asserted itself.

We all know the beautiful picture of Coleridge in the last eighteen years of his life, surrounded by the best men of his time, including particularly the aspiring spirits of the younger generation, who drank in those inspired monologues the account of which has always piqued the interest of those who have only the reverberations of their fame. The Coleridge of those days — a man of the same ardent affections, still the same genial companion, and with all those intellectual qualities which affected with a sense of wonder, almost of the miraculous, every one who saw him — was separated by a great gulf from the Coleridge who came to the Lake District in 1800. His poetical production ceased abruptly after the breaking down of his health. The magnificent ode *Dejection*, written in 1802, marks a sad boundary. The grand organ strains of this pathetic poem are weighted with a depth of tragic import. It was a momentous personal experience which found expression at the very beginning of a period extending through years of great depression and general disaster in his life. The poem emphasizes, too, the turning-point of his liter-

ary career. Thenceforth he was absorbed in the evolution of his profound philosophical ideas. He had, even in his boyhood, as he says, bewildered himself in metaphysics. "Still, there was a long and blessed interval," he reflects, "during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develop themselves; my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds." Something of this happy interregnum lingered for the first year or two of the Keswick life.

Within a few weeks after Coleridge's family were settled in Greta Hall, his third son, Derwent, was born, and named, patriarchal fashion (Genesis xxx. 11), from the beautiful lake spreading before his opening eyes. He was to become a clergyman, learned, wonderful in linguistic acquirements, and the revered head of St. Mark's College, — a straiter Churchman by far than his father ever was. He died in 1883. Sara, two years younger, was the only daughter; she was the editor of her father's works, and displayed remarkable talents, — an estimable, hard-headed lady, with no heritage of genius.

Southey came with his family in 1803 to occupy the large house in partnership with his brother-in-law; and thenceforward, through his long, industrious life as a literary worker, the place was identified with his name. But no distinction pertains to Greta Hall equaling the circumstance that under its roof *Christabel* and *Dejection* were written. The next year Coleridge went to Malta, in a vain pursuit of health. After his return, three years later, his stay in the Lake District was irregular, and about 1810 came to an end.

Coleridge left little impress of his personality in a legendary way. But his residence in Keswick and Grasmere was long enough to include him in the so-called Lake School of poets, — a popular delusion generated by the rancorous stupidity of the writers of the *Edinburgh Re-*

view. That there was no such "school" was sufficiently apparent, alone, from Southey's being named with Wordsworth as one of its leaders, — Southey, whose poetry, such as it is, would seem far enough remote from the other's to preclude that classification by the dullest critic. But there was a very real and practical effect of the abuse which had periodical vent under this nickname. Even now, no generous spirit can avoid a twinge of indignation in recurring to the detraction which seriously injured for many years the prosperity of the lives of such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge. In lesser ways, even, the influence of the great literary magnate was potent; it penetrated the bucolic shades of those mountain valleys where the poets had made their home, and actually served to diminish the respect held for them by their neighbors, whether gentry or yeomen! The situation was certainly not without its humorous aspect.

Hartley — "the strange, boy, exquisitely wild," as his father writes of him, "who moves in a circle of light of his own making" — was the Coleridge who was to become identified with the Lake District. He was four years old when brought there; and for the half-century, nearly, of life which remained to him it was his home. He inherited too large a dower of his father's weaknesses; but along with that came no meagre portion of his genius, as his desultory literary remains, especially the wonderful beauty of his sonnets, testify. For those who are curious in matters of heredity there is a singular story of a coincidence in the lives of this father and son. I have referred to the experience of the former at the *Salutation* and *Cat*, where his eloquence was found so valuable a help to the landlord's till. When Hartley came to manhood, far in the north of England, an innkeeper in the Lake District made to him precisely the same offer which had been made to his father, — free entertainment, if only he would

come and talk ! Hartley had his father's geniality and good-comradeship. He came far closer to the lives and hearts of the dalesmen among whom he lived than even Wordsworth, their poet-spokesman did. The remark of an old Westmoreland dame to the Rev. Derwent Coleridge and his pupil, our fellow-countryman, the late Augustus Swift, on occasion

of a pedestrian tour together, when the venerable clergyman visited the scenes of his youth, was not very valuable in the way of higher criticism in the poetic line ; but it attests to the impression left by Hartley upon his rustic neighbors.

"Hartla Cauldridge," she said to them, "wrut better pomes na Muster Wardswuth !"

Myron B. Benton.

ON LEAVING WINCHESTER: MDCCCXCI.

A PALMER'S kiss upon thy mossy marge,
My oriel city, whence the soul hath sight
Of passional yesterdays, all gold and large,
Arising to enrich our narrow night !
Though others bless thee, who so blest before
Hath pastured from the violent time apart,
And laved in supersensual light the heart
Alone with thy magnificent No More ?

Sweet court of roses now, sweet camp of bees !
The hills that lean to thy white bed at dawn
Hear, for the clash of raging dynasties,
Laughter of boys about a branchy lawn.
Hast thou a stain ? Let ivy cover all ;
Nor seem of greatness disinhabited,
While spirits in their wonted beauty tread
By Itchen ford, by Wolvesey's idle wall.

Unwearied may thy lucid water leap,
And nigh thy towers the nesting wood-dove dwell ;
Be lenient winter, and long moons, and sleep
Upon thee ; but on me the sharp Farewell.
Happy art thou, O clad and crowned with rest !
Happy the shepherd (would that I were he !),
Whose early way is step for step with thee,
Whose old cheek lies on thine immortal breast.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

IN THE DOZY HOURS.

"MONTAIGNE and Howell's Letters," says Thackeray, "are my bedside books. If I wake at night, I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again. *I read them in the dozy hours, and only half remember them.*"

In the frank veracity of this last confession there lies a pleasant truth which it is wholesome to hear from such excellent and undisputed authority. Many people have told us about the advantage of remembering what we read, and have imparted severe counsels as to ways and means. Thackeray and Charles Lamb alone have ventured to hint at the equal delight of forgetting, and of returning to some well-loved volume with recollections softened into an agreeable haze. Lamb, indeed, with characteristic impatience, sighed for the waters of Lethe that he might have more than his due; that he might grasp a double portion of those serene pleasures of which his was no niggardly share. "I feel as if I had read all the books I want to read," he wrote disconsolately to Bernard Barton. "Oh! to forget Fielding, Steele, etc., and read 'em new!"

This is a wistful fancy in which many of us have had our share. There come moments of doubt and discontent when even a fresh novel fills us with shivery apprehensions. We pick it up reluctantly, and look at it askance, as though it were a dose of wholesome medicine. We linger sadly for a moment on the brink; and then, warm in our hearts, comes the memory of happier hours when we first read Guy Mannering, or The Scarlet Letter, or Persuasion; when we first forgot the world in David Copperfield, or raced at headlong speed, with tingling veins and bated breath, through the mar-

velous Woman in White. Alas! why were we so ravenous in our youth? Like the Prodigal Son, we consumed all our fortune in a few short years, and now the husks, though very excellent husks indeed, and highly recommended for their nourishing and stimulating qualities by the critic doctors of the day, seem to our jaded tastes a trifle dry and savorless. If only we could forget the old, beloved books, and "read 'em new"! With many this is not possible, for the impression which they make is too vivid to be obliterated, or even softened, by time. We may re-read them, if we choose. We do re-read them often, for the sake of lingering repeatedly over each familiar page, but we can never "read 'em new." The thrill of anticipation, the joyous pursuit, the sustained interest, the final satisfaction, — all these sensations of delight belong to our earliest acquaintance with literature. They are part of the sunshine which gilds the halcyon days of youth.

But other books there be, — and it is well for us that this is so, — whose tranquil mission is to soothe our grayer years. These faithful comrades are the "bed-side" friends whom Thackeray loved, to whom he returned night after night in the dozy hours, and in whose generous companionship he found respite from the fretful cares of day. These are the volumes which should stand on a sacred shelf apart, and over them a bust of Hermes, god of good dreams and quiet slumbers, whom the wise ancients honored soberly, as having the best of all guardrons in his keeping. As for the company on that shelf, there is room and to spare for poets, and novelists, and letter-writers; room for those "large, still books" so dear to Tennyson's soul, and for essays, and gossipy memoirs, and gentle, old-time manuals of devotion, and ghost lore, untainted by

modern research, and for the "lying, readable histories," which grow every year rarer and more beloved. There is no room for self-conscious realism picking its little steps along; nor for socialistic dramas, hot with sin; nor ethical problems, disguised as stories; nor "heroes of complex, psychological interest," whatever they may mean; nor inarticulate verse; nor angry, anarchical reformers; nor dismal records of vice and disease parading in the covers of a novel. These things are all admirable in their way, but they are not the books which the calm Hermes takes under his benign protection. Dull, even, they may be, and provocative of slumber; but the road to fair dreams lies now, as in the days of the heroes, through the shining portals of ivory.

Montaigne and James Howell, then, were Thackeray's bedside favorites,—"the Perigourdin gentleman, and the priggish little clerk of King Charles's Council;" and with these two "dear old friends" he whiled away many a midnight hour. The charm of both lay, perhaps, not merely in their diverting gossip, nor in their wide acquaintance with men and life, but in their serene and enviable uncontentiousness. Both knew how to follow the sagacious counsel of Marcus Aurelius, and save themselves a world of trouble by having no opinions on a great variety of subjects. "I seldom consult others," writes Montaigne placidly, "and am seldom attended to; and I know no concern, either public or private, which has been mended or bettered by my advice." Ah! what a man was there! What a friend to have and to hold! What a courtier, and what a country gentleman! It is pleasant to think that this embodiment of genial tolerance was a contemporary of John Calvin's; that this fine scholar, to whom a few books were as good as many, lived unfretted by the angry turbulence of men all bent on pulling the world in their own narrow paths. What wonder

that Thackeray forgave him many sins for the sake of his leisurely charm and wise philosophy! In fact, James Howell, the "priggish little clerk," was not withheld by his priggishness from relating a host of things which are hardly fit to hear. Those were not reticent days, and men wrote freely about matters which it is perhaps as healthy and as agreeable to let alone. But Howell was nevertheless a sincere Churchman as well as a sincere Royalist. He was sound throughout; and if he lacked the genius and the philosophy of Montaigne, he was his equal in worldly knowledge and in tolerant good temper. He heard, enjoyed, and repeated all the gossip of foreign courts, all the "severe jests" which passed from lip to lip. He loved the beauty of Italy, the wit of France, the spirit of the Netherlands, and the valor of Spain. The first handsome woman that earth ever saw, he tells us, was made of Venice glass, as beautiful and as brittle as are her descendants to-day. Moreover, "Eve spake Italian, when Adam was seduced;" for in that beguiling tongue, in those soft, persuasive accents, she felt herself to be most irresistible.

There is really, as Thackeray well knew, a great deal of pleasing information to be gathered from the Familiar Letters, and no pedagogic pride, no spirit of carping criticism, mars their delightful flavor. The more wonderful the tale, the more serene the composure with which it is narrated. Howell sees in Holland a church monument "where an earl and a lady are engraven, with three hundred and sixty-five children about them, which were all delivered at one birth." Nay, more, he sees "the two basins in which they were christened, and the bishop's name who did it, not yet two hundred years ago;" so what reasonable room is left for doubt? He tells us the well-authenticated story of the bird with a white breast which visited every member of the Oxenham fam-

ily immediately before death; and also the "choice history" of Captain Coucy, who, dying in Hungary, sent his heart back to France, as a gift to his own true love. She, however, had been forced by her father into a reluctant and unhappy marriage; and her husband, intercepting the token, had it cooked into a "well-relished dish," which he persuaded his wife to eat. When she had obeyed, he told her, in cruel sport, the ghastly nature of the food; but she, "in a sudden exaltation of joy, and with a far-fetch'd sigh, cried, 'This is a precious cordial indeed,' and so lick'd the dish, saying, 'It is so precious that 't is pity to put ever any meat upon it.' So she went to her chamber, and in the morning she was found stone dead." Did ever rueful tale have such triumphant ending?

Of other letter-writers, Charles Lamb and Madame de Sévigné are perhaps best suited for our dozy hours, because they are sure to put us into a good and amiable frame of mind, fit for fair slumber and the ivory gates. Moreover, the bulk of Madame de Sévigné's correspondence is so great that, unless we have been very faithful and constant readers, we are likely to open into something which is new to us; and as for Lamb, those who love him at all love him so well that it matters little which of his letters they read, or how often they have read them before. Only it is best to select those written in the meridian of his life. The earlier ones are too painful, the later ones too sad. Let us take him at his happiest, and be happy with him for an hour; for, unless we go cheerfully to bed, the portals of horn open for us with sullen murmur, and fretful dreams, more disquieting than even the troubled thoughts of day, flit batlike round our melancholy pillows.

Miss Austen is likewise the best of midnight friends. There stand her novels, few in number and shabby with much handling, and the god Hermes smiles

upon them kindly. We have known them well for years. There is no fresh nook to be explored, no forgotten page to be revisited. But we will take one down, and re-read for the fiftieth time the history of the theatricals at Mansfield Park; and see Mr. Yates ranting by himself in the dining-room, and the indefatigable lovers rehearsing amorously on the stage, and poor Mr. Rushworth stumbling through his two-and-forty speeches, and Fanny Price, in the chilly little school-room, listening disconsolately as her cousin Edmund and Mary Crawford go through their parts with more spirit and animation than the occasion seems to demand. When Sir Thomas returns, most inopportunately, from Antigua, we lay down the book with a sigh of gentle satisfaction, knowing that we shall find all these people in the morning just where they belong, and not, after the fashion of some modern novels, spirited overnight to the antipodes, with a breakneck gap of months or years to be spanned by our drooping imaginations. Sir Walter Scott tells us, with tacit approbation, of an old lady who always had Sir Charles Grandison read to her when she felt drowsy; because, should she fall asleep and waken up again, she would lose nothing of the story, but would find the characters just where she had left them, "conversing in the cedar-parlour." It would be possible to take a refreshing nap — did our sympathy allow us such an alleviation — while Clarissa Harlowe is writing, on some tiny scraps of hidden paper, letters which fill a dozen printed pages.

Lovers of George Borrow are wont to claim that he is one of the choicest of bedside comrades. Mr. Birrell, indeed, stoutly maintains that slumber, healthy and calm, follows the reading of his books just as it follows a brisk walk or rattling drive. "A single chapter of Borrow is air and exercise." Neither need we be very wide awake when we skim over his pages. He can be read

with half-closed eyes, and we feel his stir and animation pleasantly from without, just as we feel the motion of a carriage when we are heavy with sleep. Peacock is too clever, and his cleverness has too much meaning and emphasis for this lazy delight. Yet, nevertheless, *The Misfortunes of Elphin* is an engaging book to re-read — if one knows it well already — in moments of drowsy satisfaction. Then will the convivial humor of Seithenyn ap Seithyn awake a sympathetic echo in our hearts, shorn for the nonce of all moral responsibility. Then will the roar of the ocean surging through the rotten dikes make the warm chimney corner doubly grateful. Then is the reader pleased to follow the fortunes of the uncrowned prince among a people who, having “no pamphleteering societies to demonstrate that reading and writing are better than meat and drink,” lived without political science, and lost themselves contentedly “in the grossness of beef and ale.” Peacock, moreover, in spite of his keenness and virility, is easily forgotten. We can “read him new,” and double our enjoyment. His characters seldom have any substantiality. We remember the talk, but not the talkers, and so go blithely back to those scenes of glad good-fellowship, to that admirable conservatism and that caustic wit.

Let us, then, instead of striving so strenuously to remember all we read, be grateful that we can occasionally forget. Mr. Samuel Pepys, who knew how to extract a fair share of pleasure out of life, frankly admits that he delighted in seeing an old play over again, because he was wise enough to commit none of it to memory; and Mr. Lang, who gives *his* vote to Pepys's *Diary* as the very prince of bedside books, the one “which may send a man happily to sleep with a smile on his lips,” declares it owes its fitness for this post to the ease with which it can be forgotten. “Your deeds and misdeeds,” he writes, “your dinners and

kisses, glide from our recollections, and being read again, surprise and amuse us afresh. Compared with you, Montaigne is dry, Boswell is too full of matter; but one can take you up anywhere, and anywhere lay you down, certain of being diverted by the picture of that companion with whom you made your journey through life. . . . You are perpetually the most amusing of gossips, and, of all who have gossiped about themselves, the only one who tells the truth.”

And the poets allied with Hermes and happy slumber, — who are they? Mr. Browning is surely not one of the kindly group. I would as lief read Mr. George Meredith's prose as Mr. Browning's verse in that hour of effortless enjoyment. But Wordsworth holds some placid moments in his keeping, and we may wander on simple errands by his side, taking good care never to listen to philosophy, but only looking at all he shows us, until our hearts are surfeited with pleasure, and the golden daffodils dance drowsily before our closing eyes. Keats belongs to dreamier moods, when, as we read, the music of his words, the keen creative magic of his style, lure us away from earth. We leave the darkness of night, and the grayness of morning. We cease thinking, and are content to feel. It is an elfin storm we hear beating against the casement; it is the foam of fairy seas that washes on the shore.

“Blissfully havened both from joy and pain,” wrapped in soft, slumberous satisfaction, we are but vaguely conscious of the enchanted air we breathe, or of our own unutterable well-being. There is no English poem, save only *Christabel*, which can lead us like *The Eve of St. Agnes* straight to the ivory gates, and waft us gently from waking dreams to the mistier visions of sleep. But there are many English poets — Herrick, and Marvell, and Gray, and Cowper, and Tennyson — who have bedside verses for us all. Herrick, indeed, though breathing the freshness of morning, is a de-

lightful companion for night. He calls us so distinctly and seductively to leave, as he did, the grievous cares of life; to close our ears to the penetrating voice of duty; to turn away our eyes from the black scaffold of King Charles; and to watch, with him, the blossoms shaken in the April wind, and the whitethorn of May time blooming on the hills, and the sheen of Julia's robe, as she goes by with laughter. This is not a voice to sway us at broad noon, when we are striving painfully to do our little share

of work; but Hesperus should bring some respite even to the dutiful, and in our dozy hours it is sweet to lay aside all labor, and keenness, and altruism. Adonis, says the old myth, fled from the amorous arms of Aphrodite to the cold Queen of Shadows who could promise him nothing but repose. Worn with passion, wearied of delight, he lay at the feet of Persephone, and bartered away youth, strength, and love for the waters of oblivion and the coveted blessing of sleep.

Agnes Repplier.

MONETARY REFORM IN SANTO DOMINGO.

THE recent action of the government of Santo Domingo in establishing an entirely new coinage system has an interest not only as being that of the first of the Spanish-American countries to create a single gold standard, but also as bearing on the solution of the problem which has long confronted India, and now confronts many other silver-using countries. The action of the Dominican government on this question is of an importance out of all proportion to its area and population.¹ Instead of seeing its income, paid in silver, diminish in purchasing power with the steady fall in the value of silver, followed by inevitable loss of public credit and domestic bankruptcy, this courageous government has intelligently grappled with the difficulty, and made for itself a stable currency, and a stable basis of exchange with Europe and the United States. Having had a share in devising the system, it seemed to me well to put on record an account of the reform.

The problem of this reform presented many difficulties; only that scheme would be acceptable which was adapted to the situation as it existed. An ideal scheme

was not looked for. Not only must a means of profit be furnished to the government as a reason for its adoption, but it must commend itself to the public as a means of prosperity and as a liberation from existing evils. When also taking into account the resistance of unthinking minds to accepting a new kind of money, it must be confessed that the solution of the problem was far from easy. Nor was it easy to suit correct monetary principles to practical conditions, when the latter were inflexible. The persistence of monetary habits must not be overlooked. The old money of account was the Mexican dollar; while the exchanges with gold-using countries of Europe and the United States were bewilderingly unstable, and must be reduced to the stability of gold. That is, silver must, for many reasons, remain the money most in use, while at the same time it must have an absolutely fixed relation to gold, or foreign exchange would again fluctuate so as to make business only a matter of betting.

When the special steamer carrying our party arrived at Puerto Plata, the eastern two thirds of the island, the western third of which is Haiti.

¹ Its area is about 17,000 square miles, and its population about 400,000. It occupies the

situation had culminated in a state of great excitement. In the previous twenty days the silver prices of goods had advanced about thirty per cent. Here was a curious monetary phenomenon. The advocates of silver have confidently declared that silver has not fallen as regards goods, but that gold has risen as regards both silver and goods.¹ On this point the experience of Santo Domingo is worth examining. To Americans it is of practical interest; for the Dominicans purchase very largely of American goods, pork, flour, macaroni, soap, and the like. Bought at prices in the United States based on gold, these articles had been sold to retail dealers in Santo Domingo on credit often as long as nine months, and at prices payable in Mexican silver dollars. The experiment, moreover, was not interrupted by any accidents or extraneous influences. It was the silver standard in its simplest form. The Mexican dollar was not the coin of Santo Domingo, and so it circulated only according to its intrinsic value as silver. It was given no fictitious value; no connection with gold or with any other kind of currency enhanced its desirability, or created any discrimination against it. It was receivable at the custom-houses, and for all payments; there was no other circulating medium. What was the outcome? The result was to have been expected. The Mexican silver dollar was worth only the value of the 377.4 grains of pure silver contained in it. When silver fell in the bullion market, so fell the value of silver in the Mexican dollar; and prices consequently rose. That prices did not rise earlier,

or adapt themselves more flexibly to the changes in the value of silver relatively to gold in the outside world, is easily accounted for by the friction existing in the methods of doing business in a country removed from rapid communication with other countries, and by the torpid habits of mind among large classes of people. A few men dominated the trade of the country; and these fatuously believed that silver must rise again. At last, however, the fall convinced the most conservative, and it was followed by a *sauve qui peut*, in which the wealthy looked out for themselves, and the ignorant lost,²—that which generally happens in fluctuations originating in an unstable currency.

The annoyances and losses arising from a fluctuating rate of exchange with gold-using countries formed a large element in the situation. Indeed, this matter is one which is regarded by bimetalists as sufficiently grave to be used as an argument for their theory. The experiment of Santo Domingo, therefore, deserves watching as a means of correcting this difficulty, especially as no resort was made to bimetalism in the system adopted. The fluctuations in silver had produced the fluctuations in exchange; and business calculations even for the near future were made hopelessly uncertain.

Exchange on New York is quoted in the number of Mexican dollars necessary to buy 100 gold dollars. When exchange was quoted at 185 or 208, it meant that 185 or 208 Mexican dollars were regarded as the equivalent of 100 gold dollars.³ It can be easily under-

¹ E. Benj. Andrews, *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, June, 1894, page 323.

² A Chinaman in Puerto Plata, ignorant of the rise of prices decided upon by the larger merchants, found, to his amazement and delight, that his stock of rice and other goods was selling remarkably well; indeed, his sales for the day had exceeded any previous record. Leaving his empty shelves, he went to an importer to replenish his stock. He then discovered that

he could not buy new goods for anything like the price at which he had already sold. By this inductive method he learned to hate silver.

³ Consequently, Dominican exchange on New York fluctuated with the price of Mexican dollars in the New York market. During my stay in Santo Domingo city, Mexican dollars were quoted at 48 cents in New York; and the exchange being obtained by dividing 100 by 48, this would give about 208.

stood, therefore, how business suffered. A sugar-planter, marketing his raw sugar in New York, would draw against the shipment a bill, and sell that in Santo Domingo for the Mexican silver with which to pay his laborers. If, as happened, in a period of two months Mexican dollars fell from 56 to 48 cents in New York, he might find himself with a less number of Mexican dollars in return for his sugar than he would have had, had he waited. On the other hand, since he pays his laborers in silver, by a fall in silver he gets more dollars in silver in exchange for his bill, and thus pays for his labor a less part of the product. In such a case the laborer loses. But producers who export their products generally gain, because they sell in gold-using countries, and pay their expenses in silver. The growers of coffee, cacao, tobacco, and sugar, consequently, were in the main unfavorably affected, under the old silver régime, only by the uncertainty as to the future.

The classes, however, who suffered most were the laborers, and the dealers in imported goods of general consumption. Merchants, for example, importing cotton goods from gold-using countries, on credit, were under obligations to pay in gold, on settling accounts at the end of the period of credit. In Santo Domingo the importers sell to small dealers, who distribute goods directly to consumers. These small dealers sell on credit, often for as long as nine months, and they pay the importers in silver. Clearly, when silver was paid in nine months after purchase of goods, the loss from the lessened value of silver fell upon the merchants who were obliged to settle accounts in gold. Many articles are imported, and as the class of those engaged in distributing goods is very large, compared with producers, the distress was widespread; and in the minds of all it was clearly associated with its real cause, the fall in silver. The goods did not change in prices relatively to

gold; silver changed relatively to the goods as well as to gold, as every one knew.

As before said, the laborer generally suffered most. He it was who, being less familiar with monetary operations, could not foresee trouble and ward it off; and he also, being the recipient of wages customarily fixed at sixty or seventy-five cents in Mexican coin, was the victim of the rise of prices. His wages did not go as far as before. The fall of silver, in short, lowered his real wages. Hence it was no wonder that the agitation for reform secured a strong support among the natives of the country, who were mainly to be found in the working and trading classes. And it was equally natural that the sugar-planters and exporting classes, who were largely foreigners, should be inclined to look unfavorably upon monetary reform. The latter, moreover, were also affected in other ways; not only did they suffer by a rise of wages, but the establishment of a gold standard brought with it an increase of duties.

The Dominican revenue is obtained almost entirely from customs, which are collected, under a contract with the government, by an American company known as the San Domingo Improvement Company. These duties, having been in the past payable in Mexican dollars, were a diminishing source of revenue, and a diminishing means of paying gold interest on bonds held in Europe and America. So that the government found itself interested in any plan which would increase the revenues, and would prevent the steady decline in the income at its disposal. A stable standard of payment, instead of a steadily shrinking one, would enable the budget to be planned with some certainty as to its future outcome. The same reasons which led the government to favor a reform of the monetary system led the sugar-planters, who paid an export duty and some minor fees connected therewith, to look

upon the reform as equivalent to an increase of taxation. And so it was: on all imports, also, the duties finally agreed upon in gold, although a less percentage in gold than they had been in silver, were not lowered in percentage to the extent to which they were raised by the change from silver to gold. It will be seen by this explanation of the existing status that the monetary reform was mixed up with the profits of the dealers in exchange (who gained by higher charges needed to cover fluctuations), with the rate of duties on imports and exports, and with the financial condition of merchants and laborers. The settlement of the money question, therefore, was involved in the settlement of many other large financial questions.

Such being the situation, the practical problem was to devise a monetary scheme which, while based upon correct principles, should yet fit the existing facts. It must furnish a stable par of exchange; it must not violate the monetary habits of the people; it must provide silver as the money in general use; it must protect the silver money from all fluctuations of the metal; and yet it must provide a profit for the government. The scheme which was proposed to meet all these requirements was enacted in March, 1894, with the provision that the law should go into effect June 1. The law embodying the system is brief and compact.

The characteristic part of this scheme was a frank recognition of the fluctuating and unstable character of silver as a money metal, and a determination to treat all silver coins purely as subsidiary coinage. The silver dollar piece, of 380 grains of pure silver, was treated exactly as the halves, quarters, or other subsidiary coins. It was clear they

could not circulate at a value higher than the intrinsic value of the silver in them, any more than irredeemable paper, unless a provision for redemption were enacted that would give a fixed value to silver, like that given to any redeemable paper. Just as a simple piece of paper, of no value in itself, can be made to circulate at par in gold, provided it can be exchanged at any time on demand for gold, so it was held that 380 grains of silver, costing only fifty cents in gold, could be made to circulate at par for one hundred cents in gold, provided this amount of silver could be exchanged on demand for gold. This was the pivotal part of the whole scheme; and with the provisions for redemption went the necessary restrictions as to the quantity of silver in circulation. By this means, silver was provided for general use; and yet it was given stability by a system of prompt redemption.

The monetary unit adopted agreed with the prepossessions of the people. The *peso*, or dollar, had long been their customary coin; and for this reason, among others, a French plan to introduce the five-franc piece had previously miscarried. The people had the friendliest confidence in the American republic, and had lost all fears of "annexation." Hence the proposal to adopt coins of the same size and weight as those of the United States met with general approval; so that in this way the legal and monetary unit came to be the same as the American gold dollar.¹ But only twenty-dollar, ten-dollar, and five-dollar gold pieces were to be coined, leaving to the silver coins the field for all denominations below five dollars. In this way, the ordinary money in circulation, among a people not dealing in large sums, must necessarily be silver. Although the gold coins are of exactly the

¹ Chap. I. Art. 3: "The legal and monetary unit of the republic shall be the gold 'dollar.' The legal weight of the gold dollar shall be 25.8 grains Troy, of which 23.22 grains shall

be pure gold; of the silver dollar, 422 $\frac{2}{3}$ grains Troy, of which 380 grains shall be pure silver in each dollar."

same weight, fineness, and diameter as those of the United States, the silver coins are made heavier than ours. For many reasons of policy, it was decided to make the new Dominican silver dollar heavier than any current silver dollar, as may be seen by the following comparison of their pure silver contents :

United States dollar . . .	371.25 grains.
Japanese yen	374.4 "
Mexican dollar	377.4 "
Old trade dollar (U. S.) .	378 "
New Dominican dollar . .	380 "

In its intrinsic value, therefore, the Dominican silver dollar must always be worth more than its brother dollars ; but in the new system this advantage is more nominal than real. If the intrinsic value of the silver in the dollar was fifty cents, and that in the American coin was only forty-seven cents, and yet both were maintained at one hundred cents by a system of redemption, the difference in actual weight was of no importance. A system of redemption can give circulation at par to a dollar, no matter whether its intrinsic value is fifty cents or twenty cents. In this lay the interest in the whole scheme. It provided for all the silver needed by the country in exchanges, — at least where transactions were below five dollars, and even for larger amounts ; and yet it provided that this silver should not fluctuate relatively to gold. The silver borrowed, by the possibility of instant redemption, from gold a value sufficient always to augment its own value to a level with the value of gold. The merit of the scheme is to be found here. This method did not rely on the "divine right" of silver to be used equally with gold, at any chance ratio which might be adopted by this or that country ; and yet it secured all the silver needed for

trade, while at the same time it prevented all possible fluctuations, either in the currency or in foreign exchanges, due to changes in the value of silver. The government did not set for its aim to "keep up the value of silver," but, with given facts regarding gold, silver, trade, foreign exchange, and revenue, it aimed to establish the best and most stable medium of exchange possible.

The silver coins are all of the same proportional weight as the silver dollar, thus treating the dollar, as well as the quarter dollar or ten-cent piece, on the principles of subsidiary coinage, and all alike.¹

The provisions by which redemption of silver by gold was secured may be quoted : —

"ART. 14. In view of the lack of a mint, or mints, by the government of the republic, it is authorized to create a Fiscal Agency for the minting, issuance, and redemption of its coin, and for the maintenance at par in gold of the silver and other coins of the national coinage. For which purpose this Agency shall have its principal office in the capital city of Santo Domingo, and agencies in Puerto Plata, Sanchez, and Santiago."

"ART. 16. The dollar and the other silver coins and minor coins, provided they have the weight and fineness which is indicated in Chapter First of this monetary law, shall be exchangeable at their face value for Dominican gold coins in sums of not less than five dollars, on presentation at the offices of the Fiscal Agency or of the 'Banco Nacional.'

"If, by reason of any extraordinary or unexpected demand for the redemption of silver coins by gold, the stock of gold in reserve in the treasury of the Fiscal Agency or of the Bank, or of any of their branches, should become

¹ There was no reason for following the example of the United States in 1853, in reducing the weight of a dollar of subsidiary coins from 371.25 grains (the weight of the dollar) to 345.6 grains (the weight of two halves, four

quarters, etc.), which is our present law. The conditions of 1853 are no longer in existence ; nor do the same reasons hold to-day. The standard of all Dominican coins was made .9 fine.

exhausted, said Agency, or establishment, or branch may tender as payment in said redemption a draft on a financial institution in New York which shall have been approved by the government, payable in the gold coin of the United States of America, and of equal value to the sum exchangeable, at sixty days after sight, together with interest at the rate of six per centum per annum."

It is to be observed that the self-interest of the government is here enlisted in maintaining a strict redemption of silver, and a circulation of the silver coins at par with gold. The two general principles under which subsidiary coinage is regulated are, (1) redemption, and (2) limitation of quantity. For Santo Domingo, of course, there could not be a free coinage of silver, and also a redemption in gold. The amount of gold and silver coinage is, therefore, limited by the discretion of the government. But the requirement for redemption in reality fixes the amount of silver coins which can be kept in circulation; for if any attempt be made to put out an excessive quantity, the excess will be presented for redemption, being thus automatically adjusted. In this way the plan provides against an undue extension of the silver circulation. As to the supply, it might be asked how the silver coins will be furnished in a quantity sufficient for the demands of the community. The supply of coins is provided by direct outlay of the government; but the gain of the government from the seigniorage is such as to stimulate it to put out all that will circulate. The more put in circulation, the more profit from seigniorage to the government; and the government will not be slow to use this opportunity. Every dollar of silver, costing to coin, at the present price of silver, about fifty cents, is paid out by the government at its face value for one hundred cents in gold. This profit of one half on the whole of its silver coinage, however, is dependent entirely on the maintenance of redemp-

tion in gold. If silver coins are not kept at par in gold, then their value falls, and the profit on seigniorage *pro tanto* vanishes. This explains why it is for the interest of the government to keep the redemption system intact. On every million dollars of silver coins issued it gains a profit of half a million dollars. The only deduction from this gain is the interest on the reserve fund of gold required to be kept on hand for redemption purposes; but this reserve need never be large, unless there is an attempt to issue silver beyond the amounts needed for circulation. At the very beginning, of course, tests of the ability to redeem may be more or less frequent, until confidence is firmly established in the new system of coinage.

It is to the interest of the government, also, to exclude all foreign silver coins, and to push its own silver circulation into all the channels of business. Hence the familiar Mexican dollar, on which the business habits have so long been based, must be driven from use; and yet monetary habits are very persistent. The coinage law, therefore, did not rely on sentiment, but created a plan by which it became more profitable to use the Mexican dollar in other countries than in Santo Domingo:—

"ART. 12. . . . As soon as the Executive Power shall have advised the public that the new national coinage is ready for circulation, then the Mexican silver dollar shall be receivable for payment of fiscal duties, only at a value of five cents below its intrinsic value in the markets." The result is that, as the cost of shipping Mexican dollars to New York is about three cents, there is a profit of at least two cents on sending them out of the country.

The process of passing from a régime of Mexican silver to one of gold is largely of a practical nature, and does not present considerations of a kind to enter into a coinage law. But several provisions were introduced to touch this point:—

"ART. 12. All debts, both public and private, which have been created before the expiration of the first thirty days that follow the promulgation of the present law, shall be payable in the same money in which they may have been contracted. The debts that are contracted after the thirty days from the promulgation of this law shall be payable in the new coins, as follows:—

"The gold coins shall be a legal instrument for the payment of any sums whatever. It is established, nevertheless, that until the coins created by the present law are coined and ready for circulation, the public and private debts, including fiscal and municipal taxes, may be payable in current silver money, which shall be received at a rate of fifty-five cents of the gold dollar for each Mexican silver dollar or current silver in actual circulation.

"This rate of fifty-five cents is established so long as the Mexican dollar is quoted in the market of New York at forty-eight cents, as at present; but in case there is a fall, or other fluctuation, the Contaduria General of Finance shall fix daily the rate of exchange for the payment of fiscal duties."

Another class of difficulties arising from a change of prices to a gold basis can be worked out only by individuals for themselves. The laborer, for instance, now gets sixty or seventy-five cents a day in Mexican silver. How much should he get of the new money, which will buy twice as much? It is evident that the laborer starts out with the initial advantage. The presumption is that he will ask for the same number of cents for his daily wages, and it will hardly be likely that the daily stipend can be cut down to thirty or forty cents in gold,—although that would buy as much as the old wages. It is not easy

to obtain labor; hence workingmen can demand and secure most of the advance. This makes clear why the masses of people generally favored a gold standard. And it makes clear, also, why sugar-planters and large employers of labor would naturally oppose the reform. These classes, moreover, had to pay an export duty of twenty-five cents per hundred pounds; if this remained, and gold payments were established, it doubled the duties. And here there was a good deal of friction, resulting in a compromise, by which duties in general were reduced in percentage, until the actual level was about that established before the serious fall in silver. Importers and exporters had been gaining in recent years, as silver fell, by the lessened burden of duties, while the revenues of the state had been in that proportion diminishing. The modifications in the new tariff rates were, therefore, in the nature of a restoration of the original status.

It might be asked, finally, How are the means to be found to furnish the new coinage? The first burden must fall, of course, on the revenues; but, as must have been seen, the sums taken from the revenues to pay for the coinage would be only in the nature of an advance. Since the new coinage system provided a profit to the government, it could not be in any sense a burden upon the revenues. Not only did the country get relief from what was crushing trade, not only was exchange prevented from fluctuation, not only was the credit of the country and the value of its bonds increased, but the government gained a large profit on the seigniorage, while the country was enabled to go on quietly using silver in its retail transactions. The scheme is simple and compact. Its merits, whatever they are, arise from following correct monetary principles.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

BARONESS TAUTPHÆUS.

BEFORE me lies a large black-edged German *faire part*, which reads as follows :—

It has pleased Almighty God to call to himself our beloved grandmother, great-grandmother, mother-in-law, aunt, and grandaunt,

JEMIMA BARONESS TAUTPHÆUS,

Born Montgomery,

Widow of Royal Chamberlain and Ministerial Counsellor,

Who this night, at half past one o'clock, after long suffering, was called away from this earthly life in the eighty-sixth year of her age.

Munich, Modena, Naples, Dublin, Landshut, November 12, 1893.

RICHARD BARON TAUTPHÆUS,

K. B. Kämmerer and Oberst Lieutenant.

In the name of the mourners.

The body will be taken to Unterwassen bei Marquardstein, and there, on the 15th of November, interred in the family vault.

Long before I had the honor and pleasure of the personal acquaintance of the Baroness Tautphæus, I knew, through mutual friends, a great deal about her,—about her method of work, her tastes, her daily life in those Bavarian Alps which she loved so well, and has so well described. I knew even the arrangement of the morning-room in which she usually wrote, when at Schloss Marquardstein, and which, situated in one of the towers of the castle, and overhanging a grim precipice and wild mountain valley, was a *véritable nid d'aigle*, so my informant said.

When, some years ago, I went to Munich to spend the winter, I counted upon seeing Madame de Tautphæus as a matter of course, so that it was a great disappointment to me to hear that she had withdrawn absolutely from society, had given up her old apartment, and had taken another in one of the new suburbs of Munich, in order to be at a distance from the court and the court circle, and to be free to indulge her grief (she was

then a widow) in solitude. Her oldest friends did not see her in those days, or saw her but very rarely, and her seclusion was deeply regretted. One of these friends, Fräulein von P——, a retired maid of honor, who had had many interesting experiences in her long life (she was then eighty), was full of anecdote and reminiscence, and had much to tell of Madame de Tautphæus, of the beauty and grace for which she had been remarkable in her youth, of the immense admiration she had excited at court and in the court circle during the two winters preceding her marriage, and of the strenuous opposition made to that marriage by her English relatives. This opposition had its origin, as Fräulein von P—— said, not in any objection to Baron Tautphæus himself, who was a good and honorable man, as well as a nobleman and a gentleman, but rather in the feeling that a woman endowed with so many advantages—birth, beauty, accomplishments, and rare gifts—ought to have made a more brilliant alliance. The marriage, however, proved a very happy one, and for forty-eight years she lived such a peaceful life as falls to the lot of few; then sorrow came upon her as an armed man, and in one fortnight she lost her husband and her son.

This son (the only child she ever had) was for years ambassador from Bavaria to the Vatican. He married an Italian lady (the Baroness Sonnino), by whom he had two daughters, who were very young girls at the time of their father's death, and all that remained to their grandmother of the shipwreck of her earthly hopes.

When I was in Munich, a year and a half had passed since these deep sorrows. The younger Madame de Tautphæus had married again, but the elder still lived in retirement, and barred her

door to the outer world. The Fates, however, were kind to me, kind to my lifelong love of her, and some weeks later she sent for me to come and see her. She lived then in an apartment in the Weissenburger Strasse, a remote and very uninteresting quarter of the town. Within, her apartment was pretty and elegant, arranged with much taste, and kept with the most scrupulous neatness. She usually sat on a sofa near a western window, and close by, on the wall at right angles to the sofa, hung a portrait of her in her beautiful youth. It represented her in a ball dress of white satin, her dark chestnut hair falling in rich ringlets on each side of her lovely face. Not every woman of seventy-eight could bear such proximity, but Madame de Tautphœus had no reason to fear it; she was still delightful of aspect, and in looking at her one only felt that the beauty of her old age differed in kind, but not in degree, from that of her youth. It may not be amiss to quote here her own unflattering portrait of herself in the Initials: "A. Z. was a pale, dark-haired person, neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin, neither handsome nor ugly."

Now, at seventy-eight, she was slight and graceful, and she looked *petite*, but I do not think she was below the middle height. She always dressed in black, black silk usually, with a lace cap, and all the appointments of her toilet were delicate and dainty, but with nothing salient that I can now recall. Her voice was soft and pleasant, her smile sweet, her manner singularly graceful and gentle, and both in looks and bearing she seemed much younger than her real age. All her childhood and early youth had been passed among clever and brilliant people, and she spoke with peculiar pleasure of her visits to her relatives the Edgeworths, and said that "cousin Maria was one of the most interesting people that it was possible to know."

More than once, as she talked of the

past; of all she had seen, heard, read; of her delight in intellectual society, in art, in music, in the splendor of the great world, and of her equally great, if not greater delight in her mountain solitude, and in the society of those peasants she so well described, — more than once, as her eyes sparkled, and her cheek glowed, and she looked almost like a young woman, I wondered if she had not (all unconsciously, of course, for she was the least self-conscious of women) described herself in describing Nora, that most fascinating of her heroines.

The Initials was written some time after her marriage, and the incident described in the first chapter, the delivery to the wrong person of the note prudently written "in general terms," and with equal prudence signed only with initials, was literally true. I think she said that Hamilton was one of Lord Bloomfield's sons. But only the situations were true. Hamilton, indeed, was her own creation, and so was Hildegarde, and the Mr. Bloomfield in question, though he lodged with a *bourgeois* German family, and frequently amused Madame de Tautphœus with their doings, did not marry one of the daughters. She implied that Hildegarde was one of her favorite creations, and I told her that I had often heard it said, both in Austria and Bavaria, that Hildegarde, though a possible character, was not possible amid such surroundings; in fact, that the *bourgeoisie* could not have produced her. Madame de Tautphœus laughed at this, and said that it was an old objection to Hildegarde, and that she herself must confess to having no close personal acquaintance with the Munich bourgeoisie, but that *c'était plus fort qu'elle*. "The truth is," she added, "Hildegarde was real to me, and real in just such a home. I *had* to place her there."

The Initials was begun, and a great part of it written, during a winter she and her husband spent in the Bavarian highlands. She used to read each chap-

ter aloud to her husband as she finished it, and he admired "with all his heart." When she had written five or six chapters, she decided to "try to publish it," and as soon as the book was done she sent it to London. It was immediately accepted by the publisher to whom it was submitted; and it is fortunate that she hit upon so competent a judge, because she said very emphatically that her character was peculiar in some respects, and that, had the book been refused, she would never again have tried to publish it, and in all probability would never have written anything else. Happily, the publisher she had chosen was endowed not only with excellent taste, but with much promptitude in action. The Initials appeared very speedily, and the immense admiration which it excited was a source of great pleasure to her husband and herself, and, with a little smile of satisfaction, "to my people in England as well."

She said that when she began *Cyrilla*, she had not intended to make the story so tragic, but that the minor key deepened with her own interest in her work, and she then decided to give it "a deeper motive" than that of the Initials; even when half through the book, the manner of Rupert's death was not clear to her, or whether he or *Cyrilla* should die first. A famous trial for murder, however, which at that time profoundly interested the German public, supplied her with the "situation" she lacked, and the fate of the innocent victim approved itself to her mind as that appointed for Rupert. From that time the end of the story lay spread out before her, "inexorable as destiny;" she could not hold her hand. Apropos of this, I told her that, a few months before, I had read an account of the trial to which she alluded, in a book which contained a collection of famous criminal trials, and that the compiler mentioned that when the volume went to press (thirty-five years after the trial had taken place) the original of Zorndorff

was still alive and still in the fortress of Spandau, to which he had been condemned for life; and after a little calculation we found that he might even then be living, and working out a punishment than which none was ever more deserved.

The day we talked so long about *Cyrilla*, I happened to say that I thought Rupert von Adlerkron at once the most heroic and most lovable of modern imaginary heroes. "But," I added, laughing, "you have much to answer for in putting forth such an impossibly delightful ideal. How many girls must have fallen hopelessly in love with Rupert; and you know that your conscience must make you say, with Iago, 'There is no such man!'" She smiled and shook her head, and answered that she had known "one man, at least, who was as good as Rupert." I saw her glance at a miniature which hung on the wall, above the sofa on which we were sitting, and a moment afterward she took it down and put it into my hand. It was an oval picture, and represented an officer in Bavarian uniform, with brown hair and mustache, and beautiful dark blue eyes. I knew it was her husband's portrait, and ventured to say that I had always imagined he must have been something like Rupert.

"Well," she answered, with a sad smile, "in his courage, and the equability and brightness of his temperament, he was like Rupert. In the forty-eight years we lived together, I never had an angry word from him." Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. "If he had lived, this would have been the golden wedding day," she said, in the lowest possible voice.

Later in the afternoon (we were still discussing *Cyrilla*), she told me what I had never heard before, — that her publisher, after the first two editions were exhausted, had urged her to prepare another and a different *Cyrilla* by remodeling the last chapters and giving the story a happy ending. His reason

for this was that he had been besieged with letters protesting against the tragic fate of the lovers, and entreating that they might be married and live happy ever after. "Rather unwillingly," Madame de Tautphœus made the desired changes; but I think she said that the *Cy-rilla* with the happy ending ran through only one edition. I have never been able to procure a copy of this edition.

Once, when we were talking about *Quits*, I told her that I had spent part of the preceding October in *Partenkirchen* with my two little girls; that we went to all Nora's haunts; that we sat beside the spring where Torp proposed to her; and were so imbued with the spirit of the place that, in writing to my son, who was then at school in England, I found myself saying, "We went to Nora's lodging to-day," etc.

Madame de Tautphœus listened to this rhapsody in silence, and when I had quite finished, said calmly, "But it is not there at all, you know."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, in deep disappointment. "Do you mean to say that *Partenkirchen* is *not* the scene of *Quits*?"

"Not at all the scene," she answered, smiling. "I know that the general public has decided that it *is*, but I do not know why."

"But at least," I urged, "at least, Arthur Nixon was buried in the churchyard in *Partenkirchen*? It corresponds in every respect to your description!"

"Not more than half a dozen other graveyards which I know equally well," she rejoined. "I know the *Bavarian Alps* and the *Tyrol* well, and I had many places in my mind when I wrote *Quits*."

"But surely," I persisted, being, absurdly enough, unwilling entirely to give up *Partenkirchen*, "surely you must admit that *Partenkirchen* looks as if it were the village in which Nora lodged? Really, nothing is wanting."

"Where, then, is the lake?" she asked, with a little laugh.

And I was forced to confess myself beaten, and to describe our fruitless search for the lake, much to her amusement.

We afterward talked long about *Quits*, and she told me that the character of Torp was a favorite bit of work; that she had taken great pains with it, as she wished to produce a typical Englishman of the best class, with all his fine qualities, and the defects inseparable from these qualities; and the most charming arch smile lit up her face as she said, "I must think that I succeeded with Torp, for after *Quits* was published I had several very angry letters from some English cousins of mine, any one of whom might have sat (with some slight changes) for the portrait of Torp, and every one of them reproached me in no measured terms for 'putting a fellow into a book.' So you see they fitted the cap upon themselves."

She also spoke with deep feeling of the intelligent appreciation accorded her work by Americans, and of the pleasure and encouragement which it had afforded her to have such a vast and sympathetic audience; and she added that in former years, while at her summer residence (*Schloss Marquardstein*, near *Salzburg*), she used to have frequent visits from Americans, who were all so thoroughly up in her books that it was impossible not to feel "encouraged as well as flattered." Her husband greatly enjoyed these visits. He had evidently been very proud as well as fond of his brilliant and famous wife, and she laughed as she spoke of one visit in particular, of which he had done the honors in an original fashion.

One morning, not many years after the publication of *Quits*, two very pretty American girls, accompanied by their governess, presented themselves at *Schloss Marquardstein*. If I recollect aright, they were not furnished with letters of introduction, but they were so charming that they carried the entrance

by storm, in a pleasant girlish fashion, and they were received, and kept, I think, to an early dinner or afternoon tea, perhaps both. The point of the story, however, lies in the way in which Baron Tautphœus entertained them. Madame de Tautphœus was not very well, and was quite unable to bear the fatigue of a long day with either strangers or friends, so her husband proposed "to drive them to some points of interest in the neighborhood." They were gone for hours, and at last, quite late in the afternoon, they returned. The three Americans were flushed and radiant, and after profuse thanks they bade farewell and departed; but all through the evening Baron Tautphœus kept bursting into peals of laughter, without any ostensible cause. At last his wife implored him to share the joke.

"Oh," he said, with a fresh laugh, "it has been indeed a delightful day! I do like Americans. Those girls were so pretty, and so enthusiastic. Their governess, too, such a clever woman, and they all knew your books so well; Quits, for example, by heart! Well, my dear, you have never been willing to say exactly where the scene of Quits was laid, so I have done so. The pretty girls have enjoyed themselves extremely. I took them to the house where Nora lodged, and to the house where Torp lodged. We went to the graveyard where Arthur lies buried, to Florian's shop, to Frau Cramer's, to the lake, to the mill. I even pointed out the spring where Torp surrendered, and made his famous proposal!"

"It was very naughty of him, but he so enjoyed a joke," concluded Madame Tautphœus, with that sweet smile of hers, arch and sad at once.

She has told the story of At Odds in the preface, where she speaks of the interest with which she listened to the reminiscences of the troublous times in which she has laid the scene of the book. She never considered At Odds equal to

her other books. She was in very delicate health all the time she was writing it, and the narrative proceeded but slowly, with frequent halts, as she was obliged to lay it aside sometimes for weeks, and even months. During this time (two or three years, if I remember correctly) she was a great deal in Meran, where she went for the grape cure; and the local coloring, always so admirable in her books, is so here, as is also the historical part of the story, which was carefully studied on the spot. Her delicate health, which lasted some years after At Odds was finished, was a reason for not writing again. Her husband was extremely anxious about her, and as the physicians had strenuously advised her to live in the open air, he enforced their injunction rigidly. For ten years she lived "idle and continually out of doors," until her health was reëstablished; but even then her husband vigorously opposed her writing much, he was so afraid that the stooping over the desk would bring on the delicacy of chest which had so much alarmed him. I once asked why, when more years had passed, and her health was restored, she had not written; and she answered that when she wrote her four books she was really "impelled," as it were, to do so, because they haunted her imagination; that she had then obeyed a certain imperious necessity for expression; but that afterward, if she had written, it must have been urged either by pressing necessity or ambition, or by a desire to escape from herself. "I had," she said, "none of those reasons to spur me. My life was very happy, very full of interest in every way. I had always liked reading and studying better than writing. Perhaps I was also a little lazy," she wound up, with a smile.

I have now mentioned all she said to me about her books, except one thing, — that her gain from them had been very small, and that for many years she had received nothing. When the furor for

them was at its height, on a snowy day in the depth of winter, a London publisher made his appearance at her country place, and presented a paper already prepared for her signature. In this paper she made over all her rights in her books to him, in consideration of a sum which then seemed a large one, but which she had lived to discover miserably insufficient. She evidently regretted this transaction, but observed that neither she nor her husband knew anything of commercial affairs, and could not suspect that the one in question would involve so heavy a loss.

I have said that her son was for years ambassador from Bavaria to the Vatican. It is strange that she should never have gone to Italy. Of that loveliest of lands she knew practically nothing, although she was learned — even very learned — in Italian literature, and had an almost if not quite perfect command of the language. She had “always intended to go to Italy;” but now that her son was dead, and she was close upon seventy-nine years of age, she spoke of the long-projected Italian journey as of a past and lost possibility, admitting that the time for it was among the things that were. She lived much in the past, I think, and the varied and precious memories which crowded her thoughts may perhaps have done something to alleviate the sombre solitude in which she lived, — a solitude which at that time was shared only by her old servants, who were evidently devotedly attached to her. I saw

her for the last time on a bleak, bitter day in January, 1888. The suburb in which she had elected to live, the new Weissenburger Strasse, was as *banal* and dreary as it was possible to be. The snow fell silently outside, and from her drawing-room window the prospect — over timber yards, and new, commonplace, boxlike houses, all covered with snow — was unutterably depressing, just one remove from squalor, and only not vulgar because so dreary. Madame de Tautphœus said that she had once spent a summer, the first after her bereavement, in this detestable spot. (The adjective is mine, not hers.) Some of her own relations were with her, “and the days passed; for when in deep trouble, the more disagreeable the surroundings, the better.”

Just before I took my leave, she jumped up, with the peculiarly quick, graceful motion which was so characteristic of her, and more like a young girl than a woman long past seventy, and saying, “I want to show you something,” went to her writing-table and took out two photographs. One was of Schloss Marquardstein, the other of a church, — “A sad place to me, for under the altar of that church lies our family vault.”

Here, on the 15th of November, 1893, her long pilgrimage over, the worn frame, which in life had held such a treasure of all womanly virtues as well as high and rare intelligence, was laid to rest beside the dust of her husband and her son.

M. L. Thompson.

MODEST EXCELLENCE.

Two volumes of miscellaneous verse, issued in the last days of the last year, suggest thoughts to the ambitious and impatient. They represent, in some sort, the mental diversions of two highly dis-

tinguished yet not very widely known writers, curiously unlike each other, but having this in common: that their lives — one now, and the other long ago mature — have been singly devoted to that

sort of inconspicuous yet sound and priceless work which does so much to preserve intact, amid a faithless and perverse generation, the high tradition of English letters.

Of all the inquiring American students who are under endless obligation to the Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, for help, encouragement, and illumination of their special subjects, not many, we suppose, are apt to think of him as a poet. They were the scrapbooks of the sixties which absorbed the exquisite but anonymous Ballad of the Boat, and those are consequently elderly hearts in which

“The stream was smooth as glass, we said :
‘Arise and let ’s away,’”

is bound to awaken sentimental memories. The younger men know Dr. Richard Garnett chiefly as a generous compendium of all manner of humane lore ; some have haply experienced his rather formidable powers of literary criticism — and witticism ; a few may have grasped the fact that he is not only about the best of living biographers, but one of the most brilliant of living story-tellers ; hardly one, and for good reason, ever gives a thought to the solid, learned, and yet splendid character of the world of self-effacing work which he has done for the British Encyclopædia and the Dictionary of National Biography. Now he has made a collection¹ from the poems of some forty years, about a third of which — including the beautiful Ballad afore-said — first appeared in a tiny volume published in 1858, without the author’s name, and entitled *Primula*.

It is interesting to compare these two editions, divided by a full generation of time. There is hardly a trace of revision in the later, and none was needed. The first and the last thought of one who turns over the new volume, ever so idly, must needs be, “How exceedingly

classic, in structure and effect, English verse can be made ; and what a mysterious and enduring charm there is, after all, about that absolute symmetry of poetic form which is sometimes derided as *academic* !” The moral is, that though classic, these verses are not cold, any more than Horace is cold ; and they are often as gay, though certainly never as gross, as those of the Augustan poet. There is a jet of inspiration in many of them, and a pungency of meaning not invariably present in the lawless littings of our younger impressionist bards. In fact, there could hardly be a better description of the best of Dr. Garnett’s lyrics than that which he himself has unconsciously given in the elegiac couplet entitled *The Lyrical Poem* : —

“Passion the fathomless spring, and words the
precipitate waters,
Rhythm the bank that binds these to their
musical bed.”

This, it will be observed, is an almost faultless elegiac ; not, for the rest, the most difficult of classic metres to transfer to a modern tongue. But it is a notable fact, and goes, I think, indirectly to show how perfectly natural to himself the seemingly studied manner of the poet really is, that when he purposely adopts a measure from the antique, he is by no means always as successful as in the finished lines just quoted. The sapphics in which he laments the last poems of Sappho herself are not particularly good even for English sapphics ; while, on the other hand, his translations into the simplest of English metres, out of the Greek Anthology, — first published in 1869, and not included in the present volume, — are in one respect, at least, that of never blunting the delicate and nimble wit of the original, about the most satisfying ever made. Here is a consummate paraphrase of the familiar farewell of *Laïs* to her mirror : —

“Venus, from *Lais*, once as fair as thou,
Receive this mirror, — useless to me now ;

¹ *Poems*. By RICHARD GARNETT. London : Elkin Mathews & John Lane ; Boston : Copeland & Day. 1893.

For what despoiling Time has made of me
I will not, what he marred I cannot, see."

A little farther on in the same book, we find among the acknowledged imitations, which are simply signed R. G., this, which is almost more Greek than the versions themselves:—

"Heaven only knows, false fair, which of us
both
Most frequent mocks it, with a fragile oath:
Thou, swearing thou wilt never more de-
ceive;
Or I, that I will never more believe."

This has all the playfulness of the Hellenic spirit at its brightest. Here, on the other hand, from the later volume, though still among the reprints from the earliest of all, is a noble specimen of Dr. Garnett's graver manner:

AGE.

I will not rail, or grieve when torpid old
Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall
see

The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,
The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.
Methinks the aged eye that first beheld
The fitful ravage of December wild
Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's
child,

Seeing the common doom, that all compelled.
No kindred we to her beloved broods,
If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath;
But one path travel all her multitudes,
And none dispute the solemn Voice that
saith:

"Sun, to thy setting; to your autumn, woods;
Stream, to thy sea; and man, unto thy
death!"

It is also interesting to observe, by the way, how early the singer of so many years had mastered the main difficulties of the sonnet form. Since then, he has carried this exercise to a pitch of extraordinary refinement; and the latest work of his with which the present writer is acquainted—certain translations of Spanish and Italian sonnets, and especially of some of the more subtle and evasive of Petrarch's—does all that it seems possible ever to do in the way of naturalizing their exotic beauties.

In the racy prose volume of satiric

fables, published in 1888 under the title of *The Twilight of the Gods, and Other Tales*, Dr. Garnett compels some of the more precious foibles of the present day to masquerade under classic names, and with the scenery and decoration of a bygone world. Others have attempted the same feat before him, but who has ever achieved it in a manner at once so erudite and so mirth-provoking as his? It is marvelous to us that this delightful book should have had so slight a vogue, and that so few, comparatively, among our jaded and worried contemporaries should ever have realized what a *gran divertimento* it offers them. Can it be that these demure narratives are really too witty for their time and place; that their keen merriment is too Aristophanic, or Lucianic, or what not, for a period in which Oxford dons have been known to shake their sides over Rudder Grange and *The Innocents Abroad*?

But whatever *amende* may really be due from a dull generation to this polished jester, it is always we Americans who owe him most; for we have, as a nation, in all living England, no truer and more discriminating friend than he. Far from him, at all times, the cheap and hackneyed sneer at our "crudity," the captious disparagement of our best and most serious effort, which, for some utterly mysterious reason, is more than ever the mode, just now, among British critics of things American. Dr. Garnett has recorded his manly protest against the pettiness of all this, beside offering the most superb of apologies for our own palpable shortcomings, in the sonnet

TO AMERICA

AFTER READING SOME UNGENEROUS CRITICISM.

What though thy Muse the singer's art essay

With lip now over-loud, now over-low?

'T is but the augury that makes her so
Of the high things she hath in charge to say.

How shall the giantess of gold and clay,

Girt with two oceans, crowned with Arctic
snow,

Sandaled with shining seas of Mexico,
 Be pared to trim proportion, in a day ?
 Thou art too great ! Thy million - billowed
 surge

Of life bewilders speech, as shoreless sea
 Confounds the ranging eye, from verge to verge,
 With mazy strife, or smooth immensity.
 Not soon, or easily, shall thence emerge
 A Homer or a Shakespeare worthy thee.

Even more fully and forcibly, he has written in the same sense in his preface to the edition of Lowell's Essays included in the Camelot Classics ; though here it seems to us that he almost overstates the case in our favor, when he pronounces the well-equipped American critic even better placed for the full estimate of an English masterpiece — because he stands a little further from his subject — than the Englishman himself. Dr. Garnett goes far, however, toward proving the converse of his proposition in his own charming *Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (1889), a signal achievement in its highly sympathetic appreciation of certain American qualities and conditions which appear to bewilder the ordinary Englishman more than any other foreigner. How one who never saw it should so exactly have divined that unique and ingenuous Concord *milieu*, at once the creation of Emerson's genius and its necessary complement, is indeed a mystery. Dr. Garnett reproduces it as perfectly, moves in it as freely and happily, as if his home had been on Monument Street, and his family vault in Sleepy Hollow. Certain of its aspects tickle his sense of humor ; and how should they not ? Have they not ministered to the private glee of all of us, — though tears of grateful affection were never far from our eyes when we laughed ? To our thinking, this is not only the best of Dr. Garnett's long series of admirable biographies, but it has, in its perfect symmetry and noble candor, a distinction which it does not lose when placed beside the thorough and grave life by Cabot, the clean-cut, quick study by Holmes, and ranking as a piece of clear

and speaking portraiture with the graceful filial reminiscences of Dr. Edward Emerson himself.

We have touched, almost at random, upon a few only of the more salient aspects of a many-sided and vigorous talent ; not attempting anything like a comprehensive estimate, or even a complete catalogue, of Dr. Garnett's works. Let us turn now to his younger contemporary, very much more a child of the age than he ever was, and anything rather than an apologist for America, which he professes warmly to hate, but whose name, for reasons that will appear, associates itself naturally enough with that of Dr. Garnett.

Of all the virile and brilliant work which Mr. William Henley has given to the world, there is very little which he himself seems to have cared to preserve in a permanent form. Three of the extremely striking plays which he wrote in collaboration with Robert Louis Stevenson — first issued separately, and in that form much sought after by the bibliophile — were reprinted in one volume about a year ago. There is another small volume of critical essays, mostly brief, trenchant but not unkindly, highly suggestive ; as good as the best contemporary French work, and much resembling it in the rather uncommon qualities of penetration and lucidity. There are two tiny books of verse, and that is all. This is extraordinary reserve, — a reserve which some of our popular writers would do very well to imitate, but in which we sincerely hope that Mr. Henley will not persevere.

The Views and Reviews are dedicated to "The Men of the Scots Observer," with which, and with its reincarnation, the National Observer, Mr. Henley's name has always been identified, and where the majority of these papers first appeared. The idea of reprinting them in their present form did not originate with their author, nor was the selection made by him. But he consented to re-

vise them, and they seem to us, in their present form, abundantly to fulfill his modest hope that they "will be found to have that unity which comes of method and an honest regard for letters." Their thoroughness is unobtrusive, their charm is unfailing, and they are absolutely sane. We have noted, in the whole book, only one little lapse of memory, and that is in the very impressive summing-up of Tolstóy: "If he chose, he could be as keen a satirist and as indefatigable a student of the meannesses and the minor miseries of life — the toothaches and the pimples of existence — as Thackeray. But he does not choose." Surely Mr. Henley had forgotten his Anna Karénine when he wrote this, — the protuberant veins on her husband's dry and soulless hands, the maddening cracking of his finger-joints! And did not the lover of that unhappy lady have a toothache — precisely a toothache — at a very inopportune moment, so that the undignified malady had a distinct influence on her doom?

It is not that we can always agree with Mr. Henley's estimates or accept his judgments without an appeal. We love him for his love of Scott and Dumas *père*, but his Thackeray is not ours, nor can we quite admit either his Meredith or his Disraeli. But he never fails to refresh and stimulate. One goes back to him with a sense of relaxation, from much of the irrelevant stuff which is proffered us in the way of literary criticism, and he may always be re-read with profit. Let us be frivolous, and try a *Sors Henliana*, culling a quotation from the page at which the small book may choose to open. Here it is, the last paragraph of the paper on Homer and Theocritus: —

"It is a relief to turn from the dust and din and clatter of modern life, with its growing trade in heroes and its poverty of men, its innumerable regrets and ambitions and desires, to this immense tranquillity, this candid and shining calm.

They had no Irish question then, you can reflect, nor was theology invented. Men were not afraid of life nor ashamed of death, and you could be heroic without a dread of clever editors, and hospitable without fear of rogues, and dutiful for no hope of illuminated scrolls. Odysseus disguised as Irus is still Odysseus and august. How is it that Mr. Gladstone in rags and singing ballads would be only fit for a police station; that Lord Salisbury hawking cocoanuts would instantly suggest the purloins of Petticoat Lane? Is the fault in ourselves? Can it be that we have deteriorated so much as that? Nerves, nerves, nerves. . . . These many centuries the world has had neuralgia, and what has come of it is that Robert Elsmere is an ideal, and the bleat of the sentimentalist might almost be mistaken for the voice of living England."

The Three Plays will also be found very good reading, though they were professedly written for the stage, and not the closet. Beau Austin and Deacon Brodie have been subjected to the test of representation, and have borne it better than the majority of modern English dramas. Admiral Guinea has never been seen. It is the most original of the three, but it contains two rôles as difficult as they are alluring. Pending the discovery of an ideal pair to play these two remarkable parts, Mr. Henley has resisted many overtures, and in fact has obstinately declined to have the piece acted at all. It is one more instance of that self-restraint which we began by noting, and which receives fresh illustration from his verse. In his poetry, if anywhere, a man is expected to let himself go, but Mr. Henley's anxiety always appears to be lest he should reveal himself too freely.

To the memorable series of poems In Hospital he has prefaced this motto from Balzac: "On ne saurait dire à quel point un homme, seul dans son lit et malade, devient personnel." The proud

and touching apology was not needed. What strikes the reader most in these "mortal lullabies of pain," the résumé of an *in-patient's* tragic experience from entrance to discharge, is the inexhaustible sympathy for others, the perpetual effacement of self. There is nothing in all the fine series of hospital lyrics, so rich in compassion, so disdainful of complaint, which is quite as "personal" as the following, included among the supplementary pieces in the same volume :

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul."

Take next, by way of contrast, a specimen of Mr. Henley in his merry mood. The title, *Of the Frowardness of Woman*, will prepare us to find him holding high Tory views on a certain importunate question : —

"All the idols are overthrowing,
Man the end of his reign describes.
Maids are clamoring, wives are crowing,
Widows thrill with a wild surmise.
Those one follows and those one flies,
The loth to be won, and the willing to woo,
Look at the world with longing eyes.
Nothing is left for the men to do.

"Pulpit and platform overflowing,
Ready the scheme of things to revise,
See them — eager, militant, knowing ! —
Write, plead, wrangle, philosophize !
Answer papers, and vote supplies,
Wield a racquet, handle a cue,
Paint, fight, legislate, theorize.
Nothing is left for the men to do.

"Cora's riding and Lilian's rowing,
Celia's novels are books one buys ;
Julia's lecturing, Phillis is mowing,
Sue is a dealer in oils and dyes,
Flora and Dora poetize ;
Jane's a bore and Bee is a blue,
Sylvia lives to anatomize.
Nothing is left for the men to do."

The *envoy* is distinctly malicious, but it must not be suppressed : —

"Prince, our past on the dust-heap lies !
Saving to scrub, to bake, to brew,
Nurse, dress, prattle, and scandalize,
Nothing is left for the men to do."

It is always a little rash to change the title of a book. The public feels that its own rights are infringed. When Mr. Henley, a little more than a year ago, made a second collection of his poems, he named it from the fiery *Song of the Sword*. Now we have a new edition of the same book, much rearranged, somewhat enlarged, a little improved, and it is called *London Voluntaries*.¹ The latter is unquestionably the better title, since it emphasizes what is most original in the new volume. The *Song of the Sword* has been essayed by many, from King Olaf's favorite minstrel onward ; but the *Voluntaries* describe with matchless fidelity some of the more impressive aspects of the monster town. It is with a sense of something like suffocation that one who knows his London reads the following :

"Out of the poisonous East,
Over a continent of blight,
Like a maleficent Influence released
From the most squalid cellarage of hell,
The Wind-Fiend, the abominable —
The hangman wind that tortures temper and
light —
Comes slouching, sullen and obscene,
Hard on the skirts of the embittered night,
And, in a cloud unclean
Of excremental humors, roused to strife
By the operation of some ruinous change
Wherever his evil mandates run and range
Into a dire intensity of life,
A craftsman at his bench, he settles down
To the grim job of throttling London Town."

This movement of the *Voluntaries* is

¹ *London Voluntaries*. By W. E. HENLEY.
London: David Nutt. 1893.

appropriately prefaced by the direction *Largo e mesto*. But there is a London scherzo as well, from which we cull a picturesque passage : —

“For earth and sky and air
Are golden everywhere,
And golden with a gold so suave and fine
The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.
Trafalgar Square —
The fountains volleying golden glaze —
Gleams like an angel-market. High aloft

Over his couchant Lions in a haze
Shimmering and bland and soft,
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb
As once he flamed it on his ocean round.”

But it is time to stay the hand in quotation, and we will even let the reader escape the literary moral half promised at the beginning of these desultory remarks. Who knows but it may have pointed itself in the course of them ?

DEAN STANLEY.

DEAN STANLEY died in 1881, and a series of obstacles, narrated in the preface to his *Life and Correspondence*,¹ prevented till now the publication of any full record of his career. The reader has the advantage in a better perspective ; a period of thirteen years is long enough to permit the softening of some outlines, the depression of some incidents which loomed up mightily at the time they occurred, but not too long to permit the fading of a strong character which rises out of the pages of this full memoir with a distinctness of personality almost as great as belonged to the man whose life Stanley made so contributory to English thought. Stanley's Arnold was a model biography in its full yet restrained portraiture ; Prothero's Stanley has to do with a character no less marked than that of Arnold, but set in a much more complex frame of circumstance. Arnold, moreover, was but forty-seven when he died ; Stanley, born ten years later than Arnold, was sixty-six when he died ; and the most emphatic impression made by the book before us is of the abundance of a life led in the very centre of English thought and action. Mr. Prothero,

with a candor not always to be found in a biographer, and with a fidelity which implies loyalty to truth, and not partisanship, has used a great many lines in drawing Stanley's portrait, — more, perhaps, than a greater artist would have required ; but the result is worth the pains taken. We could have dispensed with some of the delightful letters of travel, if we could have had more details of Stanley's intercourse with men, — as, for example, in the Revision Committee ; for when a man's writings are so considerable and so interpretative as Stanley's, the biographer's task is rather to draw upon material not thus accessible to readers ; and in the great variety of Stanley's social intercourse lay the opportunity for a fresh illustration of his character. Mr. Prothero also devotes himself with perhaps too great assiduity to comment on Stanley's theological position. Yet, after all the minor criticism one may make, these two volumes constitute an honorable monument to the memory of a man who was conspicuous in his generation rather than eminent, who exercised a strong personal influence rather than left a great impress upon his time, but who, by virtue of his

¹ *The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, late Dean of Westminster*. By ROWLAND E. PROTERO and G. G. BRADLEY.

In two volumes. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

strong sympathies, his generous nature, and the positions which he occupied, never can be left out of account in any assessment of the England of to-day.

The external incidents of his career follow in swift and mounting succession. Born of an ancient family, the son of a clergyman who became Bishop of Norwich, early satisfying his passion for travel, a boy at Rugby when Arnold was setting his stamp upon impressionable youth, a student at Oxford when the University was stirred by a great ecclesiastical revival, secretary to the commission which was long engaged in reforming the higher education of England, tutor of University College, canon of Canterbury, professor of ecclesiastical history in the University, canon of Christ Church, the chosen companion of the Prince of Wales in his journey to Egypt and Palestine, married to a lady high in the favor of the Queen, established at Westminster as dean, in a position practically independent of ecclesiastical control, — such a career stated in mere outline has power to arrest the attention; and when one considers further the wide range of Stanley's travel, the scope of his familiar acquaintance, and the deep security of his domestic life both before and after marriage, one sees the rich possibilities of a life so led.

It was because Stanley gave freely that he received freely. His achievements as a student, less in the formal academic way than in the eager essays at high literary expression, had already marked him among his fellows, at first in school, afterward in college. His *Life of Arnold* showed him a literary artist of no mean order, and his successive publications attested both the fecundity of his mind, and those qualities of appreciation, of vivid reproduction, which are acceptable in the field of nature, but far more keenly enjoyed when the material wrought upon is human history, and especially that history concerned with the ideas which underlie action.

If Maurice, in the same day and generation, was the prophet who disclosed the thought of God in human history, Stanley was the poet who reconstructed that which had been treated as sacred history, so that its humanity was restored, and its sanctity made to be resident in it, not imposed upon it.

It was by his *Sinai and Palestine* and his *Jewish Church* that Stanley acquired the widest repute, and the constructive, imaginative art of these books is likely to keep them alive among the people when more exact scholarship demands a treatment severer and more critical. But these books, though the deposit of his observation and reflection in travel and study, hardly suffice to account for the popularity of Stanley, and for the great interest which attaches to his personality, — an interest which these two volumes of Mr. Prothero's labor clearly attest, and in a large degree explain. A single word may perhaps set this forth, but it is a large word. Stanley's patriotism was the rock upon which his fame was built. The patriotism of an intellectual man who was also a Churchman, who stood publicly for an order, yet never aggrandized that order, was something very fine in its quality and passionate in its lofty fervor. It did not expend itself in phrases, but was as deep-seated as life itself. It is possible to look at the term *noblesse oblige* until it becomes the synonym for a pharisaic complacency; but when a man whose familiar associations are with those who inherit rank and power strikes hands, by force of his nature, with those who are shut out from power or feel the weight of the classes above them, and does this without any sense of condescension, and with no consciousness of separation from his own order, we may justly say that he reckons himself under a common obligation. Stanley caught fire from Arnold's enthusiasm for a church and state which knew no dividing barrier. All the dialectics in the world could not serve either

of these men to make their proposition logically whole; but Stanley, unlike Arnold, who shot pamphlets at the mark, expended a life of restless energy in demonstrating in his own person how a great idea may dominate the soul, and tinge every part of one's activity. The deanship of Westminster was a vantage ground for a man so possessed, but it was also the natural and just landing-place of one with Stanley's patriotic passion. That it was, so to speak, the only official post in England where a man with Stanley's ideas could put them into official expression may intimate that a general acceptance of these ideas was not practicable; but it would be truer to say that the sentiment which dominated the Dean of Westminster was one entirely possible to Englishmen, whatever might be their theories of church and state; that Stanley's sentiment was infinitely more precious than his theory; and that the conspicuous use which he made of his opportunities served in the public mind very much as the colors of a forlorn hope. When Stanley forbade the use of the abbey to the Pan-Anglican Synod because it was in plan and purpose sectarian, though catholic in name, and opened its pulpit to nonconformists and laymen because he desired it to be the meeting-house of the English nation, he involved himself in a network of casuistic discussion, but his singleness of mind was vindicated. There was much that was imaginative, but there was more of lofty, comprehensive conception of national being in the whole attitude which he took toward English historic life, and the life of contemporary England. His delight in pageant, his amplification of trivial coincidences, his quick sense of occult comparisons, were the exuberant manifestations of a nature which was profoundly loyal, and gave itself unceasingly to every effort which looked toward unity and solidarity. It was impossible, one might say, for a mind so instinctively unifying in

all its operations, so highly associative in its constitution, to act otherwise; but the impelling power which drove all these mental forces in the direction of national well-being was not intellectual, it was emotional; the passion of patriotism was a steadily burning flame, and every activity was kindled by it.

It is hard for an ardent American, especially of the educated class, to read attentively such a book as this without a passing envy of the conditions under which a career like Stanley's was consummated. At first blush, there seems so much greater concentration of opportunity, so much closer connection between the man and the nation. Stanley seems almost to have given one hand to the Queen, the other to the workman, and to have held both firmly in his grasp. The personal element is noticeable, and the firmer texture of society makes every stroke of a man's work more evident. Instead of a vast area of manifold interests, isolated in great measure from each other, an island, with one controlling nervous centre; instead of a group of loosely organized religious bodies, an establishment, with its roots for better or worse in the very soil of the social and political world; instead of a multitudinous company of local magnates, a compact body of legislators, whose concern is both local and imperial. It is no wonder that, as one compares the two countries, the possibility of making one's personality tell upon national well-being in the United States seems inconsiderable beside that offered to ingenuous youth in England. Dissipation of energy appears to be the rule in one case, concentration of power in the other.

It would be a weak nature, however, which would be discouraged by such a superficial survey. Cathedrals, venerable universities, great estates, a highly organized society, — these have strong attractions, especially for those who look at them in the distance, from a fore-

ground which is encumbered by the unordered materials of a new community. Stronger still is the power of attraction in a varied and immemorial history whose monuments are all about one, and whose institutions appeal to one's veneration. But there is another side to all this. The young American whose start in life may be regarded as somewhat parallel to that of Stanley, so far as social position and educational opportunity are concerned, has an outlook which may well stir him. The very breadth of his horizon carries with it a splendid summons. There is a conception of patriotism which, like Stanley's, draws its inspiration from deeper sources than party or order. No one, gifted like him with historic imagination and the power of generalization, need be at a loss for material from which to construct the real entity of the United States out of the discordant elements which so easily strike the casual observer; and seeing a nation in its highest destiny is to invest all one's own purposes of service with a noble quality. To be in with the mak-

ing of a country gives more zest than to be a conservator; and in the application of his personal power to the accomplishment of great ends lies the true source of that constant spring which sets the young man in a large place. The pictorial circumstance of Stanley's career is as nothing to the deep spiritual conditions of his habit of mind; and the young American, inspired by his life, may hold lightly the circumstances of the very contemporaneous society in which he is set, when he considers how far freer are his motions, how much less dependent he is on place and station, and how liberal is the measure of his own opportunities of expression. After all, to be a person, and to be at the centre of things, demands freedom, and we suspect that this freedom in thought, in self-expression through words and action, is the birthright of the educated American in a sense in which it is denied the educated Englishman; for this very reason it calls for a higher type of patriotism, a loyalty to ideas even more than to persons and institutions.

FRENCH AID IN AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

ANY lingering idea that but for Lafayette, or the enthusiasm excited by him, the French government would not have assisted America, and that that government was actuated by generous sympathy for the oppressed, ought to be dispelled by an elaborate work which shows, from the archives of the Paris Foreign Office, why and how that assistance was rendered.¹ M. Doniol, as director of the Imprimerie Nationale, was anxious to send to the Paris Exhibition of 1889 a specimen of its productions, and he obtained the permission of his

superiors to relate the diplomatic history of French aid to America. He has accordingly issued five bulky quartos, only three of which appeared in time for that exhibition; but the French Academy did not wait for the completion of the work, to award him, in 1890, its Gobert history prize. The typography is admirable, but the paper, strange to say, is of that indifferent quality which, in the opinion of connoisseurs, condemns nearly all the French books of our day to an existence shorter than the span of human life. In a minute and painstaking narrative,

Par HENRI DONIOL. In five volumes. Paris: A. Picard. 1886-92.

¹ *Histoire de la Participation de la France à l'Établissement des États-Unis d'Amérique.*

avowedly modeled on Mignet's Spanish Succession, and without any attempt at brilliancy, M. Doniol has utilized the works of his predecessors, including Bancroft's extracts from English and German archives. Indeed, while maintaining that Bancroft exaggerates the sympathy of Frederick the Great with America, and while resolutely controverting his view of the peace negotiations, M. Doniol acknowledges that the American historian is substantially accurate as regards French policy. The work will be a necessary auxiliary to future writers on the War of Independence, for it is rich in documents of unimpeachable authority; but its conclusions will not be universally accepted. It is not unlikely that a Spaniard, exploring his national records, would vindicate Grimaldi and Florida-Blanca from the many reproaches here cast on them, while an American would certainly challenge the judgment passed on Jay and Adams, and on the decisions of Congress.

The fact is that M. Doniol holds a brief on behalf of the Comte de Vergennes, who, the son of an obscure provincial judge, filled various foreign embassies from 1740 to 1768, and was at the head of the Foreign Office from 1774 till his death in 1787. Vergennes is the hero of the work; Maurepas, old and cautious after twenty-five years' disgrace for an epigram on Madame la Pompadour, and Louis XVI., pliable and inexperienced, being his nominal masters, but his usually docile associates. Vergennes is always right, whereas nearly everybody else is frequently or systematically wrong. We say "nearly everybody," for Washington is described as never forgetting his obligations to France, and Franklin is absolved, on the score of gout, from the bad faith imputed to his colleagues in 1783, though Talleyrand would probably have asked, as in an analogous case, "What motive has he for having the gout?" As for Spain, she has sometimes to be checked, more often to be urged on. She is bent on compen-

sation for her intervention, and does not always inform her faithful ally of the enemy's secret overtures. But France is all along disinterested. She merely wants to rid herself of that humiliating clause of the treaty of 1763 which prescribed the demolition of the fortifications of Dunkirk, and entitled England to station a commissary there to watch against any reconstruction, — a commissary who caviled even at repairs to the quays. She is allowed the benefit of extenuating circumstances when, protesting to England her strict neutrality, she gives the colonists what Vergennes himself styles "clandestine" support; advancing a million francs for war supplies, and inducing Spain to do the same; employing the dramatist Beaumarchais to pose as shipping contractor, and meeting England's remonstrances against the departure of his vessels from Nantes by orders of detention carefully timed to arrive too late. Now, although Vergennes is certainly overrated by M. Doniol, he did show tenacity of purpose, and he achieved his aim of weakening England. International ethics do not condemn a nation for wreaking revenge on an arrogant rival, and Vergennes unquestionably did what seemed best for his country's interest. It is by no means clear, moreover, that the French Revolution, which he did not live to see, but which expatriated and ruined his sons, was hastened by American independence. It is true that French officers who had served in America returned home with ideas of liberty, but Lafayette's prominence in the Revolution was very transient. The cost of the war may have accelerated the financial deadlock which necessitated the summoning of the States-General in 1799, but if so it merely hastened an inevitable break-down.

Assuming, however, that the French monarchy was well advised in helping America, M. Doniol manifestly goes too far in maintaining that "a more honest, devoted, and noble attitude, from first to

last, has rarely been offered to the judgment of history." He is positively incensed with American statesmen for being suspicious of French designs, and for signing the peace preliminaries before notifying Vergennes; thereby, as he contends, preventing Spain from recovering Gibraltar. Yet, by his own showing, France, like every other power, — like Spain coveting the left bank of the Mississippi, like Prussia piling Austrian schemes on the Bavarian succession, like the league of neutrals anxious to share in American trade, — was aiming at her own advantage. True, she did not seek the reacquisition of Canada, partly because she considered it impracticable; partly because she underrated its value, as she had done when leaving it almost undefended; mainly because she wished it to be, by continuing in English hands, a thorn in the side of the United States, rendering them dependent on her friendship; but she sought to get a share of American trade, to humble England, and to regain in Europe the prestige lost by the partition of Poland, in which she had been allowed no voice. Of sympathy with colonial emancipation there is not and could not be a syllable in Vergennes's dispatches. France had her West India colonies, which she wished to retain; and she was not apprehensive of any movement for independence, for at home as in the colonies there was "taxation without representation." So exclusively bent, indeed, was Vergennes on French interests that at the outset he wished the Americans to be put down; for he had adopted the opinion of Lord North, that the rising was incited or fomented by the parliamentary opposition in order to regain office, and he feared that Chat-ham, returning to power, would not merely pacify the colonists, but would attack France. He accordingly promised the strictest neutrality. Yet in 1775 he told Lord Stormont, the British ambassador at Paris, that on hearing, at his Constantinople embassy, in 1763,

of the French cession of Canada, he predicted that the colonies, thus released from fear of French neighbors, would demand independence; and he must have known that Pontleroy, the spy sent by the French government across the Atlantic in 1764, had distinctly prophesied such independence. Vergennes, however, feared, or affected to fear, that the colonists, if successful, would covet the French and Spanish possessions, and he even foreboded that they would eventually allow no European power a foot of soil in the New World. This was certainly taking a long look ahead. He soon abandoned the desire for British success, his next sentiment being that England's troubles in America would prevent her from disturbing Europe, and he chuckled at the sight of England "tearing herself to pieces." Then, in August, 1775, he dispatched a secret envoy, bearing the very appropriate name of Bonvouloir, to hold out a promise of French aid, and he advised Louis XVI. to give clandestine assistance. Here are his Reflections in 1775: —

"By responding to the request of the colonies, and assuming the assistance given by us to be effective, the following advantages appear likely to result: (1.) The power of England will be diminished, and our own correspondingly increased. (2.) Her trade will suffer an irreparable loss, whereas ours will be the gainer. (3.) It is very probable that in the course of events we may recover a portion of the possessions in America which the English have taken from us, such as the Newfoundland fishery, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Cape Breton, etc. We do not speak of Canada."

Turgot, who, like the other ministers, had, in April, 1776, to give his opinion on this proposal, enunciated broad views on the uselessness of colonies in general, on the certainty in all cases of ultimate independence, and on the advantages of free trade; but we need quote, for our present purpose, only this short passage:

"The most desirable event in the interest of the two crowns [France and Spain] would be that England should overcome the resistance of her colonies and force them to submit to her yoke; because if they were subjugated merely by the ruin of their resources, England would lose the advantages hitherto derived by her, whether during peace, from the increase of her trade, or whether during war, from the use she could make of their forces. If, on the other hand, the vanquished colonies should preserve their wealth and population, they would preserve the courage and desire of independence, and would oblige England to employ part of her forces in preventing them from another insurrection."

The policy of covert assistance was thus formally adopted twelve months before Lafayette's departure for America, which event thus falls into its true perspective as a simple episode, rather unpleasant than otherwise to Vergennes, because giving England a fresh ground of complaint. As it was, the Comte de Guines, at London, had amply to justify Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador as "a man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." He had to make protestations of neutrality, or even of unfriendliness to the insurgents, though Vergennes warned him against committing these to writing, lest they should be paraded before Parliament, and should discourage the Americans, who might take them seriously. He had also to affirm that Vergennes was utterly ignorant of the object of Franklin's arrival in France, although Vergennes ingenuously added that he did not expect this to be believed. Guines, accordingly, spoke contemptuously of Franklin as a mere scientist. England was not, however, deceived by these equivocations, for she had bought over Edward Bancroft, who wormed out his secrets from the unsuspecting Silas Deane.

In the summer of 1776 Vergennes was on the point of unsheathing the sword,

and he urged these considerations on Spain:—

"The connection which the war would form between France and North America would not be one of those transient bonds occasioned by momentary exigencies, and then vanishing away. No interests could divide two peoples communicating with each other only by sea; the necessary commercial relations which would arise between them would form a tie, if not perpetual, at least of long duration, which, stimulating French industry, would bring to our ports those commodities, more necessary than precious, which America produces, which she formerly poured into English ports, and which, by feeding the industry of that nation, have done so much towards raising her to that astonishing degree of wealth to which we see her arrived. It is doubly an advantage when the increase of national industry tends to the reduction of that of the rival power."

But the battle of Long Island induced Vergennes to defer the declaration of war; for he inferred that the campaign would be long and chiefly naval, and he feared that the French fleet was as yet unequal to it. He consequently persuaded Spain to continue the policy of secret assistance, justifying this by the precedent of Queen Elizabeth's aid to the Dutch. "Let us," he wrote on the 5th of November, 1776, "insure, if possible, the separation of England's North American colonies. Her trade narrowed and reduced, and her finances more burdensome, her power will be correspondingly weakened, and she will be rendered less proud and restless. France and Spain could then congratulate themselves on having achieved more than the conquest of a rich province." By the summer of 1777, France, having completed her naval preparations, was anxious to forestall England in declaring war, but Spain, who had formerly been eager for it, now obstinately held back. Grimaldi had been succeeded by Florida-Blanca, who was

apprehensive that England, abandoning the contest with the insurgents, would seek compensation by attacking Spanish America. He also urged that the United States might become formidable even to their benefactors. Vergennes, in combating this objection, acknowledged that they might one day become powerful, but maintained that thirteen self-governing States would be too much absorbed in their local concerns to be dangerous to outsiders. The English possession of Canada, moreover, would be a guarantee against their rupture with two powers which had gratuitously obliged them, — a rupture which would be repaying benefits by the blackest ingratitude. But Vergennes's representations were ineffectual; and though in February, 1778, he concluded a treaty with America, and as the first sign of hostilities sent the Dunkirk commissary about his business, Spain held back till April, 1780.

M. Doniol, in order to make his work complete, has thought it necessary to give an account of French military operations, thus decided upon "by a very commonplace king in the sick-room of an aged minister [Maurepas], whose frivolous qualities alone were perceived by his contemporaries, on the report of a minister [Vergennes] of almost obscure birth." But he might perhaps have dispensed with this, for on such matters he does not pretend to have anything new to tell us. He is not, apparently, quite conscious how conclusively he has shown that France studied solely her own interest, both in her clandestine and in her open aid to America. Just as, in 1745, she assisted the Pretender, wishing him to win the Scotch crown only that he should be a thorn in England's side, and a dependent on herself; just as, in 1798, she invaded Ireland, not to benefit the Irish, but to strike a blow at England; just as, in 1859, she sought to supplant Austrian ascendancy in Italy; so, in 1778, her object was to weaken England. Even Lafayette, though in his memoirs the lapse

of nearly half a century had thrown a halo over the past, acknowledges that he was anxious to see French humiliations avenged; and it is tolerably clear that enthusiasm for liberty did not impel him to his expedition, but was imbibed by him in America, and was brought back to France by him as by other French officers. England, in precisely the same way, assisted the Spaniards against Napoleon; she claiming no gratitude, and they feeling none. It is true that Vergennes, after the war was well over, spoke of having seized the moment for "assisting an oppressed nation, with a well-founded hope of effecting its deliverance;" but this was an afterthought. He then shared, or affected to share, in that popular sympathy for young America of which he had shown no trace during the war. He may have by that time been disappointed with the material results of the campaign, and may have felt the necessity of justifying by some brilliant result the expenditure of so much blood and treasure.

However this may be, M. Doniol's charges of breach of faith against the American negotiators for peace are, to say the least, exaggerated. They may have been unduly suspicious as to French disinterestedness. Knowing how France had equivocated with England during the period of secret aid, they were naturally on their guard against her in the settlement of accounts. They could not know as well as we know, from the dispatches now first published, that France had no thought of recovering Canada, and was little disposed to support Spanish claims to the monopoly of the Mississippi. America could not be expected to prolong the war for the sake of Gibraltar, which Vergennes — mistakenly, we believe — imagined that England would have given up. France was not left in the lurch, as M. Doniol alleges, for she had disavowed all idea of territorial aggrandizement, demanding only the restitution of Tobago, Pondicherry, and several other small de-

pendencies, together with the annulling of the Dunkirk clause, as to which there could be no difficulty, for England was sensible of the folly of such a standing affront to national dignity. The war had therefore ceased to have any purpose. By way of moral, M. Doniol remarks, "The inspirations of selfishness in the relations of states seem to be dictated by an inevitable law which should be engraven on the frontispiece of every new nation." But this cuts both ways. Selfishness made France oppose the federal Constitution, for she desired to see America permanently weak, that it might be a satellite revolving round her; whereas it was England's interest that the new commonwealth should be strong enough to be independent of the support of her

rival. Talleyrand may be deemed cynical, but he took the world as he found it when, writing from Philadelphia, in 1795, to Lord Lansdowne, who, as Lord Shelburne, had concluded the peace of 1783, he said, "The Americans do not deny, indeed, that but for France they would not have succeeded in becoming independent, but they know too much of politics to believe in the virtue called gratitude between nations. They know that disinterested services are alone entitled to that pure sentiment, and that there are no such services between states." Or, as Mr. Lecky said recently of wars for ideas, "I distrust greatly these explosions of military benevolence. . . . They usually end in ways which are not those of a disinterested philanthropy."

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Sources of the Constitution of the United States, considered in Relation to the Colonies and English History, by C. Ellis Stevens. (Macmillan.) Mr. Stevens is the first writer to devote a whole volume to the purpose of showing in a scholarly and yet untechnical way how the American Constitution is a direct outgrowth of English and colonial precedents. After two excellent introductory historical chapters, he takes each branch of the government in turn, — legislative, executive, and judicial, — tracing it from its beginnings in English history down to the American Revolution, and concludes with a chapter showing the intimate connection between the Bill of Rights and the first ten amendments to the Constitution. While preceded in this field by several writers, notably Mr. Hannis Taylor, Mr. Stevens aims at a far greater completeness, and his work will undoubtedly, as a result of its readable and at the same time comprehensive character, serve well as a university textbook. It is, however, in no sense an original contribution to constitutional history, for in every page Mr. Stevens

shows his dependence upon the work of previous students; and it is to be regretted that since the work was to be so largely a compilation, the author did not go further, and by incorporating in his text some of the most important documents to which he refers — a step which would not by any means produce a bulky volume — render his work a more complete and useful handbook. — *Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier.* Translated by Charles E. Roche. Vol. II. (Scribners.) The second volume of these memoirs strengthens the impression produced by the first, — that the work is destined permanently to take a very high place among the really authoritative histories and biographies of the Napoleonic epoch. This volume is concerned with the downfall of the Empire, beginning as it does with the Russian campaign, and ending with the first evacuation of Paris by the allied armies. The state of feeling among the ministers — from whom the brief unfrequent bulletins, no matter how skillfully worded, could not long conceal or even much obscure the reality of disaster following disaster, while the terrible final conscriptions

were bringing home to every family the horror, and not the glory of war — is very clearly indicated in M. Pasquier's rather unemotional narrative. His is usually the story of an especially calm, self-contained, keen-eyed observer and participator, though there are moments in his record of these fateful years when he becomes almost impassioned. To many readers, we think, the attraction of these memoirs will be the greater in that they are written from the standpoint of a highly placed civilian, for of military annalists of the time there has been no lack. — Sir William Phips devant Quebec, *Histoire d'un Siège*, par Ernest Myrand. (Demers & Frère, Quebec.) Mr. Myrand has collected the contemporaneous accounts of Phips's expedition, both French and English, and a large number of other documents which throw light upon the movement. Amongst other matters, he recounts the curious error by which one of Lavater's pictures did service as a portrait of Frontenac. — The Christian Recovery of Spain, being the Story of Spain from the Moorish Conquest to the Fall of Granada (711–1492 A. D.), by Henry Edward Watts. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) This volume will take a high place in the series to which it belongs, not only by reason of its excellent quality, but because it is the first attempt to tell in a connected form, for the general reader, the confused and often perplexing story of the kindred though constantly warring nations of the Peninsula, who at last were united "rather through the accidents of war and policy than by deliberate choice." It is, in short, an epitome of the history of the formation of the Spanish nation. Mr. Watts has brought judgment and skill as well as abundant knowledge to the performance of his difficult task, and he readily distinguishes between the more and less important, and can severely condense without failing to be lucid and readable. Among other things, the reader will gain from the book a clear comprehension of the reasons why the Moors were able to hold some of the fairest portions of the country for nearly eight centuries; and it should help him to recognize how the long contest with the Moslem was destined to leave a permanent and in some ways ominous impress on the national character. — The Story of Japan, by David Murray, Ph. D., LL. D.

The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) The writer gives an outline of the history of Japan from its mythical period to the downfall of feudalism and the establishment of constitutional government. As authorities in preparing the book, he acknowledges special obligations to the invaluable aid afforded by the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, and he has also used the works of Chamberlain and other favorably known writers. His sometime residence in Japan and knowledge of the character of its people enable him to handle his material intelligently, and he has produced a well-proportioned and thoroughly readable book. The illustrations to the volume are unusually interesting.

Fiction. In *Direst Peril*, by David Christie Murray. (Harpers.) The hero of this melodramatic tale is a soldier of fortune, whose sword is always at the service of oppressed peoples; so that, naturally, after falling in love with the half-English daughter of an Italian patriot, he rescues that unfortunate gentleman from an Austrian dungeon, and becomes an ardent champion of The Cause. There is a liberal measure of treasons, stratagems, and spoils, as the story goes on, and the principal actor tells his tale with considerable spirit, and in a straightforward and generally readable fashion. — *The Building of the City Beautiful*, by Joaquin Miller. (Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.) A strange man and a stranger woman chance to meet by the "Needle's Eye" in the walls of Jerusalem. They love each other, and decide that the world must be rebuilt upon the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. The man's attempt at city-building outside San Francisco dismally fails, and the woman's, in a desert near no city, marvelously succeeds, since at every turn she chooses the wiser way. The story is nothing beyond a framework on which to array many beliefs regarding the general miserableness of present conditions and theories for their betterment. The spirit of it all is earnest, if visionary, and the poems at the beginnings of the chapters are characteristic, — crude in many lines, but often distinctly telling. — *John Ingerfield, and Other Stories*, by Jerome K. Jerome. (Holt.) Taught by painful experience, Mr. Jerome, in his preface, warns his readers and critics that three of the five tales contained in this little volume are serious. Two of the three so de-

signed show that the author, as a short-story writer, can do good work quite apart from that of the professional humorist. John Ingerfield, the tale of a politely indifferent husband and wife, to whom love and death come as they labor together in a fever-stricken district in eighteenth-century London, is told naturally, sympathetically, and with artistic reserve, while *The Woman of the Sæter*, in which the hero, in a series of letters, shows the gradual approach of madness, an element of supernaturalism being skillfully blended therewith, is, after its kind, clever and effective. — *Dr. Latimer, a Story of Casco Bay*, by Clara Louise Burnham. (Houghton.) The attractiveness of this book is not so much in the story, which has few concealments, as in the bright, playful narrative of details. The author is refined, has good taste, and wishes to make her characters happy. She succeeds not only in this, but in drawing the reader on, and making him share in the pleasure of her company. — *Dream Life and Real Life, a Little African Story*, by Olive Schreiner. (Roberts.) This small book contains two short stories besides the one that gives it its title; nor are they, like the first, tales for children. The second, *The Woman's Rose*, is a capital antidote for the belief that women have small trust in one another; and the third, in its few strokes, draws with no little force the effect the love of one man had upon the lives of two women. — *The Sticket Minister and Some Common Men*, by S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan.) To Robert Louis Stevenson the author dedicates "these stories of that gray Galloway land, where, about the graves of the Martyrs, the whaups are crying;" and so racy of the soil are the sketches that one would probably need to be a fellow-Galwegian to give them the fullest appreciation. But that will not, we think, prevent a general and cordial recognition of their good qualities. The work of the minister of a rural parish, the kirk and its preachers, naturally play an important part in these tales, but not more so than would needs be the case in any Scottish studies so lifelike as these. The book is marked by keen, but at the same time sympathetic insight, a graphic touch, humorous perception, and simple, unaffected pathos. The last is especially noteworthy in the brief but admirable sketch *The Heather Lintie*, the story of

the life and death of a very humble verse-maker. — *The Story of Margrédel*, being the Fireside History of a Fifehire Family, by David Storrar Meldrum. (Putnams.) A tale of the first quarter of this century, giving the closing annals of a well-to-do burgher family of Kirkealdy, a town chiefly known to American readers as having been the home of Marjorie Fleming. The writer's undoubted cleverness is best shown in his realistic pictures of life in the old Fifehire seaport, the somewhat melodramatic story of the doom of the Oliphants — though at times not without a certain effectiveness — being loosely and rather artlessly constructed, and distinctly labored in movement. — *The Prisoner of Zenda*, by Anthony Hope. (Holt.) The incidents of this story are scarcely more probable than those of the tales of former days, beginning, "Once upon a time." But, viewed in this light, the ingenious plot, the liveliness and spirit of the narrative, and its readable style will undoubtedly cause the history of three mysterious months in the life of Rudolf Rassendyll — an English gentleman who for that space of time personates the King of Ruritania, and wins the heart of that monarch's beautiful cousin — to win favor with the summer reader. — *For Honor and Life*, by William Westall. (Harpers.) The story of a very youthful gentleman of the heroic and ever-faithful Swiss Guard. A survivor from the ruthless slaughter of his companions-in-arms, he seeks one place of concealment after another, performs many valiant deeds, and has various hairbreadth escapes, one of the last and most thrilling being from the *Conciergerie* itself. It is a tale of adventure pure and simple, and as such is fairly well constructed and told, moves rapidly, and is never dull. As it will prove most attractive to young readers, whether it be specially intended for them or no, it may be added that it is wholesome in tone and reasonably accurate historically. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, recent numbers are *Cord and Creese*, by James De Mille, published twenty-five years ago, when the author of the Dodge Club had a good reputation for amusing people, and C. D. Warner's *A Little Journey in the World*, which has a lively cover, whereon two of the travelers are setting forth.

Religion and Philosophy. Nobiscum Deus,

the Gospel of the Incarnation, by William Frederic Faber. (Randolph.) A series of studies in the essentials of Christian faith, with a view to reducing all to the lowest possible terms ; that is, to find the heart of the creeds in the following of Jesus Christ, and the basis for Christianity in personal allegiance. Still, granting all that Mr. Faber says, there remains the great problem of social Christianity which does present the question, How is this simple faith to be translated into a life lived with other men ? — Scripture Testimony concerning the Other World, in Seven Discourses, by the Rev. James Reed. (American New Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia.) A little book of short sermons, giving the Swedenborgian interpretation of Bible texts relating to heaven and hell and future happiness. — Messrs. Randolph & Co. are the American publishers of a series of little manuals issued, with the sanction of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, for the use of Guilds and Bible Classes. The series is edited by the Right Rev. A. H. Charteris and the Rev. J. A. McClymont, and the first four volumes published are : The Church of Scotland, a Sketch of its History, by the Rev. Pearson M'Adam Muir ; Handbook of Christian Evidences, by Alexander Stewart, D. D. ; The New Testament and its Writers, by the Rev. J. A. McClymont, B. D. ; and Life and Conduct, by the Very Rev. J. Cameron Lees, D. D., LL. D. The names of the editors and authors sufficiently attest the excellent quality of these handbooks, which are well adapted for their proposed use, being systematic in arrangement, and lucid, concise, and readable in style. They are noticeably undogmatic in tone, and show the catholicity of spirit characteristic of so many of the leaders of the Scottish Established Church. — I, Myself, by James Logan Gordon. (Little-Book Publishing Co., Boston.) The author is strangely charmed by sound. He delights to point out such likenesses and differences as those existing between an idle brain and a brainless idol, hard-thinking and "hair-shrinking," education and "headucation," a tinker and a thinker. His little book is a series of talks on individuality. — Consolation, by the Rev. Chauncey Giles. (American New Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia.) Mr. Giles was a minister of the

Church of the New Jerusalem, and the tenets of that church have affected him in his habits of thought ; but this little book is not, except in a very mild degree, based on those tenets ; it is the ripe wisdom of a man of warm nature and experience. As such it is mellow and helpful, touched with divine feeling, but human and full of a sane, robust thought.

Nature and Travel. Letters to Marco, by George D. Leslie, R. A. (Macmillan.) These are *bona fide* letters, extending over a period of eight years, addressed by the writer to his friend and fellow-Academician, Mr. H. Stacy Marks, to whom gratitude is due for suggesting their publication. Mr. Leslie modestly disclaims any attempt to do "something after — however long after — Gilbert White," or the possession of scientific knowledge, but he loves nature for its own sake, and has the trained eye of an artist. In the most natural and agreeable manner, the reader comes to know his pleasant garden on the Thames, at Wallingford, with its old-fashioned flowers ; the birds that live in it, unmolested in summer, and thoughtfully cared for in times of winter scarcity ; the fish in the river flowing by ; — even the insect life is not unchronicled, nor, of course, the humors and accomplishments of various domestic pets. While the letters are mostly concerned with the writer's own domain, there are occasional sketches of excursions farther afield, and many country interests have passing notice. The volume is fittingly illustrated with reproductions of the pen-and-ink drawings which were inserted in the letters. — The annual reports of the Missouri Botanical Garden, published at St. Louis by the Trustees, have more than local interest, and are something besides the customary statistical summaries. The fifth, just issued, contains reports for 1893, the fourth annual Flower Sermon, this time by Bishop Dudley, Proceedings at the Fourth Annual Banquet of the Trustees, and a group of Scientific Papers by Mr. Trelease, the Director of the Garden, and his associates. It is pleasant to see Mr. Shaw's great gift taking hold of the affections of the people, and making itself also a centre of scientific energy. — *Studies of Travel*, by Edward A. Freeman. I. Greece. II. Italy. (Putnam's.) These attractive little volumes are made up of papers first published in the Saturday Re-

view, the *Guardian*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which have been collected and edited by the writer's daughter. It need not be said that they differ widely from the ordinary, or indeed the extraordinary travel sketch. While in certain respects, especially those in which most travelers are egotistic, they are curiously impersonal, they exhibit the author's mental characteristics and methods as a student and writer with great distinctness. Everything is seen with the eye of an historian and archaeologist; everywhere there is evidence of knowledge both wide and profound, nor is there wanting the occasional familiar allusion to, or illustration drawn from, matters probably darkly obscure to many even of his *clientèle*. These brief studies often seem like notes for more elaborate work, and they will prove abundantly suggestive to scholarly readers. — The *Memoirs and Travels of Mauritius Augustus, Count de Benyowsky*, in Siberia, Kamchatka, Japan, the Liuku Islands, and Formosa. From the Translation of his Original Manuscript (1741-1771). By William Nicholson, F. R. S., 1790. Edited by Captain Pasfield Oliver. The Adventure Series. (T. Fisher Unwin, London; Macmillan, New York.) That Benyowsky was an adventurer in both senses of the word may be reason enough to place his memoirs in an Adventure Series, but we fail to find such excitement and interest in his romance founded upon fact as would make its publication seem a thing to be desired. Had he written a plain, unadorned tale of his remarkable experiences, it would doubtless have had, in a way, a permanent value; but his imagination was of an ordinary quality, and the account of his valor, of his all-fascinating and commanding personality, and of his greatness and magnanimity follows a very conventional pattern, and soon palls upon the reader. The editor, in his introduction, takes pains to sift the true from the false in the memoirs, and gives the titles of various books which the writer used in constructing the narrative of his voyage. He also sketches the known facts regarding Benyowsky's life. — *Rambles in Historic Lands*, by Peter J. Hamilton. (Putnam's.) The writer gives a somewhat circumstantial account of a four months' wedding tour on the well-traveled roads of England and the Continent. A great deal of useful and

instructive information is imparted about tolerably well-known matters, and the book throughout is monotonously commonplace. — *Four Centuries After, or, How I Discovered Europe*, by Ben Holt. A record of travel, wherein the writer, from the first page to the last, strenuously endeavors to prove himself an American Humorist of the newspaper variety.

Literature and Criticism. The *Ethics of Literary Art*, by Maurice Thompson. (Hartford Seminary Press, Hartford, Conn.) Mr. Thompson was asked to lecture before the Hartford Theological Seminary, and the matter of his three lectures he has published in this little volume. It is worth while to hear what a man of letters, who is poet, novelist, and critic, has to say on the fundamental principles of his art, and Mr. Thompson adds to his other qualifications that of frankness of speech. It would be possible to contravene some of his positions, but one is thankful for the vigorous sweep of his criticism. — The first part has been issued of *Bibliographica*, an ingenious quarterly, whose exact age is predicted from the outset. It is to be in twelve numbers, and yet there is no appearance from the contents of the first number that the editors design to make it more than the random collection of papers on subjects covered by the title. Mr. Charles I. Elton writes a most interesting account of Christina of Sweden and her Books, Mr. Andrew Lang throws off one of his bantering papers on Names and Notes in Books, and these are the removes. The heavier dishes are: A Copy of Celsus from the Library of Grolier, by W. Y. Fletcher; Thoinan's *Les Relieurs Français*, by S. T. Prideaux; *La Bibliophilie Moderne*, a French essay by Octave Uzanne; and two or three other specialized papers. Some interesting woodcuts and colored designs add to the attractiveness of this book-lover's luxurious quarterly. (Imported by Scribners.) — The fourth volume of the new edition of *Pepys's Diary* (George Bell & Sons, London; Macmillan, New York) extends from January 1, 1663-64, to June 30, 1665, eighteen not specially eventful months in the diarist's life, during which his ability and diligence in his office steadily increase his estate as well as the esteem in which he is held by those in authority. He of course has his seasons of

living under vows, but the penitence in the intervals of laxity grows noticeably less as worldly conditions improve. But more serious days to come are foreshadowed in one of the closing entries: "This day, much against my will, I did see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord, have mercy upon us' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw." The unabridged diary constantly deepens our sense of what may almost be called the pitiless veracity of the most complete self-portraiture in all literature. — Two more numbers of *The Temple Shakespeare* (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York) are, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Two Gentle-*

men of Verona. The Chandos portrait and a view of the interior of Stratford Church showing the bust are the frontispieces; very brief prefaces and scanty notes, with good glossaries, furnish the equipment of these attractive little volumes. We do not greatly admire the head-lines.

Poetry. Miss Christina Rossetti's charming fancy *Goblin Market* has been reissued, with designs by Laurence Housman. (Macmillan.) It is a genuine fairy tale in verse which conquers the tendency it creates to run into monosyllabic insipidity. Children may have it read to them without discovering it was not written for them, and without wearying the reader. There are few better examples of imagination strengthening fancy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Postscript to a Letter. THE opening paper of the Contributors' Club for May was one which acted on me as did a rainbow in the sky on Wordsworth. It is a letter which every one must enjoy, save perhaps the one to whom it is addressed. The name of that one may be "legion," as the paper seems to imply, in which case the remedy made and provided of old can hardly be improved upon. With the general tenor and temper of the Letter to a Friend from the Far West no fault can be found. If it be severe, its severity is found to spring from its absolute justice.

At the same time, one or two of those who put on the *toga virilis*, *Consule Quincio Planco*, may remember, with the acute sensibilities of boyhood, when, in many forms and distressing frequency, a like epistle was constantly coming across the water to the shores of the New World. The letter bore the signature at one time of Mrs. Frances Trollope (*leonum arida nutrix*), of the Rev. Sydney Smith, of Captain Marryat R. N., and lastly of a pleasing writer of fiction who visited the "States," was welcomed with effusion, was dined, wined, and made free of the American sherry cobbler, but who did not obtain the international copyright for which his soul longed. Whereupon he uttered his protest in the name of

one Martin Chuzzlewit, — a protest which does not read altogether unlike the letter of my brother Contributor. Therein it was more than hinted that the prevailing tone of American conversation addressed to the traveling Briton, and to which he was expected to listen, — even as the Contributor now listens, — was of the same sort as that indulged in by the far West. The style of Mr. Chuzzlewit differed from that of our letter-writer, much as the downright cut and thrust of a cutlass differs from the delicate and deadly flashing of a rapier in the hands of a master.

One can recall many more like examples of the yearning desire to expose and rebuke the same fault which was supposed to be inevitable in those who had learned the English tongue afar from the sound of the bells of Bow.

This fact, which is easily proved from history, leads up to a generalization here offered for the consideration of the Club. It is that the nations or races on the eastern side of a north and south boundary line have not understood nations or races on the western side. On the other hand, the progressed and progressive Westerner does understand his Eastern neighbor. The Italian does not comprehend the Frenchman as the Frenchman comprehends the Italian. The

Frenchman does not comprehend the Englishman as the Englishman comprehends the Frenchman. An Englishman does not understand the Americans as an American does the English. This assertion can be tested. A Frenchman may go to live in Italy, and become wholly a man of Italy in all his ways, habits, and life. An Englishman who chooses to do so may live in France, and become in all respects more intensely Gallic than the French themselves. An American will become so Anglicized that he is detected only by his excess of minute and photographic copying. It was said of a packet-master who sailed to Liverpool in the palmy days of the old Black Ball and Dramatic lines, and who spent his retired leisure in study, that "he was an encyclopedia with the leaf turned down at the article England." But an Italian in France, a Frenchman in England, an Englishman in America, never loses the stamp of exile. He cannot lay aside the traces of his nationality. He could not if he would, he would not if he could.

What does this spring from? The want of comprehension is not due to intellectual incapacity. As a rule, when the civilization of a race is at its meridian line, that which lies beyond is in comparison imperfect, and remains so. The concentrated power of a race as it ripens reaches a splendid development which is not repeated. Other peoples may have a glory of their own, but that which follows in the old way is only an afterglow of reflection and imitation. The Italy of its prime brought forth men who, for far-reaching powers of many-sided achievement, have never been surpassed on the European stage. They were men whose works attest them, and whose renown is not due to the accident of being first in the field. When modern artists can build and paint and carve like Leonardo and Giotto, Brunelleschi and Angelo, and be at the same time statesmen, scholars, poets, orators, and warriors, one may begin to draw comparisons of intellectual superiority. So, too, the Frenchman's quickness of perception, his grasp of formative philosophy, his clear-cut and incisive expression, still stand in brilliant contrast to the Englishman's somewhat confused habit of thought and slowness in logical theorizing. Yet the Englishman's downright and sturdy thoroughness, his magnificent mastery of the needed

facts of daily life, still shine in contrast to the shifty expedencies, and hasty, almost infantile clutching at results, unheeding the wise patience in the choice of methods which has marked so much of American progress. The law of life on this planet is that the younger must depend on the elder culture, and to gain any special and peculiar excellence must begin by importing from across, its eastern frontier tools and skill. It has to go back to the original sources. "*Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivos.*"

The difference is not intellectual, then, but moral. The Italy of Machiavelli, of Borgia, of the Venetian Councils, of the Papal Courts, of the ceaseless strifes of Bianchi and Neri, the Italy of the dagger and the poisoned chalice, could not comprehend the chivalrous sense of honor, the supreme thirst for glory, of the braver but ruder France. The Frenchman has never yet quite mastered the secret of the Englishman's devotion to duty and to law. And so, again, the Englishman is perplexed at the American's passion for freedom, with his instinctive acquiescence in the rule of majorities. The Englishman is the creature of precedent, the bond-slave of conventionality which rests on established authority. He resembles, in his moral constitution, the picture in Tennyson's *Palace of Art* :—

"As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea ;

"And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts ; then thinketh, 'I have found
A new land, but I die.' "

The American would change this last line,
"A new land, and I live."

Writing in behalf of our friend of the far West, while admitting that the lecture administered to him is duly deserved, and should prove salutary, I venture to suggest that this very idea of the vastness and untrammelled resources of the West which he vaunts has, while intellectually it is most inadequately grasped and bunglingly expressed, a moral force which we of the East do not comprehend. It dominates him with a sense of requirement which goes beyond the precedents and rules of the past. His sense of bigness and vastness of numbers, which seeks its symbolism and expression in the very crude and even offensive way in which he puts it,

is a stirring of a blind force within, trying to grow up to its surroundings without as yet knowing how that is to be done. He must import from the East, his East, all which it has gathered from the past, and learn its value. But to this he must apply his own occidentalism to test its worth, which worth, he feels, rests in its applicability to the needs of the masses; that is, to men dwelling in large spaces and in great numbers. As the chevaliers of France drew from Milan and Florence and Venice the armor, the weapons, and the engineering tactics wherewith to win battles and capture fenced cities, while the grave senates of the Italian republics were hiring *condottieri* and Swiss mercenaries to defend their gonfalons and man their walls; as England sought its scholars and teachers and literary themes from the Continent, that it might remould them to the purer and nobler conditions of English household life; so America has had to look back again and again to the elder world from which it emigrated, but has continually surprised and bewildered that world by applying what it obtained to the broader problem of self-government.

Yet again in his turn, the Eastern American has founded all his ideas and schemes of polity upon the Old-World tradition of the local community. The township is the central unit of authority, and all rule, county, state, national, has been simply the expansion of this into groups of townships. The Western American, with his experiences of frequent and ready removal, of vast spaces through which a population is thinly and unequally distributed, and of means of communication as complete on the large scale as they are imperfect on the small, is in training for a different moral attitude which must work out into new theories concerning the ordering of the body politic. The instincts of the Eastern American point to the local community as the focal centre of duty and responsibility; the instincts of the Western American stretch out along the parallels of latitude, with the equatorial belt as the base line of their development.

Guyot, in his Physical Geography, has brought out this idea by showing how the configuration of the Asian continent gave form to the primal institutions of clan and caste, which the European continent broke up into races and nationalities. These, again,

poured into the new matrix of the American world, began to fuse once more into homogeneous and large communities. The American motto, "*E Pluribus Unum*," has a broader and deeper and higher meaning than the federation of the States. The Westerner's brag of the capacities and advantages of his section is distinctly different from the local vaunting on the other side of the water, — from the Pisan's sneer at Genoa, the Neapolitan's gibe at Palermo, the Florentine's taunt at Venice. The Old-World motive is local pride, — the pride of the citizen that the excellence he magnifies is his, belongs by tenancy in common to him. The Western motive is joy that he, as a Westerner, belongs to it.

Permit me now, my dear fellow-Contributor, to whom I wish to offer my thanks for the pleasure with which I have read and re-read your paper, to venture the adding of a postscript. I do this with the caveat that my sex is not to be inferred from the use of this feminine device, nor is this to be held as an assumption that the most important part of the letter is here. To our friend from the far West, I wish to say: "Try to enter into your true position. What moves you, whether you are aware of it or not (probably not), is your sense of membership of the human family. Strive to fit yourself for this responsibility. Do not fancy that you have already attained or are already perfect. Understand that all the past is yours, written for your learning. As you shall master that, you will be made ready for the wider application looked for at your hands. But remember, when you say that Jenks of Denver is the world's greatest painter, that Von Gansfeder of Sioux City is the supreme poet, and that Hicks of Seattle is the champion barber of the ages, you practically profess yourself a finished expert and critic in pictorial, literary, and tonsorial achievement. Make your claim good, and we shall humbly be ready to turn over to you the readjustment of the moral and sociological balance of the callings of the painter, the writer, and the hair-dresser."

An Election to the French Academy.

— A little of everything that makes French history enters into the election of new members to the French Academy. The first attempt to give a successor to Taine brought into the field all the intellectual forces

which fight the battle of the new against the old. "New" and "old" are relative terms in the flow of French humanity, and there is much curving of currents and setting back of the tide.

Taine did not treat the French Revolution tenderly; not even the tradition which separates the reforms of 1789 from the bloody era beginning with 1792. The gray-heads among the Immortals—men like Émile Ollivier, with his reputation as a Bonapartist minister at the time of the *débâcle*, and as the lay theologian of what was once liberal Catholicism—sucked in reverence for the essential work of the Revolution with their mothers' milk. To all these it was important that the views of the dead philosopher of history should not be given official sanction in the person of his successor.

Now this is what Madame Taine particularly desired. She even had in her mind's eye the proper disciple of her dead husband to fill his chair in the Academy. This was M. Albert Sorel, who has treated of Europe during the great Revolution in notable volumes not unworthy of the master. He is a laureate of the Academy's *grand prix Gobert*, given for the most eloquent *morceau* of French history published during the two years preceding the award; and he is already a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

Another than Madame Taine had a special reason for desiring to bring into the Academy a man of M. Sorel's stamp. This was the Vicomte de Vogüé, who is one of the youngest, but also one of the most influential Academicians. His opening of French minds to Russian literature and Neo-Catholicism has made him the completest representative of young France in the learned body. He was a reverent friend, rather than a close disciple, of Taine. But he had a bone of contention to pick with M. Ollivier. Two years ago, the Emperor's grand prix of the French Institute (the five Academies united) for 20,000 francs had to be conferred by the Academy proper. Vogüé, who was on the committee, and whose Neo-Catholicism is nothing if not catholic, pronounced in favor of Élisée Reclus, whose mammoth *Géographie Universelle* was already approaching completion. This was a worse spectre to raise before the Academy than Zola himself. The red flag

of the Commune, after which the Reclus brothers had been sentenced to transportation (commuted by President Thiers at the request of Charles Darwin and other English men of science), had been made still more lurid by the black banner of the Anarchist movement, over which Élisée Reclus has presided ever since the death of Bakunin. M. Ollivier, in full academical session, delivered himself of a morsel of eloquence worthy of the days of an older and more pompous régime: "The Academy would dishonor itself by giving the great prize to this man whose hands are still stained with blood. It would be our first smile bestowed on the Commune." The Academy was won; and M. de Vogüé would not be displeased at a Christian revenge which should seat beside Émile Ollivier, author of *Solutions Politiques et Sociales*, M. Sorel, whose Neo-Republican appreciation of the Revolution knows no enthusiasm for the principles of 1789.

M. Sorel had not presented his name for this first election. The question was how to save the place for him by rendering the election null. Woman's wit, with the help of the many friends of Taine, found the way.

Four candidates had offered themselves: Henry Houssaye, who has written of the closing days of the Napoleonic epic; Émile Montégut, who has translated Shakespeare; Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who has expounded general views on such particular subjects of the day as Russia, the Semites, and the Pope; and last of all, that unruly disciple of Taine (as Paul Bourget is the orderly one), whom the dead Academician, during life, had done all in his power to make a perpetual candidate, — and nothing more, — Émile Zola. Zola, in conformity with the tactics he had hitherto adopted, also presented himself for the simultaneous election of a successor to Mazade, the *chroniqueur* of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. For the chair of Taine he did not receive one vote, doubtless out of respect to the man who led the Academical stampede in favor of Pierre Loti when Zola's candidature first presented itself as a spectre full of possibilities. The claims of the other candidates so evenly balanced each other that the election had to be declared off. This postponement at least made M. Sorel's candidature possible, which was all that could be hoped for the time being.

Meanwhile, Zola's friends had concen-

trated their forces on the election to the place of Mazade. The Academy, still true to the tradition left them by Taine, promptly elected to the vacant chair the poet De Heredia. But Zola, whose brutal blurting out of the legitimate consequences of Taine's philosophy has chiefly embittered the Academicians against him, received eleven votes as against two when he began the long and unequal fight. It was now said that M. Alexandre Dumas, who has been carrying on the campaign in favor of his friend, was adopting new tactics quite capable of circumventing finally the utmost wit of the opposing Academicians. Zola's candidature was to remain inevitable until he should be elected. But, as each election came, his friends were to spy out the land, and give their voices in the end to that candidate who would on future occasions vote for Zola. This, it was also said, had already been the case with Pierre Loti, thus defeating Taine's own plan in making the stam pede which elected him; and it was sure to be the same with De Heredia. At this rate, after a few more deaths of Academicians, the apostle of Naturalism was to grow by positive process into an Immortal's chair, in spite of Brunetière, whom the University students, in their Lenten brawls of 1894, have made to represent the opposition to Zola in the Academy just as he has been the relentless critic of Naturalism in his books.

It still remained to secure the proper succession to the chair of Taine. M. Houssaye had the most chances in his favor, and was supposed to be an especial friend of Madame Taine. But he now quietly presented his name for the chair of Voltaire, which Maxime Ducamp's death had meanwhile conveniently left vacant. He would not, like Arsène, the elder of his name (the name is really Housset), remain for forty years the "forty-first Academician." This transference of his candidature was also said to be the work of Madame Taine.

To face the situation thus created, Jules Claretie and François Coppée, who love not Émile Ollivier more, but Taine and Vogüé less, had the bright idea of nominating M. Spuller, Minister of Public Instruction and of Worship in the Casimir-Perier ministry. His literary baggage is of the slightest, scarcely more than a sober volume which he made up in studying Lamennais,

the ill-known philosopher, who was an intellectual force in the second quarter of this century far more violent, and more potent even, than Taine has been at the century's end. No one could accuse M. Spuller, the friend of Gambetta, of being a reactionary. Yet he has appreciated respectfully the vital influence of Lamennais in the regeneration of French Catholicism (which the uneasy abbé left, however, to eat his heart away in the hopelessness of a socialist pantheism). His declaration of the "new spirit" of the government of the Republic in dealing with the Church was also thought to have made him a *persona grata* at the Vatican. Since Bishop Dupanloup forsook the Academy, in his indignation at the election of the positivist and atheist Littré (who ended contrariwise by dying a Catholic), the Church has not been supposed to count for much among the Forty Immortals. But here, as elsewhere, French Radicalism has been losing ground of late. Moreover, a single vote would be of some importance. Now, the new record of Minister Spuller would secure for him, besides M. Ollivier, the vote of Monseigneur Perraud, the only ecclesiastic in the Academy. (By a strange irony of fate he is Bishop of Autun, which was Talleyrand's see before he unfrocked himself.) But before all this could come to a head, the government had been surprised by the Radicals into the prosecution of the Archbishop of Lyons, which made the new spirit suddenly to be of scarce a penny-whistle's worth so far as the Academy may go.

Thus the situation again remained open to the best efforts of the friends of M. Sorel and Madame Taine. The whole story, in connection with so grave a body, takes one irresistibly back to the councils of the early Christian Church of Carthage, where it was said that every schism had its mother.

[As this page goes to press comes the news of the election of MM. Bourget and Sorel.]

— There is a delightful story, Gifts.

which we owe to Charles Lever's splendid mendacity, of an old English lady who sent to Garibaldi, during that warrior's confinement at Varignano, a portly pincushion well stocked with British pins. Her enthusiastic countrywomen had already supplied their idol with woolen underwear, and fur-lined slippers, and intoxicating beverages, and other articles equally useful to an

abstemious prisoner of war in a hot climate ; but pins had been overlooked until this thoughtful votary of freedom offered her tribute at its shrine.

Absurd though the tale appears, it has its counterparts in more sober annals, and few men of any prominence have not bewailed at times their painful popularity. Sir Walter Scott, who was the recipient of many gifts, had his fair share of vexatious experiences, and laughs at them somewhat ruefully now and then in the pages of his journal. Eight large and very badly painted landscapes, "in great gilded frames," were given him by one "most amiable and accomplished old lady." She had ordered them from an impoverished amateur whom she desired to befriend, and then palmed them off on Sir Walter, who was too gentle and generous to protest. A more "whimsical subject of affliction" was the presentation of two emus by a Mr. Harmer, a settler in Botany Bay, to whom Scott had given some useful letters of introduction. "I wish his gratitude had either taken a different turn, or remained as quiescent as that of others whom I have obliged more materially," writes Sir Walter in his journal. "I at first accepted the creatures, conceiving them, in my ignorance, to be some sort of blue and green parrots, which, though I do not admire their noise, might scream and yell at their pleasure, if hung up in the hall among the armor. But your emu, it seems, stands six feet high on his stocking soles, and is little better than a kind of cassowary or ostrich. Hang them ! They might eat up my collection of old arms, for what I know."

Finally, like the girl who was converted at a revival, and who gave her blue ribbons to her sister because she knew they were taking her to hell, Scott got himself out of the scrape by passing on the emus, as a sort of feudal offering, to the Duke of Buccleugh, and leaving that nobleman to solve as best he could the problem of their maintenance. The whole story is very much like the experience of Mr. James Payn's lawyer friend, to whom a "grateful orphan" sent from the far East a dromedary, with the pleasant assurance that its hump was considered extremely delicate eating. As this highly respected member of the London bar could not well have the dromedary butchered for the sake of its hump, — even

if he had yearned over the dish, — and as he was equally incapable of riding the beast to his office every morning, he considered himself fortunate when the Zoölogical Gardens opened their hospitable gates, and the orphan's tribute disappeared therein, to be seen and heard of no more.

Charles Lamb, on the other hand, if we may trust the testimony of his letters, appears to have derived a keen and kindly pleasure from the more reasonable and modest presents of his friends. Perhaps, like Steele, he looked upon it as a point of morality to be obliged to those who endeavored to oblige him. Perhaps it was easy for one so lovable to detect the honest affection which inspired these varied gifts. It is certain we find him returning genial thanks, now to Hazlitt for a pig, now to Wordsworth for a "great armful" of poetry, and now to Thomas Allsop for some Stilton cheese, — "the delicatest, rainbow-hued, melting piece I ever flavored." He seems equally gratified with an engraving of Pope sent him by Mr. Procter, and with another pig, — "a dear pigmy," he calls it, — the gift of Mrs. Bruton. Nor is it only in these letters of acknowledgment — wherein courtesy dispenses occasionally with the companionship of truth — that Lamb shows himself a generous recipient of his friends' good will. He writes to Wordsworth, who has sent him nothing, and expresses his frank delight in some fruit which has been left early that morning at his door : —

"There is something inexpressibly pleasant to me in these presents, be it fruit, or fowl, or brawn, or what not. Books are a legitimate cause of acceptance. If presents be not the soul of friendship, they are undoubtedly the most spiritual part of the body of that intercourse. There is too much narrowness of thinking on this point. The punctilio of acceptance, methinks, is too confined and strait-laced. I could be content to receive money, or clothes, or a joint of meat from a friend. Why should he not send me a dinner as well as a dessert ? I would taste him in all the beasts of the field, and through all creation. Therefore did the basket of fruit of the juvenile Talfourd not displease me."

It is hard not to envy Talfourd when one reads these lines. It is hard not to envy any one who had the happiness of giving fruit, or cheese, or pigs to Charles

Lamb. How gladly would we all have brought our offerings to his door, and have gone away with bounding hearts, exulting in the thought that our pears would deck his table, our pictures his wall, our books his scanty shelves ! "People seldom read a book which is given to them," observes Dr. Johnson, with his usual discouraging acumen ; but Lamb found leisure, amid heavy toil, to peruse the numerous volumes which small poets as well as big ones thought fit to send him. He accepted his gifts with a charming munificence which suggests those far-off, fabulous days when presents were picturesque accessories of life ; when hosts gave to their guests the golden cups from which they had been drinking ; and sultans gave their visitors long trains of female slaves, all beautiful, and carrying jars of jewels upon their heads ; and Merlin gave to Gwythno the famous hamper which multiplied its contents an hundredfold, and fed the starving hosts in storm-swept Caradigion. In those brave years, large-hearted men knew how to accept as well as how to give, and they did both with an easy grace for which our modern methods offer no adequate opportunity. Even in the veracious chronicles of hagiology, the old harmonious sentiment is preserved, and puts us to the blush. St. Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar at the gates of Tours was hardly what we delight in calling practical ; yet not one shivering outcast only, but all mankind would have been poorer had that mantle been withheld. King Canute taking off his golden crown, and laying it humbly on St. Edmund's shrine, stirs our hearts a little even now ; while Queen Victoria sending fifty pounds to a deserving charity excites in us no stronger sentiment than esteem. It was easier, perhaps, for a monarch to do a gracious and a princely deed when his crown and sceptre were his own property instead of belonging to the state ; and picturesqueness, ignore it as we may, is a quality which, like distinction, "fixes the world's ideals."

These noble and beautiful benefactions, however, are not the only ones which linger pleasantly in our memories. Gifts there have been, of a humble and domestic kind, the mere recollection of which is a continual delight. I love to think of Jane Austen's young sailor brother, her "own par-

ticular little brother," Charles, spending his first prize money in gold chains and "topaze crosses" for his sisters. What prettier, warmer picture can be called to mind than this handsome, gallant, light-hearted lad — handsomer, Jane jealously insists, than all the rest of the family — bringing back to his quiet country home these innocent trophies of victory ? Surely it was the pleasure Miss Austen felt in that "topaze" cross, that little golden chain, which found such eloquent expression in Fanny Price's mingled rapture and distress when *her* sailor brother brought her the amber cross from Sicily, and Edmund Bertram offered her, too late, the chain on which to hang it. It is a splendid reward that lies in wait for boyish generosity when the sister chances to be one of the immortals, and hands down to generations of readers the charming record of her gratitude and love.

By the side of this thoroughly English picture should be placed, in justice and in harmony, another which is as thoroughly German, — Rahel Varnhagen sending to her brother money to bring him to Berlin. The letter which accompanies this sisterly gift is one of the most touching in literature. The brilliant, big-hearted woman is yearning for her kinsman's face. She has saved the trifling sum required through many unnamed denials. She gives it as generously as if it cost her nothing. Yet with that wise thrift which goes hand in hand with liberality, she warns her brother that her husband knows nothing of the matter. Not that she mistrusts his nature for a moment. He is good and kind, but he is also a man, and has the customary shortsightedness of his sex. "He will think," she writes, "that I have endless resources, that I am a millionaire, and will forget to economize in the future."

Ah, painful frugality of the poor Fatherland ! Here is nothing picturesque, nor lavish, nor light-hearted, to tempt our jocund fancies. Yet here, as elsewhere, the generous soul refuses to be stinted of its joy ; and the golden crown of King Canute is not more charming to contemplate than are the few coins wrested from sordid needs, and given with a glad munificence which makes them splendid as the ransom of a prince.

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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XXIII.

THE post that brought to Roger Carey Lyssie's terrified and confused appeal brought also a brief communication from Mrs. Shore. She was anxious to consult Mr. Carey on business; could he run down to Old Chester for a day or two? She would be greatly indebted to him if he could spare the time to come.

As it happened, Roger really could not spare the time very well, and a stern sense of duty might have made him write to Lyssie, with anxious regret, that he could not possibly leave his office at what chanced to be an important moment; but Mrs. Shore's summons, couched in business terms, gave him an excuse with which to silence his conscience for stealing a day off with Alicia. "I've got to go," he assured himself, his face beaming with satisfaction. "Business is business; but I'll stay over Sunday, and maybe Lyssie will be willing not to go to church this once; — and then she'll tell me what troubles her," he thought, a little amused, but tender. Roger had forgotten his vague self-reproach for something he had not done on the day that he had last seen Lyssie and her sister, and he was aware now of nothing but eagerness to see his sweetheart again. "I'll take the Friday afternoon stage," he told himself, with great delight.

It happened that Mr. Joseph Lavendar took the same stage, and he, with instant hospitality, insisted that Mr. Carey, instead of putting up at the village

tavern, should come to the rectory. "My brother will be delighted to see you," he said, "delighted!"

Roger, alarmed at the prospect of the rectory, and morning and evening worship, and no food to speak of, protested that the tavern was very comfortable; that he was in town on business, and would be much occupied; that he could not think of bothering Dr. Lavendar: in fact, he offered all those excuses with which we try to evade undesired hospitality, and which never save us.

Mr. Lavendar pooh-poohed them all. "My brother'll be delighted," he insisted, beaming.

And Roger, with a sigh for the freedom of the tavern, declared that, in that case, he should be delighted, too; and so it was settled.

Mr. Lavendar was honestly glad to see the young man, because he was a young man, and in love, and on his way to Old Chester, — three things calculated to arouse a kindly sentiment in the mind of Joseph Lavendar; but he suddenly remembered that Mr. Carey was also a cousin of Mrs. Pendleton's, and he was at once conscious of a distinctly warmer feeling for him. As they sat side by side on the box seat, he scanned Roger furtively over the rims of his spectacles, and seemed to find the inspection satisfactory. He liked the young man's gray clothes; he liked his straw hat; he liked his clean-shaven face, his strong mouth, his keen eye. "He has a look of Amanda," Mr. Joseph thought sentimentally,

indifferent to the claims of blood on the part of the late Mr. Pendleton.

They did not talk very much. Roger, until the long, slow jog in the sunshine made him sleepy, was wondering what on earth Mrs. Shore could want of him; and the other had his own affairs to think of.

Mr. Joseph sighed once or twice, and looked at his companion as though about to speak. Yet they were more than half-way to Old Chester before, in the most casual way in the world, though with a flurried note in his voice which Roger might have noticed had he been less sleepy, Mr. Lavendar began to say something of his young friend's interesting relative Mrs. Pendleton. He spoke of her writings, her garden, her pleasing and most feminine manners, and then he ventured the criticism that she must be somewhat lonely, being (comparatively) a stranger in Old Chester.

Roger yawned, and said, Well, yes, he supposed so.

Then there was a little silence, after which the older man observed, hurriedly, that the afternoon was charming, and he wondered that so agreeable a lady had not married again.

"Yes," said Roger, glancing off across the russet fields.

"It surprises me a little," Mr. Lavendar remarked, and paused to cough gently behind his hand, "that she has not made another choice; though perhaps it is a little soon to think of it, and I am certain that your relative would observe every propriety. However, I have no doubt she will make another choice at some time?"

"Very likely," Roger agreed absently. He had waked up enough to say to himself again, "But why does she send for *me*? Where's Woodhouse? He looks after their affairs. I wonder if Shore advised it?" He did not notice how instantly the furtive anxiety had cleared from Mr. Lavendar's face, nor how he drew a full breath, and smiled,

and began to talk to the stage-driver with a certain excited gait.

When Mr. Carey climbed down at Alicia's door, and said he should not come to the rectory until late, for he thought Mrs. Drayton would give him some supper, Mr. Lavendar hardly protested. His mind was too full of the conclusion he had drawn from the young man's assent to his statement that Mrs. Pendleton would no doubt make another choice.

"That settles the question of the will," he thought, his heart beating hard. For the rest of the evening he thought of nothing else, even while the preface to the chapters which were to be written upon *The Relation of Precious Stones to the Science and Practice of Medicine* was being read aloud to him, and while he told his brother all the Mercer news.

After supper, as usual, the brothers played dominoes, with Danny snuggled close beside Dr. Lavendar, who was constantly addressing the little grizzled dog with fierce epithets, and threatening that he would give him away to the first person who would take him. "You are a scoundrel, sir!" his master assured him, edging forward in his chair to make more room for him.

"Go on, Joey, it's your draw. You're slow, boy!"

Mr. Joseph drew. "Ah — brother Jim," he said, continuing to draw, "I spoke — I should say, young Carey spoke — of my friend Mrs. Pendleton. You recall your fear that she might be hampered, as you might say, by the will of the late Mr. Pendleton?"

Dr. Lavendar, about to mark his gains with a broken match upon an old cribbage board, looked up, his jaw dropping.

"Young Carey said," Mr. Joseph went on (still drawing) — "he said that — but I won't trouble you with what he said; only, brother Jim, I wished you to know that there are strong probabilities that the — impediment — which you mentioned does not exist."

"But nine hundred and ninety-nine

other impediments do!" cried Dr. Lavendar, choking.

"I am not aware of them," said Mr. Joseph, with dignity; but he breathed hard, and drew three more dominoes very rapidly.

"Have you asked her yet?" the brother demanded. ("Hold on! How many are you going to draw?")

Mr. Lavendar checked himself and apologized; beginning, with a shaking hand, to arrange a fence of dominoes like a Druid circle about the altar of a double six. "I have n't asked her yet; but now I mean to. I don't think we need pursue this subject; it is painful for us both."

"The result will be painful for you, sir!" Dr. Lavendar answered loudly. "But if Ephraim is joined to his idols, I suppose one must let him alone; only I should like to say one thing, and then we'll drop the subject. *Are you prepared to live on your wife, sir?*"

"I have my profession," returned poor Mr. Joseph, matching a five, and turning off the snaky line to the left; but he quivered under the thrust.

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, throwing himself back in his chair so suddenly that Danny squeaked, and scrambled out from under his arm, "in my young days, a young man would n't have had the face to go to a rich woman and say, 'I can earn my coach fare, ma'am, and a dollar or two beside, but I'll be obliged to you if you will marry me.' But never mind, never mind. Things have changed since then."

"James!"

"Well, he *would n't*," Dr. Lavendar said tremulously. Then he opened and shut his lips several times before he succeeded in adding, "I did n't mean that, Joey. You make me seem irritable sometimes; but not at all; I am merely impatient. Of course you earn your living. But I don't like her, Joey; that's the fact. She threw you over once; she'd do it again."

"You've no right to say that, brother Jim," Mr. Joseph said; then, the gibe about his money still rankling, he went on with some spirit: "And beside, it is n't as though I were a money-hunter; not at all. I have something beside my profession. There's the income we shall have from the book."

Dr. Lavendar was silent. He got up, and went over to the mantelshelf and filled his pipe, forgetting to light it; then he came shuffling back. "It's your draw," he said, and stroked Danny's ears violently. "I—I, of course, expect a good income from my book. But you've no right to reckon on that. It belongs to me."

Mr. Joseph did not speak. Dr. Lavendar played excitedly; the tears stood in his eyes. "Don't you want a light, Jim?" his brother said, and got up and brought a live coal in the tongs; and then they played in silence.

Joseph Lavendar could hardly see. If he did not match his dominoes, his brother let it pass. "You've no right to reckon on that:" Mr. Joseph said it over and over. He forgot Mrs. Pendleton. Such a threat had no bearing upon his purpose, but it broke his heart. Jim's book—Jim's income—he had "no right to reckon" on them! He played on blindly; he felt as though he hated Mrs. Pendleton for this grief; but he matched a double, and turned and twisted the long line across the slippery top of the table, and made no protest.

It was a dreadful evening to these two brothers: they wished Roger Carey would come in; they could not meet each other's eyes as they sat there alone, and it would be something to have the young man to talk to and to look at. But he did not come; and by and by, at half past nine to the minute, they went out together to look, as usual, at the thermometer, and to mark the temperature upon a sheltered clapboard at one end of the porch, where a line of such marks showed the age of the habit.

Then they had prayers ; after which, still as usual, they together conducted Danny to his bed in the barn, and blew out the lights. They put a candle and a match upon the hall table for Mr. Carey, and left the door on the latch. Then they said good-night, and each shut himself up in his room.

Both of them were awake when, the night half over, Roger Carey entered, and, with careful stealth, climbed the stairs to his bedroom.

XXIV.

When Alicia's first delight at seeing her lover had worn off, her face settled into anxious lines. But she was incapable of putting into words, even to him, the "dreadful thing," the "shameful thing," as she thought it, which had happened to her sister ; all that she told him, the color coming up into her face, and even her slender neck flushing, was that something troubled Cecil and Philip. "I'm sure you can help them," she said.

Roger did not press her for any explanation.

"Very well, dear, I'll do my best," he told her gently, and saw the painful color ebb, and her clear eyes meet his again. He was very gentle with her, as one is with a child whose modesty is a beautiful ignorance ; but it removed him very far away from her. In his own mind he smiled a little. "They've quarreled, I suppose," he thought, "and Lysie, bless her little heart ! wants me to reconcile them. But I can't do anything. The fellow who tries to mediate between husband and wife is a fool. But why in the world did *she* send for me ? It can't be this squabble ?"

And when, directly after supper, he left Lysie, with the promise of an early return, and went up to Mrs. Shore's, he was still in the dark as to why he had been summoned to Old Chester.

No, Mr. Shore was not at home, he was told. Mrs. Shore was in, yes ; the servant would find out whether she would see Mr. Carey. Roger, waiting, received a leaping welcome from Eric, and responded as warmly. "You old scamp !" he said lovingly, as the dog showed that beautiful and joyous affection which the human creature is as unworthy to receive as he is incapable of experiencing in himself. But all the while he was listening intently for a step upon the stairs, and he was aware that he was breathing quickly. Then the maid came to say, Would Mr. Carey please go up to Mrs. Shore's sitting-room ?

She did not rise to meet him, but she smiled, and held out her hand without speaking. That reception of smiling silence is strangely flattering. Roger felt it so now.

"You see I come at once," he said.

"You are very good," she answered cordially ; and then said something of the bore of a stage ride, and asked him if he had had dinner, and would he not have a glass of wine ?

"No, thank you," Roger said. The situation itself was suddenly like wine to him. He could not hold his eyes away from her. Behind her, high on the wall, a cluster of candles burned in an old sconce, and a shower of soft light fell on her bronze hair, wrapped in two noble braids about her head ; at her suggestion, he threw a fresh log upon the fire, and when, with a leaping rush of sparks, the small flames curled about it as tremulously as the fingers of a player about the neck of his mandolin, the light shone on her face, and glimmered in a square topaz that caught the lace together at her throat, and spread itself in a sheen upon her lap.

Cecil talked, in her slow voice, — a voice that had color in it, — of this or that : told him Molly was in despair to have to go to bed without seeing him ; laughed a little at the invitation from the rectory ; said Eric had pined for him.

Eric, outside, heard his name, and rapped on the door with his tail. Roger answered recklessly and gayly. He had no longer any curiosity to know why she had sent for him; he was here, and he could look at her, and that was enough. He said to himself that he had never seen a more splendid creature. She was not Mrs. Philip Shore to him; still less was she Lyssie's sister: she was a "splendid creature."

"Yes," Cecil continued, "it is very good in you to come so promptly. I have some business matters I want to put into your hands, Mr. Carey. Mr. Shore and I are going to separate."

The blood flew to Roger Carey's face. "What?"

"Yes. Oh, I don't mean that I am going to need your professional services. Did you have a vision of the divorce court? No; we are most amicable, Mr. Shore and I. We are a perfect Darby and Joan in the way in which we agree about this. We are going to live apart; that's all. What I wanted to ask you was only a question about Molly. And I want you to take care of my money, too, if you will?"

Her words were like a dash of water in his face; he dropped abruptly from that haze of impersonal appreciation of the "splendid creature" to keen interest and very honest dismay. His friend's wife was going to leave him!

"Oh, Mrs. Shore," he cried, "this is very dreadful! It is — why, it is incredible! Surely you don't mean — it's only a passing impulse; you can't mean" —

"Yes," Cecil answered quietly, "I do mean it, Mr. Carey. I need not bother you with my reasons, but I do mean it."

"But I don't understand! You've had some difference, I suppose; and now you think — Oh, Mrs. Shore, it's impossible! You must let me see Philip and tell him you think better of it. You must let me — do something."

"You are very kind," Cecil said, with an annoyed look, "but it's all settled,

thank you very much. I merely wished to ask you one or two questions."

"I'll answer any questions I can, but first please let me say how distressed and shocked I am at what you tell me. Of course, if — if Philip has offended you in any way" —

"Oh, not at all. We have nothing against one another, — except each the existence of the other. Oh yes; the daily aggravation of Philip's good example has been very trying. My dear Mr. Carey, we are bored; that is all."

Roger was too dumfounded at the folly of it for words; his face grew rigid with consternation.

"I thought you believed in separation?" Cecil said. "Did n't you say the Todds ought to separate? Or no; it was Mr. Shore who said that; I had forgotten. But you certainly told me you believed in separation."

"Under some circumstances I do. The Todds ought n't to live together, perhaps, but such a separation ought to be made *by the State for the State*, — not by themselves for any selfish reasons. But how ridiculous to speak of such a thing! You and Philip are educated and responsible people, who propose to do an absolutely wicked thing, for apparently no reason or motive whatever!"

"Oh, we have very exalted reasons," Cecil answered, with a slight smile. "Mr. Shore knows that — that I no longer adore him; Love's young dream is over, so to speak, so on high moral grounds we think it right to part." Her color deepened as she spoke, and there was an instant's silence between them.

Then Roger said, constrainedly, something about false ideas of morality. "It's all very well to hide the fact under fine sentiments; but I tell you what it is, it is a case of the Emperor in Hans Andersen's story, who said he was so finely dressed: — do you remember what the child cried out? I don't care how exalted your reasons and Philip's are, the real naked fact is selfishness."

But I refuse to think it possible that you will do such a thing. It's only an impulse, as I said. Will you not authorize me to go to see Philip and tell him that you think better of it?"

"You would like to arrange a reconciliation, would n't you?" she said drolly. "Do you want Molly to fall ill, and then join our hands over her cradle? Or shall one of us die, to give freedom to the other, and uncomfortably remorseful love result? No, Mr. Carey; the dramatic does n't happen. Molly is very robust, thank Heaven, and neither Mr. Shore nor I mean to commit suicide" —

Roger interrupted her, frowning. "This is too grave a matter for flippancy. Let me discuss it with you seriously."

But even while he discussed it the old excitement crept over him, this time with a shadowy terror in it; his earnestness held a singular note of fright. He did not want Cecil Shore to be free! Her husband must not set a trap for him in this way! Every argument of conventionality, of duty to Molly, of ecclesiastical force, was hot upon his lips. She could not, he declared, find a word of complaint against Philip; Philip was the best fellow in the world. He sternly bade her realize her husband's worth. He was convinced, he said, that the fault was hers, if Philip, for this preposterous reason which she had given, wished to leave her. "You are a selfish woman," he said, — he was bending forward, one hand behind him, gripping the arm of his chair, the other outstretched, almost touching hers in his excitement, yet never unconscious enough really to do it, — "you are a selfish woman, and you are flippant, which is worse. Even now you are flippant. Here is a matter of awful seriousness, and you regard it — or you pretend to regard it — lightly, and from a simply selfish point of view."

Roger was battling for his friend with all his heart, but he looked all the while — he could not take his eyes away from her — at this beautiful woman, who, de-

spite the matter of which they were speaking, was again only a beautiful woman to him.

But defense of her husband was an insult to Cecil. She flung out at him that she only wished to consult him about Molly, — unless, of course, being Mr. Shore's friend, he did not wish to advise her? In which case she would consult some one else.

"I am here to advise you, whether you want it or not," he returned; "now just listen to me, please." He stood up in front of her, one hand in his pocket, the other emphasizing his curt words. "There shall be no question about Molly; you and Shore will both do your duty, and keep a home for her."

His indignation, his apparent feeling that her views and reasons were beneath argument, his evident and rude belief that if she would only behave herself like an intelligent woman Philip would "be willing" to give up this mad and wicked plan, made Cecil furious. She was not for a moment impressed by the value of anything he said. It is not impossible that this was because of its insincerity. He was arguing as he believed, but not because he believed it. He was arguing from absolute, dismayed selfishness.

"As for Molly," he said, "I can't help telling you frankly that I consider you the last person in the world to take charge of her; you spoil her, you amuse yourself with her, you neglect her, just as it happens to suit you."

"Mr. Carey, you force me to remind you that I have not asked your opinion about my conduct, I" —

"Well, I'm sorry to appear to thrust my opinion upon you, but it's certainly just as well you should know what people will think and say if you carry out this preposterous idea. Upon my word, Mrs. Shore, it is amazing to me that a man of Philip's integrity, and a woman of — well, of as much horse sense, in the long run, as you have, can seriously consider such a thing! I shall tell Philip

that he'll sacrifice Molly if he carries out an abstract idealism (of course that's what it is in him), because she will be left without his influence. It's the only influence for good the child has," he ended, looking at her severely.

She defended herself as well as she could, but his words beat her like whips. In spite of her anger and her pride, she cowered; tears, even, rose in her eyes. "You are very unjust—you are very unjust," she murmured.

"On the contrary, I am only just; I tell you the truth. As for your having Molly,—yes, I suppose she would be given to you, if you did anything so wicked as to push this matter to a question of law. Unfortunately, the court would not take cognizance of the fact that you are an unfit woman to be entrusted with her. But there must n't be such a question; you must go back to your husband,—and you must remember you're his wife. This matter of flinging off an obligation because it is n't agreeable is vicious and pernicious, I don't care what the ideals are! Ideality can be responsible for damnable crimes." He spoke with that brutal indifference as to his choice of words that a man reserves for men, and for the woman who loves him. It did not strike either of them at the time, but he did not excuse his indignant excitement on the ground of his approaching connection with the family.

He stood looking down at her, his chin set, his eyes narrowing in a certain aggressive masculinity that made all the woman in her shrink. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" he said.

She rose; his words and the jarring anger of his voice were as tangible as a grip upon her wrists, pulling her to her feet before him. "Don't say such things,—don't talk to me that way. It's done. I can't help it. It's done. I wish you would help me instead of talking that way."

He said, breathlessly, that he *was* help-

ing her when he told her she must not leave her husband; for Molly's sake, for — for — "My heavens! Philip Shore's a fool!" he burst out. But instantly, as though a quick rein tightened upon him, he again stammered something of duty. "Promise me to do your duty!"

"I'll think over what you've said," she answered faintly. She felt as though he had compelled the words; she was afraid of him. Her breath came in a sob, and she swayed a little as though about to fall.

"You are faint!" he said quickly. Her arms fell along his own stretched out to support her; he felt her warm, swaying weight upon his breast; their eyes met in one full, pulsating look,—met with a clash of exultant shame, and dropped, cowering.

Cecil drew back violently, flinging her hands behind her as though she had touched fire. Neither spoke. Roger Carey trembled to his soul.

"I—I beg your pardon; I thought you were faint"—

A spark from the fire leaped suddenly out across the hearth and fell on the white rug at their feet.

"How that wood does snap!" he said, breathless.

"Yes—yes; it's a nuisance to have it snap so. Oh, are you—must you go?"

"I think so. Yes. I will see you to-morrow. Good-night."

"Good-night."

XXV.

"No, it was so late when I left Mrs. Shore's, I thought I'd better not come in."

"Oh, Roger, could you make things straight? Oh, is n't it dreadful that she should have thought of such a thing? I felt sure you'd show her how wrong it was."

"Well, I said everything I could think of. Yes, I produced some effect. I had a note from her this morning, and"—

"Oh," interrupted Lyssie, "won't you please begin at the beginning? Tell me everything! I'm so worried."

But there was singularly little to tell.

"She promises to reconsider it," he said. "There's her letter; read it, if you want to. She just says she will reconsider it. Lys, after I left—Mrs. Shore's, I took a walk. That's another thing that made me late. The fact was, I wanted to think."

"About this, I suppose?"

"About you."

The color came into Lyssie's face, and she smiled, in spite of the grief of the world. "You might have found a better subject!"

They were in the parlor; Lyssie near the window, for the room was dark with a steady sweep of rain against the glass, and she was busy with a bit of sewing. Outside there was a glimpse of a frosted garden standing forlornly in the mist; there was a yellow litter of fallen leaves under the chestnuts, and in the sodden border a single blot of scarlet, where a late geranium burned bravely in spite of its pallid hanging leaves. Once or twice a drop splashed down the chimney and sputtered on the hearth; but the fire flamed cheerily, with a low murmur of sap, and Eric lay comfortably in front of it, steaming a little, and twinkling up at Roger from under anxious, deprecatory brows.

"He met me in the village, and he would come," Roger explained, and touched the dog's big nose with his foot. "Come, wake up, old man!"

Eric lifted one eyebrow, and flopped his tail, but he had no intention of moving.

"What a beastly day it is!" said Roger; he was wondering whether he looked as stupid as he felt.

"Yes," Lyssie assented, glancing up from her sewing. "Just see this yellow leaf the rain has beaten against the window! It's too bad about our walk, but perhaps it will clear by this afternoon."

"I don't believe it will," Roger remarked gloomily; and then he came and sat down by Lyssie's little work-table, and took her scissors and began to snip off bits of thread; when reproved for such untidy ways, he built the spools into pyramids, and then drummed on the table to make them totter and fall. He had nothing to say of Cecil and Philip, except that "it was all perfectly absurd," and just a passing impulse. "It will come out all right," he told her impatiently.

"Oh, Roger, are you *sure*?" Lyssie entreated, ready to cry with the relief of it. She wished he would be a little more explicit, but she would not tease him with questions; perhaps he felt that such a matter ought not to be spoken of.

Roger knocked all the spools down at a blow, and rose, and stirred Eric up, rolling him over with his foot, and worrying him with grumbling affection. "It's beastly, this rain," he announced again; which made Alicia put down her work and say with decision, "We will go out to walk. You don't mind the rain, do you? I don't. And it will be pleasanter than staying in the house."

Roger brightened up at once, but protested faintly: "You might get damp; your mother will think I am insane. Of course you mustn't go out in the rain. We can talk here just as well. I want to tell you what it was that I thought about you last night."

If this suggestion of a confidence by the quiet fireside was any temptation to Alicia, she did not betray it. "Damp? What does that matter! I'd love a walk in the rain;" and she silenced him by running away to get her cloak.

Left alone, Roger stood moodily by the window and looked out at the rain. The fact was, he had decided, after a night's sleep, that when he had left Mrs. Shore, the night before, he had taken himself too seriously.

There was certainly no doubt about it,—he had taken himself too seriously. He had gone down through Cecil Shore's

silent house, out into the amber dusk of the moonlit autumnal night, half drunk with excitement. All the man, for one glowing moment, had spoken in his eyes ; all the woman had answered in hers ; and then had come the speechless outcry of fear and triumph, the ringing silence ; for those words of the habit of conventionality neither of them had heard. When he had shut the door behind him, he stood for a moment on the porch, staring into the night and breathing heavily. The stone steps were wet with mist ; there was a scent of dead leaves and damp earth. In the house behind him some one closed a window ; and he caught his breath with a start, as though he were awakening. Mechanically he walked across the terrace, and down along the flagged path to the pool. There was a light gauze of mist over the water, and the fallen leaves under the two old poplars were heavy with moisture. At the sound of his step along the path, the frogs stopped suddenly their bell-like clangor, and there was a splash somewhere under the mist, and then silence. Roger sat down on the stone bench, and passed his hand over his eyes.

"Good Lord ! suppose I had kissed her ?"

His danger made him shiver. A breath of colder air came straying across the pool, and touched his hands, clasped listlessly between his knees. Yes : she had leaned against his breast ; he had felt the satin warmth of her arm along his wrist. Again the blood leaped in his temples, he felt hot pulses in his fingers ; he drew in his lips, and his eyelids drooped into a smile that drove the soul out of his face. Ah, that swaying weight in his arms !

He exulted, even while he cowered at the danger he had been in ; but he lifted his wrist to his lips and kissed it savagely, and cursed himself, with a laugh, for a fool.

"Well, I did n't. But damn Philip Shore !"

Then the shame of it grew upon him, and that inescapable fright which comes with the recognition of a possibility. His self-knowledge struck him insolently in the face. "But I did n't do it !" he insisted sullenly. He almost forgot Cecil, as he thus came to himself and saw his possibilities before him ; his friend's wife had only opened the door to facts. He could forget the doorkeeper, face to face with the drunken crew whom she had admitted. In his dismay, he had no concern for any dismay that she might feel. A little later, to protect her in his thoughts, he decided that she was unaware of that hot impulse of his, and that he had read no consent in her eyes ; but just at that moment, in the mist under the poplars, he did not think of her at all.

But how keenly aware Cecil had been of it all ! When Roger Carey closed the door, and the flames of the candles swerved and bent, and then burned in a pointed gleam, she had stood quite still for a moment. She looked down at the charred bit of wood on the rug, and even pushed it away with her foot, and stooped as if to see whether the rug were burned. Then she walked the length of the room with violent haste, and stood, panting.

"Suppose he had kissed me ? What could I have done ? Why did n't he ? He's not a fool."

She came back to the fire, and leaned her arms along the mantelpiece, resting her forehead on them. She felt herself smile and blush ; and she shut her eyes and closed her teeth upon her lip. She stood there a long time, — longer than Roger Carey sat on the bench under the poplars. And when at last a log smouldered through, and fell apart with a soft crash of sparks, the light shone on a face stained by tears and full of a strange terror.

She went over to her writing-desk, and hunted among the litter of notes and papers, and found some telegram blanks. But she sat there a long time, making

idle marks upon her blotting paper, before she wrote: "Pray come back to Old Chester at once. Important." Then she addressed it to her husband.

Cecil Shore, too, had had a glimpse of her possibilities; all her instincts and traditions revolted in alarm. She fled to cover; she summoned her husband. "Lyssie — Lyssie — Lyssie!" she said to herself, her face hot with shame: "Oh, he is *good!*" she thought. She had decided swiftly that Philip should give up his foolery, and she her freedom, because Roger Carey was "good." She did not reason about it, but she wanted to meet him on his own level.

It was curious that, as he fell, he lifted her. Yet, absorbed in the selfishness of remorse, — and nothing may be more selfish than remorse, — Roger, sitting there on the stone bench, had not a thought for her, except perhaps of dull dislike.

But all that amazement and shame had been last night. By daylight things looked different; so different that, standing there at the window, in Lyssie's parlor, grumbling at the rain, he assured himself that he had not been guilty of the slightest impropriety; all the world might know that, seeing Mrs. Shore about to faint, he had supported her, and that he had come within an ace of kissing her! So long as he did n't do it, what an ass he had been to feel himself dishonorable! Good Lord, if a man is to agonize because he has had the impulse to kiss a pretty woman, he had best go into a monastery at once! He was morosely amused at himself. He had been too intense; and the reaction was an irritated conviction that he was a fool. It was this irritation which made it an effort to speak on a certain subject to Lyssie: he had made up his mind to ask her to be married at once; and then, as he put it to himself, "clear out, and let the Shores settle their own messes." He had not, in this connection, the slightest

impulse to confess to Alicia his experience of the night before. Confession would be as absurd as his remorse had been; he never thought of it; if he had, it would have been to say that "Lyssie would not understand," — in which he would probably have been correct. No, he was not going to confess; he was only going to catch at her tender hand to save himself from his possibilities. He did mean, however, to say that he was not good enough to tie her little shoes; and having told so much truth as that, he would feel, like the rest of his sex, that he was square with his conscience. That such statements only enhance his virtue in his beloved's eyes never troubles a man.

Roger Carey, to protect himself, was going to beg Lyssie to name the day.

Now, when a man wants to urge a speedy marriage on the girl he loves, he may well hold her hand in his, and perhaps kiss the finger tips, softly, and slip an arm around her waist to bring her shy face close to his, that he may hear her whisper, "Yes — yes; if you wish it!"

But any action seemed an effort to Roger; he was dull, he acknowledged listlessly; it would be easier to tramp along in the rain and hold an umbrella over Lyssie's head, and be perhaps just a little matter of fact. He was glad to start out; the fresh air would brighten him up, he thought.

The street was quite deserted. Dr. Lavendar's old hooded gig, sagging on its C springs, went slowly past them, leaving wheel-ruts full of running yellow water; the shaggy fetlocks of the little old blind horse came up from each step with a pull, and went squashing down again into the mud.

"Well, well," said Dr. Lavendar over the rubber apron, "are n't you young folks allowed to stay indoors to-day? Mr. Carey, you're welcome to my study, if Lyssie won't give you her parlor. What weather! What weather!"

"Is n't it funny," said Alicia, as the

gig bobbed along ahead of them, "that old people don't seem to see the pleasure of walking in the rain?"

"It depends on whether they are walking with their girls," Roger explained.

"No, it's pleasant anyhow!" Roger's girl declared. Her young face was wet with mist, and glowing with the color of a peach blossom; her eyes were shining under the dark brim of her hat.

"Lyssie, do you know what I was thinking about, — I mean when I took that walk, last night? I told you I was going to tell you what I was thinking about."

Lyssie's face sobered. "Cecil?"

"No! Why should I think of — of Mrs. Shore? Oh, you mean — oh, about that? That'll come out all right," he said, frowning. "I was thinking of you, Lyssie. Look here: this thing of seeing you for a day, and then going off for a month, is preposterous. I can't stand it. Let's put a stop to it. What do you say? This is the 28th of October; can't it be on the 1st of December? That's Wednesday. I looked it up on the calendar."

"Can't what be?" cried Lyssie. "Why, you don't mean — Roger, you are *crazy*!"

"I never was more sane. Lyssie, listen! Don't laugh. And please say 'yes.'"

"What are you talking about?" she said. "I never heard of anything so absurd; you might as well ask me to fly!" And then she sobered a little. "It's simply impossible, you know. In a month? If you had said a year, I should have laughed."

"I should have laughed if I had said a year! Be serious, Lys. Lots of people are married when they have n't been engaged as long as we have. There's no reason to wait. It's just waste of time. Let's begin to be happy. I know of a house, and I can have it all in order by the 1st of December."

"In the first place, you could n't. It

takes ever so much longer to put a house in order — Oh dear!" she interrupted herself, "would n't it be lovely?" All the domesticity of the sweet woman stirred in her, just as some women's eyes lighten when they look at the picture of a baby. "Yes, it takes a long time to put a house in order; but that is n't the question. I could n't, possibly, Roger."

"Could n't what?"

"Be — married," she said, looking up at him with clear, sweet eyes, but with the pretty color deepening suddenly in her face. "Oh, I could n't for ever so long."

Roger looked at her blankly, standing still, and holding the umbrella over his own head.

"What do you mean? Can't be married for a long time? Dear, consider!"

He was very gentle. Her shyness seemed so exquisite. He had no idea of her reason. It was not until they began to climb the hill on the further side of Old Chester that he realized that her unwillingness was on account of her mother.

"I'm young," she said; "I can wait."

"Well, but what about *me*?" he asked, in the simplicity of his astonishment.

Then Alicia looked at him with pathetic anxiety in her eyes that her ideal should not fail her. "Would n't it be just thinking of ourselves, if we — got married now?"

"I'm sure I don't know who else ought to be thought of! And look here: you may have a right to sacrifice your own life, but do you think you have a right to sacrifice mine? And that's what you will do, you little saint! Lysie darling, if the 1st of December is too soon, really and seriously, why of course I'll not urge. I'll put it off a month, or even two months."

Alicia was silent with dismay. They had stopped on the top of the hill, and turned to look down into the valley, lying in a gray mist. The low sumacs that fringed the road were still burning their small red torches, but they had dropped

a carpet of yellow leaves upon the path. Eric, very muddy, and panting, flung himself down to rest; no doubt he thought of the fire and the rug, and decided that his two young friends were fools.

All Roger's listlessness had gone; Alicia's resistance made her more charming than he had ever seen her. As they walked back, he began again, so confidently that her little sad interruption, "It's impossible, Roger," was like the steel to his flint. But it brought love as well as anger into his voice.

"I believe you'd like to put it off a year!" he declared.

"A year?" returned Alicia, sighing. "There's no use thinking of a year; perhaps in two, in three" —

"In three years!"

"Oh, Roger, don't! Somebody will hear. Roger, listen. Why is n't it happiness enough to go on a little while as we are? You know I love you."

"I hope you do," he answered meanly.

"You know it. And I don't see why that is n't enough, — just to know I love you."

"Well, it is n't," Roger said, half mollified by her voice and words; and he proclaimed a dozen reasons to the contrary; in his earnestness, he almost touched the true reason: "I need you, Lyssie."

"But mother needs me, and" —

"She'll need you forever, if you're going to let that come into it," he interrupted angrily, again forgetting to hold the umbrella over her head, and gesticulating with it to emphasize his words. "Besides, I need you as no mere mother can."

Alicia was silent.

Roger talked on until they reached home, and then he paused long enough to take off her rubbers and scold her for being damp.

"Eric's feet must be wiped before he can come into the house," said Lyssie absently, and went to get a cloth.

Roger, looking cross and worried,

wiped the great paws; and Lyssie, watching him, laughed nervously at the dog's serious expression, and his sudden affection in trying to lick his friend's cheek; but Roger never smiled. Then they went into the parlor, and Roger put a log on the fire, and Alicia took up the bellows and sent a puff of flame and smoke crackling up the chimney, and the discussion went on as though there had been no interruption.

"You say your mother needs you. Dear, I need you. Your husband needs you, Lyssie."

The sudden color throbbed in her face, but she did not answer. Roger could not see how she was trembling, for she held the bellows hard to keep her fingers steady.

"And see the effect of your unreasonableness," he went on: "you make me — well, annoyed at your mother. Of course it is n't fair; but I can't help it."

Alicia looked at him hopelessly. "I don't seem able to put it right, or else you would n't feel so. Oh, I think it would kill her if I got married now."

"Kill her!" said Roger, and paused, for it would scarcely do to express his belief that there was no such luck to be expected. "Kill her! Why, look here: in the first place, she has all the wonderful vitality of the invalid; it would n't kill her at all. She'd be awfully interested; and it's the best thing in the world for hypochondria — I mean for people sick as she is, to be interested. It makes them forget themselves. And then she'd enjoy coming to visit us sometimes, and" —

"Visit us?" Lyssie broke in blankly.

"Why," said Roger, as blankly, "you did n't think she'd *live* with us?" And then they looked at each other.

"If you wish it, of course," Roger hastened to say, but in his own mind he added, "Good Lord!"

"I had thought so — when the time came," Lyssie faltered.

"Dear, with all due regard for your

mother, — and you know I'm very fond of her, — but as a matter of common sense, I do think it is a mistake for people to have their mothers-in-law live with them. I mean any mother-in-law, even a nice one — I'm not making this personal to Mrs. Drayton. Lyssie, please don't think I mean to be unkind!" he ended, in a burst. "I'm very fond of her, you know."

Lyssie drew in her breath, and looked away from him.

"I'd say it of my own mother, if she were alive," he protested, "and *she* was an angel. But she never would have wanted to live with us; she had too much sense," he floundered on.

"I don't want to thrust my mother on any one," said Alicia. "I had thought she would have a home with us; but — never mind."

Roger was silent for a moment; then he told her, as courteously as though he were not engaged to her, "Your wish settles it, my darling. And of course your mother is always welcome in my house. But if she is to come to us, you must see that there's no reason why we should n't be married at once."

"There's every reason, Roger. For one thing, she'll have to get used to the idea of leaving her own home. It would be dreadful for her. I have n't even dared to propose it to her yet. But I will. I promise you I will. And perhaps in two years, or a little more" —

Roger tramped back and forth across the room. Eric sprang up joyfully, and capered to the door; but nobody noticed him, and he subsided under the piano.

"Lyssie," the young man demanded, standing before her, with his hands in his pockets, "have you made any promise to your mother about this thing?"

"I said something once. But that has nothing to do with it. It is n't because of my promise. It's because I must n't."

"Well, may I ask how long you are going to prefer your mother to me?"

"Oh, Roger!"

"You need n't say 'Oh, Roger!' That's what it amounts to; but Lyssie, don't, *don't* push me off this way! There's so much uncertainty; and — I do need you. Don't push me off!" His voice trembled.

Lyssie, her fingers quite cold, her voice breaking, came up to him, and put her hands on his shoulders.

"I'll have to tell you. I did n't mean to, but I'll have to tell you. Then you'll understand." And with her face flaming with shame and pain, she told him of Mrs. Drayton's threat of suicide.

Roger Carey listened, — grimly, at first; then he swore under his breath; then he laughed, with the exuberance of gleeful relief and contempt.

"You poor blessed child! don't you know what that's worth? Just that!" and he snapped his fingers. "Kill herself? She'll outlive us both; they always do!" He would have kissed her, though he was still irritated; but she was rigid, and drew away from him stiffly.

"You must n't say such things. You have no right to say such things. You are cruel!"

Her anger lasted only long enough to kindle his; he was already out of patience. He said something bitter about "selfishness," and "that sort of love," and "having been mistaken, no doubt, in her feeling for him." He did not mean what he said, but, unfortunately, the effect of such statements is not in proportion to their sincerity.

Alicia's face whitened and whitened. These two young persons, with the little work-table between them, and Eric's head poking itself under Alicia's nervous hand and upsetting Roger's tottering columns of spools, looked into each other's eyes, and used words like swords, while each declared the other wrong.

"Then I am to understand that you dismiss me?" said Roger Carey.

"You shall not put it upon me!" Lyssie cried piteously. "It is n't my fault. You are perfectly selfish about it. I

am doing what is right. Of course our engagement is broken, but it is n't *my* fault!"

"Of course not; there's no fault about it. You simply choose between your mother and me. I don't blame you; I'd be the last person in the world to blame you. I always told you I was n't worthy of you, and I suppose now you've discovered it for yourself."

Lyssie was silent.

"Well, good-by. I — Oh well, there's no use talking! Good-by."

Roger swung himself out of the door

and out of the house without another look. He had never been so much in love with her before.

Eric jumped up with a great bound; the work-table rocked, and all the spools went rolling about on the floor; then he whined, and scratched, and looked at Alicia, and whined again.

She, with poor trembling hands, and with the breath catching in her young throat, opened the front door, and the dog, impatient for his friend, rushed past her, and went bounding with splendid leaps out into the rain.

Margaret Deland.

AUGUST BIRDS IN CAPE BRETON.

AFTER traveling for two weeks through Cape Breton, on rail, steamboat, wagon, and my own legs, I felt sure that its distinctive tree was the spruce, its prevailing flower the eye-bright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), and its most ubiquitous bird the junco. Certainly, three more cheerful, sturdy, and honest elements could not be woven into every-day life, and they seem to me to be emblematic of the island province and its people. The junco was everywhere, in sunshine and in rain, at gray dawn and after dewy eve; in the spruces which watched the sea at Ingonish, and in the early twilight of inland Loch o' Law. He, she, and the infant juncos were at the roadside, in the fields, in the pastures, on the mountain top, and by the trout pool, and they were always busy, happy, and treating their neighbors as they liked to have their neighbors treat them, like brothers. These neighbors included song sparrows, whitethroats, grass finches, yellow-rumped and black-and-white creeping warblers, black-capped and Hudsonian titmice, some of the thrush family, and occasionally pine siskins.

Of the thrushes, the robin was by far the most numerous, noisy, and generally distributed. He was not, however, a bird of the lawn, the orchard, and the shade tree by the house door, but by preference a dweller in larch swamps and spruce thickets, secluded river beds and upland forests. He was the first bird in every lonely grove or deep wood vista to give a note of alarm and warning to the neighborhood; and the first to respond to a cry of fear or pain uttered by any other bird. The hermit thrush was present in fair numbers, and blessed the woods and pastures with his anthem. I saw Swainson's and gray-cheeked thrushes, but the catbird and thrasher were apparently unknown, as was also the veery. The robin's conduct made me feel as though he were not one and the same with the common New England dooryard birds, but of a race as different from theirs as the Cape Breton Highlander's stock is from that of the matter-of-fact Scotch mechanic of the cities. The people round Loch Ainslie and between Cape Smoky and St. Anne's Bay speak and think Gaelic; and the robins in the Baddeck and Margaree

woods speak and think a language of the forest and the glen, not of the lawn.

One evening, as I lay on the sandy shore of Loch Ainslie, close to the mouth of Trout Brook, the spotted sandpipers of the lake told me a secret of their little lives which seemed well worth knowing. The evening air was full of rural music: the tinkle-tinkle of cowbells; the clatter of tiny sheep-hoofs speeding over the wooden bridge; the complaining of geese, homeward bound, by the roadside; and the harsh, rattling cries of the kingfishers, which, half a dozen strong, persecuted the small fry of Trout Brook's limpid waters. A school of big trout could be seen lying sluggish at the bottom of the brook, and their little kinsfolk were jumping freely in all parts of the quiet water. Tiny flies hovered over the pools; and if they touched, or almost touched, the water, agile fish flung themselves into the air after them. Again and again I cast my feathered fly upon the ripples; but as no answering rise pleased my expectant nerves, I tossed my rod aside, and drifted on towards evening with the stream of life and light and color flowing over me. The bell-cow came to the stream and drank, then passed slowly up the road homewards; a lamb, whimpering, followed his woolly parent to the fold; the geese, with outstretched necks and indignant heads, scolded all who passed them; and suddenly an eagle with mighty wing came sailing towards me across broad Ainslie's ripples, bound for his mountain loneliness. The sun had sunk below the western hills, — hills from whose seaward side Prince Edward Island could be seen as a long, low haven for a sinking sun to rest upon; the sky was radiant with color, and the lake's slightly ruffled surface took the color and glorified it in countless moving lines of beauty. From the gold sky and over the gold water the black eagle came eastward, swiftly and with resistless flight. Nearer and nearer he came, until his image dwelt for a moment in the still stream, then vanished as

he swept past above the bridge, and bore onward to the dark hills clad in their spruces and balsams. He seemed like the restless spirit of the day departing before the sweet presence of sleepy night.

Below the bridge, Trout Brook runs a score of rods between sandy beaches to a bar which half cuts it off from the lake. Upon this bar sandpipers were gathering by twos and threes, until their numbers attracted my attention. I strolled slowly towards them, crossing wide levels of sand, from which coarse grasses, sedges, and a few stiff-stalked shrubs sprung in sparse growth, and upon which a few clusters of rounded stones broke the evenness of the beach. As I drew near the margin of the lake the sandpipers rose, "peep-sweeting" as they flew, and with deeply dipping wings vibrated away over the water; heading at first towards the fading sunset, then sweeping inshore again, and alighting within an eighth of a mile of me on the curved beach. Noticing that some of the birds had risen from among the grasses above the line of wave-washed sand, I lay down upon the ground, with the hope that some of them might return, and perhaps come near me. Scarcely had my outlines blended with the contour of the shore when the clear "peep, peep, peep" of the little teeterers was heard on both sides, as they came in from distant points along the shore. Sometimes twenty birds were in sight at once, flying low over the water, apparently guided by a common impulse to gain the part of the beach near which I was concealed. I lay motionless, my head resting upon my arm, only a few inches above the sand. As I lay thus, the grasses rose like slender trees against the pale tinting of the August sky, and lake, distant hill, and sky all took on more emphatic tones, and appeared to have firmer and more significant outlines.

Slowly the light faded, and the line of clearest color shrank to narrower and narrower limits along the distant hills. I had almost forgotten the birds, although

small squads of them kept passing, or wheeling in upon the shining edge of wet sand nearest me. Suddenly a white object glided among the grass stems, only a few feet from my face. It paused and teetered, then slid along out of sight into a thicket of grasses. I sharpened my vision and hearing, and found that all around me tiny forms were moving among the weeds, and that groups of birds seemed to be collecting in answer to low calls which suggested the warm, comfortable sound which young chickens make as they nestle to sleep under their mother. The sandpipers were going to bed in the grass forest, and I was lying in the midst of their dormitory, like sleepy Gulliver among the Lilliputians. I might have remained quiet longer had the peeps and I been the only living creatures on the Trout Brook beach, but mosquitoes and gnats were present, and the waving grass tips tickling my face made them appear even more numerous than they really were. So at last, when stars began to appear in the sky, I rose abruptly to my feet. Had I exploded a mine, the whir and rush which followed my arising could not have been more sudden. It was really startling, for in a second the air was filled with frightened birds flying from me towards the lake. How many there were I cannot say, nor even guess, but it seemed to me that all the sandpipers which patrolled the sandy shores of Ainslie must have been gathered together on that one small area of beach, bent on finding safety or a feeling of security in close association through the night hours.

Once or twice I have met the Hudson's Bay titmouse in the Chocorua country in winter, but I had never seen him in numbers or in summer until I reached Cape Breton, and found him perfectly at home in its pasture and roadside thickets as well as in the deep forest. He is a cheaper edition of the common chickadee, who, on the same ground, excels him in many ways. His voice is feebler

and husky. What he says sounds commonplace, and his manner of approach lacks the vigilant boldness of the blackcap. His brown head is readily distinguished from the black crown of his more sprightly relative, though it is likely to be looked at closely merely to confirm the impression already conveyed by his voice that he is not the common chickadee, but a new friend well worth knowing. Apparently, in Cape Breton, he outnumbered our common titmouse by five or six to one, yet the blackcap was generally distributed, and was as numerous near Ingonish as farther south. Of the blackcap's friends, the white and the red breasted nuthatches, I saw nothing. Once at Margaree Forks I heard the "quank" of the red-breasted, but I failed to see the speaker, and had the note been less peculiar I should have doubted really having heard it.

About sunset on August 5, I was seated in an evergreen thicket a mile or more back of the village of Baddeck. By "squeaking" I had drawn near me a mob of whitethroats, juncos, both kinds of chickadees, ruby-crowned kinglets, and of warblers the yellow-rumped, black-throated green, Nashville, black-and-white creeping, and the gorgeous black-and-yellow, as well as robins, a purple finch, and some young flickers. Suddenly I heard an unfamiliar bird note, a harsh, loud call, which, without much consideration, I attributed to geese, great numbers of which are kept by the Cape Breton farmers. After an interval of several minutes the cries were repeated, and this time it occurred to me that geese were not likely to be wandering in a hackmatack swamp just at sunset, especially as the sky foretold rain and the wind was backing round into the east. So I left my thicket in search of the maker of the strange sounds. A path led through the larches to a clearing surrounded by a typical Cape Breton fence, or serial woodpile, which appeared to be built on the Kentucky principle

of being "horse high, pig low, and bull proof," and consequently impregnable to turkeys, geese, and sheep. The moment I emerged from the trees a fine marsh hawk rose from the ground and floated away out of sight. While watching him, a flash of white on the fence drew my eyes to the edge of the woods, and there, to my delight, I saw five of the most charming denizens of the great northern forests, — birds in quest of which I had traveled miles through the New Hampshire mountain valleys, always in vain. As I turned, one of these beautiful creatures, with wings widespread and tail like a fan, was sailing just above, but parallel with, the fence. He paused upon it, looked towards me with his large, fearless eyes, and then noisily tapped a knot in the upper pole with his beak. "Moose birds at last!" I exclaimed, and at once felt the strongest liking for them. There was nothing in their appearance to confuse them with their wicked cousins the blue jays; in fact, I found my instincts rebelling at the idea of both being *Corvidæ*. Their large rounded heads had no sign of a crest, and the white on the crown and under the chin gave them a singularly tidy look, as though their gentle faces were tippeted. Their plumage as a whole was Quaker-like in tone, so that, considering their demure and gentle bearing, the name "Whiskey Jack," applied to them by the lumbermen, seemed to me absurdly inappropriate.

While I watched these birds, they moved slowly along the fence towards the swamp, coming nearer and nearer, and finally passing within about fifty feet of me. One of them was a young bird, with but little white on his dusky brown head; two others were females, also less white than the males. Finally they vanished in the swamp, the last bird going upstairs on a dead tree in true jay fashion, and then plunging, head foremost, into the shadows of the grove beneath. As I left the larches behind me, the same strange, harsh cry echoed from its depths, and I

accepted it as the moose birds' prophecy of impending rain. It is an odd fact that these birds die if they become chilled after being wet in a heavy rain, and on this occasion they were undoubtedly seeking dense foliage to protect them from the storm which began a few hours later.

Of the Cape Breton warblers, the black-and-yellow were among the most numerous, and by all means the most brilliant in plumage. Whenever I called the birds together, the magnolias were sure to appear, their gleaming yellow waistcoats showing afar through the trees, and contrasting with their dark upper plumage and the cool gray of their caps. One male redstart seemed the most richly marked bird of his species that I had ever met with. The black extended much lower on the breast than usual, and the vermilion which lay next it burned like a hot coal. Summer yellowbirds were common in the meadow borders, where Maryland yellowthroats also abounded; a single black-throated blue warbler appeared to me near Baddeck; one anxious mother Blackburnian scolded me in the dark forest near the falls of Indian Brook; and a few Canadian fly-catching warblers flashed in and out among their dark evergreen haunts in various parts of the island. Watching ever so eagerly, I failed to see any blackpolls, Wilson blackcaps, bay-breasted, mourning, or yellow redpoll warblers, and it seemed strange to miss entirely the oven birds, chestnut-sided, pine-creeping, and Parula warblers, so readily found near Chocorua. These species may be known to Cape Breton, but they could hardly have escaped my notice had they been abundant.

Years ago, when houses and barns were less often or less thoroughly painted than they are now, and when overhanging eaves were common, the eaves swallow was a familiar bird in New England. Now the youthful nest-robber thinks of the mud-nest builder as a rare bird, one for whose eggs he is willing to travel many a mile. In all the Cape Bre-

ton country, where barn swallows abound, I saw but one colony of eaves swallows, and that was in a place so dirty and dreary I regret that these charming birds must always recall it to my mind. Scottsville — may the spirit of cleanliness some day come with sapolio and Paris green to cleanse it! — lies at the head waters of Southwest Margaree, within sight of the point where that restless river leaves Loch Ainslie. Opposite the village store stands an unpainted building with ample eaves, and on its northern side, crowded into a space about thirty feet long, were one hundred of the retort-shaped mud nests of the eaves swallows. They were placed one above another, often three deep. Their bottle-mouths were pointed upwards, downwards, to left, or right, or towards the observer, as the overcrowding of the tenements made most convenient. While some of the older nests were symmetrical, others were of strange shapes, dictated by the form of the building-site left to them.

Bank swallows were abundant, almost every available cutting being riddled with their holes. Near Baddeck I found one hole in a bank overhanging the waves of Bras d'Or, at a point where every passing wagon must have made thunder in the ears of the tiny occupants of the nest, which was literally under the highway. I was attracted to this nest by seeing a bird enter it. The Bay of Fundy pours its terrible tides into the Basin of Minas, and the Blomidon region presents to the turbulent waters which rush into the basin not only vast expanses of red mud which are left bare at low water, but also cliffs of rock or red clay which resist the surging waves at high tide. In the earth cliffs, which stand as straight as brick walls above the floods, the bank swallows find houses just to their liking, and from the cliffs of Pereaux to the waving grass of Grand Pré the little fleets of these birds flit back and forth hour by hour in the warm sunlight, or veer and tack close to the

waves when chilly fogs come in from Fundy.

Of the chimney swift I saw little. He was in Cape Breton, but not in large numbers, and one or two farmers and fishermen said that he was a bird that built in hollow trees, and seemed not to know that in these times the chimney is supposed to be his chosen home. Night hawks were abundant, especially in the streets of Baddeck, where, in the twilight, which no lamp-post rises to injure, these swift and silent fliers darted in and out among the heads of the passers-by, to the bewilderment of those quick enough to see them. Probably, if I had visited Cape Breton in June or early July, I should have heard the whippoorwill; for when I whistled his song, the dwellers by sea or inland lake said, "Oh yes, we have that bird. He sings at night." To me, however, he said nothing, nor did the humming-bird condescend to make its small self known farther north than the Basin of Minas, which is a hundred miles or more from Cape Breton. Still, when I asked those who had gardens full of gayly tinted flowers if they knew the humming-bird, they always replied, "Yes, the one with the beautiful red throat;" which made me wonder why they never saw the female ruby-throat with her more modest coloring of green and white.

When I said that the junco was the distinctive bird of Cape Breton, I had in mind one rival claimant who certainly pervades the island with his presence. I well remember descending, just at sunset, into the exquisite glen of Loch o' Law, the most satisfying piece of inland scenery which I saw in all Cape Breton. As the road bent around the wooded border of the lake, seven large blue birds rose from one end of the lake, and flew, in a straggling flock, down to a spot remote from the road. They looked like kingfishers, but I thought I had learned from experience that, around small mountain lakes, kingfishers hunt singly in August.

Nevertheless they were kingfishers, and they were hunting in a flock. A few hours before, at Middle River, where trout lie in shallow sunlit water over a yellow sandy bottom, I had seen a kingfisher hover above a point in the stream for several minutes. A rival flew down upon him and drove him away; but before my horse could walk across the iron bridge above the river he was back again, hovering, kingbird-like, over the same spot. At Baddeck, the kingfishers perched upon the telegraph wires, or assumed statuesque poses upon the tips of slender masts of pleasure boats at anchor. There appeared to be no point on the Bras d'Or or the fresh-water lakes and rivers of the island where kingfishers were not twenty or thirty times as abundant as they are in northern New England.

The osprey was also common on good fishing-grounds, and scarcely a day passed without my seeing both ospreys and eagles. One afternoon, shortly before sunset, I saw an osprey rise from the Bras d'Or with a good-sized fish in his claws. I expected to see him take it to some point near by, but instead he flew westward, high above the trees, until finally he was lost in distance.

I have already mentioned seeing marsh hawks. None of the big buteos came near enough for me to identify them, nor did I see a Cooper's hawk, but, to my delight, sparrow hawks were not uncommon, and were comparatively fearless. The first that we saw were in a large field near Middle River. As we drove slowly along the road, a pair of sparrow hawks frolicked in front of us. They rose as we came near enough to see distinctly all their handsome markings, and flew airily from one perch on the fence to another a rod or two farther on. They rose and fell, tilted, careened, righted, tacked, made exquisite curves, and in fact performed as many graceful manoeuvres in the air as a fine skater could on the ice, and then came back to the fence and perched again. I drove

slowly in order not to frighten them, and the result was that they rose and settled again before us more than a dozen times.

Although I saw no living owls during my trip, I saw stuffed birds representing the common species, and heard stories of the daring attacks of great horned owls upon the dwellers in the poultry yard, — geese, even, included. With snowy owls, the natives to whom I spoke seemed to be wholly unacquainted.

Crows and blue jays were common in all sections of Cape Breton, but the crow grew less interesting after I had met his big cousin the raven, just as the blue jay had sunk to even lower depths in my estimation after my introduction to the moose bird. The blue jay is a down-right villain, and his rascality is emphasized by the Canada jay's virtues. The common crow is shrewd, but he lacks dignity. The first glimpse I had of a raven was from the top of Cape Smoky, where, from a crag more than a thousand feet above the waves which dashed against the rocks below, I saw three large black birds come round a headland and sail upon broadly spread wings to the face of a ledge upon which they alighted. The eye often detects differences in outline, movement, and carriage which the mind does not analyze or the tongue describe. The three black birds looked like crows; in fact, the Ingonish fisherman will deny all knowledge of the American raven, and insist that there is no specific difference between what he calls a "big crow" and any other crow. Nevertheless, something in the shape, bearing, and method of flight of the three visitors to Smoky fixed my attention several moments before a hoarse croak from the throat of one of them came echoing up the ravine and proclaimed their true character. At Ingonish they were abundant, especially near the cliffs of Middle Head, where I should expect to find them breeding if I made search at the proper season. Both ravens and crows were remarkably tame, and when I found that

very little Indian corn is grown in Cape Breton, and that the people seemed ignorant of the crow's affection for sprouting corn, I felt that I had discovered one reason for their tameness. It was not unusual for a flock of ten or more crows to sit quietly upon the top rail of a snake fence bounding a highway, until a person walking or driving past came nearly opposite to them. If they were in a tree twelve or fifteen feet above the road, they did not think of flying away. Six ravens in a pine-tree on Middle Head remained quiet while I clambered over a mass of rocks less than a hundred feet from them.

In Nova Scotia I saw kingbirds everywhere, four or five sometimes being in sight from the car window at once. I felt as though in the orchard and hay country of the Annapolis Basin the kingbirds must have discovered their chosen home. In Cape Breton, while not so abundant, they were by no means rare. On the other hand, pewees and small flycatchers were few and far between, and great-crested flycatchers, which are common at Chocorua, were not to be seen. Olive-sided flycatchers were present in various parts of Cape Breton in favorable localities; and when I heard their loud, unmusical call, coming from the tip of some leafless, fire-bleached pine, it always took me back to my first meeting with the bird high up on the desolate ridges between Chocorua and Pergus, where from the pinnacles of dead trees they scanned the air for insects, and wearied nature by intermittent cries.

Red-eyed vireos were not so numerous in Cape Breton as they are in New Hampshire, but there were enough of them to keep up a running fire of conversation from one end of the island to the other. I saw solitary vireos in several localities, one of which was a wooded pasture in Ingonish, near a small sheet of fresh water, and a hill in which the outcropping rock was gypsum. Within an hour I recognized over thirty kinds of

birds in this pasture, including, among those not already mentioned in these pages, a white-winged crossbill, a chipping sparrow, and several goldfinches. This white-winged crossbill was the only one that I saw during my trip, but red crossbills were to be met with in small numbers all through the region between Baddeck and Ingonish. The first that I saw appeared in the air over Baddeck River, just as I was driving a horse across the iron bridge which spans the river on the road to the Margaree. The wind was blowing so hard that I felt some concern lest my buggy should be tipped over; but the crossbills, with their usual appearance of having lost either their wits, their way, or their mother, perched upon the iron braces of the bridge directly over our heads, and looked this way and that, distractedly, with their feathers all blown wrong side out. An hour or two later, when approaching Middle River, I noticed a flock of blackbirds in a small grove by the roadside. I got out and entered the grove. Every bird in the flock of sixteen seemed to be reciting blackbird poetry, and that, too, in the sweetest voice which rusty grackles are capable of making heard. Although, on many other occasions, I saw representatives of this species in various parts of Cape Breton, I was unable to find any of its near kindred. No purple grackles, redwings, cowbirds, bobolinks, starlings, or orioles crossed my path; yet I saw much territory in which they might, for all I could see, have been very happy, and in which song, swamp, and savanna sparrows, Maryland yellowthroats, and similar birds appeared to be established.

Cape Breton is unquestionably a favorite resort of woodpeckers, including the flicker, hairy, downy, yellow-breasted, and black-backed, and I doubt not the pileated also, although I was not fortunate enough to see or hear him. Flickers were common, and consorted much with robins, as they do in New Hampshire during their autumn migra-

tion. The hairy woodpeckers were most abundant near highways, where they frequented the telegraph poles and snake fences. As I write, I cannot recall seeing a hairy woodpecker anywhere except upon the poles and fences close to roads, but I saw many in those favored places. They were noticeably tame, as most of the Cape Breton birds were, and allowed me to drive close to them, while they tapped gayly upon the bleached poles, or scrambled over, through, and under the fence sticks. Downy woodpeckers were less conspicuous, and of the yellow-breasted I saw only one. He was a young male that had been tapping alder trunks in a thicket growing upon very damp ground, on the edge of the Southwest Margaree, near the point where it escapes from the broad waters of Loch Ainslie. Nearly a dozen trees had been bled by him or his family. As soon as I entered the thicket he flew away; and although I awaited his return as long as time permitted, neither he nor any other woodpecker or humming-bird came to the sap fountains. One of the birds which I most wished to see in the northern woods was the black-backed, three-toed woodpecker. I searched for him near Baddeck, at Loch Ainslie, and on my journey northward from Baddeck to Ingonish, but he did not appear. One morning, during my journey southward from Cape Smoky, I arose very early and visited the beautiful falls and cañon of Indian Brook, which are about twenty-five miles north of Baddeck. In the deep woods near the falls I met three of these sprightly birds. I had concealed myself among the bushes to call birds around me, and was watching Hudson's Bay titmice, common chickadees, flickers, wary wood-wise robins, juncos, and a few shy warblers, when a woodpecker cry, manifestly not made by a flicker, rang through the woods. High up on a blasted tree was a medium-sized woodpecker, somewhat resembling a sapsucker in attitude and air of being up and

a-coming. I squeaked more vigorously, and he came nearer. Then a second and a third arrived, and all of them approached me with boldness born of curiosity and inexperience. They scolded and hitched up and down tree trunks, flew nervously from one side of me to the other, tapped protests on the sounding bark, and behaved in general like true woodpeckers. Differences in birds are what we think of most in studying them; but after all, their points of similarity, especially when these points hint strongly at the identity of the origin of species, are quite as instructive, and worthy of serious thought.

Leaving the three-toed inquisitors, I walked on through the woods skirting Indian Brook, and within quarter of a mile flushed a woodcock and several ruffed grouse. Of the latter I saw a dozen or more during my rambles near Baddeck and Ingonish, but of spruce partridges I failed to secure even a glimpse, although all the local sportsmen declared them to be abundant, and as tame as barnyard fowls. At the point where the highway between English-town and Cape Smoky crosses Indian Brook there is a long and very deep pool. As I emerged from the woods above this pool, I saw three red-breasted mergansers swimming slowly across it. A prettier spot for them to have chosen for their morning fishing could not have been found on the Cape Breton coast. High ledges overhanging dark water, and overhung in turn by spruce and fir forest, formed a beautiful setting for the still pool across which they swam in single file, with their keen eyes watching me suspiciously. Many are the young salmon and speckled trout they cut with their ragged jaws.

Had my visit to northern Cape Breton fallen during the period of the autumn migration, I should have seen wonderful flights and fleets of sea fowl. As it was, the species which I saw and the individuals which I met were few, save in the

case of Wilson's tern, which was ubiquitous, and the least sandpiper, which in numerous flocks swarmed upon the sands. I saw also solitary and semipalmated sandpipers, greater yellowlegs, herring gulls, dusky ducks, old squaws, and golden-eyes. Blue herons were plentiful near Baddeck, as they had been on the Annapolis Basin. They formed a striking part of every evening picture, where sparkling water, tinted sky, purple hills, and gathering shadows were united under the magic words "Bras d'Or." In Loch o' Law, as the sun sank over the Margaree, a mother loon swam and dived with her chick in the placid water; but the bird which impressed itself most strongly upon my memory, during my trip, was the lonely shag, or cormorant, which I saw on the outer end of a line of rocks projecting into Ingonish Bay from the side of Middle Head. Dark and slimy, melancholy and repulsive, its head and neck reminded me of

a snake or turtle more than of any genuine feather-wearer. When at last it saw me, it was to the bay that it turned for escape, and upon the waters, almost out of sight, that it settled down to rest among the waves. There is more community of interest between this creature and the fish which swim under the waves than with the swallow which flies above them.

All told, I think that I saw eighty species of birds during my two weeks' wandering in Cape Breton. Had I taken my tame owl Puffy with me, I should doubtless have seen more, for he would have drawn many shy birds round him which found no difficulty in secluding themselves from me. The island is certainly remarkably good ground for bird study; species are many, and individuals numerous. The combination of ocean, bay, inland lake, both salt and fresh, forest, and mountain is one which favors diversity and stimulates abundance.

Frank Bolles.

THE GIRLHOOD OF AN AUTOCRAT.

THE early years of the eighteenth century witnessed a singular spectacle, namely, the crown of a great empire used as a shuttlecock by a succession of foreign adventurers, who tossed it to and fro at will. The common people of Russia went to bed each night with little certainty under whose government they were to wake in the morning. It was not a matter which interested them deeply. To a small intriguing faction only was it of vital importance, — a faction composed of foreigners made Russian ministers, nobles grown gray in crime, and the regiment of Preobrajensky, who, after the fashion of the prætorians of old, disposed of the crown and made and unmade emperors at will. For the rest, the common people suffered equally, were

equally pillaged and despoiled, under one ruler as under another. They were beyond the pale of the law, and accepted dumbly the hardships of their lot, caring nothing for the spectral procession which mounted the throne, gliding like shadows, to disappear anon into Siberia or the dungeons.

Peter the Great died, and while the assembled nobles were deliberating over the succession Menchikoff stepped in, took the choice out of their hands, and nominated as Empress his repudiated mistress, Catherine I., widow of the Emperor Peter. To her succeeded Peter II., to die presently of smallpox. After him came the oldest daughter of Peter I., Anne, Duchess of Courland. Her reign was nominal, the real head of the

empire being her lover, Biren, an inhuman monster, who cemented his power with blood, and sent, it is calculated, no less than twenty thousand persons to Siberia. Marshal Munich disapproved of these severities. His candidate was the Duchess of Brunswick, mother of an infant who, in direct line of succession, stood next to the throne. There were plots and counterplots. At last, one fine night, Munich, with a rapid *coup d'état*, arrested Biren in his own palace, sent him into exile, and next morning proclaimed as regent the mother of the young Emperor. She was a mild and gentle creature, indolent, pleasure-loving, incapable of injuring any one; yet, a year later, the Princess Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Peter the Great, was led, by a series of intrigues set on foot by the French government, into believing her own life and liberty in danger from the inoffensive regent. Accordingly, on November 25, 1741, she presented herself before the guardhouse of the all-powerful regiment, magnificently dressed, and with a brilliant cuirass on her breast. She recounted her wrongs to the soldiers, who, flushed with sympathy and *vodka*, cried out, "Command, Mother, command, and we will slaughter them all!" No idle threat, for indiscriminate slaughter was held the proper thing on each change of government. Elizabeth was merciful. She turned aside the eager bayonets, and contented herself with arresting the regent, her husband, and the baby heir to the throne, and sending Munich to Siberia. By a curious irony of fate, the boat in which Biren had the year before started toward the same goal had been detained on the Volga, and was overtaken now by the escort having his rival in charge. These two Germans, who had "disputed the empire of Russia as though it had been a jug of beer," met in mid-current; both disgraced and in chains, and both bound on the same melancholy journey toward irremediable exile. History has few stranger situations to offer.

"The new empire seemed to go on wheels; nothing was lacking but an heir." Elizabeth looked about, and finally made choice of Peter, the orphaned grandson of the great Tzar, a boy of thirteen, who had been reared in the palace of his father's cousin, the Prince-Bishop of Lubeck. Weak and sickly of body, restive, impetuous, and brutal in temper, this lad, even at that early age, exhibited a pronounced passion for drink. He was nevertheless proclaimed heir to the throne. He made the necessary profession of faith in the Greek Church, and set to work on the course of study which was to qualify him for his high position, in which dancing and the elements of religion played a prominent part. The grand duke took kindly to dancing, but not to the elements of religion, disputing at length every thesis brought forward by his instructor, the Archbishop of Pleskov.

Three years later the question of his marriage arose, and the bride selected was the youthful Princess Sophia Augusta Frederika of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg, known to her parents and intimate friends by the nickname "Figchen." She was ordered on for inspection, and arrived in St. Petersburg with her mother on the 9th of February, 1744, — a day of fate for the Russian people; for this child of fourteen, fair, playful, full of talent, of ambition, with an acuteness and a self-control remarkable at her age, became in later years the terrible woman-Emperor, Catherine II., who for a third of a century held the balance of power in Europe, and ruled "Holy Russia" with a despotic caprice which, in splendor and unbridled license, rivaled the worst records of imperial Rome.

At her death, in 1796, a sealed manuscript was found among her papers, written in her own hand, and addressed to her son, the Grand Duke Paul, great-grandfather of the present Tzar. It was no less than an autobiography of the early years of her marriage. The record was carried down to nearly the date of the

death of the Empress Elizabeth, and various notes and letters, explanatory and corroborative, were appended.

This manuscript, for reasons which are obvious, was regarded and treated as a state secret of the utmost importance. It was kept in the imperial archives, and guarded with scrupulous care, no one being allowed access to it. But the centuries play strange tricks with mysteries. At two different times copies of the autobiography were obtained, — in what manner is not explained ; and from these other copies were made, one of them by the hand of the poet Pushikin. These, as soon as they were discovered, were seized, by order of the Emperor Nicholas, but one which escaped notice was carried to Paris, and eventually found its way into print. The first edition, it is reported, was confiscated and burned, at the request of the Russian authorities. It is from a copy, rare and hard to come by, of the second edition, that we collate the material for this paper.

It was a wretched position in which the young princess found herself, on her arrival in Russia. Her future depended entirely on the caprice of the Tzarina, and no one could predict what turn it was likely to take. On one side stood her mother, an illiterate German, greedy, irascible, ungovernable as to tongue and temper, who endangered her daughter's prospects every day by her irrational jealousies and quarrels, and, when she was not boxing Catherine's ears, complained to all and sundry that the girl was as cold as a stone, and had no natural affection in her. On the other was the grand duke, resenting the arrangement for marrying him, caring nothing for his promised bride, disclosing to her with a brutal and insulting frankness his love affairs with other women, and making not the least attempt to hide his indifference to herself. Beyond loomed the Empress, inaccessible, incalculable, degraded in morals, surrounded by a set of scandal-mongers who held her ear, and never lost a chance to

misrepresent the princess and magnify her smallest indiscretions into crimes. The princess had no friends, no advisers ; alone and unhelped, she confronted the dangers of her situation, made more perilous by the extraordinary levity of the grand duke, who played with fire as a daily pastime. He had about as much discretion as a cannon ball, she remarks. "I said nothing, but listened, and this gained me his confidence ; but in reality I was astounded at his imprudence and utter want of judgment in a variety of matters."

In her zeal to learn Russian, she rose early and sat up late, studying in a cold room ; and the result, before she had been a fortnight in St. Petersburg, was a sharp attack of pleurisy. Her life was in danger for some days, and the utter want of tenderness and consideration exhibited by her mother during this period completed the disgust of the court for the unfeeling parent. Tales of her ill temper and greed flew about, and furnished a toothsome subject of scandal for the ladies in waiting.

"I had accustomed myself to lie with my eyes closed," writes the future Empress. "I was supposed to be asleep, and then the Princess Roumiamsoff and the other ladies spoke their minds freely. *I thus learned a great many things.*"

This philosopher of fourteen was certainly alive to the insecurities of her position. These were complicated by the intrigues of her mother, who, with none of the mental equipment of a diplomat, and no experience, wished to play the game of diplomacy in the interest of her relative, the king of Prussia, and, with all the intrepidity of a light brain, essayed the most complicated moves on the board of politics, gave audiences, promised preferments, and compromised herself first with one party, and then with the other. These schemes of the Princess of Zerbst were no secret, and soon brought down upon her the displeasure of the Empress. In the May following the arrival of the

girl bride, a stormy interview took place between her mother and the Empress. Catherine and the grand duke, perched on a window-sill of the anteroom, were awaiting its termination, and making merry meantime, after the fashion of young creatures of their age. The door opened. Count Lestocq came forth from the chamber, and, in passing, said to the princess, "This merriment will soon cease. You may pack up. You are going to set off home at once."

The grand duke asked what he meant, but the only answer he received was, "You will learn afterward."

"The grand duke and myself were left to ruminate on what we had heard. His commentaries were in words, mine in thoughts. 'But,' he said, 'if your mother is in fault, you are not.' I answered, 'My duty is to follow my mother, and do what she orders me.' I saw plainly that he would have parted from me without regret. As for myself, considering his character and sentiments, the matter was nearly indifferent to me, also, but *the crown of Russia was not so*. I do not know whether my mother succeeded in justifying herself to the Empress, but at all events we did not go away. However, my mother continued to be treated with much reserve and coldness."

Month after month the matter of the marriage remained in abeyance. Now it was reported as certain, now improbable, again as quite given up; the manners of the courtiers shifting from adulation to incivility, as the Empress's moods varied and changed. Finally the betrothal took place, but still the uncertainty continued, and the omens were evil. The outrageous mother of his promised wife quarreled continually with the grand duke. They all but came to blows now and again, and both vented their discontents on the unoffending bride elect. Fate lent a hand, also, toward delaying the union. The grand duke had first measles, then smallpox, neither improving his appearance or his temper. Cath-

erine's mother pillaged her wardrobe and extorted money from her, the grand duke "borrowed" what was left, the Empress upbraided her for extravagance. She was spied upon, defamed, misrepresented; her days were passed in a series of conflicting hopes and fears; but through all vicissitudes she held to her inexorable purpose. Empress of Russia she was resolved to be, and diligently and inflexibly she made ready for her predestined exaltation.

"I determined to husband carefully the confidence of the grand duke," she writes, "in order that he might at least consider me a person of whom he could feel sure, and to whom he could confide everything with the least inconvenience to himself, and in this I succeeded for a long time. Besides, I treated every one in the best way I could, and studied to gain the friendship, or at least to lessen the enmity, of those whom I in any way suspected of being badly disposed toward me. I made a promise to myself that I would do so; and when I have once made a promise to myself, I do not remember ever having failed in keeping it. I showed no leaning to any side, nor meddled with anything; always maintained a serene air; treated every one with great attention, affability, and politeness; and as I was naturally very gay, I saw with pleasure that from day to day I advanced in the general esteem, and was looked upon as an interesting child, and one by no means wanting in mind. I showed great respect for my mother, a boundless obedience to the Empress, and the most profound deference toward the grand duke, and I sought with the most anxious care to gain the affection of the public."

At last, on the 21st of August, 1745, after eighteen months of suspense and uncertainty, the marriage actually took place.

"As the day drew near I became more and more melancholy," Catherine tells us. "My heart predicted but little hap-

piness ; ambition alone sustained me. In my inmost soul there was a something which never allowed me to doubt for a single moment that sooner or later I should become the sovereign Empress of Russia in my own right."

A month after the marriage ceremony, which was celebrated with much magnificence, the elder Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg returned, unregretted, to her minute principality. She left in disgrace, her employment as a spy and giver of secret information to the king of Prussia having been fully unveiled by the removal of La Chétardie, the French ambassador. She was forced to hear some hard truths from the lips of the Empress, and to realize that she had irrevocably lost by her conduct the favor she had hoped to acquire at the Russian court. With her departure a chief element of discomfort and danger came to an end for the grand duchess. The last act of this fond mother was privately to request the Empress to remove from her daughter's household Mademoiselle Joukoff, the only one of her attendants in whose company Catherine took the slightest pleasure !

A small act of arbitrary cruelty seems always to have been congenial to the Empress Elizabeth. She acted on the hint with a merciless severity. Mademoiselle Joukoff was dismissed at once in disgrace and without explanation. Appeal was in vain, and the grand duchess's later attempts to befriend the poor girl only drew upon Mademoiselle Joukoff the further wrath of the Empress, and led in the end to her banishment to Astrakhan. Catherine was left to study at leisure the mind and manners of her recently wedded spouse, which furnished a curious if not edifying subject for contemplation.

This wretched boy—he never grew to the mental stature of a man—was an extraordinary mixture of the coward, the sneak, and the tyrant. His timidity was checkered with a reckless audacity, and both veiled an underlying cruelty of na-

ture. The astute young wife, whom he neglected and insulted, was nevertheless his first refuge whenever he found himself in a difficulty of any sort. To her he ran when he hurt himself, when the Empress was angry with him, when he feared that the result of his follies was about to recoil upon himself. His levity was incredible.

He came one day and bade her and her ladies follow him at once and take part in an "agreeable surprise,"—he did not say what. They went, accordingly, and found all the boon companions of the grand duke sitting on stools and benches, each with an eye glued to an auger hole bored in the partition which divided the chamber from the private dining-room of the Empress. A carpenter had left his tools in the chamber, and it had suddenly occurred to the grand duke that it would be an excellent joke to bore a series of holes in the wall, and watch the Empress and her intimates when they supposed themselves alone and unobserved.

Catherine, terrified and indignant, refused to look through the holes, and set forth the probable results of this escapade in such forcible language that the company, catching her alarm, stole away one by one ; and the grand duke, also frightened, and a little ashamed as well, followed them. It was impossible to mend the wall, however, and next day the inevitable explosion took place. The holes were noticed, and the Empress, in a violent rage, sent for her nephew and his wife.

The grand duke, who seems to have put the affair out of his mind, ran gayly in, clad in his dressing-gown, and kissed the hand of the Empress. She suffered the salutation, but then asked him how he dared to act as he had done, and play the spy over her during her moments of privacy. She reminded him that his grandfather, Peter I., had an ungrateful son whom he disinherited without compunction, and that the Empress Anne, who did not understand jokes, had been

in the habit of sending jokers to the Fortress. As for him, he was but a little boy, she added, to whom she would teach manners. When he attempted to reply, she grew more and more angry, loaded him with insults, and treated him with as much contempt as indignation. She re-lucted a little when she saw the grand duchess in tears.

"This does not apply to you," she said; "I know that you neither looked nor desired to look through the holes."

She then wished them good-night, and retired with a flushed face and flashing eyes.

This storm blew over, but considering how many Russian heirs apparent, on less provocation than this, had vanished into the dreaded Fortress, to come no more out, the folly of the grand duke seems beyond belief. The lesson was thrown away upon him, however; all lessons were, in fact. Not many months later, his wife perceived that he was in a state of deep mental depression. He no longer played with his dogs, but instead read Lutheran prayer-books, and the histories of criminals who had been hanged or broken on the wheel. These symptoms alarmed her, as they well might. Gradually she coaxed a confession from him. He had been dabbling a little in conspiracy, the object of which was to kill the Empress, and crown him in her place! He had not exactly committed himself, but he had listened, and in a way approved. And now the conspirators had been arrested, and there was no knowing what they might say under torture; they might even implicate him!

This was more serious than the perforations in the partition, and for a time the youthful pair lived in a hush of terrible fear. But somehow this storm blew over, also. The persons under arrest did not mention the grand duke, and after a while they were released. Peter and Catherine were saved, but the foolhardiness of the grand duke went on un-

checked, and again and again only his wife's superior sense availed to save him from the consequences of his indiscretions.

The next thing about which we hear is that he had cut his cheek open with a whip. He was amusing himself, during a leisure hour, with cracking its long lash about the heels of his valets, making them jump from one corner to another, and the thong, recoiling, struck his face. Hoist thus with his own petard, he ran to Catherine, whimpering and terrified; for the Easter ceremonies were at hand, and he feared the displeasure of the Empress, and that he should be forbidden to communicate or to walk in the procession. His quick-witted wife at once recollected a preparation used for herself, years before, on the occasion of a similar misadventure. The ingredients were procured, were made up in the form of a pomade, and Catherine filled the cut and dressed the cheek so skillfully that no trace remained of the wound except a slight smear of grease, visible only in a strong light. The grand duke made a most edifying appearance in the procession, and no one ever found out about the accident, — a fact which speaks volumes for Catherine's surgery; for to conceal the slightest occurrence was most difficult, in the close espionage to which the young husband and wife were daily subjected.

They were virtually prisoners of state. They might neither go out nor communicate with outsiders without express permission. All their letters were inspected. Catherine was told that it did not become a grand duchess of Russia to write any, for whatever was proper would be composed for her at the office of Foreign Affairs, where she needed only to attach her signature, because the ministers knew better than she what was proper to be said! The infrequent notes which passed between her and her mother were smuggled into her hand or slipped into her pocket; their existence would

have been treated as a crime, had they been discovered. Almost every one of her attendants was a spy in the pay of the Empress. The least indication of a preference for anybody was a signal for that person's dismissal. The smallest imprudence on her part was magnified into an offense.

The Empress had a severe attack of illness. It was treated as a state secret, and only by the gloom and severity of the spies was the grand duchess led to suspect that something was wrong. Twice people whispered in her ear what was going on, both entreating her not to mention to any one what had been told. The grand duke was "elated." He does not seem to have had a ray of gratitude or regard for the aunt who had raised him to his high position. It was an embarrassing moment. The young couple dared not send to inquire how the Empress was, because at once the question would have been asked, "How and through whom did you learn that she was ill?" and any one named or suspected would infallibly have been dismissed, exiled, or sent to the secret chancery, that state inquisition more dreaded than death itself.

At last the Empress was better, and the Countess Schouvaloff inadvertently mentioning at the table that her Majesty was "still weak," Catherine took advantage of the remark to express her surprise and solicitude. It was not a moment too soon. Two days later came an angry message. The Empress was astonished and hurt at the little interest which the grand duke and duchess had taken in her condition; even carrying their indifference to the point of never once sending to inquire how she was!

"I told Madame Tchogloloff," writes Catherine, "that I appealed to herself that neither she nor her husband had spoken a single word to us about the illness of her Majesty, and that, knowing nothing about it, we had not been able to testify our interest in it. She replied,

'How can you say that you knew nothing about it, when the Countess Schouvaloff has informed her Majesty that you spoke to her at table about it?' I replied, 'It is true that I did so, because she told me that her Majesty was still weak and could not leave her room, and then I asked her the particulars of the illness.' Madame Tchogloloff went away grumbling, and Madame Vladislava said it was very strange to try and pick a quarrel with people about a matter of which they were ignorant; that since the Tchogloloffs alone had the right to speak of it, and did not speak, the fault was theirs, not ours, if we failed through ignorance. Some time after, on a court day, the Empress approached me, and I found a favorable moment to tell her that neither Tchogloloff nor his wife had given us any intimation of her illness, and that therefore it had not been in our power to express to her the interest we had taken in it. She received this very well, and it seemed to me that the credit of these people was diminishing."

This Madame Tchogloloff and her husband were highest in office among the spies placed by the Empress about her nephew and his wife. Next to them came a certain Madame Krause. Catherine had her own methods of dealing with these people. The Tchogloloffs were greedy after money, and liked to win at cards. She let them win, and so kept them in good humor. As for Madame Krause, she was more cheaply dealt with.

"I discovered in her a decided propensity for drink," writes the grand duchess coolly; "and as she soon got her daughter married to the marshal of the court, Sievers, she either was out a good deal or my people made her tipsy, and my room was delivered from this sulky Argus."

Madame Tchogloloff was passionately fond of her husband and very jealous of him. He was a husband of whose fidelity any wife might feel uncertain, and

she was resentful and unhappy when, later, he cast eyes of preference on the grand duchess. Catherine by no means reciprocated his sentiments, so she found it easy to treat him with a courteous avoidance, which won for her the gratitude of Madame Tchogloloff, and gradually transformed the implacable duenna into almost a friend. Nearly all the people placed about her through ill will began in a short time to take an interest in her, she tells us; and we can easily believe it, for her powers of pleasing were not inconsiderable, and were regulated and stimulated in their exercise by careful policy. She never relaxed in her steady determination after absolute power, and in her earliest girlhood had learned the importance and influence of the trivial.

The Prince of Anhalt died. The news was announced to his daughter, and greatly afflicted her.

"For a week I was allowed to weep as much as I pleased," she writes. "At the end of that time Madame Tchogloloff came to tell me that I had wept enough; that the Empress ordered me to leave off; that my father was not a king! I told her I knew that my father was not a king, and she replied that it was not suitable for a grand duchess to mourn for a longer period for a father who had not been a king. In fine, it was arranged that I should go out the following Sunday, and wear mourning for six weeks."

This regulation of natural grief by imperial ukase is sufficiently curious.

The grand duke divided his time between love affairs with his wife's ladies and the training of his dogs, of which he kept a great number. "With heavy blows of his whip and cries like those of a huntsman, he made them fly from one end to the other of his two rooms, which were all he had. Such of the dogs as became tired or got out of rank were severely punished, which made them howl the more. When he got tired of this detestable exercise, so painful to the ears

and destructive to the repose of his neighbors, he seized his violin, on which he rasped away with extraordinary violence and very badly, all the time walking up and down his rooms. Then he recommenced the education and punishment of his dogs, which to me seemed very cruel. On one occasion, hearing one of these animals howl piteously and for a long time, I opened the door of my bedroom, where I was seated, and which adjoined the apartment in which this scene was enacted, and saw him holding this dog by the collar, suspended in the air, while a boy who was in his service, a Kalmuck by birth, held the animal by the tail. It was a poor little King Charles spaniel, of English breed, and the duke was beating him with all his might with the handle of a whip. I interceded for the poor beast, but this only made him redouble his blows. Unable to bear so cruel a scene, I returned to my room with tears in my eyes. In general, tears and cries, instead of moving the duke to pity, put him in a passion. Pity was a feeling that was painful and even insupportable in his mind."

On another occasion, Catherine found an enormous rat suspended on a gallows in her husband's apartment, and was told that the penalty was inflicted for a crime which, by the law of the land, was deserving of capital punishment. The rat had climbed over the ramparts of a fortress of cardboard, and had eaten two sentinels made of pith who were on duty on the bastion! The grand duke was very angry with her for laughing on this occasion, but, as she dryly observes, it may at least be said in justification of the rat that he was hanged without being questioned or heard in his own defense.

During the second winter after the royal marriage, the strict surveillance established about the young couple was redoubled in severity. A stringent order was issued by the Empress forbidding any one from entering their apartments without express permission from the Tcho-

glokokoffs, and the ladies and gentlemen of their court were directed, under pain of dismissal, to keep in the antechamber, and never speak, not even to the servants, except in a loud voice which could be heard by everybody. The grand duke and grand duchess, thus compelled to sit and look at each other, murmured, and secretly interchanged thoughts relative to this species of imprisonment. To divert his ennui, the duke had five or six hounds brought from the country and placed behind a wooden partition close to his wife's bed. Poor Catherine was forced to endure the odor of this kennel all winter. When she complained of the inconvenience, the only answer she received was that "it was impossible to help it."

So puerile were the tastes of this lad of seventeen, the destined ruler of a great people, that he enjoyed playing with dolls and other childish toys. He did not dare to indulge in these amusements in public, but when the doors were locked for the night, and the royal pair were supposed to be asleep, the puppets, which were hidden under the bed, came out, and the grand duke played, and obliged his wife to play, with them, often till two in the morning. "Willing or unwilling, I was forced to join in this interesting amusement," writes poor Catherine. "I often laughed, but more often felt annoyed, and even inconvenienced, for the whole bed was filled with playthings, some of which were rather heavy."

Madame Tchoglokokoff, it would seem, got wind of these nocturnal pastimes, for one night, about twelve, she knocked at the door of the bedroom. For some moments no one answered, for the terrified grand duke and grand duchess, with the assistance of Madame Krause, were gathering up the toys and cramming them into or under the bed, — anywhere to conceal them. This done, they opened the door, to receive a scolding for keeping the visitor waiting, and an intimation that the Empress would be much displeased at their being awake at such an

hour. She then sulkily departed without having made any discovery, the door was relocked, and the grand duke went on with his amusement till he became sleepy.

It was a curious situation. On one side the partition was this brutal, foolish boy, flogging his dogs and his attendants, playing like a child with a regiment of puppets, often drunk, and passionately resisting the order to take a bath, which thing was abhorrent to his soul; on the other side was his girlish wife, acute, penetrating, silent, scrutinizing and judging things and persons, veiling beneath smiles and discreet words her real character and purposes. There she sat month after month, bending her curly head over a book. Books were her chief friends, she tells us, during those years of suspense. She always carried one in her pocket, and if she had a moment to herself she spent it in reading. She read political economy; she read Plato; she read somebody's history of Germany in nine volumes quarto, Madame de Sévigné, Baronius, Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, Voltaire's *Universal History*; also all the Russian books she could lay hold of, and the *Annals of Tacitus*, which, she says, caused a singular revolution in her brain, to which, perhaps, the melancholy cast of her thoughts at that time contributed not a little. She studied hard at languages, equipping herself in every possible way for that future on which she was implacably set. She read under surveillance as she did everything else. A maid always stood by to watch her. All she could see was the young duchess intent on her books. No one suspected the passions at work under that childish exterior, the pride, the resolve, the boundless ambition concealed behind the bright young eyes and the ready smile.

Here is her portrait, the portrait of a despot in embryo, painted by herself: —

"In whatever position it should please Providence to place me, I should never be without those resources which talent and determination give to every one ac-

cording to his natural abilities, and I felt myself possessed of sufficient courage either to mount or descend without being carried away by undue pride on the one hand, or feeling humbled and dispirited on the other. I knew I was a human being, and therefore of limited powers and incapable of perfection, but my intentions had always been pure and good. If from the very beginning I had perceived that to love a husband who was not amiable and who took no pains to be so was a thing difficult, if not impossible, yet at least I had devoted myself to him and his interests with all the attachment which a friend and even a servant could devote to his friend and master. My counsel to him had always been the very best I could devise for his welfare; and if he did not choose to follow it the fault was not mine, but that of his own judgment, which was neither sound nor just. When I came to Russia, and during the first years of our union, had this prince shown the least disposition to make himself supportable, my heart would have been opened to him; but when I saw that, of all possible objects, I was the one on whom he bestowed the least attention, precisely because I was his wife, it is not wonderful I should find my position neither agreeable nor to my taste, or that I should consider it irksome and even miserable. This latter feeling I suppressed more resolutely than any other; the pride and cast of my disposition rendering the idea of being unhappy most repugnant to me. I used to say to myself, happiness and misery depend on ourselves; if you feel unhappy, raise yourself above your misery, and so act that your happiness may be independent of accidents. To such a disposition I joined great sensibility, and a face, to say the least of it, interesting; one which pleased at first sight without art or effort. Naturally indulgent, I won the confidence of those who had any relations with me, because every one felt that the strictest probity and good will were the impulses which I most

readily obeyed; and, if I may be allowed the expression, I venture to assert in my own behalf that I was a *true gentleman*, one whose cast of mind was more male than female; and yet I was anything but masculine, for, joined to the mind and character of a man, I possessed the charms of a very agreeable female."

The royal residences of Russia in that day exhibited a singular mixture of squalor, inconvenience, and barbaric splendor. Money flowed like water at the court entertainments; immense sums were squandered at the gaming-table, and in jewels and equipage. (Four thousand superb dresses belonging to the Empress were burnt up in one fire alone which broke out in the Winter Palace; and fires were a common occurrence at that time, both in St. Petersburg and the country, from the faulty construction of the houses.) But with all this lavish expenditure, daily life, even for the junior royalties, was full of discomforts. There were evil smells from defective drainage; fevers lurked in the palace corners; many of the suites of rooms had but one entrance; the furniture was often scanty or deficient; there was absolute lack of privacy. When the court journeyed, matters were even worse. The Empress occupied the post-stations; the rest of the party were accommodated in tents and outhouses. Catherine chronicles dressing once close to an oven where the bread had just been baked, and at another time sleeping in a tent whose floor was covered ankle-deep with water. No well-to-do and self-respecting American mechanic of the present day would submit to such a state of things as these heirs of a great empire habitually endured.

The rooms in the palace of Peterhoff, where, in 1753, Catherine's eldest son was born, were sunless, gloomy, and full of draughts. They had but one issue, like all others in the Summer Palace; there was scarcely any furniture, and no kind of convenience. As soon as the child was safely in the world, had been

dressed and received his name, the Empress took him in her arms and swept away, followed by the grand duke and all present, except one lady-in-waiting. Catherine, who was lying on a temporary couch between doors and windows which did not shut tightly, was conscious of a chill. She begged to be removed to her own bed, and to have something to drink, but with these requests Madame Vladislava dared not comply. It was as much as her place was worth for her to touch the grand duchess without express permission. For nearly four hours the young mother lay weeping from pain, thirst, and the bitter sense of neglect before any one recollected to do anything for her. The Empress, intoxicated with joy at the birth of an heir, was absorbed in the child. The grand duke, intoxicated also, but after another fashion, was drinking his son's health with whomsoever he could get to join him. The bells were ringing, the populace shouting, the cannon firing *feux de joie*; no one wasted a thought on poor Catherine. At last the Countess Schouvaloff, "very elaborately dressed," arrived. When she saw the condition in which the grand duchess had been left, she was angry, and said it was enough to kill her, which was "very consolatory, certainly," as Catherine dryly remarks. It did almost kill her. The exposure brought on rheumatic pains, followed by a violent fever, during which the patient was almost as much neglected as at the outset of her illness.

"The grand duke, indeed, did come into my room for a moment, and then went away, saying that he had not time to stop. I did nothing but weep and moan in my bed. Nobody was in my room but Madame Vladislava; in her heart she was sorry for me, but she had not the power to remedy this state of things. Besides, I never liked to be pitied or to complain. I had too proud a spirit for that, and the very idea of being unhappy was insupportable to me."

Forty days after the confinement of

the grand duchess, the Empress came to visit her. The child came with her; it was the first time his mother had seen him since his birth. "I thought him very pretty," Catherine writes, "and the sight of him raised my spirits a little; but the moment the prayers were finished, the Empress had him carried away, and then left me." It was poor consolation for all this suffering to receive a christening present of one hundred thousand roubles, especially as, a week later, it was "borrowed" to be given to the grand duke, who had chosen to sulk because his wife had a gift, and he had not. It was not till some months later that the Empress repaid the loan.

Catherine was not allowed to have anything to do with her son. The Empress possessed him utterly, and treated him as if he had been her sole property.

"It was only by stealth that I could get any account of him," says the poor young mother; "for to have inquired about him would have passed for a doubt of the Empress's care, and would have been very ill received. She had taken him into her own room, and whenever he cried she herself would run to him, and, through excess of care, they were literally stifling him. He was kept in an extremely warm room, wrapped in flannel, and laid in a cradle lined with black fox furs. Over him was a coverlet of quilted satin lined with wadding, and over that one of rose-colored velvet lined with black foxskins. I saw him myself, many times afterward, lying in this condition, the perspiration running from his face and his whole body; and hence it was that, when older, the least breath of air that reached him chilled and made him ill. He had, beside, in attendance on him a great number of aged matrons, who, by their ill-judging care and their want of common sense, did him infinitely more harm than good, both physically and morally."

It is curious to hear of a baby swathed in rose-colored velvet and fox furs, and shut from every breath of air, whose

mother rose each morning at six to practice leaping in the riding-school, and, in the country, habitually spent six, eight, sometimes twelve hours a day in the saddle. Catherine's superb health bore her safely through everything that she was forced to undergo. Hardy in body, she became with advancing years more and more daring and defiant in spirit. It was the critical period of her life, and it was then that those seeds of corruption were sown which in the end made her notorious among profligate sovereigns. Her contempt and aversion for the grand duke increased year by year, and his dislike of her kept pace.

"I saw distinctly," she writes, "that three courses, almost equally perilous, presented themselves for my choice: first, to share the fortunes of the grand duke, be they what they might; secondly, to be exposed every moment to whatever he chose to do either for or against me; or, lastly, to follow a course entirely independent of all eventualities. To speak more plainly, I had to choose the alternative of perishing with him or by him, or to save myself, my children, and perhaps the empire also, from the wreck which all the moral and physical qualities of this prince made possible. This last choice seemed to me the safest. I resolved, therefore, to the utmost of my power, to continue to give on all occasions the very best advice I could for his benefit, but never to persist in this, as I had hitherto done, so as to make him angry; to open his eyes to his true interests on every opportunity that presented itself; and, during the rest of the time, to maintain a mournful silence, while, on the other hand, taking care of my own interests with the public, so that in the time of need they might see in me the saviour of the commonwealth."

Mortified in pride and thwarted in affection, with all the natural currents of duty dammed in at their outlet; filled with a bitter scorn for the paltry partner imposed upon her, and a resentment

equally bitter for the treatment accorded her; without one friend to speak a word in behalf of the higher law or point out the nobler way, it is not to be wondered at that Catherine listened to the base counselors who whispered in her ear that, under such circumstances, the grand duchess was excusable if she trampled upon conventional laws of morality. She did not emulate the engaging frankness of her husband, who, when she pretended sleep to avoid the recital of his amours, roused her with sturdy thumps and punches of his fist, and forced her to listen. No, her adventures were studiously kept secret, but none the less did they exist; and they were pursued by her with an audacious delight.

Gradually the grand duchess collected about her a little circle of intimates who encouraged her in all that was evil and dangerous. Abetted by these boon companions, she was able to defy the strict cordon of regulations drawn about her life by the arbitrary Empress. Parties met in her rooms night after night, the spies sitting without unconscious; or a mew, the chosen signal of mischief, would sound at her door, and hey! presto! the imprisoned princess was out of her prison, attending all sorts of merrymakings, suppers, and dances; or, dressed in man's attire, frolicking all over St. Petersburg with her lover, Leon Narishkine! It speaks well for her power of influencing others that not once was she betrayed by any of the persons in her confidence; yet it was a secret worth money to the betrayer, for the Empress would have made short work of an ex-Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg detected *flagrante delicto* at such pranks. Catherine reveled in these stolen pleasures with all the joy of long-repressed liberty broken forth into license; but while trampling on other commandments, she scrupulously kept the eleventh, of man's enactment, and, luck waiting on audacity, never was "found out."

She relates with great glee the effectual

precautions taken by her against neglect when her second child was born. A disused lumber-room opened from her bedchamber. She secretly caused this to be cleared out and furnished; the door of communication was hidden by a screen, and there her little private court of intimates assembled. The events of her second confinement were an exact reproduction of those of the first. Again the Empress took possession of the infant as soon as it was named, and carried it off, leaving the mother to her fate; but now Catherine had friends at hand, who, as soon as the coast was clear, came in and ministered to her wants with food, wine, and every luxury. There was no need now for her to lie weeping and moaning; her convalescence was made merry by the companionship of the gay little party in the lumber-room, who filled every lonely moment with laughter and pranks. She only found it necessary to affect tedium now and then in order to disarm suspicion. Once or twice the merry troupe, "from laughing too heartily," became hungry and thirsty, and demanded supper. The grand duchess replied that this was no more than fair, since they were kind enough to give her their company. She accordingly rang the bell, professed herself starving, and ordered a repast of not less than six courses. When the dishes went out empty, not a crumb left in any of them, there must have been wonderment in the kitchens over the phenomenal appetite of the invalid, but no comment was made. The Empress's health had declined. She had had two or three alarming seizures, and the influence of the grand duchess was on the increase. Courtiers are quick to mark the signs of the times, and trim their sails to meet a coming change of wind.

It is an astonishing feature of these memoirs that there is scarcely a reference in them to Russia and the common people. "The Winter Palace, with its military and administrative machinery,

was a world of its own," Herten tells us. "Like a ship floating on the surface of the ocean, it had no real connection with the inhabitants of the deep beyond that of eating them. In that monstrous barrack, in that enormous machinery, there reigned the cold rigidity of a camp. One set gave or transmitted orders; the rest obeyed in silence. Behind that triple line of sentries, in those heavily ornamented salons, there fermented a feverish life, with its intrigues and its conflicts, its dramas and its tragedies. It was here that the destinies of Russia were woven, in the gloom of the alcove, in the midst of orgies, beyond the reach of informers and the police. What interest could the young German princess take in that *magnum ignotum*, that people unexpressed, which concealed itself in its villages, behind the snow, and only appeared in the streets of St. Petersburg like a foreign outcast, tolerated by reason of contempt?"

At last, in 1761, the seventeen long years of suspense, dissimulation, and uncertainty came to an end, — years which had found the grand duchess a child, and left her hardened into a cynical profligacy. Elizabeth died, and the Emperor Peter III. was declared ruler of Russia in her stead.

This was Catherine's opportunity, and the folly of her brutalized husband made it an easy one. Having "lost the small share of sense which originally belonged to him," as his affectionate wife remarks, he inaugurated his reign by a series of unpopular measures which offended everybody. He proposed to disband the imperial guards, and replace them with troops from Holstein; to change the religion of the country; to repudiate Catherine, imprison her, and marry his mistress, Elizabeth Voronsky. A thousand disquieting rumors flew to and fro, while the Emperor, shut up with a small circle of sycophants at Oranienbaum, kept himself invisible and inaccessible. Many of these rumors were doubtless exaggerated or

premature, but they were sufficient for Catherine's purpose, and were, not improbably, inspired by her.

The crisis came when, at a festival given in celebration of peace with the king of Prussia, Peter publicly insulted his wife at table, and the same evening signed an order for her arrest. The order was retracted for the moment, but Catherine knew that the sword wavered above her head, and must presently fall. With her customary energy and clear insight into things, she wasted no time in indecision. The minds of the guards had already been prepared, her adherents were ready. The news of the order of arrest reached her at Peterhoff, where she was living alone, — "seemingly forgotten by every one," she remarks. It was six in the morning. Dressing hastily, she flung herself into a carriage, and drove straight to the capital, and to the barracks of the Ismailofski regiment.

"The throne of Russia is neither hereditary nor elective," said the Neapolitan Caraccioli. "It is *occupative*!"

There were not more than a dozen soldiers in the building, but the drummer beat the alarm, and the others speedily came crowding in. When they saw the Empress, they broke into wild enthusiasm, kissing her hands, feet, and dress, and calling her their saviour. Two of them brought a priest with the cross, the oath of government was administered, and at the head of the regiment Catherine proceeded to the Church of Our Lady of Kasan. Here other regiments, the horse guards and the all-important Preobrajenskijs among them, joined the cortège, with shouts of "Vivat!" and "Pardon us for having come last. Our officers detained us, but we have brought them to you under arrest to show our zeal." Catherine was proclaimed "colonel" of the regiments, changed her dress for a uniform, and at the head of over fourteen thousand men swept out to Oranienbaum, where Peter, unconscious of the storm about to break upon him, sat com-

posing manifestoes against her, and, as she asserts, arranging the details of her assassination.

It was too late. His terrible wife, if we may borrow a phrase from Australia, "had the drop on him" in every particular. In abject terror he made haste to sign his resignation, conferring upon Catherine all the rights and privileges of which he stood possessed. Contemptuously she accepted all, and gave orders that the ex-Emperor should be conveyed to Rapscha, a place seven versts distant from St. Petersburg, "very retired, but very pleasant," we are assured, where he was placed under guard. The unhappy young man only asked that he might have his mistress, his dog, his negro, and his violin forwarded to him; but "for fear of scandal, and not wishing to increase the general excitement," doubtless also from pure love of morals, the Empress omitted the mistress, and sent only the three articles last named!

It was given out that Peter was to remain at Rapscha only till suitable apartments at Schlüsselberg could be prepared for him. "But it pleased God to dispose otherwise," as Catherine piously remarks. Three days after his removal, the Emperor died suddenly: of dysentery, she tells us; of strangulation, the rest of the world believed; and with his death Catherine II. entered upon her thirty-four years of absolute power, untrammelled by any obligation, human or divine, whose validity she recognized.

The biography closes with these words:

"Such, pretty nearly, is our history. The whole was managed, I confess, under my own immediate direction, and toward the end I had to check its progress. Everything, in fact, was more than ripe a fortnight beforehand. In a word, God has brought about things in his own good pleasure, and the whole is more of a miracle than a merely human contrivance; for assuredly nothing but the Divine Will could have produced so many felicitous combinations."

Tied up with the manuscript in which these edifying words are recorded was the original letter from Alexis Orloff, in which, with the most cold-blooded distinctness of phrase, he announced to the Empress the murder of her husband!

In the early years of our own century, a young Bostonian — who later became one of the noted wits of his generation, — in the course of a visit to Europe spent some weeks at St. Petersburg. He became intimate with an elderly diplomat, to whom he had letters of introduction, and who had long resided in Russia. One day, when dining *tête-à-tête* with his friend, he ventured to hint a question upon a delicate subject which had for years occupied the curious in such matters, namely, the truth as to the death of the Emperor Peter III.

His host silenced him with a gesture. "The subject is too dangerous for discussion," he said, in a low tone. "I dare not enter upon it even with you and alone. Your curiosity must be answered without words, if at all. We are going to the ball at the palace to-night. Keep your hand in my arm, and whenever we pass one of the persons suspected — mind, I

only say *suspected* — of complicity in the matter, I will give it a slight pressure. But you must guard your face. It would never do to have it imagined that any communication on such a subject was passing between us."

So that night, as the young American, leaning on his friend's arm, passed through the brilliant throng at the Winter Palace, he was conscious ever and anon of a slight significant pressure. Always it came as they encountered some court official high in office, and especially resplendent in dress or decorations. At last they met the gigantic Prince Orloff, literally blazing with orders and jewels, and towering head and shoulders above the crowd. The pressure here was particularly distinct.

"He held the handkerchief," murmured the diplomat in his young friend's ear.

This "handkerchief," the enormous Orloff, and the puny and enfeebled young Emperor furnished, it may be presumed, one of the most striking of the "felicitous combinations" which Catherine had in mind, and for which she thanked Heaven with such exemplary fervor.

Susan Coolidge.

MOOSILAUKE.

MOOSILAUKE! mountain sagamore! thy brow
The wide hill-splendor circles. Not a peer
Among New Hampshire's lordly heights that fear
Nor summer's bolt nor winter's blast hast thou
For grand horizons. Lo, to westward now
Towers Whiteface over Killington; and clear,
To north, Mount Royal cleaves the blue; while near,
Franconia's, Conway's peaks the east endow
With glory, round great Washington, whose cone
Of sunset shade, athwart his valleys thrown,
Darkens and stills a hundred miles of Maine!
To south the bright Lake smiles, and rivers flow
Through elm-fringed meadows to the ocean plain, —
Lone peak! what realms are thine, above, below!

Edna Dean Proctor.

LETTERS OF SIDNEY LANIER.

II.

LANIER'S connection with the Centennial Exhibition brought him, during the summer of 1876, into many pleasant relations; but, unfortunately, his health declined. He passed several months at West Chester, Pa., where he wrote *Clover and The Waving of the Corn*; and then, when autumn came, he returned to Philadelphia in what seemed a dying condition. For many weeks he was tenderly nursed at the Peacocks', until, having regained a little strength, it was evident that he must go South if he would survive the winter. Accordingly, leaving the children behind, he and his wife journeyed to Florida as fast as his feebleness permitted. His first note, written on a postal card, is dated "Cedar Keys, Fla., December 20th, 1876." He says: "Through many perils and adventures we are so far safely on our way, in much better condition than could have been expected. We leave for Tampa presently. It is about 125 miles southward; but we stop at Manatee, and do not reach Tampa until to-morrow night, — spending thirty-six hours in the steamer. We have been wishing all the morning that you might pace these white sands with us, in the heavenly weather. Will write you immediately from Tampa."

TAMPA, FLA., *December 27th, 1876.*

On arriving here we find that your friendship has as usual anticipated us. May and I, strolling down to the Post office to rent a box, and not daring to think of letters, are told by the clerk that he thinks there is something for us, — and the something turns out to be

your pleasant budget, which we incontinently open and devour, sitting down on the steps of the Post office for that purpose, to the wonderment of the natives. Your news of our dear manikins is the first we have had, and is a fair gift for our Christmas. . . .

The letters you sent were all pleasant in one way or another. One is from H. M. Alden, Editor Harper's Magazine, enclosing check for fifteen dollars, and accepting the poem (*The Waving of the Corn*) sent him by me through Bayard Taylor. Another is a very cordial letter from "Geo. C. Eggleston, Literary Editor Evening Post," making tender of brotherhood to me in a really affectionate way, and declaring that "the keen delight with which he recently read my volume of poems sharpens the pang he feels in knowing that one in whose work he sees so rich a promise lies on a bed of illness."

The postal card is from Gilder, whom I had requested to make a slight addition to my article on *The Orchestra* in Scribner's.

The fourth letter is, as you guessed, from Emma Stebbins, and I enclose it for you to read. It seems from the last portion of it that she has quite abandoned the idea of writing the life of Charlotte Cushman, substituting for that the project of merely printing a *Memorial Volume*.¹

The Bulletin with the notice you mention has not yet arrived. I am very much pleased that the Psalm of the West has given Mrs. Champney a text to preach from. One begins to add to the intrinsic delight of prophet-hood the less lonesome joy of human helpfulness — when one finds the younger poets

his friends and Miss Cushman's had hoped, that this work would be assigned to him.

¹ Miss Stebbins subsequently published a life of Miss Cushman (Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co., 1878). Lanier had hoped, and many of

resting upon one for a support and buttress in this way.

You will be glad to know that we are situated much more comfortably than we could have hoped. Tampa is the most forlorn collection of little one-story frame houses imaginable, and as May and I walked behind our Landlord, who was piloting us to the Orange Grove Hotel, our hearts fell nearer and nearer towards the sand through which we dragged. But presently we turned a corner, and were agreeably surprised to find ourselves in front of a large three-story house with many odd nooks and corners, altogether clean and comfortable in appearance, and surrounded by orange-trees in full fruit. We have a large room in the second story, opening upon a generous balcony fifty feet long, into which stretch the liberal arms of a fine orange-tree, holding out their fruitage to our very lips. In front is a sort of open plaza, containing a pretty group of gnarled live oaks full of moss and mistletoe.

They have found out my public character already: somebody who had traveled with me recognized me on the street yesterday and told mine host. He and his wife are all kindness, having taken a fancy, I imagine, to my sweet angel May. They have just sent up a lovely bunch of roses and violets from the garden,—a sentimental attention which finds a pleasant parallel in the appearance of a servant at our door before breakfast to inquire whether we prefer our steak fried or broiled.

The weather is perfect summer, and I luxuriate in great draughts of balmy air uncontaminated with city-smokes and furnace-dusts. This has come not a moment too soon; for the exposures of the journey had left my poor lung in most piteous condition. I am now better, however; and May is in good case, except that the languid air takes the spring from her step, and inclines her much to laziness. . . .

We have three mails a week: two by

stage from Gainesville (which is on the railroad from Fernandina to Cedar Keys) and one by steamer from Cedar Keys. Address me simply "Tampa, Fla." I have a box (No. 8:—I don't think there are more than twenty-five or thirty in all) at the Post office, and the clerk knows me: as in fact everybody else does,—a stranger is a stranger in Tampa. . . .

(Over.)

DEAR MR. PEACOCK: Sidney has forgotten my message—which entreated Mrs. Peacock (Heaven bless her!) to consider my letters *unanswerable*. You are *one* in our thoughts and affections, and we are content to hear from either of you. And I am so selfish as to wish that she should always be glad when my poor letters come. When you see Dr. Lippe pray give him our best regards and say that we will write as soon as we have had time to know how Sidney is.

Your loving MARY D. L.

P. S. No. 15. I enclose the two receipts for the silver: Robbins' and the Trust Company's. We will write about it some future time: meantime as to the set at Robbins', place it wherever you like. S. L.

TAMPA, December 31st, 1876.

I am writing a line to send you both a New Year's kiss from us two. We have had a great change in the weather: a couple of days ago the hyperborean blasts turned our pretty summer quite out of doors, and we have had for thirty-six hours a temperature which reminds us very forcibly of a New Year's Day at the North. As we sit over our blazing knots of "fat lightwood" we think with double vividness of your two dear faces, and wish that they were by ours or ours by them. . . .

The Magazine has arrived, and your lovely notice of my little Evening Song¹ gives me genuine pleasure. I see too that the poem has smitten the hitherto-inval-

¹ Printed in Lippincott's Magazine, January, 1877.

nerable R. Shelton McKenzie under the fifth rib. This is a triumph indeed. The Bulletin with the notice from the Ev'g. Post has also arrived. The letter from Lippincott's which you forwarded was an enclosure of check for ten dollars for the Evening Song.

May is doing well ; and I, with some setbacks, am on the whole improving. I have found a shaggy gray mare upon whose back I thrid the great pine forests daily, much to my delight. Nothing seems so restorative to me as a good gallop. We have now only two mails a week, and these take a long time to go and come. If there should ever be any occasion to telegraph us, a dispatch can be sent to *Tuckertown* (which is on the telegraph line, thirty miles from here), whence the operators will, if so requested, forward it by courier on horseback to Tampa.

I sent you the two silver receipts by last mail. Forward me whatever you happen to see about the little Song: I wish to send the notices to Dudley Buck, who has set this poem to music. God bless you both, — say May and

S. L.

TAMPA, FLA., *January 17th, 1877.*

I wrote you immediately upon arriving here, enclosing the two receipts for the silver ; and I believe some sort of greeting has gone from one of us to one of you by nearly every mail, since our arrival. I only mention this because our Florida mail arrangements are of the very slowest description, and, as we have yet had nothing from you written since any of our communications reached you, we presume the latter have taken the very uttermost limit of time in getting to you.

We fare slowly on, in health. May has been very much affected by the warm weather which has prevailed for the past two weeks, and suffers much from lassitude, with some appearance of malarial symptoms. I think my lung is healing

gradually : and although I have a great deal of hoarseness, it does not seem to be attended with any other serious accompaniment. I certainly improve in strength, though pulled down, as indeed are all the healthy people about us, by the languorous summer temperature.

I think we will have to sell the silver ; if you can get \$350 for it, it may go at that. Possibly we will sell it for old silver, after a while, at \$200 : but I would be glad if you would see whether any silver dealer with whom you should leave it (after Robbins) can get an offer of \$350. . . .

I am writing in haste, having come in from a ride, horseback, just as the mail is about to close. . . .

TAMPA, FLA., *March 25th, 1877.*

MY DEAREST MARIA PEACOCK : . . .

I wish we were spending this March day in your dear little Brown Study with you. I have an inexpressible longing to see you when you will not be — as during that last month — anxious at heart on my account. This might now very well be ; for although many breaks and exasperating interruptions have chequered my progress since I came here, yet in comparing my present condition with the state I was in when I left you, no room is left for doubt that my lung is certainly healing, and that the rest is only matter of time and warm weather.

We expect to leave Tampa on the 5th April, for Brunswick, where we will remain until May. Our after-programme is to spend the month of May in Macon, and to return to Philadelphia in June. Consider that our address, therefore, is changed to "Care of Chas. Day, Brunswick, Ga."

May has been suffering much with malarial influences, and I am impatient for the time when she may return to the bracing northern air which appears to agree with her so well. She sends you all manner of loving messages.

Please ask Mr. Gibson as soon as the

rest of the silver money comes in to send for Dr. Schell's bill, and discharge it. I have been more pained about the long standing-over of it than I can tell you. Did you see my Beethoven in the *Galaxy*?¹ A bad misprint occurred in the punctuation at the end of the 8th verse, where somebody inserted a semicolon. In the original there is nothing: the two verses (8th and 9th) being intended to run together, *i. e.* the luminous lightnings blindly strike the sailor praying on his knees along with, &c. In reading other articles in this Magazine I observe that the proof must have been very badly read.

I have had a very affectionate letter from Emma Stebbins, enclosing a fifty-dollar bill which she wanted to loan me.

My thoughts are much upon my French poem — the *Jacquerie* outburst — in these days. If Mr. Hayes would only appoint me consul somewhere in the south of France!!!

BRUNSWICK, GA., *April 26th, 1877.*

If I had as many fingers as your astounding servant-maid, and each one could wield a pen separately, I still would n't be able to write the fair messages which continually construct themselves in my heart to you both. That such a very pitiful fraction of these has actually reached you during the last few weeks is due to mine ancient infirmity in the matter of driving the quill, and to May's constant occupation with her father and brother. These poor lonely men live here in a house to themselves, with no women or children about them: and when May comes with her bright ways and intelligent sympathies she has both hands, lips, and heart very busy from morning till night.

I suppose you've seen a little *extravaganza* of mine in *St. Nicholas* for May. The proof-sheets were sent me at Tampa, and I promptly corrected and

returned them: but they seem not to have arrived in time, and I desolate myself at finding some miserable repetitions and awkward expressions, which I had carefully amended, appearing nevertheless, — beside some very bad punctuation systematically interpolated all the way through by some other hand than mine. The illustrations are charming, however, and I feel as if I ought to write a special letter of thanks to Mr. Bensell for the evident care he has taken. The story I meant to be only such an incongruous *mélange* as one might "make up as he went along" for a lot of children about his knees; and its very intentional incongruities must have been serious stumbling-blocks to the engraver.

I sincerely regret the continued illness of Mr. Wells.² He was so full of life and so overbrimming with his quips and his quiddities, that I can scarcely realize him as a sick man. Pray send him my cordial greetings when you write, with my earnest wishes for his speedy recovery.

I wrote Mrs. Peacock just before we left Tampa. We remain here until the fifth of May; after which our address will be "Macon, Ga." We think to spend a month there: and then, if I continue to improve, to make our way back northward. I can't tell you how famished I am for the Orchestra: an imperious hunger drives me towards it.

We both send a kiss to you both. If Miss Phelps is with you, we'll put in two, mine being particularly by way of response for her kind note. I long to see you all.

MACON, GA., *May 26th, 1877.*

They have had a family gathering here to meet me; and what with fondling numerous new babies that have arrived since I last met the parents thereof, and with much talk of matters high and low, I have not found time to send my love to

¹ Beethoven, printed in *The Galaxy* for March, 1877.

² Francis Wells, assistant editor of the *Evening Bulletin*.

you. I have gained greatly in strength within the last three weeks, and although I have still much discomfort at times I feel perfectly sure that I have quite got the upper hand of this particular attack at least. We propose to start for Philadelphia within two weeks from now; waiting so long only to be sure of escaping any possible caprice of this very variable Spring. The prospect of speedily turning northward gives us, as you can imagine, great delight: for it is a prospect which holds in its "middle distance" you two, and our dear monkeys for whom our arms are fairly hungry.

I long to be steadily writing again. I'm taken with a poem pretty nearly every day, and have to content myself with making a note of its train of thought on the back of whatever letter is in my coat-pocket. I don't write it out, because I find my poetry now wholly unsatisfactory in consequence of a certain haunting impatience which has its root in the straining uncertainty of my daily affairs; and I am trying with all my might to put off composition of all sorts until some approach to the certainty of next week's dinner shall remove this remnant of haste, and leave me that repose which ought to fill the artist's firmament while he is creating. Perhaps indeed with returning bodily health I shall acquire strength to attain this serenity in spite of all contingencies.

Address me here if you write within the next ten days. May would send a kiss to you both if she knew I was writing. Cordial greetings to Miss Phelps if she is now with you. I hope Mr. Wells continues to improve.

40 MT. VERNON PLACE, BALTIMORE, MD.,
June 13th, 1877.

I am really distressed to know that you should have spent your day at Washington in the unprofitable business of pottering about those dreary Departments in my behalf: but I won't lecture you for your unearthly goodness to me.

May and I are to go to Washington next Monday, to visit Judge Advocate General Dunn, who is a son-in-law of my kinsman J. F. D. Lanier (of New York), and who has extended a very cordial invitation to us. We will also meet there General Humphreys, Chief of the Engineer Corps, who is an old and intimate friend of May's mother, and has always made a great pet of May herself. It seems like stretching our hearts to stay away from the boys longer: yet we have determined finally to do it, inasmuch as we do not know when we will have another opportunity to meet these friends.

As for the "application:" you must know, my dear good Friend, that all *that* matter was gotten up without my knowledge, and has been carried on by my father and Mr. Lanier of New York. When they finally wrote to me of it, I replied (after a great struggle which I have not the heart to detail to you) that inasmuch as I had never been a party man of any sort I did not see with what grace I could ask any appointment; and that, furthermore, I could not see it to be delicate, on general principles, for me to make *personal* application for any particular office: but that I would be grateful if they would simply cause my name to be mentioned to the proper persons as that of a person who might be suitable for certain classes of appointments, and that I would accept with pleasure any result of such an application. This has been done: my name has been mentioned to Mr. Sherman¹ (and to Mr. Evarts,² I believe) by quite cordially-disposed persons. But I do not think any formal application has been entered, — though I do not know. I *hope* not: for then the reporters will get hold of it, and I scarcely know what I should do if I should see my name figuring alongside of Jack Brown's and Foster Blodgett's

¹ Secretary of the Treasury.

² Secretary of State.

and the others of my native State, — as would quickly be the case.

But I can speak of all this when I see you. It will be probably nine or ten days before I have that pleasure, — even if you shall have returned to Ph^a by that time. Pray send me a line (see address, above date of this letter) to let me know your motions. . . . Don't think me finical, and don't think me anything but your faithful

S. L.

CHADD'S FORD, PA., August 7th, 1877.

This is but an hour old: and after sending it off to Harper's, I've made a hasty copy for you, thinking you would care to see it. The poor dove whose sorrow it commemorates wakes me every morning, calling from the lovely green woods about us.

We are charmed with our place: I myself have rather too much pot-boiling to improve much, but the boys are having a royal time. May sends a kiss to you both, as does your faithful

S. L.

[Enclosure.]

THE DOVE: A SONG.¹

If thou, if thou, O blue and silver Morn,
Should'st call along the curving sphere:

"Remain,
Sweet Night, my Love! Nay, leave me not
forlorn!"

With soft halloos of heavenly love and
pain: —

Should'st thou, past Spring, a-cower in coverts
dark,

'Gainst proud supplanting Summer sing thy
plea

And move the mighty woods through mailed
bark

Till tender heartbreak throb in every tree: —

(Ah, grievous *If*, wilt turn to *Yea* full soon?)

— If thou, my Heart, long holden from thy
Love,

Should'st beat and burn in mellow shocks of
tune: —

— Each might but mock yon deep-sequestered
dove!

¹ First printed, with many changes, in Scribner's Magazine, May, 1878.

CHADD'S FORD, PA., September 8th, 1877.

I am called to Washington for the purpose of prosecuting my affairs, — which are delayed much beyond expectation, — and am obliged to anticipate my income a little, being out of funds for a week. Please loan me fifty dollars, if you can do so without inconvenience to yourself. You can send your check payable to my order. — Which takes my breath away, and I can't say anything more, now.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 27th, 1877.

Yours was forwarded to me here. Just as I received your check, a severe pleuritic attack seized me, and kept me in great pain for ten days. I then got up from bed to come here, in the desperate necessity to do what could be done. Last Monday at daylight an exhausting hæmorrhage came, which has kept me confined to my room ever since. In this enforced inactivity, I have had nothing to return to you. This morning a check comes from Lippincott for a little story I sent, and I enclose it, endorsed to your order. Please let me know what your address will be, so that I may send the remaining twenty-five at the earliest possible moment.

There does not appear the least hope of success here. Three months ago the order was given by Secretary Sherman that I should have the first vacancy: but the appointment-clerk, who received the order, is a singular person, and I am told there are rings within rings in the Department to such an extent that vacancies are filled by petty chiefs of division without ever being reported at all to the proper officers. You will scarcely believe that, in my overwhelming desire to get some routine labor by which I might be relieved from this exhausting magazine work so as to apply my whole mind to my long poem on which I have been engaged, I have allowed a friend to make application to every department in Washington for even the humblest position

—seventy-five dollars a month and the like — but without success. I also made personal application to several people in Baltimore for similar employment, but fruitlessly. Altogether it seems as if there was n't any place for me in this world, and if it were not for May I should certainly quit it, in mortification at being so useless.

I hope you will have a pleasant holiday. Give my love to my dear Maria Peacock, and say how glad I am to think of her long relief from the household and other cares which give her so much trouble.

55 LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
November 3rd, 1877.

I have not had the courage to write you without enclosing the check for twenty-five dollars, which ought to have gone to you long ago. I still have n't a cent to send: and am writing only to answer your inquiries whose kindness might otherwise go unacknowledged.

All sorts of things were promised to the friends who were good enough to intercede at Washington in my behalf: but nothing has come of it. In truth I should long ago have abandoned all ideas in that direction and resumed the thread of my magazine work, had it not been for illness which prevented me from writing much, and thus kept me entertaining some little expectation. The hæmorrhage, however, which disabled me from work temporarily, has greatly relieved my lung, and I am now stronger than at any time in the last fifteen months. My whole soul is bursting with chaotic poems, and I hope to do some good work during the coming year.

I have found it quite essential to my happiness and health to have some quarters, however rude, which I could regard as permanent for the next four or five years, — instead of drifting about the world. We have therefore established ourselves in four rooms, arranged somewhat as a French Flat, in the heart of Baltimore. We have a gas-stove, on

which my Comrade magically produces the best coffee in the world, and this, with fresh eggs (boiled over the same handy little machine), bread, butter, and milk, forms our breakfast. Our dinner is sent to us from a restaurant in the same building with our rooms, and is served in our apartment without extra charge.

As for my plans for the future: I have set on foot another attempt to get a place in the Johns Hopkins University: I also have a prospect of employment as an assistant at the Peabody Library here: and there is still a possibility of a committee-clerkship in Washington. Meantime, however, I am just resuming work for the editors: my nearest commission is to write a Christmas poem for *Every Saturday*, an ambitious new weekly paper just started in Baltimore. The editor wishes to illustrate the poem liberally and use it as an advertisement by making some fuss over it.

There! You have a tolerable abstract of my past, present and future. . . . Have you seen my Wagner poem in the *November Galaxy*? I have *not*: and, as it was much involved, and as I did n't see any proof-sheet, and as finally the *Galaxy's* proof-reader is notoriously bad, — I suspect it is a pretty muddle of nonsense. And so, God bless you both.

55 LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE,
December 3rd, 1877.

Your letter was heartily received by May and me, and the stamps brought acclamations from the three young men at the breakfast-table. We had been talking of you more than usual for several days: and May had been recalling that wonderful Thanksgiving Day a year ago when the kindness of you and my dear Maria seemed to culminate in the mysterious Five-hundred-dollar-bill which came up on the breakfast-tray. What a couple you are, anyhow: you and that same Maria with the Cape-jessamine-textured throat!

I indulged in a hæmorrhage immediately after reaching home, which kept me out of the combat for ten days. I then plunged in and brought captive forth a long Christmas poem¹ for Every Saturday, an ambitious young weekly of Baltimore. Have you seen my Puzzled Ghost in Florida, in Appleton's for December? . . .

We had another key to the silver chest. It contained a second set of old family plate, which we now use daily and in which we take great comfort. There are no other papers concerning it.

I hope you had a pleasant visit in New York. . . . I've just received a letter from Emma Stebbins. She is at the Cushmans', in Newport, and much improved in health. She has finished six chapters of her book on Miss Cushman, and may have it ready for the publishers by next fall.

Wife and I have been out to look at a lovely house to-day, with eight rooms and many charming appliances, which we find we can rent for less than we now pay for our four rooms. We think of taking it straightway, and will do so if a certain half-hundred of dollars for which we hope reaches us in time. . . .

33 DENMEAD ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
January 6th, 1878.

The painters, the whitewashers, the plumbers, the locksmiths, the carpenters, the gas-fitters, the stove-put-up-ers, the carmen, the piano-movers, the carpet-layers, — all these have I seen, bargained with, reproached for bad jobs, and finally paid off: I have also coaxed my landlord into all manner of outlays for damp walls, cold bath-rooms, and other like matters: I have furthermore bought at least three hundred and twenty-seven household utensils which suddenly came to be absolutely necessary to our existence: I have moreover hired a colored gentlewoman who is willing to wear out my carpets, burn out my range, freeze out

¹ Hard Times in Elfland.

my water-pipes, and be generally useful: I have also moved my family into our new home, have had a Xmas tree for the youngsters, have looked up a cheap school for Harry and Sidney, have discharged my daily duties as first flute of the Peabody Orchestra, have written a couple of poems and part of an essay on Beethoven and Bismarck, have accomplished at least a hundred thousand miscellaneous necessary nothings, — and have *not*, in consequence of all the aforesaid, sent to you and my dear Maria the loving greetings whereof my heart has been full during the whole season. Maria's cards were duly distributed, and we were all touched with her charming little remembrances. With how much pleasure do I look forward to the time when I may kiss her hand in my own house! We are in a state of supreme content with our new home: it really seems to me as incredible that myriads of people have been living in their own homes heretofore as to the young couple with a first baby it seems impossible that a great many other couples have had similar prodigies. It is simply too delightful. Good heavens, how I wish that the whole world had a Home!

I confess I *am* a little nervous about the gas-bills, which must come in, in the course of time; and there are the water-rates: and several sorts of imposts and taxes: but then, the dignity of being liable for such things! is a very supporting consideration. No man is a Bohemian who has to pay water-rates and a street-tax. Every day when I sit down in my dining-room — *my* dining-room! — I find the wish growing stronger that each poor soul in Baltimore, whether saint or sinner, could come and dine with me. How I would carve out the merry-thoughts for the old hags! How I would stuff the big wall-eyed rascals till their rags ripped again! There was a knight of old times who built the dining-hall of his castle across the highway, so that every wayfarer must perforce pass through:

there the traveller, rich or poor, found always a trencher and wherewithal to fill it. Three times a day, in my own chair at my own table, do I envy that knight and wish that I might do as he did.

Send me some word of you two. I was in Philadelphia for part of a night since I saw you, being on my way to Germantown to see Mr. Kirk. I had to make the whole visit between two rehearsals of the Orchestra, and so could only run from train to train, except between twelve P. M. and six, which I consumed in sleeping at the Continental.

We all send you heartfelt wishes for the New Year. May you be as happy as you are dear to your faithful S. L.

33 DENMEAD ST., BALTIMORE,
January 11th, 1878.

To-morrow I will transfer to you by telegraph one hundred and ten dollars; and the remaining forty, I *hope*, on Monday, certainly during the five days following.

I believe it was last Sunday night that I wrote you: on the following morning I awoke with a raging fever, and have been in bed ever since, racked inexpressibly by my old foe, the Pleurodynia. I have crawled out of bed this afternoon, but must go back soon. Will probably be about again on Monday.

Tortured as I was, this morning, with a living egg of pain away in under my collar bone, I shook till I was at least uniformly sore all over, with reading your brilliant critique on the great "artiste" Squirt in his magnificent impersonation of Snooks. The last sentence nearly took the top of my head off. I wish you would keep it up a little while, and fly at the Metropolis as well as at the provinces. For example: "The following contribution for our new morning (or Sunday) paper comes accompanied by a note stating that the writer has been employed as funny editor of the New York (anything, Universe, Age, et cet.), but desires a larger field of usefulness

with us;" and hereto you might append an imitation of the humorous column of The World, for instance, in which anything under heaven is taken as a caption, and the editorial then made up of all the possible old proverbs, quotations, popular sayings, and slang which have a word, or even a syllable, in common with the text.

Or you might give an exact reproduction (the more exact, the more ludicrous) of one of those tranquilly stupid political editorials in The —, which seem as massive as the walls of Troy, and are really nothing but condensations of arrogant breath.

But of course you *won't* do anything of the sort, for why embroil yourself? and I'm only forecasting what might be done in a better world.

We all send our love to you and Maria. May is pretty well fagged with nursing me, plus the housekeeping cares.

BALTIMORE, MD., January 30th, 1878.

It's no use trying to tell you the bitterness with which I found myself a couple of days behindhand with that hundred. I was in bed, ill, and was depending on a friend who had promised to come by my house and transact this along with some other business for me down town. He was prevented from coming as expected, and I was without remedy. I enclose P. O. order for twenty-five. The balance will go to you soon. Please don't despair of me. My illness was a complete marplot to all my plans for a month or more.

I came through Ph^a night before last, on my way home from New York. I ran round to see you, but you had gone to the theatre. Next morning I was compelled to hurry home without the pleasure of kissing my dear Maria's hand; our Peabody Orchestra meets at five in the afternoon, and I was obliged to reach Baltimore in time for that.

We are all in tolerable condition, greatly enjoying our crude half-furnished

home. I have been mainly at work on some unimportant prose matter for pot-boilers; but I get off a short poem occasionally, and in the background of my mind am writing my *Jacquerie*.

It is very thoughtful of you to send the Bulletin. I did not know it was being continued at Chadd's Ford, else I should have had the address changed. Both May and I find a great deal in the paper to interest us. We send loving messages to you twain. The boys are all at school.

180 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
November 5th, 1878.

I have been "allowing" — as the Southern negroes say — that I would write you, for the last two weeks; but I had a good deal to say, and have n't had time to say it.

During my studies for the last six or eight months a thought which was at first vague has slowly crystallized into a purpose, of quite decisive aim. The lectures which I was invited to deliver last winter before a private class met with such an enthusiastic reception as to set me thinking very seriously of the evident delight with which grown people found themselves receiving systematic instruction in a definite study. This again put me upon reviewing the whole business of Lecturing which has risen to such proportions in our country, but which, every one must feel, has now reached its climax and must soon give way — like all things — to something better. The fault of the lecture system as at present conducted — a fault which must finally prove fatal to it — is that it is too fragmentary, and presents too fragmentary a mass — *indigesta moles* — of facts before the hearers. Now if, instead of such a series as that of the popular Star Course (for instance) in Philadelphia, a scheme of lectures should be arranged which would amount to the *systematic presentation* of a *given subject*, then the audience would receive a substantial

benefit, and would carry away some genuine possession at the end of the course. The subject thus systematically presented might be either scientific (as Botany, for example, or Biology popularized, and the like), or domestic (as detailed in the accompanying printed extract under the "Household" School), or artistic, or literary.

This stage of the investigation put me to thinking of schools for grown people. Men and women leave college nowadays just at the time when they are really prepared to study with effect. There is indeed a vague notion of this abroad; but it remains vague. Any intelligent grown man or woman readily admits that it would be well — indeed, many whom I have met sincerely desire — to pursue some regular course of thought; but there is no guidance, no organized means of any sort, by which people engaged in ordinary avocations can accomplish such an aim.

Here, then, seems to be, first, a universal admission of the usefulness of organized intellectual pursuit for business people; secondly, an underlying desire for it by many of the people themselves; and thirdly, an existing institution (the lecture system) which, if the idea were once started, would quickly adapt itself to the new conditions.

In short, the present miscellaneous lecture courses ought to die and be born again as *Schools for Grown People*.

It was with the hope of effecting at least the beginning of a beginning of such a movement that I got up the "Shakespeare course" in Baltimore. I wished to show, to such a class as I could assemble, how much more genuine profit there would be in studying *at first hand*, under the guidance of an enthusiastic interpreter, the writers and conditions of a particular epoch (for instance) than in reading any amount of commentary or in hearing any number of miscellaneous lectures on subjects which range from Palestine to Pottery in the course of a

week. With this view I arranged my own part of the Shakspeare course so as to include a quite thorough presentation of the whole *science* of poetry as preparatory to a serious and profitable study of some of the greatest singers in our language.

I wish to make a similar beginning — with all these ulterior aims — in Philadelphia. I had hoped to interest Mr. Furness¹ in the idea, particularly because I suspected that some local influence would be needed to push forward a matter depending so much *on* ulterior purposes which are at the same time difficult to explain in full and slow in becoming fully comprehended by the average mind of the public. I enclose you Mr. Furness's letter, which I take to be a polite refusal to have anything to do with it; and I may add that Mrs. Wistar has made inquiries which do not give much encouragement from *her* world. But difficulties of this sort always end, with me, — after the first intense sigh has spent itself, — in clothing a project with new charms; and I am now determined not to abandon my Philadelphia branch until I shall seem like a fool to pursue it farther. *Apròpos* whereof, a very devoted friend of mine, there, having seen some announcement in the papers of my lectures, writes that she once attended a short course of somewhat similar nature in Philadelphia which was very successful. It was conducted, however, by a gentleman of considerable local reputation. I have one or two other friends there who would help the thing forward: and I write you all this long screed for the purpose of giving you an opportunity to meditate on the entire situation, and to direct me in making a start when I shall come over for that purpose.

The practical method of beginning is to form a class of grown persons, at (say) eight dollars apiece, to whom I

¹ Horace Howard Furness, America's foremost Shakespearian scholar.

will deliver twenty lectures and readings, one each week, on a suitable day and hour to be agreed on, covering about the ground specified in my twenty-four lectures announced in the accompanying programme of the Shakspeare course.

If a class of only twenty could be made up, I would cheerfully commence: for I feel confident it would be the beginning of better things. I think I know now of *four* who would join and would heartily forward the business by inquiring among their friends and setting forth its aims.

I have good prospect of forming a class in Washington: and thus, with my special poetic work (*The Songs of Aldhelm*, which I believe you will like better than anything I have written), you see my life will be delightfully *arrangée*, — if things come out properly. Do you think Mr. Henry C. Lea would be interested in such a matter?

— If you write me, after digesting this enormous homily, that you think twenty people could be found, I will come over immediately and make arrangements to *find* them. I have, as I said, several friends who at a word would busy themselves enthusiastically in the matter. . . .

180 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE,
December 21st, 1878.

If love and faithful remembrance were current with the wish-gods I could make you a rare merry Christmas. — I wish I had two millions; I should so like to send you a check for one of 'em, with a request that you make a bonfire of *The Evening Bulletin*, and come over here to spend Christmas, — and the rest of your life with me, — on a private car seventy-seven times more luxurious than Lorne's or Mr. Mapleson's. I really *don't* desire that you should spend your life on this car — as I seem to, on reading over my last sentence — but only that you should *come* on it. The great advantage of having a poetic imagina-

tion is herein displayed : you see how the simple act of enclosing you a check for twenty-five dollars — that twenty-five which has been due you so long, dear friend ! can set a man's thoughts going.

I have a mighty yearning to see you and my well-beloved Maria ; it seems a long time since ; and I've learned so many things, — I almost feel as if I had something new to show you.

Bayard Taylor's death¹ slices a huge cantle out of the world for me. I don't yet *know* it, at all : it only seems that he has gone to some other Germany, a little farther off. How strange it all is : he was such a fine fellow, one almost thinks he might have talked Death over and made him forego his stroke. Tell me whatever you may know, outside of the newspaper reports, about his end.

Chas. Scribner's Sons have concluded to publish my Boy's Froissart, with illustrations. They are holding under advisement my work on English Prosody.²

I saw your notice of the *Masque of Poets*. The truth is, it is a distressing, an aggravated, yea, an intolerable collection of mediocrity and mere cleverness. Some of the pieces come so near being good that one is ready to tear one's hair and to beat somebody with a stick from pure exasperation that such narrow misses should after all come to no better net result — in the way of art — than so many complete failures. I could find only four poems in the book. As for Guy Vernon, one marvels that a man with any poetic feeling could make so many stanzas of so trivial a thing. It does not even sparkle enough to redeem it as *vers de société*. This is the kind of poetry that is technically called culture-poetry ; yet it is in reality the product of a *want* of culture. If these gentlemen and ladies would read the old English poetry — I mean the poetry be-

fore Chaucer, the genuine English utterances, from Cædmon in the 7th century to Langland in the 14th — they could never be content to put forth these little diffuse prettinesses and dandy kickshaws of verse.

I am not quite sure but you misinterpreted whatever I may have said about Mr. Furness's letter. I did not mean in the least to blame him : and his note was, I thought, very kind in its terms.

I am in the midst of two essays on Anglo-Saxon poetry which I am very anxious to get in print. These, with the Froissart and my weekly lectures, keep me bound down with work.

God bless you both, and send you many a Christmas, prays your faithful
S. L.

I find I am out of stamps, for my check : so must mulet you for two cents.

435 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE,
June 1st, 1880.

I've just read your notice of *The Science of English Verse*, and cannot help sending a line to say how much it pleases me. It seems a model of the way in which a newspaper should deal with a work of this sort which in the nature of things cannot be fairly described without more space than any ordinary journal can allow.

I was all the more pleased because I had just read a long notice sent me by the —'s "critic," which, with the best intentions in the world, surely capped the climax of silly misrepresentation. It is perfectly sober to say that if this "critic" had represented Professor Huxley's late treatise on the Crayfish as a cookery-book containing new and ingenious methods of preparing shellfish for the table, and had proceeded to object earnestly that the book was a dangerous one, as stimulating overnicety in eating, — he would have been every whit as near the truth.

¹ Bayard Taylor, having been appointed minister to Germany, died shortly after reaching Berlin.

² *The Science of English Verse*, published in 1880.

Indeed, on thinking of it, I find this is a perfect parallel; for he objected to The Science of Verse on the ground that it had "a tendency . . . to exaggerate . . . the undue attention already given to . . . the pretty fripperies of ingenious verse-making"! If the book has one tendency beyond another in this respect, it surely is, as you sensibly say in your last paragraph but one, to make real artists out of those who study it, and to warn off all scribblers from this holy and arduous ground.

But this is the least offense. Although three of the very mottoes on the Title-page (namely, those of Sir Philip Sidney, of King James, and of Dante) set up the sharpest distinction between Verse and Poetry, — between mere Technic and Inspiration, — and although the Preface presents an ideal of the *poet's* (as distinct from the *versifier's*) mission which culminates in declaring the likeness of all worthy poets to David (who wrote much poetry, but *no verse*), — while, further, the very first ten lines of Chapter I carry on this distinction to what one would think a point infinitely beyond mistake, — in spite of all, the "critic" gravely makes, and as gravely discusses, the assertion that "in Mr. Lanier's book . . . *poetry* . . . is a mere matter of pleasing sounds and pleasing arrangements of sounds"!

This would be a curiosity of woodenness, if it were not still obscured by another assertion: that this Science of Verse originates in "a suggestion" made by Edgar Poe as to the "division into long and short syllables," — which suggestion, he says, "is the key to Mr. Lanier's system"!

It would be quite as accurate to say that Professor Huxley's argument from the transition-forms of the horse in proof of the evolution of species was suggested by King Richard the Third's exclamation

tion of "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

The Easter-card with the lovely design of Corn has been in my work-room's most prominent niche, and is the constant admiration of my visitors who always quickly recognize its propriety. Tell Maria — between two kisses — that nothing but outrageous absorption could have made me fail so long to acknowledge what has given us all so much pleasure.

— But this letter will make you perspire, with the very sight of its five pages: and so, God bless you.

Your friend, SIDNEY L.

No other letters to Mr. Peacock have been preserved. During the winter of 1880–81 Lanier delivered a course of lectures at Johns Hopkins University on Personality, illustrated by the development of fiction. His strength was already so nearly spent that most of the notes for these lectures had to be dictated in whispers to his wife, and often in the lecture-room his hearers dreaded lest his life should go out while he spoke. Yet when read now, in the volume entitled *The English Novel*, these lectures show no sign of mental lassitude; rather are they remarkable for vigor and suggestiveness, and, despite here and there gaps unavoidable in a work unrevised by the author, they form a body of constructive and pregnant criticism not to be overlooked by any one who values a critic who is also an interpreter. During that same winter of extreme bodily feebleness, Lanier wrote the poem *Sunrise*, his masterpiece, radiant with beauty, and strong with the spiritual strength which outbraves death. In the following summer, they took him to North Carolina, in the hope that amid the balsam of the pines he might at least breathe out his life with less pain. There, on September 7, 1881, he died.

William R. Thayer.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

I.

THE widow and the widower stood face to face, looking down at the two graves between them.

One grave was a good deal sunken, as if years old; the other, high-heaped and comparatively new. One was covered, filled up with periwinkle and long, straggling grass; the other, except for a rose geranium set in the middle, still quite bare. One had a marble headstone, time-stained and tilting, bearing a woman's name; the other, a neat unlettered board that seemed alertly holding ground for the stone yet to come, which, judging from length and size here suggested, would commemorate a man. And in all the little brier-grown, stone-walled inclosure, a cleared corner of which was thus taken up, there did not seem to be room for a single other occupant.

The widower drew a long breath as he gazed at the inscription close under his eyes. It was to the effect that Susannah Ann Carrico, beloved wife of Lemuel Carrico (the surname on all the other headstones visible through tangled greenery), had died about fifteen years before, at the age of twenty-five, and — presumably in another, brighter world — found that rest that remaineth for those who deserve it. Somehow, this last had always struck the widower as being a little incredible. He had not been the one to have it put there; nor could he think of Susannah, his wife, as consciously enjoying herself, and yet resting. No doubt she was in heaven, or somewhere, and having a good time in her way, poor girl! But Sue resting! Sue not actively engaged herself, or managing somebody else! No, he could not think of her as thus satisfied there any more than contentedly waiting for him here. The vague relief that he had just now felt at finding

his reserved place by her side unexpectedly filled was hinted in the countenance at last raised in an involuntary appeal for sympathy.

It was not a bad face. The widow (who had lifted her gaze a few seconds back) was thinking how very "nice" it was, how gentle and patient-looking. The eyes that met her own mild blue ones were brown and clearly soft. Though, her vocabulary being very limited, she did not apply the word "wistful," it would have suited them well. The mouth, with lines of middle age around it, yet beardless as a boy's, was just what it should be to match. On the Western ranch where Mr. Carrico had been lately herding sheep, his one modest boast, that he was from Virginia, had won for him the nickname of "'Ginian;" and it befittingly stuck fast. Even if the widow had not always taken an interest in the "other fam'ly," into whose habitat, and finally into whose very graveyard, her late husband had stepped, she would have been more or less interested by this its last surviving member. As she noted how old and worn were the clothes on the thin, slightly stooping figure, the thought of that Sunday suit of which Tom, her dead liege lord, had been so fond — and how he had looked in it — flashed back with a sense of jarring, over-prosperous contrast which made her wince guiltily. She would not think so of Tom — now. She smoothed her black frock with small, nervous hands, feeling called upon suddenly to say something. The widower was thinking, in his turn, what a "nice, peaceable-lookin'" somebody was Mrs. Martin.

"We'll have him moved, sir," she began, "in good time for you."

Her listener started.

"Thanky, ma'am," he said gently and quite unhumorously, "I — I ain't in a hurry."

The words were spoken with hesitating slowness and a slight stammer. The voice (a soft drawl) fell pleasantly on the widow's ear. She liked people who were not in a hurry; and neither did she see anything to laugh at.

"You 're mighty kind to be willin' to wait," said she.

'Ginian would not, however, take more than his fair share of credit.

"Oh, *I* don't mind waitin'," he put in, with grave cheerfulness. "I never did. Now *she* was — diff'rent."

He had not meant to say those last words. They slipped out unaware. He grew red. The blue eyes fell. Mrs. Martin had also known somebody who — But never mind that! She divined somehow that this confidence was not scattered broadcast, though she could not know it for the first outspoken hint of a feeling ever present for fifteen years. Out west and back again, north and south, from the wilds of Oregon to Mexico, had that notion held its own. Sue was here waiting for him, and Sue had never liked to wait.

It was with some vague idea of atonement that he murmured, "She looked mighty nice — laid out."

Mrs. Martin's glance left no need for sympathetic words.

"A heap of people come to the buryin', too," added 'Ginian, — "mo' than would come to mine, I reck'n."

The widow's conscience cried out again.

"I don't know what you can think of us, sir," she said, with a quivering lip, "takin' sich a liberty. I 'd ha' spoke out against it, anyhow, if I had n't been fairly sick with the shock an' all. I never thought of tellin' 'em not to — an' befo' I knew it the grave was dug. My mother an' all of 'em said it had been so long since anybody 'd heard a word from you that 't was n't likely you 'd ever come back, even if not dead an' buried a'ready. When I think of the ground reserved, an' this the only room in it for you, — the proper, lawful spot, too, of co'se, — an'

my husban' bein' put here by no right whatever — not even kin to yo' fam'ly" —

Her eyes filled with tears of mortification. Two lips were now helplessly a-twitch. 'Ginian gave a gasp of dismay.

"Law! my dear ma'am," he cried, "I — you jest rest sho' that I ain't one bit put out, I ain't blamin' anybody — an' I 'll wait jest as long as it's convenient."

Not even kin to the family!

Strange! Somehow, though the preacher had made them one, neither had Sue ever seemed to him kin to the family, — poor Sue, to whom his elders had married him when still in his teens, for the sake of her few hundred dollars, which after all put off such a little while that final turning out of doors! He reckoned they had all been a shiftless set, and he about the worst. It must have been hard on Sue. No wonder she had taken it out by being hard on him, making no secret of repenting her first fancy. How she had worked at the last, and saved, and — scolded! How her voice used to go through his head! And yet they belonged to each other, he supposed; at least he seemed to belong to her. He had never cared much where he might be buried. But since something stronger than his will had drawn him back to these parts, he supposed his own "folks" as well as Sue would naturally expect him home some day. It would n't do to slight and offend them, after lingering behind in most other people's way for so many years. It did seem a pity, as little as he really cared, much as he always liked to accommodate, to be harrowing a poor widowed woman's feelings by turning out her husband; yet here was his place.

Mrs. Martin wiped away a tear or two. "Thank you, sir," she said. "You sha'n't run any risk, though. None of us know when the call may come. Ma and me will manage it. I'm glad the tombstone is n't up. It jest happened so. We ordered a han'some marble one with a heap of carvin', — all his virtues an' all set down, real han'some, — an' it's

been delayed somehow. Mr. Peters is goin' to bring it when it's done. You used to know him, sir, did n't you? Mr. Sandy Peters? I've heard him talk about you, — say how you'd been unfairly dealt by when the place was sold for so much less 'n't was worth. I s'pose it was because Mr. Martin was the one to profit by the forced sale, though of co'se he had n't anything to do with fo'cin' it, — I s'pose that was why I always felt bad about yo' bein' treated so; an' now this seems to make it worse. If the tombstone had come, I reck'n we'd 'a' had it set; but it's turned out all for the better. Don't you be uneasy."

Now 'Ginian was a polite man. He was also generous to a fault. So long as he had had a house, a room of his own, he had been absurdly, incurably hospitable. The sense of what he owed to Sue went, just now, sorely against the grain. If that stone were here already in place, would n't a neat job finished have made it all right for him to —

He looked desperately around for some diversion. The light of the setting sun was fading from a greenish brass plate nailed high up on a cedar-tree, thus marked as a sort of monument. Out of the black-green briery tangle underneath a skull-and-crossbones tombstone leaned forward and grinned. A garter snake was slipping away behind it. A bloated, rusty toad hopped up at a fly. And here lay all who in this world had ever cared very much for him. He shivered. Sophy Martin was gazing half curiously, half in instinctive womanly pity. Poor lonesome, homeless man, her thought ran, with not even a place in his own burying-ground! Despite herself, a reproachful thought of Tom would persist in coming.

"I reck'n," began 'Ginian, rather absently, after a while, "as this is the only land I own, an' the only piece o' property worth speaking of, that I oughter be fixin' it up some. It seems to need it right bad."

"It's hurt me many a time to see, sir,

an' if I'd had my way" — Mrs. Martin checked herself, embarrassed. "Since layin' him here," she went on, "we sho'ly ought to done it, but ma said — that is, lately we've been puttin' off, you know, waitin' for the tombstone."

"Cert'nly, ma'am," said 'Ginian.

"Don't think, because he's got to be moved, that I won't have it tended to, all the same, sir. That much we owe you, anyhow."

"Owe me! Law, ma'am, don't speak of sich a thing. I was thinkin', if I could stay in the neighborhood a night or so, it would be nice and suitable like for me to do it myself. I'm mighty slow, I know, but I think in a day or two I could, an' 'pears like I'm the fittin' person."

The first impulse of as warm and kind a little heart as ever beat spoke in the widow's next words.

"I'm sho', sir," cried she, "that if you feel an' think so, you're welcome, an' oughter be welcome, to stay here with us jest as long as it suits you."

The little, low, old-fashioned house, steep-roofed and dormer-windowed, which had been 'Ginian's home for more than twenty-five years, stood beneath its grove of gnarled locusts in the midst of a trim green yard. From new cypress shingles and freshly painted walls to the last crackless, well-scoured window-pane, all was in perfect, thrifty repair. The former owner looked at it, and glanced around at the fields, no less thrifty, with a lump in his throat. Here was a change indeed. Well, he had tried his best, but he must be (as Sue used to say) of precious little account for anything. He "reckoned," without any envious bitterness, that he deserved nothing better.

On the porch were two or three split-seated rocking-chairs, a work-basket, and the little shabby hand-trunk that held his own worldly possessions. A smell of supper-getting, of broiled chicken and grid-dle cakes, was in the air. A tall, portly,

rather handsome woman of fifty stood in the doorway. As she looked with hard, curious eyes at the stranger, a faint cloud crept over Mrs. Martin's face.

"This is my mother, Mrs. Binder, sir," said she; then added, with anxious would-be cheerfulness, "Ma, I've asked Mr. Carrico to stay here with us while he's fixin' up his buryin'-ground. Walk right in, sir, an' take a chair."

II.

It was a golden September afternoon, more than six weeks later. Mrs. Martin had taken advantage of perfect weather to go out to tea at a neighbor's; the "hands" were busily at work cutting corn; the black woman servant was picking hops in the garden. As Mrs. Binder sat on the front porch with Mr. Carrico, it seemed to her that, altogether, there could not be a more favorable time to say her say.

"I'd like to know, Mr. Carrico, how much longer you count on stayin' here."

The county newspaper which the person addressed had been placidly conning fluttered and fell like something hurt.

"Count — on — stayin'!" murmured 'Ginian.

Mrs. Binder's irritation took a fresh start from the faltering surprise of the tone. She sat straighter, shifted a knitting-needle in the steadying quill "sheath" pinned on her bosom, turned the seam, and went on.

"It appears to me, sir," she said very distinctly, "that you've about boarded out Tom Martin's lodgin' out yonder."

The eyes which had met hers with such shocked, half-guilty consternation instinctively sought a view afforded by a certain little gate not very far away, of a certain interior, namely, the burying-ground, in perfect order, as lately left by his exertions, with headstones gleaming thick and white amid trimmed shrubbery or against the wall opposite.

"Boa'ded out his lodgin'!" gasped 'Ginian.

Mrs. Binder's needles clicked indignantly.

"I don't say you had n't a claim. It's yo' land in there, an' turn about's fair play. To be sho' he's cost you nothin', nor neither inconvenienced, but it did give you a kind o' claim; an' knowin' Tom Martin's independent spirit, 'specially about debt-payin', I've held my tongue so far. You was asked to stay while clearin' up the place, — dear knows you spun the job out long enough! — an' two or three times when you've hinted goin', you 'peared to think yo'self pressed to stay on; but there's reason in the roastin' of eggs. Sophy Martin's not the woman to ask anybody out of her house, let alone a homeless man, an' neither am I, if I can help it; but all the same you're neither our kith nor kin, to be fillin' the only spare room we've got. This land's been fairly bought an' paid for; an' whatever Mr. Peters or anybody may say about the price it fetched, that was the lawyer's fault an' yo' creditors', not Tom's. We've no mo' to do with any other fam'ly that owned it, for all the foolish notions Sophy may take up, than we have with any new one a-comin'. Enough's enough. I'm sorry it's come to this, an' you're welcome to what you've had already, but, as I said jest now, it seems to me we're even, anyhow."

Had it been Mrs. Binder's house, her hearer would straightway have got his belongings and walked out. As it was, the impulse rose within him. Good gracious! had all this late supposed welcoming kindness, these peaceful, restful, youth-renewing days, brought him to this? But besides the sense of general helpless paralysis that held him in his chair, 'Ginian was conscious of one resolve, — to see once more the gentle mistress and get his parting impression from her.

"T ain't often, ma'am, I trespass so on hospitality," he said tremulously.

"You 'll find I won't need any mo' remindin'." I — I kind o' forgot how long I'd been stayin'." It flashed across the poor fellow's mind how, in his time, under that roof, a good many people had forgotten how long they stayed, and had not been reminded, by him at any rate. "As for owin' me anythin', ma'am, that's jest ridick'lous. Don't speak o' sich a thing. I ought to left a month ago. Jest give me time to say good-by to Mrs. Martin, an' thank her for her kindness."

"Then you 'll stay another night, for she won't be home till near dark; though of co'se you could n't set off now, anyway, I s'pose. If you can't see for yo'self why *she*'s off somewhere every day, I'm not goin' to tell you. If you can't see why *she*'s in her room all mornin', an' visitin' out 'most every evenin', an' see what coolness and downcastness is, why, I pity yo' eyes, sir. If it was me, now, it's precious little I'd care (for all I'd not 'a' put myself in the way of it) for foolish talk an' plaguin' about wid-ders and widderwers. Folks round here must have somethin' to talk about outside, for Lord knows they've got precious little *in* the'r heads! But Sophy ain't *me*, an' never was. She's always takin' things serious an' sensitive; an' for a lone widder woman to be run out of her house by a strange man, because she's determined to let people see she's not stayin' home 'specially to be courted, — an' her husband not a year underground, — it seems a pretty hard case."

The whistling of the corn-cutters, the hack-hack of their knives, the rattle of dry severing stalks, came from the field on a west wind mellow with mingled ripening scents from garden and orchard between. 'Ginian sat silent, thinking. How fond of the old home he had been before Sue came there! How homelike it was growing again, till just now! A new light had broken in upon his simple and single mind as to some recent withdrawal, some uneasiness, on the part of Mrs. Martin, which had puzzled him.

Cool she could not be, if she tried. Downcast, embarrassed, — yes, it was so. Was there ever, he thought, anybody else like her, anybody half so "nice"? And he had been scaring her out of the house!

Mrs. Binder turned her seam again with a wrathful jerk.

"There's mo' than one man, 'specially them with no shoes of their own, that might think Tom Martin's worth steppin' into; but if Sophy Martin don't know when she's well off, 't won't be for want of my tellin'. Folks can say what they please 'bout my wantin' to rule. If they think that, knowin' as I do how Tom Martin struggled an' saved on this place to make her home what he's left it — think I'll stand by tongue-tied an' see any shiftless man, without a cent to bless himself, walk in an' hang up his hat, why, they're much mistaken. After losin' sich a husband as that" — She broke off, frowning. Her listener was leaning forward eagerly, with hands upon his knees, and curiosity of more than a moment's standing in his gaze.

"What kind o' husban' was he?" asked 'Ginian.

There was a slight pause. Mrs. Binder returned his look with one of her hardest and most challenging.

"He was the best husband in this county, sir," said she at last, deliberately, "an' the best care-taker an' provider. There was nothin' — in reason, of co'se — that Sophy Martin wanted that he did n't give her, an' nothin' in reason that he would n't ha' done to make her happy. He was one in ten thousand. If any man that comes along thinks he can stand comparin' with any sich a first husband as that, why, let him try it! So there!"

This man did not look as if he thought of trying it. What comparisons, what compromises, had he been meditating?

Mrs. Binder went on triumphantly: "I don't say that you have n't behaved like a gentleman since you've been here, or that you've given any trouble. I'm glad to give you credit for all you've done,

too. As for the graveyard, it's mo' yo's than ours, even if Tom is layin' there. But you have fetched us the mail every day, an' you've done some other things. I'm much obliged to you, I'm sho', for straightenin' them accounts, let alone trimmin' the rosebushes an' mendin' up the well-house, an' all. I'm much obliged, an' Sophy too" —

"'T ain't worth speakin' of, ma'am."

Mrs. Binder's heart was not quite of stone. She looked mollified, almost sorry. "We'll call it even," she said. "At any rate, I think it's settled for Tom. If anybody'd thought you was still in the land o' the livin', he would n't ha' been put there. I've made up my mind what I'll do when that tombstone comes, an' that's to send Sophy out o' the way, an' have the movin' done. It'll sho'ly be here this week, I reck'n. Sandy Peters was to bring it, we heard. Judgin' by the time it's been fooled over, it ought to be a han'some beginnin', anyway. I've picked out my place on the other side of the house, an' if we can't git up our own fam'ly buryin'-ground, wall an' monnyments an' all, equal to anybody in the county, 't won't be for want of money spent on it, as I told Sandy Peters the other day."

Mrs. Binder rose abruptly, rolled up her knitting-work, and stabbed it with a shining needle. She had grown red at the mention of Mr. Peters. It was said that if Mrs. Binder had been less well provided for and less deferred to in her daughter's house, she might have embraced more than one offered chance of being the second Mrs. Peters.

"I ask pardon if I've hurt yo' feelin's" — she began; then paused, indeed now quite sorry. The face before her looked so very worn, pinched, and humiliated. "It was natural you should be fond of the place, I s'pose, an' jest stay on without thinkin'. Any time it suits you to come back an' view the ground (as the hymn says), we'll make you welcome for a night or so. If so be that

you're brought while I'm a-livin', there sha'n't be due respect wanted, in the way of invitin' neighbors, with the parlor open an' somethin' to hand round. I'm sorry if I've spoke too sharp-like, an' " —

"'T ain't worth mentionin', ma'am," said 'Ginian.

III.

The tinkle-tankle of the bells broke merrily on 'Ginian's ear some moments before he caught a glimpse of what was coming up the other side of the hill. He had climbed with slow, forlorn steps to its top when he first spied the wagon.

It was such a farm wagon as one does not often see in this region; so big, so new, so freshly gorgeous with green and yellow paint. With what dignified and as it were self-conscious strength did the ponderous wheels revolve, their tires flashing in the morning sunshine! What creaking, rattling echoes of satisfied groans would it give forth under such other and more usual loads as heaps of ivory-white or gold-yellow corn, rotund wheat-sacks, fragrant apples! No wonder it went boastfully even now. And then the bells! They were hanging not only from the bowed, bare tent-frame. As the three stout Conestogas in front bent sturdily to their task, the pull up the long gradual slant, with each motion of their heads came a soft, tuneful clash. The broad, jolly red face of the driver beaming over all well befitted a turnout that, on the whole, would not have disgraced a wedding, while the only object visible inside, behind him, was nothing more nor less than a large tombstone.

'Ginian's hand-trunk had never felt so heavy to him as it did that morning. Next to his heart, it seemed to him the most dragging weight he had ever carried. Having plenty of time on his hands, and no particular place to go to, he yielded to impulse, set it down, and took a seat in an inviting fence-corner. To be kept out of his grave, even a grave

beside Sue, did appear, after all, hard enough just then. Here, at least, was some little diversion from the homeless, homesick feeling; nay, worse since yesterday, — the sense of disgrace aching in his very bones.

A small flat space on the hilltop gave breathing-ground for man and beast. There Mr. Peters brought his horses to a standstill.

"Hello, Lem!" he cried, "is that you? You ain't leavin' the neighborhood?"

The good-natured red face beamed with a kindness that brought the mist to his hearer's eyes.

"Ain't it time I was off?" asked 'Ginian.

"Well, I do know. They might ha' sent you to the deepo, anyhow."

"They wanted to, if I'd ha' let 'em."

Mr. Peters shrewdly suspected why the offer had not been accepted, so asked no questions.

"You're welcome to stay some at my house," he said, "an' if you could get a place in a sto' or somewheres" — Then he broke off, a sudden twinkle in his eye. "I was thinkin'," came slyly next, "that maybe that feller they put in yo' place outdo's had left room for you inside."

He had the joke all to himself. 'Ginian neither smiled nor blushed.

"I'm sho' he's welcome to the 'commodation," he replied almost stiffly, quite gravely, "jest as Mrs. Martin's made even a po' tramp like me welcome. I ain't quite the fool to think myself good enough for *her*."

Mr. Peters finished laughing, long and loud, and nodded backward over his shoulder. "Here's that blessid monnyment," said he, "that Sally Binder's goin' to start that new buryin'-ground with — ho, ho! I told 'em I'd fetch it from Alexandry my last trip. Well, I'm glad to think it's for him 'stead o' you. I'm glad to think that po' gal's from under his thumb at last."

'Ginian stared, speechless. The best of husbands thus spoken of! And yet

had he not had his own suspicions? What could it mean?

"I'm glad to think he's safe where he can't get up any mo' to be haulin' *her* up at three o'clock in the mornin', an' then settin' her down all day long. What Sally Binder could see in that blessid son-in-law of her'n to be always upholdin' an' admirin' I never could tell. She's a good woman, too, or would be with somebody to rule *her*, 'stead of rulin'. It's well known she made that match. I s'pose she's took pride in upholdin' it. All I say is, they could n't 'a' give me a job I like better — even with all the lies po' Sally's had put on it — 'an settin' up this here tombstone."

"Sandy," — once more 'Ginian was bending forward with that look of eager curiosity, — "what sort of a husban' was he?"

A queer flash came into the other's eyes. He gave the lines a jerk that set each bell a-ring.

"What sort of a husban'!" said he, with slow emphasis. "Well, if you ain't found out already, I'm glad o' the chance to tell you. He was the sort that prided hisself so much on bein' ev'ry-thing he ought to be ('cordin' to his notions) that he made you proud o' bein' jest what you ought n't. He was the sort that's so overpowerin', all-fired honest an' truthful he made you feel like stealin' an' tellin' lies, an' so industr'ous an' thrifty an' respectable he set you hankerin' after laziness an' dirt. He was one to drive flesh an' blood all the week, an' tire God out on Sunday. He was sich a good provider that he give folks no time to eat, even if he had n't took away the'r appetite, an' left 'em no mo' heart for wearin' silk clo'es 'an sackcloth. I used to notice that she never looked so cowed like as when she'd on some new frock he'd give her. He was the sort that knowed no more the worth of her sort than a cat knows of a queen, — the hardest, brassiest, conceitedest man that ever walked this earth, an' 'bout as un-

comfortable a husban', I reck'n, as you 'd find in the Nunited States. If ever a woman deserved a good secon' one to make up for the first, an' help her to stand up against Sally Binder in gittin' some pleasure out o' her own, why, Sophy Martin's that woman; an' any man that feels he 's got it in him to do it, an' lets any dratted foolishness stand in the way, wants sense, that 's all."

'Ginian rose slowly to his feet with one long breath of relief, and stood so straight he looked almost tall. He felt as if fifteen years had slipped from his shoulders. A new light, a new resolve, had broken in upon him. Let that pair in the burying-ground stay side by side. Let the tombstone go right up for good. Sue had found her proper mate. He was going back to his.

"Well, I ain't much account, I reck'n, Sandy, any mo' 'an good enough for her. But it does 'pear like we belonged to one 'nother, somehow. If it 's convenient for me to go home with you afterwards, I reck'n I might 's well go back now an' lend a hand 'bout this here job. 'Pears like it 'll do for a kind o' beginnin'. If she 'll have me, the help ain't goin' to be all on one side."

A smile of unmixed triumph beamed from Mr. Peters's countenance.

"Convenient!" he cried. "Lord, yes! An' let me tell you one thing, Lem. Considerin' what that land was bought for, it 's queer to me if you ain't got some right there, anyhow; an' considerin' how bad I 've always felt 'bout not tryin'

harder to stop that sale, it would jest do me good to see you back there. As for Sally Binder" (his red face grew redder), "what she wants is somebody with spunk to manage her right, — only somebody mighty diff'rent from Tom Martin. Climb right in an' help me steady this here tombstone."

He gave the lines another jerk. Cling-a-ling went the bells.

Mrs. Binder came to meet them, with triumph and dismay, welcome and unwelcome, in her eye. On the porch behind her hesitated somebody, black as to frock and pale as to cheeks. As 'Ginian opened the gate, and walked straight up to her, past Mrs. Binder, that good woman gasped, and stood staring.

"What 's the meanin' of this, Sandy Peters?"

Mr. Peters gave one mighty ho-ho! "It means," said he, "that the livin' 's comin' back to his right place, Sally, an' the dead 's a-goin' to stay in his'n. We 're a-goin' to put this tombstone up in that there graveyard, Sally. If you find the house won't hold three ag'in, comfortable, — with two to yo' one, 'stead o' one to yo' two, — why, jest come to my house, an' let 's you an' me fight it out even. It 'll count three matches I 've made this day. As for them two yonder, I reck'n they 'll have time enough after a while to think about startin' the new buryin'-ground. I reck'n nex' time you hand cake an' wine around 't won't be at a funeral, neither."

A. M. Ewell.

PROFESSIONAL HORSEMEN.

THE fraternity of professional horsemen is a miscellaneous one: have its members anything in common? If there be anything of this sort, it is probably a certain gravity of look and demeanor.

But we must distinguish, for there are several kinds of gravity among horsemen. There is the gravity of the trainer, which is that of a man accustomed to subdue riotous colts, and to do it

without noise or violence ; there is the gravity of the dealer, which is craft and subtlety ; there is the gravity of the "vet," which is professional ; and finally, there is the gravity of the betting man, which is suspense and greed. This last-mentioned trait did not escape the notice of Thackeray, who said : "What strikes me especially in the outward demeanor of sporting youth is their amazing gravity, their conciseness of speech, and careworn and moody air. In the smoking-room at the Regent, when Joe Millerson will be setting the whole room in a roar with laughter, you hear young Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur grumbling together in a corner. 'I'll take your five-and-twenty to one about Brother to Bluenose,' whispers Spavin. 'Can't do it at the price,' Cockspur says, wagging his head ominously. The betting book is always present in the minds of those unfortunate youngsters. I think I hate that work even more than the Peerage."

The gravity of one who trains and drives trotters (like the gravity of a locomotive engineer) is that of a man who has a delicate and sometimes dangerous machine to handle. The type is a marked one : a spare, wiry person, weighing one hundred and forty or fifty pounds, with a quiet manner and a low voice. He unites the two qualities that are essential to the proper handling of horses, namely, firmness and gentleness. The houghnhnm, being a nervous, finely organized animal, is an intuitive judge of character ; and it is only to a Yahoo of the right sort that he will yield full obedience.

In dealing with horses there are two things to be done : first, to control and restrain them ; secondly, to stimulate and encourage them to perform the greatest efforts of which they are capable. For a dozen men that can do the first, you will find only one who can do the second. But that one has an extraordinary power ; at a word from him and a touch on the reins, the horse will freely strike

a pace to which another man cannot urge him by voice or whip or spur. It would be hard to say what is the secret of this power, but I doubt if it is ever found in any man not possessed both of a strong will and of a feeling for dumb animals. The "magnetism" that people talk about is, I suspect, simply the fortunate combination of these two qualities.

Sometimes it crops out in unexpected places. I was once riding on the back seat of an open carriage drawn by two lazy horses. On the front seat, beside the driver, sat a Methodist minister, — a solemn-faced person, with a long and, except that his upper lip was shaven, a full beard. He was dressed in black clothes, and altogether looked the very antipodes of a horsey man. The team were plodding slowly along, with heads and tails down, when, at his request, the reins were handed over to the parson. As soon as he had taken them, and had uttered one quiet word of command, the nags seemed to be electrified : up went their heads and tails ; ten years slipped off their backs, and away they started at an elastic twelve-miles-an-hour gait. These horses not only obeyed the minister, but they took pleasure in obeying him. Alas ! a great driver was thrown away in that man.

A trainer or driver may, it is true, succeed fairly well with horses in spite of certain defects in his temperament or character. With ordinary horses, pluck in riding or driving can usually be made to take the place of nerve. Whyte Melville analyzed these two qualities very justly. Pluck, he said, is that kind of courage or determination which enables a man to do what he is afraid to do, whereas nerve is the absence of fear ; the one being chiefly a moral, the other perhaps chiefly a physical quality.

Anthony Trollope has given an good and humorous illustration of pluck in his novel *The Small House at Allington*, where Mr. Palliser, having entered

upon a decorous flirtation with Lady Dumbello, the very discreet daughter of Archdeacon Grantly, determines to call her by her Christian name. When the opportunity arises, Mr. Palliser does not feel much heart for the dangerous familiarity; but still he perseveres, having, as Trollope acutely remarks, that sort of pluck which would make him contemptible in his own eyes if he failed through fear to carry out an intention deliberately formed.

“‘Griselda,’ he said, and it must be admitted that his tone was not bad. The word sank softly into her ear, like small rain upon moss, and it sank into no other ear. ‘Griselda!’”

“‘Mr. Palliser!’ said she; and though she made no scene, though she merely glanced upon him once, he could see that he was wrong.

“‘May I not call you so?’”

“‘Certainly not. Shall I ask you to see if my people are there?’”

Doubtless Mr. Palliser would have shown the same pluck in the hunting-field, not hesitating to send his horse at a fence, even though it appeared to him terrifically high.

Pluck, as I have said, will, for most purposes, take the place of nerve; but it will not always do so, because the horse can often detect any want of nerve. Pluck will put a man on a dangerous beast, but after he has got there it may not prevent his knees from trembling a little. The horse observes that fact; he knows what it means, and forthwith he throws the rider off. A vicious horse might kick a plucky man who, with a grain of hesitation in his manner, ventured into the animal's stall; whereas he would not kick a man of iron nerve who approached him without fear. In general, a human being without fear is almost proof against the lower animals; and this explains the immunity of drunken men and children from the harms that might easily befall them.

“A quarter of a century ago,” relates

a writer in Wallace's Monthly, “there was a trotter called General Grant. He was as vicious a brute as ever wore iron, and it was the exception when his groom did not have trouble with him. This same groom was a periodical drunkard; but when he would come to the track filled with liquor, and throw himself in a drunken stupor on the floor of the horse's stall, General Grant would go to the farthest corner of the box and tremble with fear. He knew that the man was in some mysterious way changed, so that he was reckless in approaching the stallion; and this unconscious courage, which in his sober moments he could not possibly assume, was his protection from an attack that would have ended in his death. Once the man was released from the thralldom of liquor, and became wary of the stallion, the latter appreciated the fact, and again asserted his supremacy.”

Rarely, if ever, will a dog bite one who meets his assault with composure and looks the beast firmly in the eye.

It will thus be seen that the successful trainer and driver is a superior person, being possessed of pluck, nerve, firmness of will, a sympathetic intelligence, and a quiet manner. Unfortunately, he is not always absolutely honest, although several noted drivers of trotting horses have been conspicuous for integrity as well as for skill. This was the case with Hiram Woodruff, a man of national reputation in his day, and the author of *The Trotting Horse of America*, by far the best book, both as regards style and substance, ever written on the subject.

Hiram Woodruff, like all other persons who possess an extraordinary attraction for dumb animals, had the simplicity, the primitive qualities, of one who stands close to nature. There was nothing artificial or conventional or false about him; he was brave and gentle and frank. His power over horses was so remarkable that it seemed to be almost mysterious, and it was a matter of

common discussion and of various explanation among the frequenters of the track in his lifetime. "The secret was," Mr. George Wilkes says, "that he gained the confidence of his horses through their affections, and after that everything was easy;" and Mr. Wilkes continues:—

"When he walked through his stables, the undoubted accord which he had established with its glossy inmates was at once evinced by the low whinnies of welcome which would greet his kindly presence as he went from stall to stall. They knew him for the friend who mixed among them almost as if he were an equal, and who never ceased to talk to them as if they were his equals, when he took them out for their exercise, or even when he encouraged them during the strife of the arena."

"Perhaps Flora Temple," Mr. Wilkes adds, "was the most remarkable instance of the great horseman's conquest over animal affection during his career. She loved him with an unmistakable cordiality, and when he and she were engaged in some of their most notable struggles, the man and horse seemed to be but parts of the same creature, animated by the fury of a common purpose."

Hiram Woodruff won some races, during his career, which appeared to the spectators irretrievably lost. With Rip-ton, for example, a little white-legged bay horse of immense courage, he once beat a trotter called Americus, when the odds were 100 to 5 against him. It was after this race that a gambler who had lost his money declared: "I'll tell you what it is: it is twenty or thirty per cent in favor of any horse that Hiram Woodruff drives. I don't care who drives the other."

Of recent years the trotting horse has improved very much in "quality." Formerly, the typical trotter was a coarsely-made, ugly-headed brute, and he was often driven successfully by men of a coarse, rough stamp, red-faced fellows

inclining to be fat. Nowadays, the trotter, in fineness of organization, in the high development of his nervous system, closely resembles the thoroughbred runner, and he requires more delicate handling than some drivers of the old stamp were competent to give him. There is a great deal of truth in that much-ridiculed line, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." If you should put a thin, nervous little man to driving fat oxen, both the oxen and he would be worn out, from incompatibility of temper, at the end of the day's work.

The reason why many English horses are vicious is that they are better bred than the men who take care of them. The great reason why Arabian horses are absolutely kind is that the Arabians are a well-bred race; they are gentle in the full sense of the word.

Trainers and drivers are usually, as I have said, of one type. The horse dealer, on the other hand, is of many types; but his traits are so marked that he is easily recognizable, especially when one meets him on the road. He sits more squarely in his seat than do the generality of men; he wears gloves, and grasps the reins firmly, yet almost carelessly; his hat is pulled over his brows a little lower than is customary with common mortals; his expression is both shrewd and masterful; his lips are thin, and the corners of his mouth are drawn down.

The horse dealer has the imperiousness of one accustomed to subdue powerful animals; he has, as a rule, the good humor of one who leads a healthy outdoor life: but, with reluctance be it said, these excellent qualities are as nothing compared with the craft and subtlety, with the mists of fabrication and imposture, by which he is enveloped. As to the future state of the horse dealer, I fear that there can be nothing problematic about it, unless indeed Providence has arranged for him a special dispensation. Certainly there is this to be said in extenuation of his crimes: to sell a horse without lying

and cheating is next door to impossible, and therefore lying and cheating are, in some sense, forced upon the horse dealer. We might even regard him, not altogether without reason, as a great public benefactor, as a martyr who sacrifices his own moral character for the good of the community. He is all that stands between us and the decay of a noble industry. We must have horses for use in our business and in our pleasures: in general, it is impossible to raise them for ourselves; in general, also, we should never buy a horse if we knew the whole truth about him; and therefore, as I say, the falsity of the "jock" is a necessary link in the great chain of human activities.

I am led to believe that the dealers themselves, when they reason about the subject at all, — which is but seldom, — take precisely the view here stated. They recognize, in a far-off way, the beauty of veracity, but they regard it as something to be expected only of saints and heroes. To the horse dealer honesty is a "counsel of perfection," just as celibacy and poverty are counsels of perfection to the layman who, having no vocation to be a monk, has married a wife and is endeavoring to acquire property. Occasionally, when a dealer does happen to be absolutely honest, he is looked upon by his fellows with a strange mixture of contempt and admiration. "How is So-and-So getting along?" I inquired of an ordinary dealer in reference to one of real integrity. "Not very well," was the reply. "But he is a good man and a good horseman," I said. "Oh ye-es, ye-es; but the fact is, George is too honest, — he *can't* sell a horse."

I have sometimes thought — though I suppose the scheme is too repugnant to American ideas ever to be carried out — that there ought to be a caste of horse dealers, marked off like pariahs or like the Egyptian paraschistes from the rest of the community. Such a caste could be formed from felons of the better edu-

cated sort. Thus, embezzlers, burglars, forgers, bank cashiers, trustees, and the like, after a short term of imprisonment, might be licensed by the state to set up as horse dealers, — the occupation being at the same time forbidden to all persons unconvicted of crime. This would carry out exactly the fundamental idea of caste which has thus been stated by a high authority: "Caste rests upon the religious idea of an indelible stain resting on certain men, and the social idea of certain functions being committed to certain classes." However, I merely throw this out as a passing suggestion, and now I shall try to indicate a few of the common types among horse dealers.

Henry Cohen is a Polish Jew who sells horses at auction and at private sale. He is a short, fat, tough little man, with a round head, a stubborn chin, and a surly expression. Being very warm-blooded, he is usually in his shirt sleeves, and he always carries a whip in his hand. Cohen resorts to no persuasive arts; his method is the bullying one, and his customers being chiefly countrymen and other unsophisticated persons, he fairly dragoons them into buying. There is an air of gloom about Cohen, — the gloom of one whose eye is unalterably fixed upon the main chance. Possibly, also, a vague consciousness of iniquity, not rising to repentance nor deepening to remorse, weighs upon him a little. It may be doubted if any man, even though he be a horse dealer, and a Jew at that, and a Polish Jew to boot, can assume the attitude of a pirate toward the community without feeling a little strangeness in the situation, as if it were something not quite intended by nature.

Henry Cohen has the fascination which rats or snakes have for people who abhor them. Let us enter his stable. It is a dark, low-studded, ill-smelling place. On both sides we find long rows of horses, a swinging board separating each animal from his neighbor. They are almost all coarse-bred, heavy-

headed brutes ; most of them are large, suitable for farm or teamsters' work, and nearly all are young and fat. There is, however, a sprinkling of "second-hand" horses (euphemistically known as "acclimated" horses), lean, sad-eyed, and forlorn, many of them lame, not a few diseased. They are sent here by way of passage to some stage of equine existence even harder than that which they have experienced already. Half-savage, scantily-clad hostlers, pale from the preceding night's debauch, hurry about, while up and down the broad aisle struts Cohen, whip in hand, now cursing one of his men, now bluffly commending some particular "harse" to a possible customer, now giving a vicious blow to an unfortunate beast who has gone to sleep with his hind legs in the passageway. Cohen never patted a horse in his life. He takes no pleasure in horses, has no feeling for them, cares not how much they suffer. To him the noble animal is a mere machine, out of which money can be made. The reader may laugh at the notion, but I confess that to me the atmosphere of Cohen's stable always seems laden with tragedy, — the tragedy of equine suffering, past and to come ; the tragedy of broken bones and broken necks among human beings ; the tragedy of lifelong cruelty and deceit.

Stupid and vicious horses seem to gravitate by a kind of instinct to Cohen's stable. Observe the big, flopping ears, the "fiddle-case" head, the narrow forehead, the dull, timorous eyes of that long-legged black horse yonder. Some day, — it may be six hours, or six weeks, or six years from now, — that fellow will run away out of fright, and the honest farmer who owns him will be pitched headlong on the rocks at the side of the road. Here stands another, a stoutly built chestnut mare, who looks backward at us from the corner of her eye, at the same time disclosing the white thereof. Her destiny is probably to kick somebody in the head and frac-

ture his skull. Dangerous and half-broken horses are at their best in the heart of a city, where their attention is so dissipated that no single object can much affect them. But Cohen's horses frequently balk and kick, and occasionally jump into a passing wagon directly in front of his stable (which lies upon a very busy street) ; what, then, must they do in the country when they are first harnessed to a plough or driven to the station ! Not long ago, a horse warranted by him as "sound and kind" ran away three days after he was sold, smashed the wagon, and broke two or three bones in the body of the purchaser. This affair cost Mr. Cohen fifteen hundred dollars, that amount being awarded against him in damages by a jury of his peers.

If there be a worse than Cohen in the business, he will probably be found among a small and peculiar class of men who deal entirely in unsound horses. These fellows commonly live in the suburbs, coming to town on Wednesdays and Saturdays to make their purchases at the auction stables and in contiguous streets. They acquire some skill in doctoring, and more, no doubt, in "fixing up" horses. In fact, they get to think that nothing lies beyond the reach of their arts in this direction, and they become enamored of the business. It is needless to say that they never grow rich from it. On the contrary, being brought into frequent contact with peddlers, tinkers, junk dealers, and other persons, who are often professional thieves as well, they usually end by becoming criminals themselves, and land where they belong, in jail. In the remote country there is a somewhat similar class, men who occupy rough mountain farms, cultivating the soil a little, "teaming" a little, swapping and selling horses and cows whenever they have opportunity, and drinking all the bad whiskey on which they can lay hands by fair means or foul. They are a wild,

brutal set, living in poverty and squalor, and bringing up large families under the worst possible conditions.

Such, roughly sketched, are certain horse dealers of the lowest stamp; let us now turn to a few in the upper ranks of the business. There is Deacon Dunham, for example. The deacon — I understand that he really holds this position in a flourishing "Orthodox" church — is a little man, having a short, silky brown beard, a rather large aquiline nose, and a quick, furtive air. He is much given to wearing a flat cap with a visor, and a coat with capes. Thus attired, with a whip over his shoulder, he creeps softly about a sale stable, like a cat; glancing sharply at the horses, looking in their mouths, running his hand swiftly down their legs, and "sizing them up," as the vulgar phrase is, with astonishing rapidity. He forms an odd contrast to the burly jockeys of whom he buys horses; but he knows how to fraternize with them. I have often seen the deacon slap one of these fellows on the back, after whispering in his ear some joke suitable to his understanding, and then scurry off, with head bent down and shoulders shrugged together. I know nothing against Deacon Dunham. He may be as honest as the day, and the fact that he has done a large business for many years tends to establish his integrity; but nevertheless I cannot love him.

Of a very different type is Jim Brodbine, a large man, with a florid complexion and black mustache. Mr. Brodbine is a fashionable dealer who gets enormous prices; but the pace which he has set for himself is too fast. Expensive clothes, the biggest and strongest cigars, and unlimited champagne and whiskey are among his forms of self-indulgence. It is just as certain that before many years Mr. Brodbine will become bankrupt in health and in purse as it is that Deacon Dunham will die in the odor of sanctity, with a fat bank account.

Cohen, Deacon Dunham, and Brodbine are city dealers; Joshua Simpkins is a countryman, but he does an extensive business. Horses of many kinds pass through his hands, — trotters from Kentucky, saddle horses from Tennessee, family horses from all parts. In a single year he sold ten hundred and fifty animals, good, bad, and indifferent; and between times he breaks colts, and develops trotters on a little track in front of his stable. A broad avenue lined by maple-trees leads to his quarters, and the surrounding country is diversified and beautiful. Mr. Simpkins has a well-knit frame, a face ruddy from continual exposure, a shrewd mouth, and the most restless eye that ever glittered in mortal face. It is a steel-blue eye, cold and hard, and its glance plays incessantly up and down, and all around. While you are talking with him at his big barn door, Mr. Simpkins's eye will take excursions in the neighborhood; noting the condition of the hay crop, detecting the weak points of your horse, putting a price on a colt in the field down yonder, observing the shortcomings of a groom who is dressing a horse behind him, and reading your character, so far as it relates to buying and selling, by a swift upward glance under his yellow eyebrows. Joshua Simpkins's eye does the work of a dozen ordinary eyes; it is difficult to imagine it at rest even in sleep, and sad to think that its energy will be quenched in the grave before many years have passed. For his own sake, I trust that Simpkins will be kicked to death or have his neck broken in a runaway accident, rather than fade out of life by degrees. It would be hard indeed for a man of his activity, mental and physical, to retire by painful stages from the sulky to the armchair, and from the armchair to his bed.

Simpkins, like most horse dealers, has a great flow of language; but, like others of his craft, he is utterly irresponsible on any subject except that which lies

near his pocket. Concerning the horses that he wants to sell he will talk by the hour, but change the topic to your horse or to some other man's horse, or to politics, or to Ibsen, and forthwith the mind of Simpkins will wander like his eye.

Very few dealers are religious men, but I once knew a Methodist minister who dabbled in horseflesh, — not flagrantly; nothing extravagant was ever laid to his charge; and if, in selling a horse, he used the same eloquence that served him in the pulpit, who shall complain? There was another Methodist minister, a resident of Michigan, who got up some trotting races, entered his own horses, and actually won all the prizes. But this was going a little too far, even for these lax times. The brethren disciplined him, so that he was forced to give up one calling or the other, and I believe it was the ministerial one that went by the board. There is, however, a close connection between the jockey's and the religious temperament. Both are emotional. The dealer is almost always a man of quick and lively feelings. He easily becomes impressed with the good qualities of a horse, and words of warm commendation fall thick and fast from his lips. A certain enthusiasm, almost an ecstasy, takes possession of him; but fortunately it passes off when a sale has been effected. I never knew a dealer to be afflicted with chronic insanity.

But I have known some venerable white-bearded jocks, as to whom (I say it without irreverence) no violence would be done were they transferred forthwith to the pulpit. These men had long, smooth-shaven upper lips, shaggy eyebrows, and big, emotional mouths. Sometimes this emotional element becomes too pervading, and leads the dealer into absolute garrulousness. This is the case with Mr. S. Kneescalper, for instance, who, from long indulgence in words having little or no basis in fact, has lost all sense of proportion or consistency in

his speech, — to say nothing of veracity. Kneescalper pours out a steady stream of lies that do not hang together. I have often thought that if he could be exhibited to a boy who threatened to become loquacious, just as drunken Helots were exhibited to the Spartan youth, the lesson might be effective. Kneescalper is a good judge of horses, but he would do just as well if he were dumb.

I have spoken of the emotional element in the dealer. This is one of three qualities essential to success in his calling, the other two being the dramatic instinct and a knowledge of human nature. The very manner in which the dealer sits in his wagon is distinctive, as I have suggested already, and it is also, in a quiet way, dramatic. So is his manipulation of the reins. There are some dealers who can add a hundred dollars, at least, to the value of a roadster by the admiring, cautious manner in which they sit behind him and watch his ears. I am acquainted with one man who can strip the mud from a very dirty wagon — to the mind's eye — by the magnificent way in which he turns a corner; and the artistic holding of a whip diagonally across the horse's back has been known to transform a ten-dollar harness into a beautiful silver-mounted caparison. The dramatic element, of course, comes into play when the virtues of a particular horse are described to a possible customer, and so does the third quality, a knowledge of human nature. A dealer can often effect a sale by gently leading a visitor to pick out a horse for himself. He then pretends that he was rather keeping that special horse in the background, so as to sell the inferior animals first; and the customer, being flattered by this proof of his own acuteness, closes the bargain.

I remember one case where a young man, who considered himself a match for any jockey, paid a visit to the stables of a country dealer notorious for cheating, and thus voluntarily put his

head in the lion's mouth. When he arrived, a very handsome chestnut gelding happened to be standing in harness on the barn floor, and he tried him first. Afterward he looked the others over, drove two or three of them, and finally settled on a choice between the chestnut gelding and a bay mare, the two being equally attractive and the price the same. The dealer praised the mare very highly, but did not say much about the gelding. "Oho!" said the clever young man to himself. "This fellow wants to sell the mare and keep the gelding. That means that the gelding is the more valuable of the two. I will take him, and disappoint the rogue." But this line of reasoning was exactly what the rogue had calculated upon; the smart young man had fallen into the pit dug for him by the astute dealer. Accordingly, the chestnut gelding was bought and paid for, and the new owner led the horse off behind his wagon, in a state of great satisfaction with himself and the steed. On the way home, the road being a long one, he stopped to bait; and after dinner he gave orders to have the chestnut harnessed, intending to drive him and to lead his old horse for the remainder of the journey. Meanwhile he sat down to finish a cigar on the piazza in front of the tavern. Half an hour went by, and the horses had not appeared; fifteen minutes more passed; and now the young man, very impatient and somewhat alarmed, was just starting for the stable, when the hostler approached. The fellow was pale, and his jacket had been half torn from his back. "We can't harness that horse of yours, sir, nohow!" he exclaimed. "He has kicked my helper and bitten me; and it's my belief that the best man on earth could n't put the bridle on him." Such was very nearly the case. The mortified purchaser learned afterward that his beautiful chestnut horse (which he sold later at half price) had worn a bridle, night and day, for two weeks before he

bought him. However, having relied upon his own acuteness, he pocketed the loss and said nothing about it.

There remains one other class of horsemen, which I cannot pass over without a word or two. I mean the vets, and their predecessors the horse doctors. One of my earliest and most intense recollections is that of a horse and cow doctor who practiced in the country town where I spent part of my boyhood. He was a short, squat Irishman, with grizzly hair and short grizzly beard. I never saw him without a little cuddy pipe in his mouth; and I think that he must have been of an asthmatic habit, for I remember that he wheezed very much in his talk. He said little, but that little was sententious and to the point. To me, an infant hip maniac, this dirty little man (for he was very dirty) seemed to embody all knowledge, all sagacity, — at least all that were worth the having. I hung upon his words, as if he had been Abelard, and I his disciple. I realized, perhaps, in a vague way, that my estimate of the horse doctor was not altogether shared by the adult members of the family. I felt that they might be so fatuous as to put the minister and the judge and the physician above him; but this feeling did not shake my own opinion in the least. Children have an odd way of trusting their instincts in tacit defiance of their elders. What would I not give if, at this moment, I could look up to any human being with that utter reliance upon his wisdom which, at the age of twelve, I had with respect to the horse doctor! But now, after the disappointing experience of a lifetime, I am led to doubt if the little man was really so wise as he looked. These irregular practitioners probably did more harm than good. They had some native wit, some experience, but a great part of their lore consisted of irrational and traditional ideas which had nothing but age to recommend them.

The vet, though sometimes a charlatan, sometimes dishonest, and sometimes

given to drink, is, on the whole, a vast improvement upon the uneducated horse doctor of former times. A really good vet is a tower of strength to the horse owner, and something little less than a guardian angel to the ordinary purchaser who buys a horse of a dealer, and employs the vet to examine him for soundness. Occasionally, the modern vet is a little too much of a fine gentleman; but in his best estate he has a peculiar, an indefinable stamp of his own. Perhaps it might be described as a professional air tempered slightly by rakishness. The ideal vet has the grave look of a physician, and yet in the cut of his hat, in the color of his necktie, in the shape of his coat, or in some other trifle there will be a picturesque suggestion of horsiness, which, upon careful examination, will be apparent also in the expression of his face. The same distinct and pleasant air, semi-medical and semi-sporting, is found, too, in the equipage of the vet. And what a good horse he drives! Commonly, he affects a cob; not one of your coarse-bred, fat, chunky cobs, such as figure in magnificent harness at horse shows, but a well-bred cob, with thin, flat legs as

hard as iron, — a cob that is broad between the eyes, and has delicately cut ears which flash forward and backward, indicating a lively but docile disposition. Vets, to their credit be it said, become fond of their horses, and seldom change them. I never knew one to drive a stupid animal; and some of the best, and perhaps I may add truest horse stories that I have ever told related to nags that were in this line of business.

I fancy that the profession of a vet tends to become hereditary; I know several families, at least, in which that is the case. And certainly, in these days of overcrowded professions and trades, a man might do worse than to bring up his son to this calling. To begin with, the vet always has his office in a stable, — a fact very captivating to a well-regulated, boyish imagination, and not without its charm even for certain persons of mature years. His occupation is a manly, wholesome, outdoor one; he is subjected to no extraordinary temptations, and he has many opportunities to relieve the suffering of dumb and innocent animals. Of all professional horsemen, the vet deserves best both of men and horses.

Henry Childs Merwin.

CHURCH COMMUNION TOKENS.

WHEN I first saw the little oblong pewter disks used in the Presbyterian Church a century ago, in the preliminary arrangements for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and called Presbyterian checks or tokens, I fancied them a most curious and extraordinary religious emblem employed only in the Presbyterian church in Pelham, Mass., in olden days; but since the publication of my book *The Sabbath in Puritan New England*, in which I speak of these Pelham tokens, I have received many letters asking questions about the tokens, and giving me

much information and some curious specimens. I find, to my surprise, that the use of communion tokens is as widespread as the Christian Church, though perhaps at the present day the more special custom of different and usually of remotely settled branches of the Presbyterian denomination. It is a custom fast becoming extinct, and indeed is wholly unfamiliar, and even unknown, to many Presbyterians to-day; but its memory should be kept green out of honor to the pious Presbyterians of the past, and as one of our few curious church customs.

An explanation of the use of communion tokens in the Pelham Presbyterian Church will indicate the manner of their employment elsewhere. It was thus told to me. At the close of each Sabbath service throughout the month, the deacons walked up and down the aisle of the meeting-house and doled out these pewter tokens, until each worthy and godly-walking church member had received one. Upon the communion Sabbath (the holy rite being held but once in two or three months, — usually quarterly) the recipient must present this token as his voucher or check, or literally his ticket of admission, ere he could partake of the communion, either at his own or a neighboring church of the same denomination. Without this check he was temporarily unhouseled.

The Pelham checks which I was shown were rude disks of pewter, about an inch and a half long, stamped with the initials P. P., standing for Pelham Presbyterian. These tokens had been made and used during the pastorate of that remarkable rogue "Rev." Stephen Burroughs, who, like several of his parishioners, proved such a successful counterfeiter of the coin of the commonwealth at the close of the eighteenth century. I could but think, as I looked at the simple little stamped slips, so easily manufactured, so readily counterfeited, that many a spurious communion check could have been passed in, unsuspected and undetected, to the deacons and elders of neighboring churches by the clever coin-makers in the Pelham congregation; and a very comic picture arose in my fancy, of the pious deacons confidently dealing out these simple little tokens to the bland and rascally counterfeiters in the pews.

This Pelham church was an offshoot of the Scotch-Irish Church of Londonderry, N. H., a mother church, in which all the Scotch Presbyterians for miles around convened twice a year to partake of the Lord's Supper. To this

communion the Pelham parish folk went at least once a year. Preparatory solemn services, days of fasting, were held in Londonderry on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday preceding the communion Sabbath, and unleavened bread was baked for the use of the communicants. Men working afield on these days were prosecuted and fined for "ungodly carriage," as they would have been for working on Sunday in any Puritan community. On the communion Sabbath long tables spread with snowy cloths were placed in the aisles of the church, and the seats at these tables were filled and refilled with communicants, each presenting in turn his token. Aged and honored members of the community filled the first table. Often the services occupied the entire day, and must have been most impressive to see, as well as most exhausting to the ministers. This solemn Sabbath gathering of good Presbyterians was followed on Monday by a universal exchange of visits and neighborly intercourse, and much jollity and mirth; a day of thanksgiving, in which our ever-present and ever-welcome old friend, New England rum, played no small or unimportant part.

The Presbyterian churches in Scotland universally used the token long before any church members came to America, and it is a curious fact that Scotch tokens, especially made for Scotch congregations, are to be found in America, some dating as far back as the year 1661. Many of these Scotch tokens bear the rude figure of a chalice; others have the initials of the name of the church or the pastor. They were doubtless used as a letter from church to church. These religious gatherings in Scotland were, in one sense, a much-prized recreation, a meeting-place for friends. Frivolous and soul-careless English servants, in binding out for a term of years, stipulated to be allowed to attend a certain number of wakes or fairs yearly; but canny Scotch ploughmen and milkmaids

piously bargained to go to the sacrament. Occasionally, an ungodly backslider risked his soul by compromising for two fairs in the place of the sacrament, but very rarely; the church gatherings were too attractive. In Scotland the tokens were called "tickets." Elders stood at the doors and "tried," as they termed it, the tokens or tickets; for counterfeits were sometimes offered by wicked Scotchmen, or tickets were borrowed from good-tempered or time-serving friends. Sometimes relatives lent tokens to delinquents, to save them from the disgrace of not partaking of the communion. The presentation at the communion table was called "lifting the token." The tokens used in Scotland were usually of metal, — tin, pewter, or lead cast in a mould or cut by a stamp; sometimes merely printed pasteboard tickets. "Token moulds" are often seen in inventories of church properties. Scotchmen also had "stock tokens," engraved or stamped with suitable texts, which could be used in any Presbyterian communion, as well as special parish tokens.

Tokens were often refused to Scotch church members, not only to men who became "evil livers," but to those who had walked in Masonic processions or had ridden in the cars on Fast Day, or to a man and his wife who were reported as "living on no very amiable terms," showing how rare marital infelicity must have been in that neighborhood, and how severely reprehended. Sometimes would-be communicants dared to present themselves at the Lord's table without a ticket. Mr. Robert Shiells (who has given me many of the facts I have stated), in his interesting little book *The Story of the Token*, tells of one bold American woman who did so at a Wisconsin Presbyterian church; but she was promptly set outdoors by the scandalized and outraged deacons. The chronicler said that she had sinned by "promiscuous hearing," — not promiscuous

talking, please note, but by promiscuous listening, apparently a most negative offense. I have seen the notice, however, of many excommunications and withholdings of the token from men, not merely for innocuous listening, but on account of their offensive words and deeds. Boswell states that one undaunted and belligerent Scotchman brought a lawsuit against his parish minister for refusing him admission to the sacred ordinance.

The use of tokens was at one time common in Holland, especially in the Walloon Church, which was composed of French and Flemish refugees. It seems doubtful whether they were ever used in the Lutheran churches. They were employed in French Huguenot churches as early as the year 1600. The Rev. Charles Frossard has published a description of forty-one different tokens used in the communion of the Reformed French Church. Of these, thirty bear the figure of a chalice. French tokens were made of pasteboard, wax, leather, glass, but generally of lead or brass, and are thoroughly French in character with their beautiful and appropriate legends, "Fear not, little flock," and "My sheep know My voice and follow Me." The Bulletin of the French Protestant Historical Society gives a full account of these French tokens, and some very striking and picturesque details of church discipline of the times.

Metal tokens used by Baptist and Methodist churches are not rare, and may be found in collections. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Episcopal churches in Scotland used tokens, as well as did their Presbyterian neighbors. St. Andrew's Church, Glasgow, distributed tokens stamped with a cross. Tickets and tokens have also been used in certain Roman Catholic churches, among others the Cathedral Church in Glasgow, and at early dates in Continental churches.

The use of the token was common in

the Church of England. The "token books" of St. Saviour's Church of Old Southwark for the years 1588 to 1630 nearly all still exist. These are account books of common writing paper, one for each district. The churchwardens went once each year to every house in the parish, and in these books they entered, against the name of street, court, or alley, the names of all residents of sixteen years or older, who were bound by law to take the sacrament at the parish church, or abide the severe consequences, namely, imprisonment or exile. A ticket of lead or pewter — a "sacramental token" — was given to each person, to be delivered at the communion table. These books form now a valuable statistical and topographical record of that part of London, and have for us another interest; for in that parish, at that time, Shakespeare lived, and to him must have been delivered these tokens stamped with the letters S. S., — St. Saviour's. In these token books are the names of sixteen of the actors whose names are also printed in the first edition of Shakespeare's plays. Backsliders are noted: one an Anabaptist, another a Brownist, another a "badd husband and cometh not to communion." At Henley-on-Thames the tokens were called "communion half-pence." The Newbury tokens were stamped with a Bible. There seems to be some indication that sacramental tokens were also used as a medium of exchange, possibly as a sort of poor-ticket. It was a day of tokens; trade tokens abounded.

In Ireland, England, the Isle of Man, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Breton, India, Canada, Newfoundland, wherever there are Presbyterian churches, the tokens have been commonly used. On the island of Santa Cruz, in the Church of the United Brethren, an octagonal copper token was given to an intending participant in communion, and if he successfully "passed the speaking" he could receive the full ticket, a handsome ma-

hogany token. One from Antioch, Syria, bears a motto in Arabic; how readily it suggests to us the text, "And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch"! A Reformed Dutch church in St. Thomas long used oval pewter tokens. They were doubtless introduced by some Scotch minister who was in charge there.

In America the use of the token has widely prevailed, especially in New Hampshire; not only in Londonderry, but in Antrim, Salem, and sister churches. In Massachusetts, I know of their use in Pelham, Chelsea, and Sutton, and I hear that one church in Boston still demands tokens from communicants. They are employed in many of the United Presbyterian churches in Pennsylvania, and were for a long time used in Philadelphia. Philadelphia tokens were stamped with a heart.

It was not in small communities only that these tokens were employed. Ivory tokens were used until recently in the First Reformed Church in New York city, and until 1870 in the Fourth Presbyterian Church. The wealthy church of Charleston, S. C., had cast, in the early part of this century, beautiful silver tokens almost as large as a silver half-dollar, bearing on one side the design of a table with chalice and paten, and the text "This do in remembrance of Me;" on the other, the burning bush, and the legend "Nec tamen consumebatur;" on the edge, the words "Presbyterian Church of Charleston, S. C." Though white and black church members sat at the same table, in this church, before the late war, and communed from the same vessels, the church provided tin tokens for its negro members. During the civil war, the Northern troops looted the church property, and may have thought the church tokens Confederate money.

Collections of church tokens have been made in Scotland and in America. Mr. John Reid, of 13, Well Meadow, Blairgowrie, Scotland, has nearly five thou-

sand tokens. Mr. Shiells, of Neenah, Wis., has a large and interesting collection.

Many curious and varying opinions exist in the Presbyterian Church in regard to the propriety and advisability of employing these tokens. One Presbyterian clergyman writes to me that he always much deprecated their use, having seen the effect of their employment in the first church over which he was settled in Pennsylvania. He found that many of the congregation, especially the older women, bowed the head upon receiving the token, and, like a good Presbyterian, he promptly and characteristically feared that they regarded it with much the same feeling as a Roman Catholic regards some of the symbols of his church. Another minister, settled over a new parish, at the first weekly meeting which he attended — I think a prayer meeting in the middle of the week — asked if anything more should

be said to the congregation ere the meeting closed. An aged deacon arose, and, presenting him with a bag of tokens, said, "Will you now distribute the tokens?" Taking the bag, the determined parson opened the door of the "pulpit closet" (the well-known "black hole" under the pulpit of many old churches) and threw bag and tokens to the further end, saying that such was the only use he would ever make of church tokens. What proved the sequel of this high-handed proceeding was not related to me, but it could hardly have been a very ingratiating or propitious entrance of a new minister into a new church community.

Other clergymen regard the use of tokens as a time-honored and solemn custom, "never giving a token without a trembling hand and a throbbing heart," and they regretfully relinquish it, believing it a dignified and sacred part of their church symbolism.

Alice Morse Earle.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE'S WORK IN NORTH AFRICA.

WHEN, last year, the present writer made a journey throughout French Barbary, — that is, from the frontiers of Morocco to the eastern Tunisian littoral, and by the routes of the Sahara as well as through the hill regions of Kabylia, — he took particular note of the great work done, and being done, by the "White Army," founded, organized, and for so many years sustained by the late Cardinal Lavigerie.

The rumor of the great deeds of this indomitable soldier of the cross has spread throughout the civilized world; but neither in America nor in Great Britain is the story of his career and his achievement in Africa adequately recognized. Indeed, there seems to be an idea current that with his death the "redemp-

tion of Islam" lapsed from a grand crusade to a disorganized, casual, and generally futile missionism.

As a matter of fact, the "White Fathers" are to-day a better organized, better directed, and more influential body than they were in those first years of hardship and fiery ardor which were the outcome of the passionate eloquence and not less passionate zeal and enthusiasm of the Archbishop of Algiers. It is true that visitors to Algiers and Tunis — and it is surprising how relatively small is the number of those who go further afield in Algeria or Tunisia than to these picturesque and popular cities, and their kindred smaller towns along the Barbary coasts, from Oran to Susa — may see little or nothing of the "Army of the

Sahara : " perhaps, unless at Carthage itself, even hear little of the doings of the White Fathers. But the moment the Sahara is reached, even that hither portion of it called the Ziban, to the south of the province of Constantine, the most casual visitor must have his attention drawn to these Catholic missionaries who have done, and are doing, so important a work in Northern Africa. Throughout French Barbary there is now no place, after Algiers, — not even "Flemgen the Beautiful" nor "Constantine the Magnificent," — so much resorted to as Biskra, *Biskra-el-Nokkel*, as the Arabs call it, Biskra of the Palms. At this oasis town, deservedly termed the Queen of the Sahara, there is a large and important station of Cardinal Lavigerie's White Fathers. There every one who is interested may see and hear for himself, and there, as a matter of fact, as well as at Carthage and elsewhere, the writer of this paper learned much concerning the recent work accomplished, and the new work projected, by this indomitable missionary brigade.

Twenty centuries ago Cato thrilled his Roman hearers with his "Delenda est Carthago." In our own day, a missionary priest of Rome replied triumphantly, "Instauranda Carthago." The enthusiastic prelate, who came from a bishop's see in France, was, in a sense, on native soil when he reached the desolate heights tenanted only of a few fanatical Arabs or wandering Bedouins; for there one of his heroes, St. Louis the king, had come to die; there the saintly Monica had won Augustine to the militant faith of which he was to become one of the foremost champions in Christendom; there Tertullian, a kindred spirit in most respects, was born.

From this spot that was a Phœnician city before Rome came into existence, from this seat of a power that held dominion for seven centuries, from this grass-grown waste that for a thousand years had been as obliterated as the site

of Troy, has come in our time a voice of quickening, of regeneration, that may recreate in Africa not only a mighty state politically, but what Lavigerie himself loved to call, prophetically, a potent realm in the empire of the world.

It may be as well to give here a few words concerning the beginning of the great cardinal's mission in Africa, and about "New Carthage" as he in part constituted it. Of that unfulfilled New Carthage, which he projected with so much eagerness and with so many sanguine expectations, and of which he dreamed to the end of his days, I need say nothing at present. Though he wished it to become the Christian capital of the Orient and the south, the immediate results of his great scheme would be rather for the consideration of the politician, the military and naval specialist, the merchant, the agriculturist, and, let me add, the humanitarian.

The assertion frequently made, that Cardinal Lavigerie was the first person to erect a Christian structure on the site of Carthage, is a mistake. More than fifty years ago, a chapel dedicated to the memory of St. Louis was built on the summit of the Byrsa, with its front to that beautiful bay where, since the days of Phœnician galleys and Roman triremes, for hundreds of years the sloops of the Barbary corsairs had come and gone with their cargoes of Christian slaves. Eleven years previously (that is, in 1830), M. Mathieu de Lesseps, the father of the famous Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, who was French consul at Tunis in the reign of Charles X. and in the first part of that of Louis Philippe, had obtained from the reigning Bey the cession to France of a small section of land on the Maälaka, the ridge to the eastward of the Arab village of Sidi-Bou-Saïd; in other words, on that part of the heights where ancient Carthage stood, and on the very spot where, according to tradition, "the pious monarch" expired. Hussein-Bey, however,

granted no more than a nominal cession, and it was not till 1841 that the memorial chapel was actually built, to the displeasure of the Tunisian populace, but, strangely enough, to the content of the Arabs of Sidi-Bou-Saïd and La Marsa, who, as a matter of fact, had already, in their own fashion, canonized the saintly king, and had for generations revered him as a holy prince who had been converted to the religion of Mahomet, and had come to Africa to die a Moslem. All reminiscence of the fact that six hundred years ago King Louis landed on these shores as a crusader, and that his army was defeated before Tunis, seems to have faded.

I found this legend still extant among the Arabs of that region, and it may interest many readers to know that not only is a Christian king revered as a Moslem saint, but that, on what was the western side of ancient Carthage, there is a mosque dedicated to the worship of Jesus. I asked an Arab of Sidi-Bou-Saïd if it were ancient or modern. He smiled gravely, having guessed that I imagined it to be due to the influence of Cardinal Lavigerie's White Fathers, and replied that long before the coming of the Christian *moulai*, long before any Christians trod the soil of Tunis save as slaves, a mosque had there been dedicated to the worship of Jesus. In response to my further question if the Sidi-Issa were identical with the Jesus whom we revere as the Christ, the Arab answered affirmatively; adding that in Allah's eyes the Sidi-Issa was a prophet even as Mahomet himself, and sent to earth, too, with a divine mission, though both prophet and mission were secondary to the supreme servant of God, Mahomet.

From one of Cardinal Lavigerie's White Fathers I learned that the name Sidi - Bou - Saïd, designating the Arab village on Cape Carthage, more exactly El-Zaouia-es-Sidi-Bou-Saïd, does not signify, as sometimes translated, "My lord

the father of Saïd or Saeeda;" which would be meaningless in relation to St. Louis, even if the fantastic derivation of a French writer were tenable, that Saeeda was the lingual Arabic equivalent of the name of the French king! *Bou* means "possessor of" as well as "father," and *Saïd* or *Saeeda* is probably *Saïda*, "happiness." When St. Louis was, as the Arabs suppose, converted to the true faith, he might well have been alluded to as "My lord the possessor of Happiness:" hence, after the foundation of a mosque or holy retreat in his honor, the village which grew around the Zaouia came to be known as that of Sidi-Bou-Saïda. It is only in French and English maps and books that the name is spelled *Saïd*, or *Saeed*, or *Saïda*.

This chapel of St. Louis was in existence, then, before Archbishop Lavigerie became Primate of Africa, and anterior to his translation from the see of Nancy. The other buildings in the neighborhood are more recent, with the exception of the Mohammedan marabout of Sidi-Saleh. These are, besides the cathedral, — where the body of the great cardinal now rests, in a tomb built and consecrated by himself long before his death, — a small chapel, Notre Dame de la Meliha, for the use of Maltese residents in Tunis and La Goletta and for Maltese sailors; a Carmelite convent; a college of the White Fathers and the ordinary priests of the diocese; and the invaluable museum inaugurated by Cardinal Lavigerie, but formed, organized, and supervised by the Rev. Père Louis Delattre, the chaplain of St. Louis, and himself one of the *Pères Blancs d'Afrique*, — a priest, archæologist, scholar, and man of the world, to whom many visitors to Carthage owe a great debt of pleasure and instruction.

At the Maison Carrée at Algiers, at St. Louis of Carthage, at the Séminaire of the White Fathers at Biskra in the Sahara, one may learn all that is needful for an outsider to know concerning the

special training, mission, and actual work achieved by the famous "desert brigade."

In connection with the chapel of Notre Dame de la Meliha I may mention here a suggestive incident which I heard in Tunis. One day, the cardinal, overborne by mental fatigue, anxiety, and disappointment, went into the chapel to rest and pray. There was no one else present, and after a time his head fell forward on his breast and he was sound asleep. Waking suddenly, he beheld an extraordinary light upon the painted windows representing St. Augustine, his mother St. Monica, and St. Cyprian. This light did not come from the glow of the sun, but was full upon them as though cast from a great lamp. He turned, and beheld standing in front of the altar a figure which he recognized as that of St. Nymphanion, the first recorded martyr of Christian Carthage.¹ The saint spoke; but all he said was, "Mon frère en Jésus-Christ notre Seigneur." That, however, meant that the first martyr of the Church in Carthage hailed one who also was to die there in martyrdom, though not a martyr under direct tyranny, but beneath the weight of toil and anxiety and long endurance and the sickness of ever-deferred hope. The weary cardinal arose, either to advance to do obeisance before St. Nymphanion, or to assure himself of the verity of his vision, when the saint, turning and pointing to the south, and making a gesture with his arms as though embracing all from the east and from the west, suddenly disappeared.

Lavigerie went forth deeply impressed. He believed he had been vouchsafed a vision that portended not only his own death during the carrying out of his schemes for the Church in Africa, but also the success of his great mission for the redemption of the Moslem world, — all that vast world which lay eastward

and westward and away to the limitless south from Carthage. As, the story goes, the vision came at a time when, for political as well as other reasons, it was thought advisable at Rome and at Paris that the cardinal and his White Fathers should, so far as missionary work was concerned, keep themselves in obscurity for a time, the African Primate believed he had been given a sign from heaven that he was to persevere in his projects at all hazards. The incident is one that might well have happened to enthusiasts of a nature different from that of Cardinal Lavigerie; but by those who knew that prelate personally it will be received with caution, if not with actual incredulity. Charles Lavigerie was a dreamer, it is true, but he dreamed along the line of his temperament; and that temperament was an essentially Latin one, direct, logical, unmythical, untranscendental. Moreover, it is only fair to add that his friend and fellow-worker, Père Louis Delattre, knew nothing of the legend. What is of more moment is that which lies within the region of indisputable fact, though the actuality be that of intention, not of accomplishment. One dream of the cardinal's, not hitherto made public, was to establish a series of cathedral churches all along the African coast from Carthage to Cherchel (the ancient Iol of Juba) and to Tangier itself, and to dedicate them severally to the great men and women associated with the early history of the Church in Africa, — SS. Cyprian and Augustine, Tertullian, SS. Felicitas, Monica, and Perpetua, first and foremost. Another dream was the establishment in his own lifetime of Arab villages throughout Tunisia and the three immense provinces of Algeria, similar to the Christian Arab communities of St. Monica and St. Cyprian which he had founded near Algiers about 1875-76. Again, he believed in a vast extension of his White Fathers brigade, so that

¹ This is the Nymphanion who, shortly before his fellow-martyrs Jocundus and Saturninus,

suffered death for the sake of Christ under Septimius Severus in the year 198.

among its missionaries should be men of all races, including Africans born Pagan or Mohammedan, Europeans, Maltese, Arabs, Kabyles, Soudanese, negroes, — ay, even Bedouins, if practicable. But perhaps the dearest scheme for fulfillment in his own time, though one to which, so far as I have been able to ascertain, no one of his biographers or commentators has devoted much, if any attention, was the redemption of Arab Africa through the conversion of the Kabyle nation, — that original Berber race which is now practically restricted to the mountainous regions of Algeria. The Kabyles are to North Africa what the Celtic Highlanders are to Scotland, an unmixed and indigenous, if not probably autochthonous people; distinct from the dominant race in communal rule, in social habits, in language, in appearance, in character, and even in religion. The Kabyle has really almost as little in common with the sedentary Moor of cities as with the Arab of the desert. He holds himself aloof from both, and rarely, if ever, marries with either; while with pride, and not without justification, he maintains that he has been subdued and hemmed in, but never conquered. The strong ancient Roman admixture in his blood has affected not only his color and features and physique, but even his institutions, generally crude and always barbaric as these are. On the other hand, though the sedentary Arabs and nomad tribes and town Moors respect the integrity and energy, and above all the dauntless courage of the Kabyles, they look down upon them as a barbarous and savage race, — much as the Scottish Lowlanders and the English soldiers regarded the Highland clans in the old Jacobite days.

It was with this unpromising material that Cardinal Lavigerie hoped to create a nation of missionaries, a native army of the cross. "Let loose Kabylia," he would exclaim, "and in a few years Mohammedan North Africa will be Christian." The idea was pooh-poohed, even

when an initial success was secured, and missions took root here and there throughout the African highlands; but so little was the Primate supported, even by his ecclesiastical following, that he ceased to say much about his treasured scheme in public, though to the day of his death he believed in it as one of the likeliest and surest means at hand for the accomplishment of the Gallicization as well as the moral and spiritual amelioration of the native races of North Africa.

The story of how he began this crusade, and of the characteristic way in which he approached "the unapproachable Kabyles," has been told by an eminent English member of the Society of Jesus, from the narrative of one who accompanied the cardinal on the occasion in question. The expedition was undertaken at a time when no Christian was safe unless well armed and well escorted.

In the preceding year (1875), three devoted priests, who had won the esteem and admiration of the Arabs of the desert, started on a mission towards Timbuktû; but a long distance from that city, their bodies, beheaded, were found in the sands of the Sahara. The ferment occasioned by the French occupation of Tunis had wrought the whole of North Africa to a state of feverish hostility. When this had apparently abated, three other missionaries went forth to the interior, this time under a special guarantee from the Arabs; but when scarcely a day's march from Ghadames all three were treacherously murdered.

It was at this juncture that Cardinal Lavigerie decided to press forward the evangelization of Kabylia, as there seemed so much more hope of apostolic work among a people who for centuries had maintained their independence against the heavy yoke of Islam, and even now for only a few generations have been Moslem in faith. Soon after his first arrival in Algiers, as archbishop he had paid a visit to such mountain districts of Ka-

bylia as were practicable, and he had then made up his mind that *la grande Kabylie* should in good time become a Christian country, and be an example to the rest of North Africa.

As the small pioneer expedition which he led made its way among the hill villages that were not openly hostile, the members saw the women and old people watching them with mingled alarm and curiosity, and often with angry resentment. If a child were met, it darted away screaming. The reason for this was that the Kabyles told their children, in order to keep them from giving information to or having any communication with the French, that the Christians were a race of human demons, who live on raw flesh, and have a particular fancy for appetizing tidbits in the shape of children. The expedition reached an important village, writes one of those who accompanied the archbishop, where it had reason to believe its reception would be respectful. "We went thither on foot, for the steep mountain paths are, as may well be imagined, quite impassable for carriages" (and Lavigerie, at this time, it must be remembered, was not only advanced in years, but was in delicate health, and subject to a painful malady). "After interminable windings among rocks, valleys, and trees, we came in sight of the village whither we were bound, standing on a slight eminence. The archbishop had announced his visit beforehand, and at the entrance to the village all the men, headed by its venerable patriarch, were assembled to receive him in a house entirely open on the side which looked on to the road. The women and children were perched on all imaginable places, — the ledges of the rocks, the roofs of the houses, every spot which afforded standing-room, where human feet could climb or human limbs could rest. Mgr. Lavigerie was in full canonicals, and was surrounded by the priests belonging to his suite. When he arrived within a short distance of the village,

the men advanced solemnly in a body to meet him and bid him welcome. The aged patriarch who preceded them was the *amin*, or mayor; the others were his council; for the Kabyles have retained a municipal form of government, after the model of the Roman, with public assemblies and popular elections.

"The building mentioned above was the forum, or, as they call it here, the *djemmaü*, a kind of town hall, the meeting-place of all the male inhabitants of an age to carry arms. There affairs of local or general interest are discussed, transfer of land is effected, and all business of a civic or political nature transacted.

"The *amin* approached the archbishop, and with a stately and dignified gesture laid his hand lightly on his vestment, and then raised it respectfully to his lips.

" 'May the blessing of God be with you all!' the archbishop said; and with one voice they all responded, 'May it be also with thee!'

"We then proceeded to the *djemmaü*. Against the two walls on the right and on the left were rows of stone seats, rising one above another, like the tiers of an amphitheatre. The place of honor was assigned to Mgr. Lavigerie; then each one took a seat where he pleased.

" 'I have come to see you,' the archbishop began, addressing the *amin*, 'to show my affection for you.' (Here all present simultaneously laid their hands, first on their heart, and then on their forehead.) 'I have reason to love you, for we French are related to you; the same blood runs in our veins. Our forefathers were Romans, in part at least, as were yours; we are Christians, as you too once were. Look at me. I am a Christian bishop. Well, in days gone by there were more than five hundred bishops like me in Africa, all Kabyles, many of them illustrious men, distinguished for their learning. All of your people once were Christians, but the Arabs came and ruthlessly slaughtered your bishops and priests, and compelled

your ancestors to adopt their creed. Do you know all this ?'

'A very voluble correspondence took place among the audience ; then the amin replied : —

'Yes, we know it ; but you speak of a time long past. Our grandfathers have told us these things ; but as for ourselves, we have seen nothing of them.'

'After this preamble, Mgr. Lavigerie spoke most earnestly, and at the same time with the most scrupulous tact and common sense, and urged the Kabyles present at least to ponder carefully his arguments. If they would do so, he felt assured, he added, they could not fail to see what immense gainers they would be in every way, though primarily in the spiritual heritage into which they would straightway enter. It is pleasant to know that a large section of this particular village, as well as other communities throughout Kabylia, ultimately became Christian, and are at this day among the most prosperous of the native inhabitants.'

Cardinal Lavigerie, however, would be the last person to wish for himself or his White Fathers the whole credit of that initial enterprise which has had results so remarkable. Before he had set foot in Africa, the Jesuit Fathers of the province of Lyons (which then included Algeria) had successfully established two missions in Kabylia : one among the warlike and powerful Beni-Yenni, the other at an important Kabyle centre, Djemma-Saharidj. At the same time, these Jesuit missions were intended to be stationary, their directors laying stress on the belief that settled quarters would appeal to the natives more than proselytizing peregrinations. So slight was their influence beyond their immediate vicinage

that when Mgr. Lavigerie sent into Kabylia Father Deguerri and two companion priests, these missionaries could find no shelter throughout the cold of the winter months, — and a bitter nocturnal cold it is at these high altitudes, as the present writer can vouch, even when the heat on the lowlands is semi-tropical, — but had to rest each night on the bleak earth ; nor was it till after the third month of this and other wearing hardships that the White Fathers were allowed to build a house, though even this tardy grace was conditional on their undertaking to erect the dwelling by their own hands.

From what I saw in Kabylia, I feel sure that the good work inaugurated by Mgr. Lavigerie can hardly be overestimated. That unfortunate and ungenerous tendency to depreciate all his efforts, and to discount even his apparent success, which has done so much harm to a good cause, and in some quarters imposed itself upon the minds of responsible governmental officials, is not easily to be refuted on paper. To all statistics, arguments, or statements, his adversaries, far less active now, reply by affirming that he and his emissaries have been firebrands to excite a conquered but forever irreconcilable race ; that Christianity is unsuited for the Arab, with his inherited fatalism, and his domestic, social, and communal habits and instincts ; and that an amalgam of the Arab and the Christian ideals is as impossible as a racial blend of Arab and European.¹

The French official mind is antagonistic to the spread of religious teaching, and particularly to all teaching or movements of any kind independent of governmental red-tapism. The opposition Cardinal Lavigerie had to encounter, apart from that connected with interna-

¹ It is certainly the case that there is seldom offspring of a union between an Arab woman and a European. The exception, if it may pass as one, is the instance of a union between a Turk and an Arab woman ; though it must be remembered that the *Koulougli*, who were at one

time so numerous in Algeria, and are still common enough to be reckoned with as factors in native politics, are the children, not of a Turk and an Arab woman of the nomad race, but of a Turk and a Moorish woman of Algiers.

tional jealousies, bureaucratic stiff-neckedness, and military and social suspiciousness, if not actual hostility, was so many-sided that it is still a marvel to those who are familiar with the main drift of his circumstances that he was able not only to confront them so undauntedly and so perseveringly, but to surmount them, and even, sometimes, to turn them into involuntary allies.

It will, however, interest many readers to know that this mission work in Kabylia, as indeed elsewhere throughout Franco-Moslem territories, is due even more to the Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions than to the indefatigable and unselfish labors of the White Fathers, praiseworthy and resultant in innumerable good works as the efforts of these apostolic emissaries have been and are. Here again a great debt is due to Cardinal Lavigerie, though one overlooked by most visitors to Algeria, and for the most part ignored by those in authority.

What with the Christian Arab villages of St. Cyprian and St. Monica, and more recent kindred communities, orphanages, training schools, training colleges, for youths of every race, native and foreign, refuges for Arab women, sisterhoods for educational and nursing purposes, nunneries for shelter for those who need a haven, and wish to combine the life of religious devotion with that of self-sacrifice, seminaries for the education and physical training of novices intended for missionary work, and various institutions of a more secular kind, — patriotic, colonial, archæological, agricultural, and even in connection with the military and naval services, — the name of Cardinal Lavigerie is in truth of so paramount importance in association with North Africa that he deserves not only to be ranked with his most famous apostolic predecessors, St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, but to be revered as one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon a young and weak Church in its marvel-

ous renaissance, as one of the truest patriots whom France has produced, and, with General Gordon, as one of the noblest and most single-hearted missionaries who have added imperishable lustre to our feverish and perplexed age.

It is no wonder that the extent both of the civilizing work and the civilizing influence due to Cardinal Lavigerie's women missionaries should have impressed the present writer, as indeed all observant and unbiased visitors to French Africa. Perhaps the very fact that so little recognition has been made of this section of his labors, and that in Algeria itself the recognition, when given at all, is either somewhat grudging or concurrently depreciatory, enabled me to realize at first hand how remarkable is this accomplishment even as it stands.

On his elevation to the see of Algiers, — to be more exact, on his voluntary and self-sacrificing transfer thither from his wealthier and more comfortable see of Nancy, — Mgr. Lavigerie almost from the first foresaw the need of women missionaries to carry out his schemes of evangelization and social and domestic regeneration. His plans were regarded dubiously even by many of his fellow-bishops and higher clergy, and a large section of the public openly protested against the idea of Christian women being sent into regions where their honor would not be safe for a day. Moreover, as many military and civil authorities prophesied, the Arab would regard with disdain mixed with deep resentment the apparent effort to convert or reform him or his through the agency of women.

The archbishop had that supreme quality of genius, controlled impatience. To adopt an apparent paradox, he knew how to be patiently impatient. He admitted that the moment was not ripe, but he asserted that it was ripening. His arguments were irrefutable, and he promised that practice should not belie theory. Within a quarter of a century, he is said to have declared once to his

Holiness the late Pope, "French Africa will be civilized by women."

From the moment he explained publicly the need for women missionaries, volunteers were ready. It was obviously true what he said, that in no other way could Mohammedan women be reached. A radical alteration in the domestic, social, intersexual, and religious views of the women would mean an inevitable change of front for the coming generation, male and female; while the all-round results would at once be quicker, more thorough, and more far reaching than through the agency of men.

The first response to his appeal came from his old diocese of Nancy, from the well-known and venerable community of the Sisters of St. Charles. A novitiate was formed that year (1868) at Kouba, at a house where the archbishop had already instituted a shelter for those Arab girls who were rescued from starvation during that terrible year of famine.

At first, however, the work allotted to these Sisters was of a strictly local nature; and even when the small community was increased by the addition of the Sisters of the Assumption, who also came from that French city where Lavigerie had, in his short episcopate, done so much good and exercised so deep and lasting an influence, their scope was not materially widened. The eye of "Monseigneur," however, was ever upon them and their interests, and the object they and he had in view. At last, nearly ten years after that first settlement in Kouba, the cardinal officially formed them into a congregation of missionary sisters, with an independent existence and system of self-government, under the designation of Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions.

For a few years the obvious results were sufficiently humble to give some color to the derision or misrepresentation of the covertly malicious, the openly hostile, and the indifferent; and at the same time marked enough to encourage

all who wished the woman mission well, — all save those who could not realize that great results must be attained only through endless toil and patience, and in obscurity. But at last even the hostile had to admit that a labor of extraordinary importance, whether tending to ultimate good or ultimate evil, was being fulfilled throughout Algeria, and even among the intractable Kabyles and the haughtily resentful Arabs and Moors. Now, the African Sisters, as they are called succinctly, are a recognized power in the land; and even the most bigoted anti-religionist would hesitate to aver that their influence is not wholly for good.

Among the Arabs, there was and is a spirit of wonder and admiration for the dauntless courage, the self-sacrificing devotion, the medical knowledge and skill, the tenderness and saintly steadfastness, of these heroic women. Hundreds have been brought to a different attitude entirely through observation of the *Sœurs de Notre Dame d'Afrique*. In the words of the eminent Jesuit whom I have already quoted, "The moral superiority of these women, their self-denying kindness, their courage and devotion, deeply impressed the unbelievers, who gazed at them with astonishment and admiration, as if they belonged to a different order of beings, and were something more than human."

Cardinal Lavigerie himself bore frequent testimony of a similar kind. "I have seen them," he said on one occasion, "in the midst of their work. I have seen them surrounded by a motley crowd of men and children, both Christians and Mohammedans, all clamoring to them for succor; begging them to cure their ailments, to relieve their poverty; kissing with the utmost veneration the habit they wear." Here, again, is a remarkable instance, also adduced by the cardinal: "One of the Sisters was passing through the streets of a populous Eastern city, and was accosted by an old man, a Turk, who said to her, with a mix-

ture of curiosity and respect, 'Tell me, Sister, when you came down from heaven, did you wear the same dress in which we now see you?' I may give another instance, from my own observation. In the Sahara there is a populous oasis town, Sidi-Okba. It is known as "the sacred city," partly because it contains the tomb of Okba, the first Mohammedan conqueror of Africa, partly because its chief mosque is the most ancient and venerated building in Africa, and partly because it is the religious capital of the Ziban and the Sahara, — so sacred, indeed, that it has no rival in Africa except Kairouan in Tunisia. Sidi-Okba is the Mecca of Algeria, and seven pilgrimages to it will insure eternal salvation. Naturally, there is no place under French dominion where fanaticism is so ripe, and where it is more necessary for the Christian infidel to be scrupulously on his guard against giving cause of offense. Not very long ago, no European women were able to appear in Sidi-Okba, even with an escort, without having to run the risk of insult, and even violence. It is now, and for a few years past has been, safe enough for a woman to venture there in the daytime and with an escort; otherwise, as a French officer at Biskra assured me, the hazard would be a direct invitation to disaster. Even now the inhabitants resent the presence of an unveiled Christian woman in their sacred town and near the venerated tomb of Okba, to come into whose near neighborhood was, within a comparatively short time, certain death for any Christian slave, prisoner, or half-disguised trafficker; for at the period in question no other could mix with that fanatical populace. I am bound to say that when my wife and I visited Sidi-Okba, we met with no active unpleasantness of any unusual kind, though at the entrance to the mosque there were fanatical followers of the Prophet who spat on the ground as we passed, and muttered their wonted *kelb* and *djifa* ("dog" and "carrion"). Well, the Af-

rican Sisters have not only gone to this unlikely place, but have thriven there. In the face of threats, insults, and passive (and occasionally active) opposition, they have persevered, and are now winning an ever-increasing reward.

There is a small number of them housed in a dwelling in the heart of Sidi-Okba, — a fact not mentioned in any Algerian guidebook; and thence, at all hours, at any call of need, the White Sisters (so called because, like the White Fathers, they have adopted a white robe, made and worn in the Arab fashion) emerge, safe as in France, unhindered, and even honored. I shall not soon forget my surprise when, after all I had heard concerning the impossibility of a woman venturing forth by herself in Sidi-Okba, I saw a White Sister cross the marketplace, and actually being saluted by many of the fanatical Sahara Arabs with their familiar courtesy of the hand pressed first against the heart, and then against the forehead.

From a White Father in Biskra I learned that the work so silently and unostentatiously done by these African Sisters is of so great importance that if, for any reason, it were impossible for both the White Fathers and the White Sisters to remain there as missionaries, the Fathers would unquestionably have to give way.

"In a word," he added, "we are the pioneers, forever on the march after receding boundaries; the Sisters are the first dauntless and indefatigable settlers, who bring the practically virgin soil into a prosperous condition, full of promise for a wonderful and near future."

I asked if there were many mischances in the career of those devoted women.

"Few," he replied: "strangely enough, fewer than with the White Fathers. We have had many martyrs to savage violence, to the perils and privations of desert life. The Sisters have had martyrs, also, but these have lost their lives in ways little different from what would

have beset them in any other foreign clime. As for endurance, both of climatic strain and privations generally, I have come to the conclusion that women can undergo more than men; that is, if they have anything like fair health, are acting in concert, and are sustained by religious fervor. They do not, as a rule, act so well on their own initiative; they cannot, naturally, do pioneer work so well as men; and though they have superior moral courage, they are unable to face certain things, in particular absolute loneliness, isolation, remoteness. Many a White Father would instinctively shrink from the task fearlessly set themselves by some of the more daring Sisters; yet these very heroines would be quite unable to cope with some hazards almost inevitable in the career of one of our missionaries. More and more we are relying upon individual effort guided by a central control. The missionary who goes forth alone, with no weapon of defense save the crucifix, goes clothed with a power greater than any envoy warrant or tribal pass. The Christian marabouts, as they call us, appeal to the people when they confront not only death, but isolation, poverty, hunger, thirst, privations of all kind; and this, too, as voluntary nomads, disdaining even the sacred repute of the Mohammedan marabout, who, by staying in one place and living austere, makes his fellows revere him as a holy anchorite."

"Have you known anything from your own observation regarding the tragedy of this Sahara mission work on the part of women?"

"Only one instance, though of course I have heard of others. This was a remarkable one. Some four or five years ago, a young Sister — whom I will call Sister Eunice simply, as her friends are prominent people in the city she came from — joined the Algerian Missions Sisterhood. She had been engaged, before she took the vows, to a French officer. For reasons which I need not explain

she had decided to break this engagement; and no persuasions could induce her to alter her decision, to which she felt morally bound despite her love for her *fiancé*. She came to Algeria, and for a time was a novice at the central establishment near Algiers. She was not only very prepossessing in appearance, but was singularly winsome in her manner, and this, coupled with her exceptionally well-trained mind, made her superiors consider her preëminently fitted for educational work, particularly among the women and children of the Arab 'refuges' and training schools. This might have been her vocation; but her former fiancé — who, whatever his faults, and I may add misfortunes, certainly loved her to distraction — had exchanged into an Algiers regiment, so as to be near her, and in time win her again. A tragic episode, into which I need not enter, happened a few months later. Mainly in consequence, Sister Eunice determined to join the missionaries in the Sahara, and after some difficulty all arrangements were made to further her wishes. She came first to Biskra; then for a brief time labored in Sidi-Okba; then returned here. By this time she was familiar with the language, manners, and customs of the Arabs of the Sahara; and her intention was to leave the Ziban, and penetrate into the barbaric south. With this intent she reached Touggourt.¹ At that time her appearance there was almost as strange an event as would be a similar appearance to-day in, say, Timbuktû. Nevertheless all went well.

"One day, some weeks later, a small body of French officers rode into the remote Arab town in connection with some matter of military moment. Among them was Captain B——. He knew of the presence of Sister Eunice; and before he and his companions left again, the same evening, he sought her out. In

¹ An oasis town of the northern Sahara, lying about three days' journey to the south of Biskra.

his despair at her continued refusal to meet his wishes, he seized her in his arms, kissed her, and then, hurrying to the meeting-place, mounted his horse and rode away with his companions. That embrace was her undoing. The sole protection of the Sister was her reputation for saintliness. The incident had been observed, and the rumor spread from mouth to mouth.

"The so-called Christian saint was, then, the light-o'-love of a French officer, and no doubt a spy into the bargain, sent there by the military authorities, in the guise of a female marabout. Anger, resentment, and contempt confused their judgment. That night Sister Eunice was publicly insulted, and at dawn her mutilated corpse was lying outside the mud walls of the Kesbah. Months elapsed before the Sister's death was authenticated, and it was not till long afterwards that the whole story became known; and even then fragmentarily, and to very few persons."¹

From the same authority, and elsewhere in Biskra and the neighborhood, I heard much of the heroic ventures, endurance, sufferings, and achievements of the White Fathers. Great as is the good they have done in their joint mission of conversion and civilization, the immediate result of which is a marked gain in general health and individual physical well-being and the communal weal, their most notable efforts have been for some time, and still are, directed against that cancer of Africa, the slave trade. No one who has not examined the subject in detail can form any idea of the frightful extent of the North African slave trade, or of the unspeakable horrors that accompany it, to say nothing of the depopulation of vast tracts, the generating of devastating plagues (particularly the dreadful scourge known as slave typhus), and the ruin of all chances

for the redemption of this long-suffering Ishmael among the countries of the world.

In the general Christian crusade against this gigantic evil, nearly all nations deserve credit, notably Great Britain, America, Belgium, and France, — though official France lags sadly behind the generous initiative of the great cardinal, who did more than any other single individual, perhaps more even than any ruler or government, to mitigate the horrors of slavery and put an end to this fearful traffic.

At the moment, there are international jealousies, half-hearted ideals, and chauvinistic temporizings which together militate strongly against the success of this noble war of emancipation. The French have been too complaisant along the frontiers of Morocco, and in the regions environing the dominions of Tunisia and Tripoli; far southward, the Germans have caused deep dissatisfaction by their high-handed proceedings, and what looks like connivance at, if not actual participation in, the very evils the German nation is among the foremost sincerely to deplore. The British Protestant missionaries are accused by the German and French military authorities of being firebrands and meddlesome and troublesome neighbors. We, on the other hand, are too apt to regard the White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie, the Jesuit Fathers, the Christian Brothers, and Catholic missionaries of all kinds as the mere tools of restless and scheming rivals animated by envy, avarice, and all manner of ill will.

But behind all this international bickering and difficulty-mongering, beyond all this fierce conflict of adverse opinion, threatened interests, and thwarted passions, there is the steadfast tide of Christian energy, everywhere "making for righteousness," everywhere watched, controlled, and guided beneficently by single-minded, single-hearted apostolic missionaries of all nations and all denominations.

Personally, I think the greatest work is being achieved by the Roman Catholic

¹ I do not give this episode in full, for various reasons; but in another form I intend to give the narrative in all its details.

Church, and in particular by the institutions and societies inaugurated, and the specially trained emissaries sent forth, by Cardinal Lavigerie.

Everywhere I went in North Africa I was struck by this fact. I asked a Protestant missionary in Flenſen — an important town in the extreme west of Algeria, near the frontier of Morocco — why it was that, apart from the question of statistically greater success on the part of Catholic missionaries, there seemed to be so radical a difference in the way in which the White Fathers, for example, and the equally indomitable Protestant missionaries *got at* the Arab, Moorish, and Soudanese populations.

My informant frankly admitted that the difference is radical.

"We lack that particular quality of imagination, or sympathy, call it what one will, which enables some missionaries literally to be all things to all men. We are, broadly speaking, always ourselves: always English, or Scottish, or American; always conscious of our Protestant calling, our Protestant arrogance, our Protestant aloofness. Naturally, I believe that in the long run our compensating qualities tell, and predominate; but at first, and for long, we are handicapped. Now, the White Fathers, for instance, are not primarily French, or Catholic priests, or missionaries of this or that lord spiritual or temporal, but are men preoccupied by a burning zeal as heralds of a message of vital importance, — a message independent of anything save its immediacy and paramount value. To a great extent, this magnificent abnegation and discipline are due to Cardinal Lavigerie, who never failed to impress upon the missionaries whom he sent forth that the first thing they had to do was to conform in all reasonable respects to the manners, customs, and habits of the Moslem people among whom they were to sojourn; to feel with them, see with their eyes, as much as possible judge with their minds.

To this end, he made the Fathers adopt a white robe similar to that worn by the Arabs; to this end, he not only made them learn to speak Arabic fluently, and to be familiar with the Koran and the chief writings upon it, but insisted on their adequate physical training in horsemanship and all kinds of exercise. So that when a White Father goes among the Arabs he is, in a way, already one with them. This wins their confidence, to start with. Then, when he expounds the faith that is in him, he lays little stress upon anything save the fundamental truths of Christianity; that is, of course, as he considers them.

"Above all, in what *he* teaches and in what *we* teach concerning the oneness of God — or rather, the way we teach that living doctrine — is a difference where the advantage is all on his side. The Arab, with his intense faith in the absolute unity of Allah, more readily follows one who does not confuse his hearer with different arguments regarding the Trinity, but speaks clearly and logically of God and Christ and the Virgin, — more readily than one who dwells upon a mystery which is altogether beyond the Moslem comprehension or sympathy. Moreover, the priests do not, as a rule, say much against Mohammed; rather, they accept him frankly as a minor prophet, but one whose faith became perverted even in his lifetime, and whose influence has been mainly a harmful one."

From what I saw and heard throughout the length and breadth of French North Africa, I am convinced that one of the greatest works of contemporary Christianity is being fulfilled there in divers ways and through divers agencies, though mainly through the instrumentality of that famous prelate whose name will henceforth be linked with those of Cyprian and Augustine as among the foremost glories of the Church of Christ in Africa.

Indubitably, it is a great wrong to in-

sinuate, as is done in so many ways, that the Christian missions have failed in Africa, and that Mohammedanism is everywhere militant and triumphant. The opposite is the truth; and through-

out southern as well as northern Algeria, throughout Kabylia, throughout Tunisia, the Christian church and the Christian school are everywhere supplanting the mosque and the m'drassa.

William Sharp.

LOVE AND ART.

"It once might have been, once only."

BROWNING.

I.

A MUSICAL party was in progress, one afternoon, at Mrs. Du Pont Fairfax's, in Egeria. Her cottage — commanding a view of the valley, and of the amphitheatre of bluish-purplish hills crowned by the peaks of the Sky Mountains — stood on a site, lately rescued from the bear and the wildcat, on the boulder-strewn side of Mount Egeria, which rose bristling with hemlocks, pines, and beeches to the green-capped summit. A touch of sylvan wildness, caught from the surroundings, enhanced the prettiness of its appointments. The main room, like a baronial hall, reached to the high unhewn rafters. The huge fireplace with its stone chimney was large enough to roast an ox, but on this August day the logs were covered with goldenrod. The furniture and the balustrades of the staircase and galleries were made of twisted and bent woods or of unbarked birch; there were shelves and brackets of enormous fungi; bear and fox skins were stretched on the floor. These suggestions of primitive forest wildness, these touches of the bizarre, helped to emphasize the delicate effect of cushions, rugs, and draperies, which in their mellow blendings of color repeated the tints of the unbroken woods.

Although the cottage stood on the verge of the uncleared wilderness, it was one of a settlement belonging to a summer

colony of artistic and professional people who liked to snatch their holiday out of the very lap of nature. Mrs. Fairfax's party was composed not only of *élégants*, but of celebrities as well. There was Eugene Trent, the novelist and dramatist, a guest of the house. That was he sitting at the end of the many-cushioned divan; a man of thirty or more, whose usually acute, penetrating, and rather handsome face at this moment wore an absent-minded expression. Then there were Van Houten and St. Clair, the portrait and landscape painters; Miss Rose, the flower artist; Miss Barry, the reader; besides Mrs. Symons, who had left the stage to become the wife of a millionaire. Mrs. Fairfax piqued herself upon possessing no cleverness save the rare cleverness of being able to appreciate clever people. Her beautiful gray eyes were full of passionate sympathy for authors, poets, and musicians; and moreover she read their books, bought their pictures, and loved their music.

Nevertheless, she showed this afternoon a certain restlessness, not to say dissatisfaction. The musicale was moving on as amateur musicales do move. Two ladies had sung a duet, and one a solo, taking the high notes with visible nervousness; a pupil of Saint-Saëns had played one of his master's compositions full of thunderclap effects, and a handsome young man had contributed an incredibly naughty French song to the accompaniment of the mandolin. Still, well as she manipulated these fragments

of talent, it was evident that the hostess was holding some powerful attraction in reserve. She looked eagerly at the door, as if some performer tarried; and more than once, in the pauses between the music, she walked towards the circular loggia where Miss Esmé Lewis sat before the samovar, apparently giving her whole mind to the concoction of Russian tea. Miss Lewis was a tall, dreamy-looking girl of twenty, pale, with masses of bright curly brown hair cut short, and large limpid blue eyes. She was dressed in white, the gown open at the neck disclosing a throat of rare strength and beauty, and her sleeves ending at the elbow gave a chance for the display of really exquisite arms, wrists, and hands. But in her present look of indifference or apathy her actual charm remained ineffective.

"Now, Esmé, you promised me," Mrs. Fairfax finally said to her, plaintively.

"I have not the courage," Esmé murmured.

"But when the others are doing their best to help me out, in Mr. Von Fröbel's absence?"

The girl gave a visible shudder.

"Is not that a little ungenerous?" asked Mrs. Fairfax, almost with indignation.

Esmé sighed. "I cannot sing when I have not the courage; and," she added humbly, "I am trying to make myself useful in some way," and she filled with fresh tea a row of blue teacups.

"I do not ask you to expend on my tea-table what was meant for mankind." But even while Mrs. Fairfax spoke, her face lighted up with joyful relief.

"Oh, Mr. Von Fröbel," she cried, addressing one of two men who appeared suddenly at the foot of the steps, "I am so delighted to see you!"

The new-comer was a man of middle age, dressed in gray tweeds, and carrying in his hand, besides a hazel-stick, a huge straw hat with a brim half a yard wide.

"Will you take me as you find me,"

he asked, "or shall I go back to the Inn and dress?"

There could be no doubt about Mrs. Fairfax's readiness to accept the pianist under any conditions, and Von Fröbel, all the time explaining how he and Arnold had lost their way in trying to make a short cut, followed her into the music-room, picked up a Japanese fan, sat down at the piano, and inquired what he should play. He had a heavy, homely face lighted with kindness and humor, and a general aspect of rude strength; but the moment he touched the keys, nobody would have accused him of lacking delicacy. Mrs. Fairfax begged him to play Chopin's Grande Polonaise; and the instant he began, the general air of polite concession on the part of the audience vanished. Eugene Trent rose, came forward, and stood near the instrument, with the air of a man whose burden of ennui is lifted. The effect produced upon another listener was even more apparent. No sooner had she heard the opening chords of the Andante Spianato than the girl at the tea-table started to her feet, the color rushing to her face, her eyes kindling. The change in her whole aspect was like that of a landscape flashing out of gray cloud into sunshine. While the piano still trembled under the vibrations of the final notes, she ran towards the hostess, and faltered in a voice of eager entreaty, "Oh, dear Mrs. Fairfax, may I sing?"

"May you sing?" said Mrs. Fairfax. "As if I had not been going on my knees all the afternoon to beg you to sing!"

She introduced Miss Esmé Lewis to Mr. Von Fröbel, who yielded his seat at the piano with a bow, and a smile in his sleepy eyes. The girl, once more pale, sank into it, and struck two notes, faint, monotonous, iterative, in a way that drew everybody's attention; then, at Mrs. Fairfax's suggestion, began Gounod's Ave Maria. It was, if such a thing might be said, like a child's singing in its sleep;

soft, unconscious, dreamy, telling of some inner rapture. It produced an impression of singular charm, and was applauded vociferously.

"Let me try one more, please," exclaimed the singer, impatient at the interruption. Then, as if the Ave Maria had been a mere prelude, suddenly and unexpectedly, as if withdrawing a veil and disclosing her genius in its majesty, she burst into the Ah Perfido!

Von Fröbel, who had smiled at the pretty spoiled child, expecting the timid experiment of the tyro in art, was kindled in his turn.

"That is excellent, that is admirable!" he cried, as soon as her voice died away. "Now you must take a rest, — wait till your breath comes. I too must try a little Beethoven."

Not to weary the reader, to whom the sight of the two ardent faces and the thrill of the music are wanting, it is enough to say that the competition, as it might be called, went on, the performers all the time gaining fire and felicity of execution, until Von Fröbel's friend, Arnold, pushed himself into the group about the instrument, explaining that he must take the pianist away, since they had but three quarters of an hour in which to go to the Inn, dress, and drive six miles to dine with Colonel McCosh at half past seven. Ten minutes later every guest had taken leave, save Mrs. Lewis, who lived in the next cottage, and her niece Esmé, who was talking to Eugene Trent. A soft pink color now glowed on the girl's cheek, and her eyes emitted light.

"I saw Mrs. Fairfax at first entreating you in vain to sing," Eugene remarked.

"But how could I sing?" she said, with a soft, piercing note in her voice. "There were so many people."

"Surely you are not afraid of people?"

She looked at him wistfully. "There was a lady with such strange, such hideous flowers in her bonnet standing straight up," she murmured.

"Flowers in her bonnet! What had that to do with it?"

"Then there was a girl with green sleeves, — such huge, such extraordinary sleeves, — like balloons!" She put her hands to her shoulders, then extended her arms almost to their full length.

"Sleeves! The moment Von Fröbel touched the piano, you minded neither the stiff flowers standing straight up nor the sleeves like balloons."

"I know." She regarded him with a meditative look in her blue eyes, then gave a little shiver. "You see," she said confidentially, "I need a push."

II.

"I understand her," said Eugene Trent. "Often enough I long to be smitten as Moses smote the rock."

Mrs. Fairfax and her aunt, Miss Barlow, had been speaking of Esmé Lewis, who, her father having died ten years before, and her mother having married again, had lived chiefly with her aunt in Munich, Milan, and Paris, where she had been given the best musical opportunities. Mrs. Lewis was ambitious for the girl, who had delighted her masters by her talent, but who seemed to lack the strength of will to command at need the requisite *élan* to make herself invariably the mistress of her own powers. Or was it a mere girlish whim which caused her to behave as Eugene had seen her that day, — at first shrinking from any display of her talent, then suddenly descending upon the piano like a whirlwind?

It was later in the evening. The doors and windows of the cottage were still wide open, and across the indistinguishable gulf of blackness rose the outlines of the mountains, above which a vast bank of cloud kept flashing back the reflections of distant lightnings. The night was so cool that the great logs had been set aflame in the fireplace, and Mrs.

Fairfax had put on a long white wrap trimmed with Angora fur. But to shut doors and windows was to shut out the feeling of nearness to the mountains, the wilderness, the night, the universe.

"Von Fröbel inspired her," said Eugene. "Every artist needs to be goaded like an ox, and often enough dwindles and declines simply from the lack of the necessary spur."

"I wish I might inspire somebody."

"Inspire me. Somebody has said that a poet at forty must find a fresh inspiration; otherwise, as a poet, he is dead. That is what ails me."

"You are thirty-three, and you grow more and more popular every day."

"I am accepted, I admit; but I observe that nowadays, although everybody congratulates me on my last new thing, nobody has yet found time to read it. The critics are beginning to say, 'One of Eugene Trent's characteristic efforts,' or 'Eugene Trent displays his usual brilliant facility.' I know what such signs point to."

"Why should a successful writer care about the critics?"

"It is the successful writer who is nervous about his talent. Does a pretty woman never look in the glass and say to herself that she no longer grows each day more beautiful, and that there must come a time?"

"If you mean me," said Mrs. Fairfax, a childless woman of thirty-six, with an adoring husband, just now on the other side of the globe, — "if you mean me, I do nothing else."

"Time enough for you some twenty years hence," Eugene, the cousin of the absent Du Pont Fairfax, said, with animation. "What I mean is that one longs for the miracle to repeat itself, for the feeling of the spontaneous upspringing of the seed from the earth, the effervescence of the sap through the veins. To feel surprise and joy in doing one's own work is the first requisite for interesting other people."

"You interest everybody."

"Who is everybody? The people you and I know have no time to read. There is too much of everything nowadays, there are ten thousand too many fellows writing, every new author is elbowing the old authors out of the way, and not even a woman's gowns go out of fashion as do a man's books. I tell you, Fanny, it is a dismal thing, this getting a living by one's wits, with a dread all the time of lagging superfluous in a world which wants to forget you. Then, too, there is the sordid side to it: other men's names are not only first on the publishers' lists and on the playbills, but what used to come into your pocket slides with singular ease into the pocket of the other fellow."

But Mrs. Fairfax was laughing, well aware that Eugene was the idol of editors and publishers, and that he had a play posted for rehearsal in New York for the opening of the season.

"Evidently," she exclaimed, "this is a moment of despondency!"

"Yes, I am horribly tired of myself. As Miss Esmé Lewis says, 'I need a push.'"

"Fall in love."

"Have n't I been in love?"

"You were in love at the age of twenty-two, or thought you were in love with Sarah Sargent. There has been a little touch of Sarah in all you have written, and I sometimes say to myself that, after all, Sarah was not all womankind, and that you ought to enlarge your experience. Of course I know," she went on, answering his glance and shrug, "that you have had flirtations, but they have been with women older than yourself. We old women are very well in a social way, but we cannot touch the heart, we cannot kindle the imagination. That comes only with the dawn of the early morning. 'It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.'"

The clock had struck eleven, and Miss Barlow interposed, saying it was bedtime.

Eugene went to his room still under the thrill of his half confession, and coerced to rehearse to himself, in the absence of other auditor, the part he had left unsaid. He leaned forth from the open casement. Strange sounds rose out of the stillness. Was it the wind that stirred the forest, and swept down with long, sighing gusts into the valley? The clouds had risen, and, riven with lightnings, resembled beetling monsters advancing to swallow up the mountains and the valley beneath.

His usual well-braced, half-cynical habit of mind had not been broken without results. What he had at times experienced rather as a blinding flash than as a matter of clear insight, and what he had been incomprehensibly impelled to confide to Fanny Fairfax, now rose, shaping itself out of a thousand dim perceptions, and looked him in the face. He was dissatisfied with himself and with his work. His gift had been to catch and focus the ideas of his generation; to be pliant to impressions, receptive, experimental, above all modern. His success had been so signal that it had at first contented him; then, as time went on, the very ease with which he succeeded became a torment. He paused before each new effort, jealous, fastidious, realizing more and more that it was mere cleverness; that the passion and the human significance which are the essence of all lasting art were left out. He was sick of his grooves. He longed to free himself from their tyranny; to break up his habits, and work spontaneously out of a clear central idea; to go to nature, watch, observe, take notes. He was like a studio painter whose imagination has been impressed by certain models and poses, which he reproduces, until there is no longer any clear individuality in his work. What he needed, Eugene now decided, was to go back to the beginning; to take a single personality, study it, and pluck out the heart of its mystery.

He expected to stay two or three weeks in Egeria, and his mind reverted to Miss Lewis as good material for a study. She was palpably different from the everyday girl, and he wanted some one who could give what was still fresh, uncoined. Certainly, so far there had been something suggestive in her most innocent sentences. Why not take notes? He remembered that Tourgenieff, in his wish to penetrate the whole character and temperament of his heroes and heroines, used to write the diary of each; in fact, fragments of Ellen's are retained in *On the Eve*. "Why should not I take some such means to preserve fragments of conversation and actions disclosing the characteristic bias?" Eugene now asked himself.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he fell into a doze; then, unconscious of having slept, started up with the feeling that some one had been close beside him, singing. Indeed, the melody, which was Gounod's *Ave Maria*, still vibrated through his brain. He strained his ears. He could not resist the bewildered impression not only that he had heard her voice, but that Esmé Lewis herself had been beside him, sweet, smiling, and seductive.

He went to bed, but some effect of this vision remained, and he used it as the initial entry in the new diary which was to fix his fleeting impressions, catch the charm of the incomplete, arrest the passing light which transfigures the simplest thing: the silver of the poplar leaves as they shiver and turn in the breeze; the flight of a pigeon, its snow-white throat glistening in the sunshine; the rising blush on the cheek of a young girl, — say the face of Miss Esmé Lewis. For let us remember that Eugene's primary impulse was to strive after pure effect. His end was distinct from the means, his artistic ideal from the passing form it wore, his idea from its subject.

We will quote occasional paragraphs from this diary.

August 13. Young girls stir the imagination because they say only the half of what they think. A man is obliged to piece out the meaning by his perception of the creature, by the curve of the lip, by the fluttering droop of the eyelids.

August 14. Fanny's idea of exercise is to "walk round the mountain." Esiné and I lead the way at a pace which permits us to make two circuits to the others' one. The walk is charming, the fine beeches and hemlocks parting at intervals, and disclosing vistas of the valley, the little lake, the farther ranges. . . . Sometimes we talk; again we keep silence. I quoted Hardy, who declares that a real woodlander can tell every variety of tree by the sound the wind makes in its leaves and branches. This interests her; she listens, refining upon the idea. Now and then comes the call of a partridge, the patter of an acorn. She may be quiet, but never dull. Often when she is gazing straight before her, there is something high pitched and passionate about her face. She is docile, has no pose. I fancy her easy submission comes from her indifference to people not in touch with her. . . . Out of doors, where everything is moving, buzzing, humming, fluttering, one's eyes and ears are taken possession of. I could sit for a week and wonder why a birch-tree shivers when everything else is motionless, and why one frequently sees one particular leaf in violent motion when others show not even a vibration.

Later. For a man of my age to talk to a young girl is, in general, to take the tone of an imbecile or a dogmatist, but I find a good deal to say to Miss Lewis. She is insatiable for facts. To-day she darted up the bank, vanished into the thicket, then reappeared, leaping down the rocks like a young fawn. She had picked some blossoms of *Impatiens fulva*, and had hung them over her ears and in her brooch.

"You remind me of Marguerite and

her jewels," I remarked. "A common name of that flower is jewel-weed."

Naturally, she burst into the pretty song from Faust; then having, as it were, let it loose, questioned me about the names of the plants, exalting me as a botanist because I happened to have them at my tongue's end, repeating them over and over.

"Why do you care to know them? They are not in your line," I said.

"Everything is in my line," she replied. "One can sing only as deep as one feels, as one knows." Then suddenly stretching out her arms, she cried, "I long to understand everything! Sometimes I cannot sleep at night for thinking how it is 'all going on.'"

"What is going on?" I inquired.

"The wind, the moon, the planets, the stars in their courses. I hate to be safe in bed. I long to be out moving with it all."

August 17. She told me to-day of a visit from Von Fröbel. She had sung to him for an hour; then he told her she had an unusually good mezzo-soprano voice, of sympathetic quality, flexible, of fair compass, and correct in intonation. When she asked advice as to the future, he said, "For one year work hard, get familiar with your work; then for another year work harder, and get more familiar with your work; then for a third year harder still."

"And after that?" she had asked.

"Perhaps you may have a great career, perhaps not."

She is not discouraged. Indeed, he seems to have kindled fresh fires in her.

August 20. How does a girl, within the space of twenty-four hours, contrive to look like a Cinderella in the ashes, a fashionable young lady dressed by Worth, a portrait by Vandyck, and a saint of Fra Angelico's?

August 21. I caught sight of a sailor hat, and followed; but her "no," when I asked if I should spoil her walk, showed such excessive politeness, I felt abashed.

"Oh, if you prefer solitude," I said.

"Oh no. Mr. Von Fröbel says I must not be solitary; I must keep myself in touch with people."

"Hang Von Fröbel!"—this to myself; then aloud, "I object to being people in general; if I can be nobody in particular, I will go the other way."

"But you are somebody very particular," she returned demurely; then added, with a little smile, "Mrs. Fairfax says you are surpassingly clever!"

"Mrs. Fairfax loves to exalt her friends. She reminds me of Madame Necker with her memorandum, 'Not to forget to recompliment M. Thomas.'"

She gazed at me with her limpid blue eyes. "Who was M. Thomas?" she asked impassively.

"An Academician who had written a book."

"I wonder if he was not bored by Madame Necker's compliments?"

"I fancy she knew her world. Are you, for example, bored when any one praises your singing twice over?"

"No, I like it; but then," she went on, with a burst of confidence, "I am pining for a clear certainty that my voice is felt. I get in a rage with myself for being pleased by cheap successes,—I call myself names! But you, who too are an artist, you know it all,—how one longs for recognition, for sympathy, yet how poor, how stale, it seems when one gets it."

It flattered me to the fibre, of course, to be called a fellow-artist, and thereupon she told me something which startled me: I was pointed out to her as the author of *Martyrs*, on the afternoon of the musicale, and she was curious enough about me, or the book, to sit up until two o'clock to read it. Then she put it down, charmed and carried away to such a degree that, in spite of the dead hour of night, she had to relieve herself by singing a little.

"What did you sing?" I inquired.

"The Ave Maria of Gounod."

Now, I call it nothing less than devilish odd that just after two, that very night, I not only heard her singing that song, but felt her presence, actually saw her. It is an instance for the *Psychical Research Society*.

"It is so stupid to go to bed, when one feels excited and uplifted," she continued naïvely. "What a dead loss the night is! Why could not nature be restored in some more economical way than by seven hours of unprofitable oblivion? I longed to go on singing all night."

We had reached the summit of Mount Egeria. The Sky peaks, which when we started were veiled in mists, had now emerged resplendent. The ferns, mosses, all the rich greenery about us, seemed to drink in the sunlight, and give it back in vivid color. Great turquoise and emerald dragonflies whirled about in broken starts, brown and yellow butterflies fluttered like falling leaves.

"I wish you would sing to me now," I said.

Nothing loath, she clambered up a rock and began at once. Something in the girl's face and figure, and her measured strain with its full, unbroken rhythm, opened up vistas of imagination, large, free, untrammelled. At first the song suggested the flight of a bird, that, poised on wide expanded pinions, floats above the world. Gradually the movement grew more rapid; she sang with more abruptness, fire, impetuosity; and then I remembered Faust's ride with Mephistopheles. When she ceased, I asked what the song was, and she said the composer was an obscure Italian, and that it was called *The Dream*. It would have been a stupid obvious compliment to tell her I liked it; any woman with an ounce of insight could have seen that both she and her song had taken hold of me. But the petty vanity of the artist urged her to inquire, "Did I sing it well? Mr. Von Fröbel says I ought never to sing in the open air, and never without an

accompaniment, until I am absolute mistress of my voice."

August 22. Evidently she is more interested in art and in herself as an artist than in anything or anybody. She likes me, however, as a companion, little guessing that I am using her and her whims and her cleverness as a cook uses grouse for a pie. She feels that I am sympathetic, and often permits herself irresistible élan and abandon. If I were to fall in love with her, — which Heaven forbid! — this attitude of indifference would stir my emotional nature far more than either concession or coquetry, for it penetrates me with a sense of infinite sweetness to discover, to conquer. As well to note down this, but of course what I ask for is a fillip to the imagination. I should not know what to do with a durable sentiment.

August 24. We started two hours before Fanny and the others, who were to drive to the gorge. Esmé was in a quiet mood, and trudged along in the dust with a sad little white face. I wondered what thought consumed her with endless regrets. Finally she broke silence.

"You do not mind my being rather shabby, Mr. Trent? You see, I am not rich, and I like to save my good clothes."

I observed that I admired her trim little serge frock; that I rejoiced if she were poor, — it gave her a better chance to do good work.

"Then you advise me to go on the stage?" she said, with a sigh which seemed to break her heart.

"If you long for such a career and possess the requisite genius, I should."

"I have plenty of genius," she hastened to say. "What I need is the requisite talent to give my genius free play."

"There used to be such a destiny for woman as marriage," I suggested tentatively, rather wickedly, for one needs somehow to get at the secret of the mainspring of a mechanism. But when she murmured, "Yes," looking straight

before her, a soft color rising to her cheek, I was conscious that the blush communicated itself to me, and experienced a peculiar embarrassment which forbade my saying another word.

"I suppose," she now observed, with a luxurious little sigh, "that every great artist must have experienced a great passion."

When a woman gives a man back certain of his own ideas he loathes them.

"What is important for an artist," I said, with austerity, "is to love his work, and do it with all his might."

"That is all I wish to do!" she cried, walking on faster than ever.

Arrived at the hut where we were to picnic, and which overlooks a gorge with a dry bed of boulders and precipitous barren sides, she assumed a new rôle: arranged the rugs, steamer chairs, and cushions which Fanny had sent on before us, opened the hamper, and, pinning a napkin over her frock, set to work making a mayonnaise.

"How she puts her soul into whatever she does!" Fanny remarked to me. "How she will love a man one of these days!"

This intensely feminine speech half enraged me. How detestable the talk is about "a man"! As if *any* member of the male sex would answer! Besides, we should never think of gauging a girl's capacity for passion by her zeal in whisking eggs. Yet I observe that the critical subtleties of women, full of zig-zags as they are, sometimes hit the mark. Fanny has more than once given me a useful hint, albeit based on a wildly illogical chimera.

III.

Shortly after this entry, Eugene gave up the diary, finding it unnecessary to take notes of what was more than sufficiently in his mind already. And it was no longer with the design of reinforcing his powers of invention with these im-

pressions of Esmé that he spent his time watching and thinking about her, but with a cramping, narrowing, wholly inartistic sense of his own wishes. He was in love, and he knew that he was in love. Until now it would have seemed incredible that he should thus limit his future, and for a few days he tried to knock at the door of his old tastes, and summon his fastidiousness, his fixed habits of elegance and ease. Strange to say, they did not come at his bidding, but instead a fresh force of his nature, hitherto almost unfelt, which rushed into the full current of this new feeling.

Still, he experienced a sense of the irony of things when destiny handed him over, not to some supreme career, but to the joys of the common lot; and he reflected that he must be sure of himself, that he must not act upon impulse, like a boy of twenty, to whom love is like a bottle of champagne effervescing in the brain. Then, even if he were sure of himself, he was not yet sure of Esmé. Some test was needed before he could decide whether the innocence and ardor with which she threw herself into their every-day intercourse pointed to any clear central feeling for himself.

They met constantly in their walks, and at the teas, receptions, and entertainments which made up the social life in Egeria, and where Esmé was rarely let off without a song, a recitation, or other effort sure to disclose something fine, characteristic, and powerful in the girl. That Eugene experienced more and more a sort of jealousy of the other people who admired and applauded these artistic displays was natural.

"You recited Oh, Monsieur! capital-ly, last night," he observed to her one morning. They had gone on an errand for Mrs. Lewis to Long Hill, and having acquitted themselves of it, had found a shady nook on a steep slope, where they sat down to rest. A dreamy hum from myriads of wings penetrated the ear.

The poplars, all in a quiver, showed the silver under their leaves as the breeze stirred them. The whole magnificent landscape, stretching on every side away to the Sky Mountains, basked in sunlight.

"Why do you remind me of it now?" said Esmé. "I simply repeated it. I had the lesson at the ends of my fingers."

"I heard what the people were saying," he went on: "that you possessed a sure income of twenty thousand locked up in that voice of yours, whether you sang or whether you recited."

"I hate it, I hate it all," she said, and he saw in her face a look like a cup of crystal brimming over.

"But twenty — fifty thousand dollars income!" he repeated, as if incredulous.

"Twenty thousand dollars for being somebody else!" she exclaimed impatiently.

"You would rather be yourself."

"Yes, myself. People have always been talking of what I could do with my voice. I should like to forget I had a voice. I should like to go into the wilderness and rough it." She was sitting on a ledge of rocks, leaning forward, and clasping her hands on her knees.

"What do you mean by roughing it?"

"Living out of doors, sleeping on hemlock boughs or on the stones, beneath the stars."

"You would n't be afraid of snakes and bears?"

She shivered. "Oh yes, I should."

"But then, of course," Eugene suggested mischievously, "somebody would be along to take care of you."

"I don't know," she said nonchalantly. "Nobody ever did take care of me yet."

"You poor little girl! Do you like to be taken care of?"

"Does n't everybody?"

"I know," said Eugene, "that *I* do. But everybody says that the modern woman is not only equal to taking care

of herself, but prefers it. I admire her strength of mind."

"You admire strong-minded women?"

"I admire all kinds of women. I am pulled in all directions. If a man could but have nine wives!"

"I wish you joy of your nine wives!"

"You are properly disdainful, Miss Esmé Lewis, knowing that in each one of your sex there are at least nine women."

She looked at him, laughing. "Perhaps, then, one wife might suffice."

Her nonchalance tried him. He lay stretched at full length on the rock beside her, his hand supporting his head. He gazed at her fixedly. There was no droop of the eyes, no rising color. "One will suffice," he said significantly.

"Even one might be too many," she retorted.

"There have been times when I felt so, when I said that to marry would be to end my career. I could not marry for money, and to be compelled to write with the idea of grinding out a certain amount of copy in order to make an income would paralyze all my faculties. I have never felt sure of myself. I have a dread of becoming second rate."

She was gazing at him intently now. "That would be horrible," she said, with a shudder, — "to feel one's self deteriorating, yet to go on and do middling things when one had hoped to do great things!"

"But all that is an egoistic and one-sided state of mind," said Eugene. "I feel suddenly contented with middling things. Who does great things except the masters? Even if I had expected to create an art era, I am now willing to give up such dreams, and accept without question what will bring me crackers and cheese."

"Do not say it!" she cried, putting her fingers in her ears. "I cannot endure to have you say it."

"For I tell you," Eugene pursued, with vehemence, "a man does not live

by crackers and cheese alone, nor even by partridges, truffles, and terrapin. I have been half mad with loneliness sometimes, although I have had all the luxuries, more than were good for me. I called my loneliness by other names, and I have appointed to myself strange consolations. Yet the matter was that I wanted something that was my own, — my own down to the very heart, the roots of it, — that could be no other man's. To dismiss metaphor, Miss Esmé Lewis, what I want is the sweet little wife I used to say I did not want. No matter how poor we may be, no matter what becomes of my talent, no matter how we may have to live by my sordid quill-driving, I long for her, — to scold, praise, preach to, soothe, and get scoldings and comfort out of."

The color had rushed to her face now, but her eyes were fixed on the distance. "Poor thing!" she murmured.

"Do you mean my wife?" he said, with indignation. "She will be the happiest woman in the world, or will think she is."

"When she has spoiled your career?"

"Perhaps," he said softly, "art will not have uttered her final word to me. But let all that go. I am willing to put the future on the hazard of a die. One has to say sometimes, 'I am young; I have a right to try to be happy.'"

"We have no rights, only duties."

"That is an excellent creed for a wife," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "My wife will have certain duties. The first will be to love me, and the next to do with delight whatever I wish her to do. When, for example, I take her out camping with me, I shall cut hemlock boughs for her bed, and shall say to her, 'Sleep there,' and she shall sleep beneath the stars."

Their eyes met. Her glance was shy, but it communicated a subtle fire to his veins.

"Poor thing!" she murmured again.

"Oh, you pretend to pity her!"

"I pity her sincerely. I feel so sure that when morning comes you will say, 'Wake up and get breakfast.'"

"That seems inevitable."

She was laughing. "Mrs. Lewis believes," she pursued, "that at heart all men are despots, — that any concession on their part depends on the woman."

"Of course it depends on the woman. Now, Esmé, tell me frankly, would you rather govern or be governed?"

"Oh, *be* governed, a thousand times; except, that is, when I wanted my own way."

"How often would that be? Three times out of four?"

"Twice ought to do. That would n't look so greedy."

In spite of the irrepressible mischief in her face, he was so sure of a feeling in her throbbing in response to his own that he was moved to stretch out his hand to clasp hers; but midway her words arrested the impulse.

"Mr. Von Fröbel says," she now remarked, "that in the ultimate triumph of civilization a man will have only to press an electric button and his every need will be gratified. I wish you joy, Mr. Trent, of a wife like an electric button."

His hand descended on hers with a spring, and held it fast.

"I assure you, Miss Lewis, the woman I love with all my heart is a creature delicate, spontaneous, catching fire easily, and acting on every impulse."

The moment his clasp tightened on her hand she had sprung up, and he had followed.

"It is time to go back!" she exclaimed.

"No, Esmé, not yet."

"Oh yes. Please let me."

She had withdrawn her hand, and now, without putting on her hat or unfurling her parasol, darted up the bank and reached the road, where, in the hot noon-tide glare, she stood awaiting him.

"Are you angry with me?" she faltered, as he approached.

"Evidently you have a bad conscience."

"I behave badly, I know," she said, with a touch of contrition in her voice; "but Mr. Von Fröbel says every successful actor must have a touch of the mountebank in his composition."

"It is Von Fröbel, Von Fröbel, Von Fröbel, with you!" he cried, with actual indignation.

"Why should it not be, when he helps me, believes in me?"

"Do not I help you, believe in you?"

"You care nothing about my voice."

"My voice is my fortune, sir, she said."

She quoted it saucily, with a little curtsy. His wrath was appeased. Still, he had no desire to pick up the scattered threads of his spoiled declaration of love while they trudged homeward along the dusty road.

"Suppose, Esmé," he said, "I were to put you in a book?"

She laughed in glee, lowering her eyelids.

"You could n't," she retorted.

"You mean that I have not got the clue to you, the secret of you? What else have I been doing all this time except studying you? Do you suppose I could afford to waste such an opportunity?"

"Do not dare to put me in a book," she said, in a different tone, with an indescribable change in her face.

"But if I make you charming!" he said teasingly.

"No, no matter how you make me." Then she added, with some effort at archness, "Do you remember what the pheasants said when they were asked whether they preferred to be served up in bread or mushroom sauce?"

"No."

"That they preferred not to be served up in any sauce at all."

This was Esmé's final word, for in another moment they were joined by half a dozen people, and for the rest of the walk, like a creature with wings, she darted,

fluttered, and buzzed about, but did not once come near him. He expected, however, to meet her at a musical party in the afternoon, and in the evening she was to assist Von Fröbel in a farewell entertainment at the Inn, given for a charitable enterprise. Thus in the meshes of a dilemma as he was, Eugene yet counted on the opportunity of saying, and saying effectively, what he had left unsaid. To his dismay, he did not come face to face with Esmé again that day, except as he sat in the audience and heard her sing.

IV.

The next morning, when Eugene called at Mrs. Lewis's cottage, he was told that the ladies were not at home. Notwithstanding, when, after luncheon, he again walked past the house, he caught a glimpse of the object of his thoughts as she passed an upper window. He stood still in the path, and bowed with exaggerated politeness.

"You are not at home," he remarked.

"No, not to visitors," Miss Lewis replied calmly.

"There are people who have compunctions of conscience."

"Not I."

"However, I called this morning simply to ask you to go to Phantom Falls with me."

"Please excuse me."

"Of course. Only, as we once arranged to take a walk there together, and as I am going to New York to-night, it seemed"—

"Are you going to New York to-night?"

"Please God."

"Why are you going to New York to-night?"

"I am telegraphed for. You consider me, no doubt, a purely ornamental lily of the field, when the truth is, I am the pivot on"—

"I remember," she interrupted with

some eagerness, "I did promise to walk to Phantom Falls with you."

"You certainly did."

"I always mean to keep my promises," she said, with a conscientious air. Her glance searched the skies. "But do you not think it is going to rain?"

"It never rains when it is as dry as it is now."

"Could you wait for me five minutes?"

"Six."

When she joined him, he perceived that she was pale, her eyes red with weeping. He took her hand. It was cold, it trembled in his own; but no signs of joy could have pleased him as did these indications of woe.

"I am so pleased," he said, when they had walked on for some time in silence, "that you have put on your poor little frock."

"You do think it is going to rain, then?"

"I only meant that you seem not too magnificent to walk beside a shabby Bohemian."

"You would not like to have any one else call you a shabby Bohemian."

"Perhaps not. But I address you as I address my conscience. Do you consider it a disgrace that I am a shabby Bohemian, with nothing between me and destitution save a small balance at my banker's and the work of my good right hand?"

"It brings back what you said yesterday," she said softly. "I want to ask you to forgive me for being angry."

He found something enigmatical but singularly sweet in her look.

She went on: "For a moment I was hurt to think you had perhaps been drawing me out, using me as material for your work. I ought to be proud of it; indeed, I am proud if I have given you an idea, no matter how trivial, how foolish. I only wish I might have given you great things, immortal things."

"Esmé," he returned passionately, "let me tell you how wretched I have

been at the thought of what seemed like blind presumption, like cold egotism. I want to say now" —

"No, do not say it!" she cried. "Let yesterday go; this is to-day."

It was one of those afternoons when the sky alternately brightens and darkens. A strong south wind was blowing, and as they made the steep descent to the valley which skirted the green ridges of Wildcat Mountain they met it full in their faces.

"Let us walk on fast," she continued, in a rapid, excited way. "I love to drink it in."

They tore down the path. "Is that fast enough?" he asked.

"Nothing is fast enough. Let us run."

He caught her hand, and they ran on, until she paused, breathless.

"I wish we had wings," she said. She tried to draw her hand away.

"No, I want your hand, just as if we were always to walk on, hand in hand."

"It is just in play?"

"Just in play." He bent toward her, smiling. "I love you dearly, Esmé."

"Just as children play at being lovers."

Their eyes met; he felt her yielding clasp. He was insatiable of the charm of the moment.

"If one could be a child," she went on, "with no thought that the impossible, tantalizing vision is not true, that occasion can ever come for sacrifice, for a difficult deciphering of duty!"

"I told you yesterday what your duty was."

"Do not speak of yesterday. This is to-day."

"I am intoxicated with this to-day. It goes to my head."

He told her about himself: that he was old and wise, having once lived through a love affair which lasted six weeks, until the return of his innamorata's mother, who broke it off because he was too young and too poor. "Now I am too old and too poor, but no matter. Have you ever been in love, Esmé?"

"I never had any time to be in love. You see it has always been work, work, work, study, study, study, with me."

"Do you know, Esmé, the first time I saw you, when you were pouring out tea, I considered you a cold little creature."

"I had not begun to think of you then," she said naively.

"No, you thought only of music, — of that Von Fröbel."

She gave him a startled look.

"Tell me, Esmé, if you think of me now."

"I think of you too much, too much, too much."

The confession seemed wrung from her against her will, but all the more it charmed him, for it was as if some spiritual touch of his soul and her soul evoked a force in her nature asserting itself against conventions, perhaps against her ambition for a personal career. He said nothing, only pressed the hand he held.

They had traversed the open space under the shadow of the huge bulk of Wildcat Mountain, and now entered the ravine which led up to the falls. At the same time, the sun, which had been shining fitfully, was suddenly obscured, and the wind swept down the gorge in heavy gusts. On the right, here and there, a jutting rock on the perpendicular precipice gave lodgment to a few stunted pines and hemlocks; on the left, beyond the bed of pebbles and rocks, where the shrunken stream glided noiselessly, a deep forest climbed the slope to the very sky. Ahead was now discernible something white, misty, diaphanous, like a veil of frosty gauze floating in the air.

"There are the falls. Like a phantom, are they not?" said Esmé. But even while she spoke, before they had gained a full view, the misty wavering outline of the cascade, with the hanging herbage, flowers, and vines which framed it, seemed to vanish as by a magic spell. It had suddenly grown so dark that they both looked up to the narrow strip of sky, with its black hurrying clouds, and

saw that the trees on the summit of the precipice were bending and twisting, at the mercy of a tornado. The forest gave out a piercing moan.

"Let us get out of this," said Eugene, with consternation. "I ought not to have brought you here."

They stumbled at every step, no longer able to follow the footpath. The darkness was uncanny, and uncanny, too, were the almost articulate cries of the trees in the gale. All at once a few drops of rain fell, and then the sun burst forth again, enabling them to gain the open.

Indifferent to everything but the sensation of joyful relief, Eugene drew Esmé to him.

"Lucky for us it rained no harder," he said.

"But it will rain."

"No matter, so long as we are out of that frightful place. If a stone — if a tree had fallen on you, Esmé —"

"But suppose" —

"Yes, suppose — suppose the heavens had fallen, suppose the heavens had crushed us!"

Their eyes met. She drew a long breath.

"We should be dead, I suppose."

"Both dead or both alive. It could not matter. But think, Esmé, of one of us being alive, and the other dead!"

He was holding her close. She was looking into his face, and in her eyes and smile he saw all he longed to see. He bent and kissed her lips, three, four times. Once she kissed him back; then drew away, and raised her hand, listening.

"I hear the rain coming," she said.

The wind had ceased. Instead, there was a steady roar as of an advancing host. The mountains were lost in gray mist. The clouds had shut down. In another moment the deluge was upon them.

They reached the cottages an hour later. They had scarcely spoken except in disjointed exclamations, but she had clung to him, and he had shielded her.

There had been no adieus, although she knew that Eugene was to start at once to catch the evening train.

V.

Two days later, before the rainstorm, to which the shower was a prelude, had cleared off, Eugene had finished his business in New York, and was again in Egeria, at Mrs. Fairfax's.

"And the Lewises?" he asked, when she told him she had been so lonely that she was packing up to go to Lenox.

"They started at nine o'clock yesterday."

"What do you mean?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Did not Esmé tell you they were to sail for Europe this morning at sunrise?"

"She told me nothing."

Mrs. Fairfax remarked, looking anywhere except at Eugene's face, that it was odd he should have been kept in the dark. It appeared that Mrs. Lewis had finally made a precipitate flight, although she had more than once spoken of returning to Europe in September. Von Fröbel had urged it, and they had gone with him. Esmé was to study in Paris under his auspices until January, and then he had promised to get her an engagement.

Eugene listened with a parched throat which would have hindered his utterance even if he had had words to speak. There was the obvious fact of loss, as when you are told that your friend is dead; the grave has closed over him, you can speak to him no more, and you realize with surprise your own superfluous and nugatory gift of life. Esmé's face suddenly shone in Eugene's memory with parted lips, as when she had sung to him that morning on the mountain top.

"I had wondered, Eugene," Mrs. Fairfax now said, with some tenderness, putting her hand on his arm, "if you

really did care for her, or whether it was only an artistic experience."

"I loved her, — I wanted to marry her," he returned, with a rough, altered voice.

"Did you tell her so?"

"Do not ask me," he muttered.

"I fear," murmured Mrs. Fairfax, a little embarrassed, "Mrs. Lewis may have told Esmé that it was a way you had to — half fall in love."

As she spoke, Eugene knew that Fanny herself had imposed this belief of hers upon others.

"Mrs. Lewis said to me once," she proceeded, "that she thought your acquaintance had been stimulating to Esmé's genius. Mr. Von Fröbel had told her that Sontag's voice lacked charm until she had been through a good deal of experience."

Eugene returned to New York on the following day, with the intention of taking the Wednesday steamer to Europe. The manager, however, who had his play in rehearsal had blocked out different work for the author, and he was obliged to content himself with writing to Esmé. Yet in sitting down to compose his letter he experienced the fact that already his restless fever, his intense determination to win her, was moderated by his dread of imposing a dull future upon her.

Perhaps Esmé discerned this. Perhaps she was still too young to know

what imperishable hopes she had roused, what disappointment she had cost. She wrote back that she was sorry to have gone away abruptly, but had felt sure he would understand, since he knew that her art could be content with nothing less than an absolute giving up of all her life, of all her faculties, and of all her powers; that he must regard her as he had often seemed to regard her, as a mere child, and forgive her foolish truancy, which had made her suffer, running away as she had done from her kind summer friend, to whom for a week, for two weeks even, she had longed, at any cost, to return through the darkness and the distance.

This letter reached Eugene just as his play was brought out, when everything outside his present anxieties was something accidental, transitory, like summer lightnings which bring no relief to parched pasture lands. After his play had survived its ordeal, and had been pruned and shaped into something which pleased the public, he was worn out, disenchanted; and it was in this moment of despondency that he read in the paper of Esmé's successful début in Paris, and simultaneously of her engagement for the London season. Although Eugene feels in his deepest heart that no day of forgetfulness will ever dawn for him with temptation to feel happy again, he is writing a novel which promises to be his best work.

Ellen Olney Kirk.

SOME EVILS OF OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

THERE have been occasional rumors — more or less vague and misty, it is true, but rumors nevertheless — of an intention to "remodel" the consular service of the United States. We are treated quadrennially to an abundant crop of Washington dispatches, in which vari-

ous enterprising newspaper correspondents announce with becoming gravity that the administration proposes to make a "few judicious changes" in the consular personnel, — always, of course, with an eye single to the improvement of the service. It is given out that business

efficiency will control the selection ; but when the record is made up, it is invariably seen, curiously enough, that there has been a slight confusion of terms. It is political, and not business efficiency which has prevailed. This is in no wise the fault of the parties or of the men who happen to be charged with their direction ; it is the fault of the system. The one controlling idea behind that system, if indeed such it can be called, is strangely suggestive of that pleasant bit of sentiment Alice was so often wont to meet with in Wonderland, — “ Off with their heads.”

It would be impossible, within the scope of an article of this sort, to give anything like a comprehensive statement of the duties of a consular officer. Quite apart from the powers and privileges assigned to him by international law, our tariff laws impose duties of an unusual character. The proper and intelligent discharge of this work alone requires much special information, which can be acquired only by toilsome application. Every invoice must be produced before the consular officer by the manufacturer, exporter, purchaser, or some duly authorized agent. The consul is supposed to control this statement, to be in possession of the facts, and to be able to furnish the customs authorities with what our system calls for, namely, the market value of the goods at the place where they are manufactured or in the district where they are sold. He is required to have samples of the merchandise to be shipped. He is expected, in short, according to the beautiful theory of the law and regulations, to be in a position to check the enormous frauds which are being constantly and successfully perpetrated upon the revenues of this country. At seaport consulates the consul is vested with a sort of police control. He is charged with the settlement of disputes between master and seamen, and with the issuance of bills of health to vessels clearing for the United States. Destitute

sailors must be cared for and sent home. Vast commercial and maritime interests, together with the public health, are within the keeping of the men who guard these posts. Questions are constantly arising, even at unimportant places, which call for decision of character and sound judgment. The effects and estates of American citizens dying abroad are entrusted to the consular representative, and must be managed by him for the benefit of the heirs. Reports upon industrial, commercial, financial, and kindred subjects are required to be made from time to time to the Department of State. These reports are issued monthly, and have a wide circulation. As all business men well know, when made by men having an accurate knowledge of a country, its language and resources, they are of great practical value. Every consular officer must have been impressed by the multitudinous inquiries, covering every conceivable subject, which deluged him during his term of office. In addition to these regular and legitimate duties, in many places, incessant and petty demands for information and assistance are made upon consuls by their traveling countrymen. To adjust all these endless difficulties calls for great tact, and oftentimes friendly personal relations with the local authorities. The performance of notarial acts is another function. Legal instruments, of whatever character, which are to be used in this country, must be attested by one of our diplomatic or consular officers. This enumeration is far from complete, but it suffices to show how infinite and varied a consul's duties are. It shows, too, something else, and that is that no ordinary qualifications will enable their possessor to discharge his trust with success or even credit.

Prior to 1856 all officers were unsalaried. The law of that year, although it has been subsequently amended and extended, is still the foundation upon which our consular service rests. By

this bill, salaries were attached to some of the principal posts, and there were various classifications made, which have since been adhered to; although it may be remarked in passing that they have long since utterly lost whatever significance they may once have had; they no longer furnish any index to the real importance of a post. The substitution of fixed salaries for fees (of which, up to that time, no account had been rendered to the government) was a needed reform. Before this, the incumbents of posts like Liverpool, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Dresden enjoyed princely revenues, in no way commensurate with the services rendered. A few of these old-time fee-paid offices survived, however, and were flourishing less than two decades ago. They are all practically abolished now by the provision which requires official fees in excess of \$2500 to be turned over to the Treasury. At present there are few real plums in the consular fruit basket, and their pecuniary value is derived from the class of fees known as unofficial.

Partly because of the peculiar character of our revenue laws, and partly, no doubt, owing to the necessity of providing for the faithful, the number of offices of the lower grades has increased and multiplied of late years at an alarming rate. To many of these places salaries ridiculously inadequate have been attached. By the last annual appropriation bill, the compensation of seventy-five consulates was fixed at \$1500. There are still others where the official income is only \$1000, or where the fees are but slightly in excess of that sum. It will hardly be seriously contended that either of these amounts is sufficient, with the utmost economy, to defray the actual living expenses, especially when, as usually happens, the officer is accompanied by a family. The inevitable result is, in many cases, that men of slender means, who possess the requisite character and ability, have been debarred from

accepting this sort of preferment. By some strange process of reasoning, men whose unfitness for public service is too notorious to make it safe to name them for a domestic berth, but whose backing is too strong to be ignored, have been pitchforked into the foreign service, and there allowed to masquerade as representative Americans, to the discomfiture of their countrymen and the contempt of foreigners.

Here, as in most other cases, the cheapest is not the best, and the experiment has proved a costly one in not a few instances. If the search-light of a vigorous and impartial investigation could be turned upon these low-salaried offices (and there the greatest abuses unquestionably exist), the disclosures would be so damning as to make imperative some immediate and radical reform. The extent to which petty peculation prevails will never be disclosed so long as officers are responsible only to a department hundreds or thousands of miles away. It is a very easy matter to find persons unscrupulous enough to lend themselves, for some trifling compensation or advantage, to the return of fraudulent vouchers. Under such a system detection is next to impossible.

There are a variety of methods in vogue, ingenious often, and questionable always, through which the losses of the government become the gains of some of its sworn defenders. Take the item of rent. The law provides that a sum equal to twenty per cent of a consul's salary may be appropriated for the rent of an office devoted, in the words of the statute, "exclusively to the business of the consulate." Further, the regulations require that the office shall be central and accessible to its patrons. Many consuls combine office and residence, which is unobjectionable in itself, and then, by a species of manipulation which falls little short of legerdemain, contrive to make the official allowance cover the rent of both. It cannot be stated, of course, to

what extent the government suffers by this convenient arrangement, but it is safe to say that a tabulated statement of those consulates combining office and residence, and setting forth the true amounts paid for each, would prove at least instructive. The writer knows personally of one case where, upon investigation, it was disclosed that the sum paid for consulate and commodious private residence was \$350 per annum. Of this, \$300 was charged to the government for "office rent." Nor is the office always conveniently situated or accessible. In his zeal to increase his income, more than one consul has hung out the government shield in the outskirts of a city, in a quarter remote from the business section. Mr. De B. Randolph Keim, who was sent out in the early seventies, by President Grant, upon a tour of inspection, mentions one curious case, in his report to the Treasury Department, where he found that an important European seaport consulate was "perched in the loftiest corner of an exceedingly lofty building, and was only to be reached by means of a ladder, or steps, so called, extremely long, and deviating but slightly from a perpendicular. The ascent of this communication with the consulate of the United States at — was a matter requiring the exercise of no small amount of skill, and the descent was certainly not without considerable hazard." It is fair to add that in this case an inadequate allowance was somewhat responsible for the prevailing state of affairs.

Another favorite practice, no less fraudulent, is the returning of false vouchers for stationery and other office necessities. This would not seem, at first blush, to be a very fruitful source of revenue. It is probably no exaggeration to say, however, that there is scarcely a consul who has not found evidences of this kind of jobbery on the part of some predecessor. Not very long ago, an old and experienced officer of the service was

waited upon, shortly after taking charge of a new post, by a local tradesman, most anxious to dispose of a lot of stationery all stamped and ready for office use. Upon inquiry, it came out that this was only one of many like munificent orders given by the principal in charge some years before. This particular order was for three hundred dollars' worth of stationery; and as it was not filled before the thrifty incumbent of the office was relieved of his trust, his successor refused to sanction what had been only too palpably a job. In the end the dealer was glad to accept what the paper would have been worth as old junk without the headings, and that was about twelve dollars. Instances of this kind are by no means rare. Even the postage account is not overlooked. Taking the returns as a criterion, it would seem as if correspondence at some of the most obscure points could be disposed of only by an expert corps of stenographers and typewriters. One accommodating official, when it was suggested by the Department that eighty dollars for stamps during the quarter was somewhat excessive for a small post, promptly wrote to inquire whether forty dollars would be satisfactory. These are merely single illustrations of a list which might be sensibly enlarged; but however instructive, it is hardly pleasant reading. The indirect drain upon the revenues which these corrupt and disreputable practices entail is in any event very considerable in the aggregate, even allowing for the great majority of offices which are conscientiously administered. In 1891 and 1892 the deficiencies in the contingent expense account amounted for each year to over \$75,000, and had to be supplied by subsequent appropriations. Had anything like an efficient supervision existed in the consular service, neither of these items would have appeared in the deficiency bills for those years.

The creation of so many consular agencies is open to very serious objec-

tion. They have, broadly speaking, no valid or legitimate reason for existence, save perhaps — and this practice will not bear close scrutiny — in those cases where they help to increase the meagre salary of some consul. But the whole system, as it is at present conducted, is vicious and debauching in the extreme. The establishment of independent offices at most of the important points, in Europe at least, the excellent railway facilities which now exist everywhere, and the custom of permitting exporters to appoint agents living in the place where the consular office is situated render almost unnecessary these subordinate offices. Their total abolition, except in a few instances, would increase the efficiency of the service and improve its discipline. Upon this point there ought to be no room for two opinions.

The nature of these agencies is but little understood. They are created ostensibly for the convenience of local merchants at points where the trade with this country is too inconsiderable to justify a principal office. The usual method is to present a petition to the Department of State, signed by many residents of the place to be benefited by the establishment of the agency. This is nominally done in most instances. In reality, the consul within whose jurisdiction the agency is to be established, and to whose fostering care it is to be committed, is mainly instrumental in having the petition drawn up. It is another case where the cat's accommodating paw pulls the chestnuts out of the fire for some thrifty monkey. The compensation is derived entirely from fees. The agent is allowed to retain a sum not to exceed \$1000, while the supervising consul is allowed by law not more than \$1000 for all the agencies under his charge, not counting, however, certain other emoluments of an unofficial character. Very often he actually gets much more. It becomes simply a matter of private arrangement between the agent and the consul, who

appoints and dismisses his subordinate at pleasure, the Department seldom interfering. But this double drain upon the receipts is not all. The agent is usually an alien, knowing little of the spirit of our institutions. To him undervaluation frauds and blanket invoices are terms without meaning. He can have but little reason to protect and promote American interests. Willful disobedience of the regulations has no terrors for him. It would be inaccurate to say that the office means nothing; it may mean a great deal. Business and personal advantages may often be reaped by subservience to some powerful local magnate, whose interests are unalterably opposed to those of the remote foreign government which the agent represents. Indeed, it is no unusual thing to find the agent himself actively engaged in doing business with the United States. The anomaly of such a position was forcibly summed up by the Hon. R. R. Hitt, in a recent debate upon the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill in the House of Representatives. Mr. Hitt's long connection with the foreign service of this country entitles him to speak with authority. He said: "As a consular officer certifying invoices, he sees all the shipments and all the prices; in fact, all the details of the business of other business men who are his rivals. He is an authorized official spy. More than this, as he certifies to his own invoices, it is his interest to put the valuations or prices of goods of his own firm at the lowest possible figure, in order to have to pay a low duty; in other words, his interests are directly hostile to those of the Revenue Department of the United States. It is a bad, it is an unbusiness-like principle to place a servant in charge of business where his interest is directly the reverse of the employer's. We should have Americans to take charge of the business of their country."

Hampered by such a system, it is small wonder that the conscientious con-

sul comes, after a time, to understand that it is bootless to try to check the operations of the thieves who flourish on both sides of the water, and who have reduced undervaluation to a science. Strict supervision, under such circumstances, becomes as ridiculous as a farce in a comic opera. It is never really difficult to find an agent who will gladly legalize an improper invoice for the sake of the fee, and say nothing. Offices of this character have no right to exist. Wherever the fees are large enough to make an agency self-sustaining, it should be detached from the principal office, and an intelligent, progressive American should be put in charge of it. In the great majority of cases, the revenue interests of the government would be better guarded and a more economical administration insured by uniting the subordinate with the principal office. If this should be deemed inexpedient, at least something would be accomplished if the Department itself were to exercise a more direct control over the agent. Certainly, this would in great measure relieve these consular agencies of the stigma, now too often justly resting upon them, of being mere sources of "revenue only." But, unfortunately, the hope of improvement at this point is too remote to be seriously considered. The truth is, there is a practical obstacle which effectually blocks the way to all reform in this direction. That obstacle, already hinted at, is this: Each appointee is assigned to a post estimated to be worth so much a year, — say \$1500 in salary and \$1500 from agencies. If the office be taken in liquidation of some "claim," the discontinuance of the agencies would be regarded as a breach of contract. This circumstance alone must prevent the wholesale abolition of these agencies, so worse than useless to the government, but so profitable to the supervising consul.

Equally prolific in abuses is the custom of nominating citizens of the coun-

try in which the office is placed to be what is known as "merchant consuls." These officers are put in charge of posts to which no salaries attach, and where the fees are next to nothing. The same objections apply to them, and with equal force, as to alien agents. They enjoy most of the prerogatives of a regular consul, and share few of his responsibilities. Their acts are entitled to full faith before our law. However honest their intentions, their allegiance to their native country and their sympathy for their own countrymen render their services of doubtful utility. There are over a score of officials of this stripe now in the service. Five are in Spain alone.

No provision being made by law for the separate salary of a vice-consul, who acts principally in the absence of his chief, this post is generally filled by some local merchant, speaking English more or less indifferently, who is willing, for the added social or business prestige, to serve for a trifling consideration. As he is of course a resident, and therefore seldom changed, he comes in time to acquire a knowledge of the routine work, which easily makes him indispensable to the nominal head, who is pretty sure to find himself literally helpless amid the confusion of strange duties transacted in a stranger tongue. Nevertheless, this system, despite the drawbacks which will immediately suggest themselves, has worked surprisingly well. The history of very few offices, however, is entirely free from the malversation of an unfit vice-consul. Unfortunately, the opportunities of such an official for doing harm have not always been curtailed with the canceling of his commission. Thus, it was recently reserved for the principal officer at a metropolitan centre to make the rather startling discovery that he was competing with a dismissed vice-consul, who had abstracted a seal from the office, and was doing a thriving notarial business on his own account at "cut" rates. Some years ago, it was officially

reported that a number of American vice-consulates, no allusion to which was made in the State Department register, had been discovered in Egypt, much as the Arawhami dwarfs, mentioned by Herodotus, were discovered in Central Africa by Stanley. It was also alleged that a profitable traffic had been conducted in these offices, and that they had been sold for sums ranging from \$1000 to \$5000.

Any comprehensive system of reform must include some method which shall provide for the training of a number of American vice-consuls. A more careful apportionment of the clerical allowance, together with the additional amount which might be saved by a more economic expenditure of the contingent expense appropriation, would be quite sufficient to pay salaries to a number of capable young men who would be attracted to the service — even if the compensation were small — if there were any hope of retention and ultimate promotion. This suggestion has already been made, and is worthy of consideration. Such a plan, once adopted, would furnish the nucleus and means of gradually putting the service upon a stable basis.

Frequent and angry outcries have been made against the consular rules, which are supposed to hamper trade. In an article which I have recently seen, the regulations were denounced as "oppressive and irrational." However oppressive they may be to some people, they are not irrational, if the *ad valorem* system is to continue to be, as it has been, an important feature of our revenue legislation, and if the legalization of invoices is for the purpose of assisting customs officers. When traced to their source, most of these lamentations proceed from persons who are vitally and pecuniarily interested in promoting greater "freedom" of trade. There unquestionably exists cause for complaint, but it comes from making a hard-and-fast set of rules fit, like a Procrustes bed, all classes of

goods, whether *ad valorem*, specific, or free. There is, for example, no good reason why exportations coming plainly under the last two heads should be attended by the same requirements as those which ought properly and justly to accompany the legalization of *ad valorem* goods. To enforce strict compliance with the provision requiring goods to be invoiced before being shipped, as is the case with sugar, for instance, when that commodity is reasonably certain to be on the free or specific duty list, and when the different lots that may go to make up one shipment are likely to come from widely diverging points, is at once absurd and farcical. To attempt to carry out the law in a case like this simply encourages successful subterfuge, which brings the whole law into contempt. If some latitude and discretion were allowed consular officers in these matters, it would be productive of less friction and more respect.

Very different is it, on the other hand, with the average manufactured article. If the contention of some importers and their alien allies be conceded, it does away at one stroke with the great majority of inland consulates. To allow the exporter to consolidate in one invoice at Hamburg, we will say, goods made in Prague, Budapesth, and Chemnitz would reduce the whole theory of consular inspection of goods to inanity. The consul at the seaport would, in practice, have no other resource than to accept unqualifiedly the statements made to him by a person whose interest it was to get his goods through the New York custom house at the minimum duty. As well abolish the empty form of requiring invoices at once, and save the incident annoyance and expense.

Nor does it seem as if the personal presentation of invoices by the shipper or his agent were an act calculated to imperil the comity of nations. It is no hardship to the exporter himself, because he has the alternative of appointing a responsible agent. If it is expedient to

require an oath, it is certainly worth while to have it taken in the manner prescribed by universal law and custom. The mail or an irresponsible messenger would hardly do for this purpose. This is not affirming that there are not some grave defects in the present customs administrative act. Experience has shown, I think, that some of the requirements regarding the declarations accompanying consigned goods have proved vexatious and ineffective. Indeed, the whole consignment system is sadly in need of a legislative overhauling. The shipper, who is generally the owner of the merchandise and a foreigner, states distinctly in his declaration that he is willing to accept the prices which he gives in his invoice. If he is telling the truth, he ought to be glad to have a consul or an officer of the customs publish to everybody who handles such goods the place where they are to be had, and the price which is demanded. If he is telling a deliberate falsehood, he ought to be prevented from doing business on consignment, because his principal object is then to cheat our customs revenue. If the prices in consigned invoices are secret, how can any one prove that an American citizen is not willing and anxious to pay even higher? As it is at present conducted, systematic consignment is systematic fraud on our revenue, and systematic injustice to all honest merchants importing into the United States. If the secrecy now surrounding invoices of this class were abolished, and consuls were authorized to disclose prices and samples to legitimate buyers, or collectors of customs were required to make public at stated periods these consignments, omitting perhaps all names, the undervaluations now encouraged under this system would die in three months. To revise the administrative act, nevertheless, along the line of least possible inconvenience to the exporter would be fatuous in the extreme.

But no amount of captious criticism of the regulations, no matter how instruc-

tive, can do anything more than expose surface defects. The real trouble lies deeper, and the single word "spoils" lays it bare. It is this system, prolific of so much evil at home, which has also worked untold injury abroad. When this is remembered, all the contradictions, all the absurdities, all the vagaries, which have marked the history of the consular service become clear. That an inferior class of men should have been selected to represent us has followed as a necessary sequence. There have been, and are, many notable exceptions, and none more conspicuous than the lamented consul-general at Berlin, William Hayden Edwards; but in the last analysis it must be conceded that, in its personnel, our service suffers by comparison with that of other countries. Incompetency has done much to discredit and impair it; venality and its sinister accessories have done the rest. The new consul who inquired of the predecessor whom he was relieving "what in h—l an invoice was, anyhow," showed at least one merit,—a commendable tendency to acquire useful definitions. Some officers have not always regarded their work or their instructions so seriously. Several years ago, a consular officer learned that invoices belonging to him were being legalized regularly at a neighboring consulate. He thereupon wrote a friendly official note to his colleague, calling attention to the irregularity. The reply came, expressing regret, but explaining that he (the colleague) had no means of knowing whether certain places were in his district or not. Somewhat puzzled, the consul, whose receipts had suffered by this encroachment, suggested a reference to the large map of the district, which had been supplied a short time before by the Department for the express purpose of settling just such claims. It then came out that the colleague did have some faint recollection of such a map, which hung on the office wall upon his arrival. He later remembered that it

had struck him as being "pretty," and he had consequently carefully shipped it home to a friend as a souvenir. Worst of all, these examples present no isolated cases. A catalogue of these edifying incidents might be compiled, and it may safely be set down that as long as the consular service is freely made a political Botany Bay, so long will it continue to be a storehouse of grotesque incidents.

It is one of the few hopeful signs visible, in connection with the foreign service, that it has of late attracted the attention of solid and patriotic business men. The Boston Chamber of Commerce has taken the matter up with much earnestness, and so have other commercial organizations. Agitation in this direction, if it is not arrested, can accomplish much, and, if systematic, may impel Congress to action. The National Board of Trade, at its recent meeting in Washington, adopted resolutions in favor of a non-partisan service, and appointed a committee to advance the reform. All this is encouraging, and out of it may come something tangible. If the vice-consuls and more important agents could be placed within the classified list and fixity of tenure guaranteed by law, many of the sore spots now only too painfully apparent upon the body of our foreign service would be at once effectually healed. There are no practical obstacles in the path of this reform which a friendly Congress may not brush aside.

When, however, we come to consider the case of the consuls themselves, we meet a serious difficulty, and one that is very generally lost sight of by many earnest and well-meaning friends of consular reform. The Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint, ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls." Here, then, the President is vested with a constitutional right which no congressional enactment can change. Reform at this point, if it comes at all, can come only

from within the Department itself. In other words, the initiative must be taken by the Executive. It must be left to him to prescribe the conditions under which appointments shall take place; and no matter how excellent those conditions, his successor could of course amend them, or abolish them altogether, if he saw fit. It may be safely asserted, nevertheless, that if regulations governing the appointment, promotion, and removal of officers in the consular service were once put in force, whether at the instance of the President himself or at the suggestion of the law-making branch, they would be permanently retained in some form. The tide of public sentiment would set too strongly to be resisted.

The bill recently introduced by Senator Morgan obviates this constitutional difficulty by providing that the President himself shall be a member of the commission to be appointed to remodel the foreign service. This would give all the force of departmental regulations to the recommendations of such a commission. The bill itself (which is not understood to emanate from the Senate) contains many crudities, but it is right in principle. It may not become a law, as it ought to do in some form, but the interest taken in the whole subject by no less a personage than the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs is an encouraging omen.

Undoubtedly, the highest efficiency would be obtained by a competitive examination, with reasonable safeguards which would allow the appointing power a proper latitude in the selection of candidates from the eligible list. This failing, the next best thing would be the substitution of a mere pass examination, and the assignment of a quota by States, in much the same manner as appointments at West Point and Annapolis now take place. In discussing this precise point at the recent meeting of the National Board of Trade in Washington, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt said:—

"I would divide the consuls, as far as may be, into grades, according to their salaries and the importance of the duties they have to perform. Then it should be provided that no men could be appointed to any higher grade save by promotion from the one immediately below it, and that before promotion he must serve a minimum period of, say, a year in that grade. Then, before receiving his appointment, he should be required to undergo a rigid examination — non-competitive — at the State Department upon his knowledge of foreign languages, and to test his fitness not merely for the low post he is seeking, but his fitness to enter a service where he may by diligence and industry rise to the very highest positions."

The suggestion of a non-competitive examination has much to commend it. Tact, discretion, sound judgment, and good manners cannot be scientifically measured by any scale of percentages, and some such system as this would obviate the objections which are sure to arise to a purely competitive examination. The examinations might be conducted under the direction of the Civil Service Commission, already established for that purpose, or take place under the supervision of a board selected by the State Department. It would perhaps be imprudent at first to put all consulates — especially those of the highest grades — under the operation of a civil service law. Fully two thirds, at least, of the present offices might still be advantageously placed within the classified service, and many of the unimportant posts ought, logically, to be reduced to the rank of vice-consulates, a system which other countries have very generally followed.

There is danger, though, that in striving to attain perfection in this matter the visionary may obscure the practical. Reform rhetoric may impressively hurl anathemas at the head and front of the present offending system. It may burn

endless incense at the shrine of an ideal service, and still the desired reform be several æons away. The history of most changes for the better has been marked by piecemeal concession wrested from stubborn resistance. If the way of the transgressor is hard, the path of his critic is even more thorny. It is vain to hope that any topsy-turvy scheme will commend itself to our doubting Solons. The time is not ripe. It is to be feared that there are still too many political mortgages to be honored by drafts at the expense of a good-natured public.

But what is most sadly needed, no matter what the system of appointment, and what ought, moreover, to be easier of realization than any other project, is some responsible system of supervision. It is a singular and astounding fact that so important a branch of the public service has been so long allowed to drift and shift for itself. The Treasury, the Interior, and the Post Office departments — which are by no means conspicuous for adhesion to civil service rules — all have their inspectors. No department with any regard for the public interest could dispense with them. This is undisputed. Take a conspicuous case in point. The early history of our Indian agencies is filled with accounts of scandalous jobs and corruption of the most flagrant type; and it was not until a system of inspection was adopted that these irregularities were arrested. If the teachings of experience have made mandatory this system of checks upon domestic officers, who are constantly exposed to the criticisms of a vigilant press, how much more necessary becomes the supervision of officers who are far removed from such wholesome restraint! No plan which could be devised is more feasible or would result in more lasting good. A few inspectors, judiciously chosen, would not only much more than pay for themselves by checking reckless extravagance and waste, but they would vindicate the wisdom of their selection in a way not

to be measured by dollars and cents. Their existence would first of all insure the keeping of the consular records and accounts in an intelligent and orderly manner, which is now not always the case. Some of the gaps to be found in the archives of many offices can scarcely be accounted for on any theory of natural depravity. The knowledge that an inspector might drop in at any moment, without the ceremony of a formal notice, would put a stop to the almost incessant globe-trotting expeditions of many excellent gentlemen, who now go abroad for the purpose of educating their children, of studying art, of taking a vacation at the public expense, — in short, for every conceivable object save that for which they were commissioned. These men have no compunctions about returning grossly inaccurate quarterly statements of the time during which they were absent from their posts, while they are drawing their salaries with the usual punctuality and dispatch. The real work is of course done by some poorly paid clerk, to the great detriment of the interests of all concerned. But the inauguration of a system of inspection would do something more. It would elevate the morale of the service, and bring about a certain *esprit de corps*, as nothing else could. This could be accomplished, even with all the raw material with which inspectors would be condemned to work (so long as the present method of appointment prevails); for it is an interesting and instructive fact that there are at the present moment scarcely more than a dozen officers (thirteen, to be exact) — and they are usually filling unimportant posts — who have seen beyond a decade of service at the places where they are now stationed. If we include the exceeding few who have been transferred, it would be found that there are probably not over a score who have served continuously for the period mentioned. And this in a service of over three hundred members.

It is nothing that many able and conscientious officers, who have taken their families abroad at considerable expense, have been obliged to return after a brief term of service, and just as they were beginning to be of some use to those who sent them. The pathetic hardships of these removals are well known. They are of too common occurrence to excite much interest, whether the victim be at home or abroad. It is evident that what there is of sentiment in all these customs — which ought to be un-American, but, unfortunately for us, are everywhere recognized as being distinctively American — does not quicken the public conscience or arouse a righteous indignation. Something else is needed, and it will not be supplied until the American people can be persuaded to look into their accounts to see how needlessly they are being plundered. So long as human nature is as it is, so long will even importers, who so often have, as Lowell said, “no fatherland but the till,” with the aid of their alien allies, resort to every device to enter their goods at the lowest possible figure. These devices may not always be dishonest, but there is a pretty well grounded belief in the public mind that undervaluations on no petty scale have taken place in the past. There is nothing to indicate a cessation of these practices in the near future. The aggregate amount lost to the government in this way is almost incalculable, but some idea of it may be gathered when it is remembered that an increase of only two and a half per cent in invoice valuations at the little industrial centre of Crefeld alone would result in an annual accession to the customs receipts of \$150,000. It is beyond any mere conjecture that an addition of at least five per cent could be brought about and maintained at many posts by competent and trained officers. On this basis, then, the conclusion is irresistible that the entire expense of a first-class foreign service could be more than de-

frayed by the amount now actually lost every year through incapacity and ignorance.

In the interests of public economy, in the interests of American commerce, which has the right to be represented by intelligent men in foreign countries, and last of all in the interests of our own good name as a people, it is high time that we should dispense with an antiquated and a worn-out system, and substitute something more in harmony with modern ideas. Foreigners of an observing and a critical turn of mind never fail to record something about that which Mr. Bryce calls the "patriotism and demonstrative national pride" of the American people. It is not a little strange that a nation of which this is so freely said has not long ago grown restive under abuses which have fastened

themselves with "hooks of steel" upon its system of government. With our natural and well-defined hatred of an official caste and bureaucracy, it is perhaps not surprising that attempts have been made to defend the spoils system. But there is one branch of the public service where no apology can be made for its toleration, because none is possible on any conceivable ground, and that is the consular service of the United States. Permanency and stability are the imperious needs of that service. Divorce appointments and removals from the present miserable exigencies of partisan politics, remove them from the "cockpit of faction," and it can no longer be said in reproach of the American consul, as was once said of our average minister, that he "fleeth as a shadow, and hath no abiding place."

Albert H. Washburn.

VOICES FROM AFAR.

WE have it on a very great authority that where the body is delicate the soul is free. The imagination, however dependent upon physical health for its most vital and enduring results, may nevertheless, when ill supported by the body, receive subtle monitions not otherwise vouchsafed. There are conditions of disparity in the estate of body and soul, wherein the latter may be likened to the herald Mercury touching the surface of the earth with but one winged foot at the least point of contact. There are moments in physical illness when the soul ceases to concern itself very much with the body's distractions, its pains and its tedium, — moments when the soul, as it were, betakes herself to some quiet upper chamber of the house, some seldom ascended tower, from whose windows the usual landscape outlook becomes all sky, with the shifting move-

ment of its various cloud-courses; naught else but the departing smoke wreaths from the dwellings of mortals, and the occasional flight of the desultory or the migrant bird.

The jar or perturbation between the two, body and soul, need not, to produce the latter's wayward independence, be sufficient to menace seriously the body's health; nor is it implied that the soul is preparing for its final long journey hence. The liberation thus procured for the imaginative powers is perhaps not dissimilar to that enjoyed by the opium-dreamer or the reveler in hasheesh. There is, however, one very marked difference in favor of the former condition: it is the soul that invites its own dreams, and not the drug-born dreams that invite the soul. Yet in this arrest of amity between the physical and the spiritual (sometimes in continuous low fever or

other illness) the autocratic inmate persists for days in the pursuance of some one chosen theme, which as often as otherwise bears allusion to the unknown great margins of life, to rumors and vague intimations borne from "the shore of the mysterious Other World."

Under such conditions and of such elements were produced the subjoined verses, from time to time; the mind persistently carrying its one theme through sundry variations. On a certain dateless day, in the blank calendar of listless illness, came — and stayed — the thought that the Elysian Fields and Deepest Tartarus are but so according to the soul's unit of measurement and comparison. How much of far future weal or woe may depend upon the foil offered by our experience in this present life! With this thought came, simultaneously, the imagined testimony of two pilgrims from what the Anglo-Saxon terms

THE MIDDLE-EARTH.

Waked a lone voyager
To voices touched with love and mirth :
"Rejoice! Thou art in Heaven!"
"Nay, whence I came was Heaven, —
I came but now from Earth!"

Waked a lone voyager
To voices on the mournful blast :
"Thou comest to the Torment!"
"Nay, whence I came was Torment, —
My lot on Earth was cast!"

At one time, to the ear of the mind there seemed to be borne the message of a soul whose passing had exemplified our wistful human hopes of

EUTHANASIA.

Love had passed on before. My last of breath
Was as when Day absorbs a candle's flame, —
Light lost in light supreme. I knew not Death;
Love had passed on before — and home to
Love I came.

At another time was heard what seemed the voice of complaining ones thrust out of life before they had tasted the fullness thereof.

THE CRY OF THE UNREADY.

The rich day being reaped, Toil is content —
Nay, glad — beneath Sleep's poppied wand to
pass;
So, Death, to thine our spirits' will were bent;
But strike not yet, — we have not lived, alas!

Bred of a reminiscence I had heard related by a filibuster who had been at the siege of Granada, in Central America, came the *adios, mundo*, of a Spanish soldier who perished there.

A GOOD-BY.

Beside that Lake whose wave is hushed to hear
The surf-beat of a sea on either hand,
Far from Castile, afar in Toltec land,
Fearless I died, who, living, knew not fear.

Dark faces frowned between me and the sky;
The Indian blade drove deep. Life grew a
dream.
Far from Castile! who heard my cry extreme
That held the sum of partings, — *World,*
good-by!

On one occasion sleep seemed to hold aloof, to procure audience to the voice of a child. Its plaint, also, was a half-reminiscence, — the remembrance, through long years, of a little one's pleading for an "equal Heaven." But the fancy so blended the image of my little friend with a child of old time, whose memory a poet's verses forever keep green, that I was fain to unite the two in my record of a voice from afar.

EROTION AND THE DOVE THAT DIED.

I was too young, they said (I was not seven),
But I would understand, as I grew older,
Why the White Dove that died was not in
Heaven.
But they were wrong, for when I came to
Heaven,
When first I came, and all was strange and
lonely,
My pretty pet flew straight upon my shoulder!
And there she stays all day; at evening only,
Between my hands, close to my breast, I fold
her.

It was one night, as I remember, that to the imagination came a hurried word,

as though uttered with the dashing off of the stirrup-cup; the lament, it might have been, of

A RASH RIDER.

I rode my dearest champion to the ground,
I made the smiling traitor mine ally,
I gave my faithful love a lethal wound,
Truth read I in a wanton-glancing eye!

I made a darkness of the noontide sun,
I took the swamp-fire for a guiding light:
My little day of days is almost done,
Mine errors rush into the rushing night!

In course of time A Rash Rider came to possess an opposite crying in the wilderness between worlds, — a Camilla-like spirit who had fought her battle bravely, but in vain, and was now spurning the sodden field. “Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbris.”

A SOUL INDIGNANT.

I am come quickly from yon spinning ball, —
Brief, unremembered, unregarded guest.
Some gifts were mine, but those not in request;
Mine, Constancy — but Constancy doth pall;
Fidelity — but servile knees forestall;
And Love, with Truth, dwelt in an ardent breast:

Ere Truth could speak would Falsity attest,
And Wantonness obtained Love's prizes all!

I am come quickly from yon spinning ball!
Naught there I gained, of naught am dispossessed.

Love, Truth, and Faith cry *Onward* to my quest
Through the vast, starlit, firmamental hall.
From world to world I pass, till these have rest
To whom on earth no bidding-place did fall!

In his Urn Burial Sir Thomas Browne has this inquiry and answer: —

“Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known count of time?

“Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.”

By some alchemic process of the mind brooding upon this ancient theme, the above-quoted paragraphs became transformed into a canticle of resignation, the swan-song of one not unwilling to be counted as

UNKNOWN.

“A verse, a verse before I go,” I cried,
“That, though I vanish out of time and place
And glad encounter of the human face,
Some dwelling in the heart be not denied!”
(This between dream and deeper sleep untied.)

Then like a wind that groweth out of space,
Fraught and oppressed with murmurs of the race,

A Voice beneath the evening casement sighed:

“And why this boon to thee? Of earth, the best

Have closed the gracious lip, the lovely eye,
And in meek silence sweetly gone to rest,
Nor craved to leave behind a troubling cry.”
So spake the Voice that I content might die,
Content might join the Unremembered Blest.

The “Unremembered Blest” was not without its sequence, — the last in the flight of voices from afar.

IN TURN.

“Why over thee sweeps Sorrow's moaning wave?

O Soul, why wilt thou not in Eunoe lave?”

“The ripple of my loss hath ceased to mar
Life's gliding stream. At night none wakes
with sighs

To lose the dream of me; nor hungering eyes

Look out to see how dim have grown the ways, —

The sunlit paths of long memorial days.

This is my grief, — *so soon to be forgot!*

And canst thou smile? Then happier was thy lot.”

“Not so. But they who ceased for me their tears,

Themselves have been forgot a thousand years.

Beyond this battlement they once did lean,
Did see what all must see, what thou thyself hast seen.”

Edith M. Thomas.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AND PUBLIC LIFE.

THERE are always, in our national life, certain tendencies that give us ground for alarm, and certain others that give us ground for hope. Among the latter we must put the fact that there has undoubtedly been a growing feeling among educated men that they are in honor bound to do their full share of the work of American public life.

We have in this country an equality of rights. It is the plain duty of every man to see that his rights are respected. That weak good nature which acquiesces in wrong-doing, whether from laziness, timidity, or indifference, is a very unwholesome quality. It should be second nature with every man to insist that he be given full justice. But if there is an equality of rights, there is an inequality of duties. It is proper to demand more from the man with exceptional advantages than from the man without them. A heavy moral obligation rests upon the man of means and upon the man of education to do their full duty by their country. On no class does this obligation rest more heavily than upon the men with a collegiate education, the men who are graduates of our universities. Their education gives them no right to feel the least superiority over any of their fellow-citizens; but it certainly ought to make them feel that they should stand foremost in the honorable effort to serve the whole public by doing their duty as Americans in the body politic. This obligation very possibly rests even more heavily upon the men of means; but of this it is not necessary now to speak. The men of mere wealth never can have and never should have the capacity for doing good work that is possessed by the men of exceptional mental training; but that they may become both a laughing-stock and a menace to the community is made unpleasantly appar-

ent by that portion of the New York business and social world which is most in evidence in the newspapers.

To the great body of men who have had exceptional advantages in the way of educational facilities we have a right, then, to look for good service to the state. The service may be rendered in many different ways. In a reasonable number of cases, the man may himself rise to high political position. That men actually do so rise is shown by the number of graduates of Harvard, Yale, and our other universities who are now taking a prominent part in public life. These cases must necessarily, however, form but a small part of the whole. The enormous majority of our educated men have to make their own living, and are obliged to take up careers in which they must work heart and soul to succeed. Nevertheless, the man of business and the man of science, the doctor of divinity and the doctor of law, the architect, the engineer, and the writer, all alike owe a positive duty to the community, the neglect of which they cannot excuse on any plea of their private affairs. They are bound to follow understandingly the course of public events; they are bound to try to estimate and form judgment upon public men; and they are bound to act intelligently and effectively in support of the principles which they deem to be right and for the best interests of the country.

The most important thing for this class of educated men to realize is that they do not really form a class at all. I have used the word in default of another, but I have merely used it roughly to group together people who have had unusual opportunities of a certain kind. A large number of the people to whom these opportunities are offered fail to take advantage of them, and a very

much larger number of those to whom they have not been offered succeed none the less in making them for themselves. An educated man must not go into politics as such; he must go in simply as an American; and when he is once in, he will speedily realize that he must work very hard indeed, or he will be upset by some other American, with no education at all, but with much natural capacity. His education ought to make him feel particularly ashamed of himself if he acts meanly or dishonorably, or in any way falls short of the ideal of good citizenship, and it ought to make him feel that he must show that he has profited by it; but it should certainly give him no feeling of superiority until by actual work he has shown that superiority. In other words, the educated man must realize that he is living in a democracy and under democratic conditions, and that he is entitled to no more respect and consideration than he can win by actual performance.

This must be steadily kept in mind not only by educated men themselves, but particularly by the men who give the tone to our great educational institutions. These educational institutions, if they are to do their best work, must strain every effort to keep their life in touch with the life of the nation at the present day. This is necessary for the country, but it is very much more necessary for the educated men themselves. It is a misfortune for any land if its people of cultivation take little part in shaping its destiny; but the misfortune is far greater for the people of cultivation. The country has a right to demand the honest and efficient service of every man in it, but especially of every man who has had the advantage of rigid mental and moral training; the country is so much the poorer when any class of honest men fail to do their duty by it, but the loss to the class itself is immeasurable. If our educated men as a whole become incapable of playing their full

part in our life, if they cease doing their share of the rough, hard work which must be done, and grow to take a position of mere dilettanteism in our public affairs, they will speedily sink in relation to their fellows who really do the work of governing, until they stand toward them as a cultivated, ineffective man with a taste for bricabrac stands toward a great artist. When once a body of citizens becomes thoroughly out of touch and out of temper with the national life, its usefulness is gone, and its power of leaving its mark on the times is gone also.

The first great lesson which the college graduate should learn is the lesson of work rather than of criticism. Criticism is necessary and useful; it is often indispensable; but it can never take the place of action, or be even a poor substitute for it. The function of the mere critic is of very subordinate usefulness. It is the doer of deeds who actually counts in the battle for life, and not the man who looks on and says how the fight ought to be fought, without himself sharing the stress and the danger.

There is, however, a need for proper critical work. Wrongs should be strenuously and fearlessly denounced; evil principles and evil men should be condemned. The politician who cheats or swindles, or the newspaper man who lies in any form, should be made to feel that he is an object of scorn for all honest men. We need fearless criticism; but we need that it should also be intelligent. At present, the man who is most apt to regard himself as an intelligent critic of our political affairs is often the man who knows nothing whatever about them. Criticism which is ignorant or prejudiced is a source of great harm to the nation; and where ignorant or prejudiced critics are themselves educated men, their attitude does real harm also to the class to which they belong.

The tone of a portion of the press of the country toward public men, and especially toward political opponents, is

degrading, all forms of coarse and noisy slander being apparently considered legitimate weapons to employ against men of the opposite party or faction.* Unfortunately, not a few of the journals that pride themselves upon being independent in politics, and the organs of cultivated men, betray the same characteristics in a less coarse but quite as noxious form. All these journals do great harm by accustoming good citizens to see their public men, good and bad, assailed indiscriminately as scoundrels. The effect is twofold: the citizen learning, on the one hand, to disbelieve any statement he sees in any newspaper, so that the attacks on evil lose their edge; and on the other, gradually acquiring a deep-rooted belief that all public men are more or less bad. In consequence, his political instinct becomes hopelessly blurred, and he grows unable to tell the good representative from the bad. The worst offense that can be committed against the republic is the offense of the public man who betrays his trust; but second only to it comes the offense of the man who tries to persuade others that an honest and efficient public man is dishonest or unworthy. This is a wrong that can be committed in a great many different ways. Downright foul abuse may be, after all, less dangerous than incessant misstatements, sneers, and those half-truths that are the meanest lies.

For educated men of weak fibre, there lies a real danger in that species of literary work which appeals to their cultivated senses because of its scholarly and pleasant tone, but which enjoins as the proper attitude to assume in public life one of mere criticism and negation; which teaches the adoption toward public men and public affairs of that sneering tone which so surely denotes a mean and small mind. If a man does not have belief and enthusiasm, the chances are small indeed that he will ever do a man's work in the world; and the paper or the college which, by its general course, tends to

eradicate this power of belief and enthusiasm, this desire for work, has rendered to the young men under its influence the worst service it could possibly render. Good can often be done by criticising sharply and severely the wrong; but excessive indulgence in criticism is never anything but bad, and no amount of criticism can in any way take the place of active and zealous warfare for the right.

Again, there is a certain tendency in college life, a tendency encouraged by some of the very papers referred to, to make educated men shrink from contact with the rough people who do the world's work, and associate only with one another and with those who think as they do. This is a most dangerous tendency. It is very agreeable to deceive one's self into the belief that one is performing the whole duty of man by sitting at home in ease, doing nothing wrong, and confining one's participation in politics to conversations and meetings with men who have had the same training and look at things in the same way. It is always a temptation to do this, because those who do nothing else often speak as if in some way they deserved credit for their attitude, and as if they stood above their brethren who plough the rough fields. Moreover, many people whose political work is done more or less after this fashion are very noble and very sincere in their aims and aspirations, and are striving for what is best and most decent in public life.

Nevertheless, this is a snare round which it behooves every young man to walk carefully. Let him beware of associating only with the people of his own caste and of his own little ways of political thought. Let him learn that he must deal with the mass of men; that he must go out and stand shoulder to shoulder with his friends of every rank, and face to face with his foes of every rank, and must bear himself well in the hurly-burly. He must not be frightened by the many unpleasant features of the contest, and he must not expect to have

it all his own way, or to accomplish too much. He will meet with checks and will make many mistakes; but if he perseveres, he will achieve a measure of success and will do a measure of good such as is never possible to the refined, cultivated, intellectual men who shrink aside from the actual fray.

Yet again, college men must learn to be as practical in politics as they would be in business or in law. It is surely unnecessary to say that by "practical" I do not mean anything that savors in the least of dishonesty. On the contrary, a college man is peculiarly bound to keep a high ideal and to be true to it; but he must work in practical ways to try to realize this ideal, and must not refuse to do anything because he cannot get everything. One especially necessary thing is to know the facts by actual experience, and not to take refuge in mere theorizing. There are always a number of excellent and well-meaning men whom we grow to regard with amused impatience because they waste all their energies on some visionary scheme, which even if it were not visionary would be useless. When they come to deal with political questions, these men are apt to err from sheer lack of familiarity with the workings of our government. No man ever really learned from books how to manage a governmental system. Books are admirable adjuncts, and the statesman who has carefully studied them is far more apt to do good work than if he had not; but if he has never done anything but study books he will not be a statesman at all. Thus, every young politician should of course read the *Federalist*. It is the greatest book of the kind that has ever been written. Hamilton, Madison, and Jay would have been poorly equipped for writing it if they had not possessed an extensive acquaintance with literature, and in particular if they had not been careful students of political literature; but the great cause of the value of their writings lay in the

fact that they knew by actual work and association what practical politics meant. They had helped to shape the political thought of the country, and to do its legislative and executive work, and so they were in a condition to speak understandingly about it. For similar reasons, Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* has a value possessed by no other book of the kind, largely because Mr. Bryce is himself an active member of Parliament, a man of good standing and some leadership in his own party, and a practical politician. In the same way, a sketch of Lincoln by Carl Schurz, a life of Washington by Cabot Lodge, a biography of Pitt by Lord Rosebery, have an added value because of the writers' own work in politics.

It is always a pity to see men fritter away their energies on any pointless scheme; and unfortunately, a good many of our educated people, when they come to deal with politics, do just such frittering. Take, for instance, the queer freak of arguing in favor of establishing what its advocates are pleased to call "responsible government" in our institutions. This agitation was too largely deficient in body to enable it to last, and it has now, I think, died away; but at one time quite a number of our men who spoke of themselves as students of political history were engaged in treating this scheme as something serious. Few men who had ever taken an active part in politics, or who had studied politics in the way that a doctor is expected to study surgery and medicine, so much as gave it a thought; but very intelligent men did, just because they were misdirecting their energies, and were wholly ignorant that they ought to know practically about a problem before they attempted its solution. The English, or "responsible," theory of parliamentary government is one entirely incompatible with our own governmental institutions. It could not be put into operation here save by absolutely sweeping away the United States Constitution.

Incidentally, I may say, it would be to the last degree undesirable, if it were practicable. But this is not the point upon which I wish to dwell; the point is that it was wholly impracticable to put it into operation, and that an agitation favoring responsible government was from its nature unintelligent. The people who wrote about it wasted their time.

But of course much of the best work that has been done in the field of political study has been done by men who were not active politicians, though they were careful and painstaking students of the phenomena of politics. The back numbers of our leading magazines afford proof of this. Certain of the governmental essays by such writers as Mr. Lawrence Lowell and Professor A. B. Hart have been genuine and valuable contributions to our political thought. These essays have been studied carefully not only by scholars, but by men engaged in practical politics, because they were written with good judgment and keen insight after careful investigation of the facts, and so deserved respectful attention.

It is a misfortune for any people when the paths of the practical and the theoretical politicians diverge so widely that they have no common standing-ground. When the Greek thinkers began to devote their attention to purely visionary politics of the kind found in Plato's Republic, while the Greek practical politicians simply exploited the quarrelsome little commonwealths in their own interests, then the end of Greek liberty was at hand. No government that cannot command the respectful support of the best thinkers is in an entirely sound condition; but it is well to keep in mind the remark of Frederick the Great, that if he wished to punish a province, he would allow it to be governed by the philosophers. It is a great misfortune for the country when the practical politician and the doctrinaire have no point in common, but the misfortune

is, if anything, greatest for the doctrinaire. The ideal to be set before the student of politics and the practical politician alike is the ideal of the Federalist. Each man should realize that he cannot do his best, either in the study of politics or in applied politics, unless he has a working knowledge of both branches. A limited number of people can do good work by the careful study of governmental institutions, but they can do it only if they have themselves a practical knowledge of the workings of these institutions. A very large number of people, on the other hand, may do excellent work in politics without much theoretic knowledge of the subject; but without this knowledge they cannot rise to the highest rank, while in any rank their capacity to do good work will be immensely increased if they have such knowledge.

There are certain other qualities, about which it is hardly necessary to speak. If an educated man is not heartily American in instinct and feeling and taste and sympathy, he will amount to nothing in our public life. Patriotism, love of country, and pride in the flag which symbolizes country may be feelings which the race will at some period outgrow, but at present they are very real and strong, and the man who lacks them is a useless creature, a mere incumbrance to the land.

A man of sound political instincts can no more subscribe to the doctrine of absolute independence of party on the one hand than to that of unquestioning party allegiance on the other. No man can accomplish much unless he works in an organization with others, and this organization, no matter how temporary, is a party for the time being. But that man is a dangerous citizen who so far mistakes means for ends as to become servile in his devotion to his party, and afraid to leave it when the party goes wrong. To deify either independence or party allegiance merely as such is a little absurd. It depends entirely upon

the motive, the purpose, the result. For the last two years, the Senator who, beyond all his colleagues in the United States Senate, has shown himself independent of party ties is the very man to whom the leading champions of independence in politics most strenuously object. The truth is, simply, that there are times when it may be the duty of a man to break with his party, and there are other times when it may be his duty to stand by his party, even though, on some points, he thinks that party wrong; he must be prepared to leave it when necessary, and he must not sacrifice his influence by leaving it unless it is necessary. If we had no party allegiance, our politics would become mere windy anarchy, and, under present conditions, our government could hardly continue at all. If we had no independence, we should always be running the risk of the most degraded kind of despotism, — the despotism of the party boss and the party machine.

It is just the same way about compromises. Occasionally one hears some well-meaning person say of another, apparently in praise, that he is "never willing to compromise." It is a mere truism to say that, in politics, there has to be one continual compromise. Of course now and then questions arise upon which a compromise is inadmissible. There could be no compromise with secession, and there was none. There should be no avoidable compromise about any great moral question. But only a very

few great reforms or great measures of any kind can be carried through without concession. No student of American history needs to be reminded that the Constitution itself is a bundle of compromises, and was adopted only because of this fact, and that the same thing is true of the Emancipation Proclamation.

In conclusion, then, the man with a university education is in honor bound to take an active part in our political life, and, to do his full duty as a citizen by helping his fellow-citizens to the extent of his power in the exercise of the rights of self-government. He is bound to rank action far above criticism, and to understand that the man deserving of credit is the man who actually does the things, even though imperfectly, and not the man who confines himself to talking about how they ought to be done. He is bound to have a high ideal and to strive to realize it, and yet he must make up his mind that he will never be able to get the highest good, and that he must devote himself with all his energy to getting the best that he can. Finally, his work must be disinterested and honest, and it must be given without regard to his own success or failure, and without regard to the effect it has upon his own fortunes; and while he must show the virtues of uprightness and tolerance and gentleness, he must also show the sterner virtues of courage, resolution, and hardihood, and of desire to war with merciless effectiveness against the existence of wrong.

Theodore Roosevelt.

MARIE VON EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

"I CAME into the world in the year 1830. My mother, who died a few days after my birth, was the only daughter of Baron Vockel, a Saxon, and I have always looked upon it as a bit of good

fortune that some Saxon blood runs in my veins. My father, a quick-tempered, mobile man, having been wounded in the campaign against Napoleon, was obliged to quit the service of the army,

and married again ; so that I received, in addition to the sister I already had, two sisters and three brothers more. We composed a company of seven sworn allies, among which there were three inordinately ambitious souls, two of my brothers and myself. They thought of reforming the world ; I, of reforming the theatre. To this day I can recall the hour when my ambition became a consecrated resolve. The spot was the fir heath described in Lotti the Watchmaker. My age was thirteen years. Since then over thirty years have gone by, and I have striven through most of them to fulfill the dream of my childhood. My industry has been sufficient ; it is in talents that I am wanting.

"The least unsuccessful of my attempts at dramatic composition are, perhaps : Mary Stuart in Scotland, a tragedy in five acts, published in 1860 ; Marie Roland, a tragedy in five acts, of the date 1867 ; Violets, a comedy in one act, written in 1870 ; and Dr. Ritter, a dramatic poem in one act, printed in 1872. The censure which my Woodmaid met with at the hands of the critics, upon its appearance on the boards of the Stadt Theatre of Vienna in 1873, cured me forever of my wish to work for the stage. I expressed a little of what I suffered at the time in the tale Born Too Late, which was published in 1875, with a few other short stories, and which won success. The year after, my novel Bozena was published by Cotta, and in 1880 a volume of Aphorisms ; while in 1881 New Stories came out in print under the ægis of F. Ebhard, in Berlin. A volume of Tales of Castle and Cottage followed in 1883, the publishers being Paetel Brothers, of Berlin.

"In conclusion, I have to relate that in my eighteenth year I became the wife of my cousin Moritz, Baron Ebner, who was then a captain, and is now a pen-

sioned lieutenant-marshal of the Austrian army. We live during the winter in Vienna ; in the summer we retire to our old nest Zdislavie, in the country."

Such are the biographical details that the author confided in a letter to Herr Paul Heyse, in 1884, to be used at his discretion in one of his prefaces for the *Neuer Deutscher Novellen Schatz* ; while a letter to me, written four years later, mentions Mrs. Wister, of Philadelphia, as the translator of her *Aphorisms*. This volume, so far as I know, is the only one of her works that has been made into English, and made well. Meanwhile, *Two Countesses*, *New Tales of Castle and Cottage*, *The Ward of the Parish*, and two volumes of short stories have appeared ; her latest publications are the books¹ that fall within the present review.

This begins as it does with a muster of all her productions because Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach is a new comet, comparatively, in the sky of literary criticism, a knowledge of whose origin and trail, so to speak, can hardly be taken for granted as yet on the part of the reviewer. Moreover, the characteristics that first attract attention in the fiction of the author may be best explained by a reference to her dramatic writings. These came short of success themselves, but aided in procuring it for the tales that followed, by virtue of the discipline which their composition had imposed ; short-story writing being analogous to the art of the playwright in several fundamental traits. Economy in space is required by the circumscribed nature of one species of composition as well as by that of the other ; then, too, there is in both the like limitation set (by the necessity of being brief) to the number of personages introduced ; and both, finally, are under the same restriction as to the quality of these person-

¹ *Unsühnbar*. Berlin : Paetel. 1891. *Margarete*. Stuttgart : Cotta. 1891. *Drei Novellen*. Berlin : Paetel. 1892. *Parabeln, Mär-*

chen und Gedichte. Berlin : Paetel. 1892. *Glaubenslos*. Berlin : Paetel. 1893.

ages. The characters in short stories, like those in dramas, must be fully developed natures, for the reason that adolescent, undeveloped natures demand a space for the delineation of the successive stages of their growth, stretching far beyond that which can safely be given up to mere description in short works. The substructure of the plot, in both kinds of writing, must be made, furthermore, of similar plain material, and the development of the plot, if it is to be successful, must be comparatively direct and simple. To practice the composition of dramas holds one, in a word, to requirements which agree precisely with the features of Marie von Ebner's works. Significantly enough, therefore, all are on the same level technically. There is no period of imperfect methods, or of inferior, tentative work, in her past as a writer of tales.

Her short stories are always short. Her personages are few. Her heroes and heroines are adult, sharply individualized men and women. Her plots are carried forward to the end with utmost simplicity of means, and with a suave firmness of touch that is classical, and which has never yet been so fully acquired save where the writer's pen has been trained in the severe drill of metrical composition and dramatic condensation, then exercised upon broader and freer tasks. In truth, if Marie von Ebner had a sufficient number of peers, German short stories would soon rise above their present reputation of uncouthness, and be placed by common accord in the fore ranks of polished fiction.

The long paragraphs that are still favored by such of her contemporaries as Paul Heyse, Gustav Freytag, and Spielhagen become condensed in her pages. Sentences take the place of lengthy strings of adjectives, and, in like manner, the long-winded predicates of old-style writers are broken up into separate, independent descriptions. The grammatically correct, involved phraseology that

stands for conversation in the typical romances of the Fatherland changes, in her transcriptions from life, into the short-breath utterances of actual talk. When a moral is inculcated, it is wrought into the structure of the tale, and, like the marrow of the human skeleton, is diffused throughout the whole frame; nowhere appearing, excrescence-like, upon the surface of the narrative in the form of didactical remarks.

The sole resemblance to a fault of this kind, in the books under review, occurs on pages 21 and 22 of *Margarete*. Here, for once, the author's idea of the altruistic duty of maintaining silence in cases where outspokenness can wound, but not benefit, — an idea that is very successfully transfused throughout *Unstöhnbar*, — becomes suddenly over-urgent, and the unartistic temptation to moralize is given way to; so that we have a sermon on the use of silence under the transparent disguise of a description of Countess Priska Vohburg's forbearance with Robert.

A defect or two of this sort, however, can hardly impair the impression of Marie von Ebner's works being eminently free from turgidness of every kind, of style as well as of sentiment. Their very distinction consists in the lack of turgidity. Each book, each tale, each chapter, each sentence, is like a trained race horse, distinguished by an absence of bulk, and an affluence of the keenest, finest vitality.

As for *Unstöhnbar*,¹ the first novel in the list under review, it is, I think, taking it all in all, a good specimen of her longer stories. If it shows fewer plastic, large touches than *Bozena*, or *The Ward of the Parish*, or *Margarete*, it affords, on the other hand, a problem a good deal more complex and subtle than the problems treated in these. *Margarete*, as a heroine, stands out in her physical

¹ A faulty and unauthorized translation has been published, under the title *Beyond Atonement*.

splendor in strongest contrast to the refined, dull aristocrats that move and have their being in the background of her life; whereas Countess Maria, the heroine of *Unsühnbar*, is one of her own kind, and moves amongst her fashionable associates as undistinguishable at first as is one Byzantine figure from the others on their golden background. For the representation of the personage Margarete, single, passionate strokes were necessary, an artist's heart and hand; for the portrayal of Countess Maria, on the other hand, great intellectual penetration was required. Margarete is remarkable for its contrasts, while *Unsühnbar* excels in *nuances*.

Both novels open with scenes in the streets of Vienna. In *Unsühnbar* it is a night in winter, and the Opera House is emptying its audience into the square. Snow has fallen, and the gang of men who are shoveling it off the pavement step aside as the brougham of the Wolfsbergs approaches. One man — a fellow better featured, but worse clad than the others — raises his snow-shovel to his shoulder in mock salute to the vehicle, as it passes, and grins familiarly and maliciously at old Countess 'Dolph Wolfsberg within. To the mind of 'Dolph's niece the man is a Socialist. She is terrified and shocked, yet she concedes to herself, high spiritedly, that his embittered feeling is quite warranted.

"Poh!" is 'Dolph's comment. "He has brandy in his belly. He's warmer than I am." And when Maria comes back to the subject again, the gruff old countess reprimands her sharply, saying it is faulty breeding to think of a disagreeable thing twice. In time Maria does succeed in forgetting the scene; but it is not before she is at home, seated with her father in her boudoir, over a cup of tea, and listening as usual with devotion to his nonchalant, witty chat. A young acquaintance has come to him that day, asking if he might pay visits at the house. Can she guess who it was?

"Felix Tessin!" Maria replies, with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"Tessin has his affections engaged elsewhere," is the diplomat's cool response. "It is Count Hermann Dornach who wishes to come."

Maria makes answer coldly, "What an honor!"

Yet as Hermann Dornach is really the excellent man that society takes him to be, she gives way to his persistence, and to the wishes of her family and of the dowager Countess Dornach, and marries him; but not, however, before she tells him that her feeling is an idea that she may come to love him for his goodness, rather than any present sentiment of love. As for the old dowager, it is a matter of indifference to her whom her son marries, — provided, naturally, that his wife be high born, — and she dampens Maria's gratitude by observing that her presents are to the future Countess Dornach; her person has little to do with them. She is made to understand that Hermann is the last Dornach of the old, rich line of Dornachs. If he should die, therefore, without marrying, Dornach would revert to Squire William Dornach, of the younger line, — a man who has committed the imprudence of bringing seven or eight children into the world. 'Dolph laughs cynically enough when *he* writes congratulating Hermann on his engagement. Maria unconsciously is much influenced by the laugh, so much so that she feels actually surprised when she sees nothing but pellucid depths of good will in the big squire's blue eyes, when she meets him, later, in Dornach.

For that matter, however, everything in Dornach strikes her as being good. The villagers, she thinks, must have been treated with systematic kindness by generation after generation of benevolent masters like Hermann, for they are all well to do in means and well disposed in mind; whereas the pauper tenants of Wolfsberg return the relentless severity

of her father with hatred or shameless hypocrisy. What a difference, too, between the tidy homes of Dornach and the damp huts that lie at the foot of Castle Wolfsberg! Her riding-horse and its groom have come one morning from Wolfsberg, so she is reminded more than ever of her old home, and is thinking of it, when, suddenly, the man of the street scene stops her way. His dress is fashionable this time, but his face is the same, and wears the same expression of insolence as on the night of the opera. Maria asks him, imperiously, whether he does not know that this portion of Dornach Park is forbidden to intruders, when the fellow's face falls into a threatening scowl. She would do better, he says, to use him respectfully. He is no tramp. He had dressed like one, and resorted to the dodge of shoveling snow, to get some money from their aunt 'Dolph or their distinguished father. If he had succeeded, he would have been spared the exertion of coming to her in Dornach. She could see for herself his health was hardly up to traveling.

Maria, indeed, does see: his whole aspect is that of a man in the last stage of consumption. But the story against her father, the implication, — it is all too outrageous. She tells him to be gone, and she does so with a ring in her voice that sets her hounds growling.

She does not believe a word of the man's account, but in the course of time she is forced by circumstances to concede the truth of it. Hermann harbors him in a house on the estate, sends him the Dornach family physician, and urges Maria, when Wolf grows better in health, to comply with his request, and play for him while he lies on a lounge in a pavilion near by. Hermann, in fact, treats him almost fraternally, whereas she cannot see him without experiencing mortification and sickness and revolt of soul. Her feelings recoil from her father without swinging nearer to the victim of his vices. She dreads seeing her parent

face to face again; so much, indeed, that Count Hermann thinks it wise at last to write to Wolfsberg and make an easy way for him to excuse himself from visiting Dornach. The court minister, however, comes to the baptism of the new-born heir, precisely as he had intended. His art of pleasing is consummate, and he practices it to win back Maria's admiration; she possesses the finest discrimination for elegance of manner and proofs of good taste. And really, from being gratified with her father's demeanor, Maria comes to forgiving him. But she does not forgive Princess Alma, a former flame of his. When they arrive in town, later, for the winter gayeties, she cuts the princess.

As for Prince Felix, a nephew of Princess Alma, on whom Maria had ineffectively expended her maiden love, he holds aloof of his own accord. Maria remarks this fact, and remarks it at first with grim satisfaction. When, however, Felix continues to ignore her throughout the entire season, she is filled with an increasing unrest. One evening, Felix tells her, at an unexpected moment, that he is going away on a foreign mission; he goes because of her, because she spurned him by giving him no answer to his suit, because he is a man made desperate by a hopeless love. The scene is her own salon. But to Maria the world is changed. Her emotion threatens to overcome her. Education, however, acts at this crisis like a mechanic force in reserve, and enables her to find words to repulse the prince with due conventional severity. This lifting of the veil from his heart, and of the weight of humility from hers; this hearing of the tardy news that her maiden love was reciprocated, that but for her father, who had suppressed it, she would have received an offer from the man who had won her heart, — all this leaves her like a bark unanchored, lightened, and adrift upon a tumultuous sea. She prays Hermann, in consequence, to take her

with him into the country; and she feels safe from herself only when he complies by leaving her at Dornach, while he pursues his way to his mother in Dornachthal. Yet it is here in Dornach that her fate overtakes her; for Prince Felix, with the connivance of Wolfi, who was his schoolmate once, gains access to Maria's presence. Maria, confused and overwhelmed, struggles with her will to leave him this time again, as she had left him in Palace Dornach. But nature, like an enemy within her own breast, yields to him. Two intoxicated souls forget honor, duty, the earth.

Wolfi's dragging his enfeebled limbs into the chamber brings Maria to herself. He has accompanied Felix to the village stagecoach, and sinks into a seat exhausted. Will she call him Brother now? he asks, and he insists upon the question with a malicious revengefulness even while bleeding to death from the lungs. Nor does he cease demanding until Maria drops her proud head and repeats meekly the word Brother. That night he expires, and his final agony is so harrowing that the doctor assures Count Hermann, when he returns a few weeks later, it is the sole cause of the countess's strange state. She is nervous from having seen Mr. Wolfi die; she will recover soon, — he will give his word for it. And indeed the good man is perfectly sure his diagnosis is right, so that Hermann, who has implicit faith in him, looks infinitely relieved, and Maria, who contemplates both men, feels her resolution to confess the real truth melt quite away. There is a spot below the tower on the hill where the river banks form a deep ravine, and the river becomes a foaming torrent that sends up columns of tormented water against opposing boulders, then screws itself downward into a sucking maelstrom. She thinks of this as the proper place for atonement, and goes to it from day to day without finding courage to throw herself in, until the time arrives when she becomes aware

that if she kills herself two lives will be destroyed. How will God receive a murderess? she then asks distractedly. And the naming of the new crime drives her back to her first resolve. She will confess to Hermann. She will say to her husband, "You know now what I am. Treat me as I deserve."

"But while she spoke to him mentally in this fashion, her common sense was all the while exclaiming, 'What hypocritical stuff! You know he will not cast you off. He will be wounded to the quick; but he will treat you as he has always done, and require the world to. You will lose absolutely nothing by confession. On the contrary, you will gain, — gain peace of mind. It is only he who will lose by it.'"

This synopsis must be somewhat inadequate through the omission of all mention of Maria's nurse. The normal, every-day, healthy air that breathes from the original pages is compounded of the humor of this querulous, amorous personage in the country, and, as the tale proceeds, of that of personages from the court circle in town. For, after the birth of the gentle child Erich, Countess Maria is impelled to distract herself incessantly in the fashionable society of Vienna, — a society which, as all readers of Motley know, is one of the most polished, but at the same time one of the most delightfully ignorant of any on the continent of Europe. The author's own social position as a countess by birth, and consort, by marriage, of an excellency of the empire, makes her knowledge of this exclusive set very intimate, while her insight and talent render her passing delineation of its refreshing types quite inimitable.

It is one of Maria's idle friends from town that brings about the catastrophe, — the death of Hermann and their child in the maelstrom, — which composes at once the dramatic climax and the *tour de force* of the book. The reader is put into an impassiveness similar to that

which the actors of the story were in, that he may be as suddenly terrified as were Dornach's guests. Flaubert was wont to bring about the like sort of shock of surprise by mentioning the deaths of personages of his novels in an offhand fashion, or by having some character speak in such a way. This last kind of stroke, indeed, is nearly always effective. Marie Ebner herself has used it, and used it with success. But in this ambitious work she sees fit to resort to the old method of employing contrasts to obtain effect, so before a scene of disaster she paints a scene of dullest *insouciance*. She even ventures to be dull, introducing, in the face of Voltaire and all authoritative censure to the contrary, long pages of the *genre ennuyant*. For dullness, she seems to say to them, and to all critics who think it praise to declare "there is not a dull page in the book," dullness may have great value as a literary foil, in pieces otherwise *du genre amusant* throughout. The reader is as unprepared for a sedative in such works as is an habitual water-drinker for a dose of heavy grog. Hence he succumbs unconsciously to its influence by sinking into passivity, when he is in precisely the right mental condition to be greatly shocked by an untoward accident.

The closing scene of *Unstöhnbar* is that of Maria's death. It wears a somewhat melodramatic air of exaggerated pathos. Perhaps this is because of the association which it suggests with similar scenes upon the stage. It could hardly be expected, of course, with the novelist's bent towards depicting and dramatizing, that she would relate the event in detail. Yet if it were narrated, the pages might gain in sincerity, things being as they are. The times of Dumas and Sarah Bernhardt are not easy times for the successful treatment of death scenes of frail women in epic. The competition of playwrights is not only very great in this particular, but the boards have all the prestige that goes with past successes.

Nevertheless, it is to be remarked of this scene, otherwise unsatisfactory, that the touch is given therein which lifts the dolorous story out of the depressing swamp of pessimistic literature and above the production of the modern stage. Maria, in dying, lays the education of Erich in the hands of William Dornach; and in so doing she relieves the minds of the readers of her story by the justifiable hope that the imbruted villagers of Wolfsberg will receive a new kind of master some day in the person of this boy. The heroines of the French drama die without offspring, and hence one great and efficient cause why, with all their naturalness, they still are quite unlike life, in affecting the mind with hopelessness instead of joy. Life which knows no "finis" appears ever like the dream of Alnaschar to mankind: it goes on and on, and by going on creates a compensation somewhere for every fault. So stories are not pessimistic because their atmosphere is brutal or sad and the writing unflinching, but because they come to an end. *Unstöhnbar* closes, but does not end.

Margarete, the central character of the story next on our list, is a most opulent figure: Juno-like in stature; endowed with artistic tastes; superbly passionate; a sister, in literature, of a brilliant heterogeneous group of robust and sumptuous heroines. Shakespeare, simple-minded monarchist that he was, saw her prototype, very naturally, in an Oriental queen; the romanticists Grillparzer and Hawthorne conceived her as a rich poetess; while the Republican Gottfried Keller, for his part, detected her unmistakably in the person of a rural pastor's sister. In our day of socialistic propaganda, Marie Ebner has found her at last in an attic of the proletariat. Judith, Sappho, Zenobia, Cleopatra, Margarete the seamstress, — one sees, by the mere mention of the names of these heroines in their chronological order, in what way a poetical ideal becomes varied and changed through suc-

cessive epochs of history. The change consists more in outward circumstances than in the inner natures of the characters; grand passions being brought by poets, as was fire by Prometheus, from a high sphere ever and again to a lower human level. All these women of story love exuberantly, all despair, and all, save Judith, end their lives by an act of violence. What is new in Margarete is the widening of the space of history portrayed so as to include the bit of her existence that precedes her fatal love affair. We see her for a moment virtuous, her large heart filled by her boy. The central scene, then, has to do with her love affair, and the short final scene is that of her passionate death.

As for the volumes that follow, *Drei Novellen*, *Parabeln*, *Märchen und Gedichte*, and *Glaubenslos*, they are all much lighter undertakings than the two novels that have been dwelt on. The fables, in the collection of poems and fables, concern themselves with art, genius, and war. Some of the allegories are even political in tendency. Only a single poem is dedicated to a flower, and very few verses are exalted flights to the regions of cloudland, or recordings of what the stars rehearse. As a whole, the poetry of Marie von Ebner wears the stamp of intellectuality rather than of sentiment, and has divination for its source oftener than inspiration. The folk of allegory whom she employs to be the bearers of the torches of metaphor that illumine the sharp points of her morals are all chosen, very characteristically, from the statuesque deities of classic song. Never does she admit the

chameleon-like kobolds and unshapely gnomes of German romantic literature into her creations.

A few short pieces are delightfully culminative in effect, as in the triplets entitled

Ein kleines Lied.

Ein kleines Lied, wie geht's nur an
Dass man so lieb es haben kann,
Was liegt darin, erzähle?

Es liegt darin ein wenig Klang,
Ein wenig Wohllaut und Gesang,
Und eine ganze Seele.

Nowhere among the poems is there a masterpiece, perhaps, but in recompense we find a little biography, a few confidential disclosures from Marie Ebner the woman. Such are the verses called, humorously, *The Blue Stocking* and *St. Peter*, and the earnest lines entitled *That's the Whole Case*. These afford the reviewer the opportunity of pointing to the final distinction of the author, which is her uncommon personality. She is a realist in style and method of working, but by nature she, like most authors worthy the name, belongs to the idealists. A clarified wisdom and tenderness distinguish all she writes, a sincerity which has not been common in fiction since the death of George Eliot. The latter swept over broader and more varied fields of life in her mental surveys. Marie Ebner, on the other hand, gives us more wit and Attic grace in the conversations which she transcribes. Between the lines of both, however, different as they are in content and aspect, there breathes one and the same rare spirit of moral earnestness.

A DUMAS OF THE HOUR.

LATE in the life of the elder Dumas, hisson found him poring over the Three Guardsmen. He had promised himself, it seems, that when old he would test the real worth of his earlier vintage. "Eh bien, où en est-tu?" asked the son. "À la fin." "Qu'y-est-ce que tu en penses?" "C'est bien." Some days after this simple expression of approval, he was again noticed reading with extraordinary diligence, — this time the Count of Monte Cristo. A similar conversation took place. "Qu'en penses-tu?" "Peuh! Ça ne vaut pas les Mousquetaires." The anecdote, so characteristic of Dumas, expresses not only the master's final judgment as to the relative merit of his two typical works, but that of posterity. Absorbing as the Count of Monte Cristo is in intricacy of plot, superb as it is in its assertion of the enormous power, for good or evil, of the centred human will, its overwrought motive and its prevailing sombreness of tone restrict its appeal to humanity, and eventually condemn it to a lower grade of fiction than that of the Three Guardsmen. Indeed, for the people at large — the last court of resort in criticism — it is not literature of the Monte Cristo type that holds its own longest, not fiction that portrays the everlasting triumph over the world of one man or one idea, or even that which attempts, like Dante's great tale, to mould the world according to God's ideal judgment of it, but the human comedy, where man jostles with man, where tears and laughter mingle, where life shows as it is, not crushed into set and philosophic shapes, however plausible.

It is but carrying the same thought a step further to notice the great power and popularity of fiction based not merely on seemingly natural forms and conditions of life, but on such events, whether real or legendary, of history itself as have

become, or may become, typical of the fortunes of humanity. If we would not forego the opportunity which the novel offers of extending our sympathetic interest in human nature beyond the borders of the actual present, we must not, then, despise, as it is sometimes the fashion to do, the historical novel as a form of literature. The present is good, the real is good; imagination working on the past is unreal, in that it necessarily swerves away from the actual fact of the past. But it is not to be doubted that the historical romance — the *comédie historique* as distinguished from the *comédie humaine* or *divine* — has in almost all ages held man's interest and roused his imagination. The Iliad and the Æneid, the Chanson de Roland and Shakespeare's historical plays, owe much of their greatness and success to the skill of their authors in allowing the results of their own individual experience or fancy to be supplemented by the rich and accumulated associations that cluster in the popular imagination around great historic epochs.

Each of our great English masters of historical romance, Shakespeare and Scott, had a strong influence on Dumas, who was quick to follow Victor Hugo in a course for which the popular taste was ripe, and for which his inexhaustible vitality and his double race inheritance of sensations rendered him peculiarly fitted. Since Dumas's time, two new species of literature have gained, to a greater or less degree, the favor of the multitude, — the naturalistic or realistic novel, and the novel with a purpose, the novel of religion or of demonstration. We may fairly question, however, and rely for corroboration on publishers' records, whether the historical romance has been, or is, in any danger of dying completely out. Long life to the race, says the present

writer, at least ; for, good history or bad, true archæology or false, philology to the *pro* or the *con*, the type which Les Trois Mousquetaires and La Reine Margot represent, the historical novel of adventure, is second only to sleep for the untraveling of care and the rejuvenation of the tired human spirit. Unlucky he whose bedside is ever unblessed by one of that great family, or who measures dreary journeys save in terms of their crisp chapters or their fat volumes. The bare present may appall us, the romance of the present or the future seem fallacious or absurd ; in the romance of the past we may lose ourselves without fear.

Luckily, the wheel of fortune brings us now and then, as if to save us, in pity, from the death of boredom at the hands of the realistic or the religious novel, an author who, like Scott or Dumas, satisfies the popular and natural craving for historical romance. The Dumas of the hour is Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, an Englishman, whose first fiction fell in with the school of Trollope, but who has now given us five novels¹ smacking of Dumas in plot, in place, and in time, and with not a little of the master's force and vitality in them. It may be worth while, then, to compare Mr. Weyman's work, in a general way, with that of Dumas, bringing out the modifications of his method, which the somewhat altered tastes and ambitions of our day have resulted in.

The Man in Black is a trivial, inconsequential tale, but the others deserve at least a slight analysis. The Gentleman of France was a Huguenot of Brittany, who had seen service under the great Condé, but who, poor courtier and poverty-stricken gentleman, was at the last gasp of his fortune when he was entrusted with a perilous mission by Henry of Navarre. The thankless task was none

other than to seem to kidnap a kinswoman of the great Vicomte de Turenne, a girl well disposed toward the king, and with a secret of state in her possession. It was the time when the League had, for the moment, the upper hand, and on Mademoiselle de la Vire's meeting Henry of Valois and convincing him of Turenne's duplicity hung, or seemed to hang, Henry of Navarre's fate. But acknowledge the plot the royal schemer could not without turning Turenne's secret ambition into open enmity. The scapegoat, Gaston, out at the elbows as he was, by his very grim straightforwardness managed to make off in safety with the gay court demoiselle, rather against her will ; and after many vicissitudes of fortune, still flouted by her, and still bravely defending her against perils of sword and plague, to bring her into the presence of Valois and back again to security. By this time the proud lady was deep in love with her sombre but trusty guardian, who, however, as an unacknowledged political agent and the author of violent deeds, was under the ban of both parties. In the nick of time, nevertheless, recognition came, as the assassin's knife made Henry of Navarre Henry IV., and the shamefaced Sieur de Marsac became the governor of Armagnac, and the husband of the damsel who had once despised his poverty and his awkwardness.

The House of the Wolf deals with the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Wolf is a certain grim, gigantic, and ruthless Raoul de Mar, Vidame de Beziers. He woos the young Catherine de Caylus, and, learning that she has a Huguenot lover, rides off to Paris with a cruel threat against him. Her three country cousins, mere boys, spur hotly after him to warn her betrothed, but, falling into the Wolf's hands, accomplish little besides

¹ *The Story of Francis Cludde*. The Cassell Publishing Company. *The House of the Wolf*. New York : Longmans, Green & Co. 1890. *A Gentleman of France*. Being the Me-

moirs of Gaston de Bonne, Sieur de Marsac. Longmans, Green & Co. 1894. *Under the Red Robe*. Longmans, Green & Co. 1894. *The Man in Black*. The Cassell Publishing Company.

being tossed to and fro in the tumult of the massacre, and being dragged back, with the captured *fiancé*, in the midst of the Wolf's guard. But the beast relents, Catherine gets her lover again, and the boys come trotting home in useless triumph.

In *Under the Red Robe* and *Francis Cludde* the plot is scarcely less superficial. In the first, Gil de Berault, gambler, duelist, and bully, has forfeited his life to the law. Richelieu spares him on condition that he do for him a dirty piece of work in Béarn, — the spying out and capturing in his own house of M. de Cocheforêt, a Gascon rebel. Disguised as a Huguenot and a friend, Berault finds and seizes his man, but only by winning and betraying the confidence of Cocheforêt's sister, whom he had meantime learned to love and reverence as a more pure and noble woman than any his dissolute life had ever led him to imagine. At the last the rascal redeems himself by giving the prisoner his freedom, and returning alone to Paris as a man of honor, to pay the price of his life to the cardinal. Thither, of course, the heroine comes also to beg for his pardon. The time is propitious, the *Red Robe* is generous, and the tale ends with rejoicings over the repentant sinner and the sound of wedding bells. In the second, perhaps the most pleasing of all Mr. Weyman's novels, *Francis Cludde*, a sturdy young Englishman of old stock, and a Protestant, uncomfortable at home in Queen Mary's time, sets out to build up name and fame for himself; succeeding by good luck and brave deeds, as a young adventurer should.

Such are plots, by no means intricate, with which Mr. Weyman delights his readers. Each novel can be read at a sitting. The action is rapid, the outcome rarely long in doubt. The English is pure and unaffected, only by exception artificially literary, and, as a rule, delightfully free from labored archaisms. With means so simple the author pro-

duces effects which arrest the attention by their picturesqueness and force. The English boy, slow to speak and prompt to act, growing cooler as his excitement increases, and fairly blundering his way into honor and fortune; the French stripling, proud of his house, and risking his foolish neck for a noble whim; the sombre and desperate Huguenot, wresting victory from defeat by his grim courage; the hard-hearted adventurer, shedding his leopard's spots under a good woman's gaze, — characters such as these are to our Anglo-Saxon liking, and do not easily leave the memory. Rare, too, as striking words and phrases are in Mr. Weyman's work, which impresses one rather as a whole than by details, we find here and there scenes that strike the imagination freshly and picturesquely. The landscape of Béarn as described in *Under the Red Robe*, for instance, is charming, and it is not easy to forget the stirring passage, in *A Gentleman of France*, where Marsac defends at Blois, one against many, the stairway before the battered door of his scornful lady's prison-chamber: —

“‘*Bonne Foi! France et Bonne Foi!*’

It seemed to me that I had not spoken, that I had plied steel in grimmest silence; and yet the cry still rang and echoed in the roof as I lowered my point and stood looking down on them, — ‘*France et Bonne Foi!*’

“‘*Bonne Foi and good sword!*’ cried a voice behind me. And looking swiftly round, I saw mademoiselle's face thrust through the hole in the door. Her eyes sparkled with a fierce light, her lips were red beyond the ordinary, and her hair, loosened and thrown into disordered tresses by her exertions, fell in thick masses about her white cheeks, and gave her the aspect of a war-witch, such as they tell of in my country of Brittany. ‘*Good sword!*’ she cried again, and clapped her hands.”

Rich in promise as this group of novels is, there are, on the other hand, marked

characteristics of Mr. Weyman's work that must strike the lover of Dumas as faults or limitations. It fails, in the first place, in what we may call emotional depth and breadth. These romances hold our attention, and mayhap cling to our memory. I doubt if by any chance they move us to laughter or to tears. In Dumas's best work we run the whole gamut of the emotions. There we have wit, gentle humor, broad fun, no less than the horrible, the thrilling, the touching, or the deeply sorrowful. But Mr. Weyman's work is all of a single tone and color. One adventure follows rapidly another of the same sort, in such a way that it is only the total impression upon which the reader's emotions can be based. In no full sense of the words can we say that his characters live. Worse than that: we read almost every chapter with a sense of shame. Not a single one of his heroes, unless it be Francis Cludde, has anything like a genuine Gascon self-satisfaction in his own words or deeds, nor can we be thoroughly proud of one of them. The boy Caylus is hoodwinked and outwitted at every turn of his petty plans; Berault is a spy and a sharper, hovering at best between the noble and the vile; Marsac, in spite of his good sword, is almost despicable in his tatters and *gaucherie*.

In the second place, Mr. Weyman seems to fail in the intellectual part of his task, the grouping, the modulation of his characters, the proper subordination one to another of the creatures of his own imagination. The simple plot, the single motive, the bareness of the modern short story, possess him entirely, and spoil the breadth and compass of his work.

A curious sign of this is his predilection for the narrative in the first person. It lends *naïveté* of phrase, but it produces effects too subtle for constant use; too one-sided, too monotonous. We miss everywhere contrast, refreshing alternation of standpoint. Imagine the broad and noble world of La Reine Margot portrayed from the point of view of La Mole or Coconas, or any of the ten chief characters of the novel. How distorted, how lacking in perspective, would such a single point of view justly appear! Our modern methods, with their morbid craving for individuality, smack too much of the experimental psychologist. The genuine memoir, the actual record of experience, is valuable, indeed, for the constructive historian; but to reverse the process, to force a great epoch, infinite in its rich suggestiveness of varying men and moods, of warring ambitions, diverging hopes and fears and loves and hates, into the strait-jacket of a single pseudo-memoir, is the height of folly. To amuse or interest one's readers by a single fictitious episode of the past is one matter, and a trifling one; to refresh and reinvigorate them by spreading before them a whole broad world of the past, peopled with great and small figures, of diverse characters and diverse aims, to give to the dead facts of encyclopædic quartos and stout octavos the reality of life and the glamour of romantic adventure, to quicken the pulses, to loose the bonds of tears and smiles and laughter, to construct a veritable simulacrum of throbbing existence and action in ages lost to actual human memory, — that is another matter, and one not trifling.

MARCELLA AND PEMBROKE.

THERE could scarcely be a greater contrast in the material for contemporary fiction than is shown in the English novel *Marcella*¹ and the New England one *Pembroke*.² In *Marcella*, the scene is laid in London and English country seats; the people are nobility, gentry, labor reformers, and peasants; the talk is of the readjustment of society. In *Pembroke*, the scene is laid in an obscure country village, among people who know no social distinctions, and have no interests beyond marrying and giving in marriage, though political antagonism furnishes the apple of discord. The one superficial likeness between the two books lies in the fact that in each case the hero and heroine, after plighting their troth, fly apart, and the labor of the novelist is to bring them together again on the last page of the story.

The contrast of art is even greater. The author of *Marcella* is an English-woman, born into an intellectual household, trained in scholarship and polite society, conversant with literature in many phases, and actively concerned in the solution of mighty problems of religion, politics, and industrial life. Her great interest is in character, but in character as it is moulded by the influences issuing from the turmoil of a changing England, and most of all, as disclosed by this novel, in the character of woman. Not to generalize too far, we may content ourselves with saying that she has aimed to portray a character in its gradual unfolding from a crude, unformed nature, eager in its emotional life which is expended upon social disorders, and craving an independent expression of power, into such a womanhood as knows its limitations, and also the satisfaction which comes to it through

its subjection to a law of love. Mrs. Ward writes so at the centre of English life that, whether consciously or unconsciously, she represents a sort of intellectual and social Woman's Bench, and *Marcella* may fairly be regarded as an opinion handed down upon the great case of woman's rights and duties in contemporary society.

As such it has a peculiar interest. It cannot be said that *Marcella Boyce* is a merely notional woman. She tries experiments; by turns Lady Bountiful, practical Socialist, and nurse, she comes as closely as is possible to the lives of the men and women from whom her rank and breeding have seemed to separate her. But her great experiment is upon herself, in the test of her own womanly nature, how far she is able to acquire an independence of home, father, mother, and lover, and to lead a self-centred life, none the less self-centred that it is ostensibly one of self-sacrifice. At every turn *Marcella* meets herself; and if we read the moral aright, it is only when she fairly recognizes the incompleteness of the woman in her that she comes to her senses and marries, substituting thus a normal life for a factitious one. If this be thought a commonplace rendering of an elaborate fiction, it must be remembered that when a thoughtful woman undertakes, in the space of nearly a thousand pages, to work out the destinies of two or three people, she must, if she will escape the snare of subtlety, get down to elemental foundations; and the virtue of this novel is that Mrs. Ward is genuinely desirous of penetrating the complexity of the life she is transcribing, so as to reach the clear and simple meaning of it all.

This is very noticeable when one con-

¹ *Marcella*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

² *Pembroke*. By MARY E. WILKINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

siders the substance of the interests which concern the men and women of the book. Again and again, in incident, in conversation about the incident, and in all the speculation which arises over the problems of the social order, Mrs. Ward appears to be hunting for some solvent. She is too wise to think to find a formula which shall express the result of all the ferment which her story reflects, but she comes very near a final statement when she makes Marcella say, in a conversation with Anthony Craven, when he charges her with being recreant to Socialism : —

“No! so far as Socialism means a political system, — the trampling out of private enterprise and competition, and all the rest of it, — I find myself slipping away from it more and more. No! as I go about among these wage-earners, the emphasis — do what I will — comes to lie less and less on possession, more and more on character.”

In so far as *Marcella* is a tract for the times it is a failure as a novel, and we can anticipate the languor of an intelligent reader of the book a generation hence. It is saved from being a mere tract for the times by the effort of the novelist to concentrate interest on the girl whose development forms the theme of the book. It is *Marcella Boyce* caught in the social maelstrom, and struggling to escape being swallowed up in it, who enlists the reader's sympathy; and both novelist and reader, in spite of their common interest in social problems, really strike hands most emphatically in their desire to get her happily married in the end to Aldous Raeburn. What attracts our attention, as students of contemporary fiction; is the enormous expenditure of intellectual energy by Mrs. Ward in evoking her figures out of this seeming chaos of opinionative disorder. It is as if she perceived clearly that fiction is not a vehicle for opinions, and yet could not care for any persons whom she might create unless they were elaborately representative of opinions,

and all actors in the drama of reform. She is a critic engaged in creation, with a theoretic perception of sound canons of art, but with so strong a practical tendency toward the negation of those canons that one comes at last to a confused admiration of a will which has forced a tolerably consistent work of fiction out of most unpromising materials. The whole novel is a piece of strenuous workmanship, with thought and feeling pressed into service, but with scarcely a passage which conveys the notion of spontaneity, of sudden inspiration, or even, we may say, of thorough enjoyment of her art by the artist.

If *Marcella* is a reproduction of modern life by a writer always on her guard against offending the laws of art, *Pembroke* makes no appeal to interest in any movement for reform or the bettering of conditions. The world which it reproduces is singularly narrow, and is spinning in a groove cut deep by generations of hard-headed men and women. One gets a glimpse, in *Marcella*, of what centuries of life close to the soil have made out of plain men and women. In *Pembroke*, one sees a community fixed in its little agricultural ways, also pretty near a rocky soil, but inheriting elements of character which once knew the stress of conflict with the powers of darkness, whether those powers lurked in the forms of dusky men or in the scarcely less palpable shapes of spiritual enemies. The New England which is concentrated in Miss Wilkins's landscape is provincial enough, but there is a subtle quality about it, under her treatment, which leads one to use the familiar agricultural phrase that it has run to seed. The sturdy self-respect has degenerated into pig-headedness; the frugality has lapsed into meanness; the stern discipline has passed over into cruel tyranny. Above all, the pride which resides in the hero of the tale has stiffened into an ugliness which makes him most desperately “sot.” As one runs over in his mind

the several characters in this unlovely yet impressive tale, he sees that, with scarcely an exception, they all represent some abnormal twist; their special virtues have devoured the rest of their nature, so that they stand for individualities distorted, strained, and incapable of the ordinary duties and pleasures of life. Yet it is not through exaggeration that Miss Wilkins makes them vivid; it is through the power of an imagination quick, firm, and extraordinarily sententious. Not a figure in this little book but betrays itself naturally and through very simple means: the pathetic ones do not know how pathetic they are; the wrong-headed ones are as blind as bats; but the author knows them through and through, and the ease with which she makes them known to the reader is the ease of genius working confidently in material with which it is entirely familiar. It is a genius, too, which is by no means fascinated merely by the abnormal. It is true that the queer warpings of nature afford Miss Wilkins opportunity for some of her keenest strokes, as witness the inimitable scenes in which the addled philosopher Cephas Barnard appears; but she is equally alive to sudden efflorescences of nature, and shows her capacity for perceiving the effect of lovely glints of sunshine. When one considers the material out of which it is made, one stands with admiration before that remarkable passage in which she sends Ephraim Thayer out of the house, on a winter night, to take the one stolen delight of his life; and with how few touches she manages to sketch the idyllic scene of the cherry party! For the most part, Miss Wilkins does not decorate her story; each scene is set with a precision of language which is not barren, but felicitously fit and sufficient; yet

now and then one comes across a phrase which leads the interested reader to speculate what would happen if this artist once let her feeling for the beautiful have free play, as, for example, in such phrase as this:—

“The wind began to rise, and at the same time the full moon, impelled softly upward by force as unseen as thought. Charlotte’s fair head gleamed out abruptly in the moonlight like a pale flower, but the folds of her mottled purple skirt were as vaguely dark as the foliage on the lilac bush beside her. All at once the flowering branches on a wide-spreading apple-tree cut the gloom like great silvery wings of a brooding bird. The grass in the yard was like a shaggy silvery fleece. Charlotte paid no more attention to it all than to her own breath or a clock-tick which she would have to withdraw from herself to hear.”

One is tempted to say that nothing save the charm of genius could save this story from ridicule, so daringly unreasonable is the situation which forms the central motive of the book; but in the real culmination, when Barney gets a glimpse of his moral deformity in the actual curvature of Royal Bennet’s spine, the author seems to justify her logic in pushing this unhappy temper of her hero to the extreme verge of improbability.

An imperfect sympathy will doubtless stand in the way of a widespread interest in this book, just as a current enthusiasm will lead a great many persons through the long alleys of Marcella. Yet a judgment which looks mainly to the exercise of art can scarcely hesitate in pronouncing Marcella a *tour de force*, held up for the time being by a humane temper, and Pembroke a genuine artistic achievement, in spite of the crumbling materials out of which it is built.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. The Yellow Book, an Illustrated Quarterly. (Cope-land & Day, Boston.) The merry-go-round of literary history brings back the old illustrated annual in this Yellow Book. To be sure, our great-grandaunts would have thought the pictures puzzles, and the text somewhat unedited, but the general principle is the same, — a collection of heterogeneous stories, poems, and sketches, of the current manner, and detached engravings by the artists in vogue. Only, in this case the fashion seems to be that of day after to-morrow, and that is two days away. Much may happen to-morrow; possibly a return to nobility, purity, and high ideals in literature and art. We commend to some of his associates in The Yellow Book Mr. Waugh's vigorous contribution on *Reticence in Literature*. — The volume of The Century Illustrated Magazine, comprising the six numbers ending with April, 1894 (The Century Co.), is noticeable for the absence of serial fiction; Mark Twain's novel, running through five months, being the only continued story except Mrs. Foote's *Cœur d'Alene*, begun in February. Nor is fiction generally overabundant. The group of Lowell's posthumous papers and the series of illustrations from American artists, with Cole's examples of Old Dutch Masters, belong to the permanent in this contemporary miscellany of good things. — *Studies of the Greek Poets*, by John Addington Symonds. (A. & C. Black, London.) This is a third edition, which Mr. Symonds prepared just before his death, of a work which, in less thorough form, he published a score of years ago. The exuberance of his æsthetic nature is well illustrated in these two volumes, which discourse of the whole succession of Greek poetry with a regard to literary art and philosophy. Symonds brought to bear upon his studies a mind well stored with a varied knowledge, but his own strong passion for beauty constantly shapes and directs his criticism. Readers trained in severer schools will be likely to weary now and then of his affluence, but this pleasing work is likely to attract some who would have the ancient world brought easily to their very doors. — *Specimens of*

Greek Tragedy, translated by Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.) Of the two volumes of specimens, one is given to Æschylus and Sophocles, the other to Euripides. Mr. Smith, by his brief argument and head-notes, and then by his wise selection of scenes, manages to give more unity to each specimen than one might suppose; and taken together, the pair of books makes a most admirable companion to a history or critical study of the Greek tragedies. The diction is strong without being rough, and the dignity is often one of beauty as well as of simplicity. The volume devoted to Euripides is perhaps the more satisfactory; but then Euripides presents the modern translator with scenes and sentiments which readily find English equivalents. — *The Jacobean Poets*, by Edmund Gosse. (Scribners.) In this volume of The University Series Mr. Gosse treats the poets who came immediately before the men considered in his *From Shakespeare to Pope*. This time, we trust, there is no Mr. Churton Collins prepared with a Quarterly article to demolish Mr. Gosse's utterances, for they seem to us to draw clearly the distinctions between the Elizabethan and the Jacobean poets, and to give as well as can be given by writing about writers a conception of the things they have written and the manner thereof. This is a gentle art in which Mr. Gosse is known to be proficient. — *A Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen*, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. (Macmillan.) A long introduction gives many of the facts of Ibsen's life, and some account of his historical plays. The social dramas and the poems are treated in the separate chapters that follow. The book does not seem one that would have been very hard for any devoted reader of Ibsen to write, for the greater part of it is given to retelling in narrative form the stories of the plays. When passages are literally reproduced by translations Mr. Boyesen's own are most frequently used, and when they are in verse one wishes some one else had done them. The value of the book will be appreciated especially by those who would know what Ibsen is without reading him for themselves. — *Ghazels from the Divan of Hafiz*,

done into English by Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Imported by Scribners.) "A brace of good comrades, a flagon of wine, leisure, and a book, and a corner of the garden." These, to Hafiz as to Omar, "were Paradise enow," and are, with the addition of a Beloved from whom the poet is separated, the burden of the ghazels rendered in poetic English prose by Mr. McCarthy. "Whether the Beloved is Spirit or very Flesh, whether the Wine is the Blood of the Grape or the Ichor of Doctrine," the translator leaves the reader to decide. We may not discuss deep significances here, nor point out more than the constant presence in the book of the spirit which in Omar is most distinctly Oriental. — Overheard in Arcady, by Robert Bridges. (Scribners.) It appears that one of the pleasures of Arcady is the discussion of novelists by the characters they have created, and that Mr. Bridges has been fortunate enough to overhear and report a number of these conversations. As readers of these contributions of Droch to Life will remember, the creators usually have the sympathy and liking of the created, so that, in spite of some poking of fun, the body of criticism contained in the book is friendly. When the first freshness of Mr. Bridges' plan wears off, one finds that the humor of the conversations is a less important part of them than their expression of critical opinion, usually shrewd and true. In the Stockton talk, between the Lady and the Tiger through the bars that separate their adjoining rooms, the idea of humor, by way of exception, is constant to the end; and in the illustrations by three of Life's cleverest artists it is conspicuous. On the whole, the book is a successful *jeu d'esprit*, agreeable, no doubt, in large measure by virtue of its very contemporary quality. — English Prose, Selections with Critical Introductions by Various Writers, and General Introductions to each Period, edited by Henry Craik. Vol. II. (Macmillan.) When the first volume of this work appeared, we made mention of its excellences, and of the shortcomings inevitably due to the attempt at handling English prose after the manner of Ward's English Poets. With no loss of success, this volume covers the period from the Sixteenth Century to the Restoration. — The Binding of Books, an Essay in the History of Gold-Tooled Bind-

ings, by Herbert P. Horne. (Imported by Scribners.) "The art of book-binding depends," according to the author, "upon a prolonged series of minute particulars." And so, from the nature of the author's plan, does the description of the art. After a detailed account of processes in general, the writer concerns himself especially with the work of early masters of the craft in Italy, France, and England. The book is for bibliophiles, or rather for persons — let us not lose the opportunity of using an apt and beautiful word — of distinctly bibliopegistic tastes; and to these this latest volume of the Books about Books Series must be of considerable interest.

Poetry and the Drama. Ban and Arrière Ban, a Rally of Fugitive Rhymes, by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) It is a fair troop of verses which Mr. Lang marshals in this little book. Most of them are of the lighter sort, and many of them are charming. None speak more truly for their author, nor show more faithfully his bookman's humor and his delicacy of touch, than those in which he champions the cause of Romance. The Tournay of the Heroes — in which the characters of modern realistic fiction joust with the worthies of old books, David Grieve, in the end, falling beneath the lance of Porthos — is particularly a delight. — Plays, by John Davidson. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) The title-page proceeds with the definition, "Being: An Unhistorical Pastoral: A Romantic Farce: Bruce A Chronicle Play: Smith A Tragic Farce: and Scaramouch in Naxos A Pantomime." This list is given in full, because, in a few lines, there is perhaps no better way of suggesting the nature of Mr. Davidson's dramatic work. In his plays he is one of the Neo-Elizabethans who, with the help of Mr. Beardsley, are adorning the last days of the Victorian era. He is equipped with a wealth of imagination and fancy which would have stood in excellent stead to a minor poet earlier in the era, for such an one would have been likely to eschew the fantastic as diligently as Mr. Davidson courts it. We should bear the present dispensation with patience, however, in the hope that the new Elizabethans will do more for us than they have yet shown the possibility of doing, and give us a new Shakespeare. — A Poet's Portfolio, Later Readings, by William Wetmore Story.

(Houghton.) The same He and She who read and talked about the verses in a Poet's Portfolio three years ago take up their pleasant pastime again, and discuss many of the thoughts that come to persons who look back instead of forward upon life. The joys and sorrows alike are tempered with a soft light, and the whole picture of age that the book presents is one of gentleness and charm. — *A Song of Companies, and Other Poems*, by O. C. Stevens. (H. C. Cady Printing Co., Holyoke, Mass.) We have seen a previous volume by Mr. Stevens, and this seems to us an advance on the same lines, thoughtful pondering on large conceptions, resulting in single lines and passages of fine effect, yet sometimes struggling for expression, and finding vent in somewhat confused forms. Yet no one can read *The Company of Children* and *The Capitol Dome*, to name at least two of the poems, without being impressed by the large imagination and the penetrative insight of the poet. — *A Sheaf of Poems*, by George Perry. (Putnams.) The author of this book was the successor of N. P. Willis in the editorship of the *Home Journal*, a post he held until his death, six years ago. His verse, as these collected specimens reveal it, was not included in the succession, for the relation it bears to the verse of Mr. Willis is far more remote than its descent from the spirit of transcendentalism which flourished in Mr. Willis's time and without his aid. The poems, in their total effect, give true expression to this spirit. — *The Bayadere, and Other Sonnets*, by Francis Saltus Saltus. (Putnams.) The triple standard of wine, woman, and song is well maintained in this volume. In respect of wine, the series *Flasks and Flagons* reveals an intimacy with flavors and effects which no novice could boast. In respect of woman, many types from many lands are portrayed as by a student not of books alone. And as for song, it is surely to be said that Mr. Saltus's skill in sonnet-making is proved beyond question by the high average merit of the verse in a collection so large as this. — *When Hearts are Trumps*, by Tom Hall. (Stone & Kimball.) A pretty little book, full of rhymes which, without the author's prefatory note, would be known as having appeared in the frivolous weeklies, so to call an estimable class of periodicals. The trouble is that when these rhymes on Cupid and Cupidity — as another

verse-maker called his favorite theme — get into a book, without pictures or prose to uphold them, they seem rather less worth while. One suspects sometimes, even with the frivolous weekly in hand, that Lockers are born, not made; and the suspicion is not allayed by such books of facile verse as this one. — *In Various Moods*, by M. A. B. Evans. (Putnams.) This is what is popularly known as a dainty volume, for it has a light green-blue cover with a white-and-gold back, adorned on its overlapping sides with lyres and arabesque tracery; and in the modern fashion of criticising works of one art in terms of another, the inside of the book might, without undue expense of ingenuity, be defined in words that would fit the outside.

Fiction. *Life's Little Ironies, a Set of Tales, with some Colloquial Sketches entitled A Few Crusted Characters*, by Thomas Hardy. (Harpers.) If this book should fall into the hands of an intelligent person who had never heard of Mr. Hardy or read a word of his writings, — if such a person there be, — what would he say of it? Perhaps something like this: Some of the tragic tales are memorably tragic, the funny stories are funny, and the skill of the writer is so conspicuous that he must have written many clever books before; but on the whole I do not care greatly for this one. The stories seem to be the work of a man with a grudge against the world, and with a preference in his writings for the coarser side of human nature. He never lets anything turn out well if he can help it. Sometimes there is a glimmer of hope, and in real life it would stand a fair chance of being the forerunner of a turn for the better; but here it is used simply to make the inevitable irony more tragic. After all, perhaps I have not a strong enough natural liking for scientific studies in human frailty and helplessness. Certainly these are capital documents of the sort. — *The Flower of Forgiveness, and Other Stories*, by Flora Annie Steel. (Macmillan.) Mrs. Steel has speedily and surely taken her place as, with one exception, the first of Anglo-Indian story-writers, all other competitors being so far behind these two as to be practically out of the running. Mrs. Steel not only imparts the very atmosphere of India to her slightest sketch, but she can, as it were, look at its life with the eyes and mind of

the East, putting herself in the place of those men and women whose destinies have been fixed, it might almost be said, centuries before their birth, so immutable are the laws of caste, custom, prejudice, and superstition. She is a wonderfully clear-eyed observer, but a sympathetic, humane, and generous one as well. There is no story in this volume without its own peculiar interest, and all are marked by a natural blending of humor and pathos, artistic reserve, and a certain dramatic effectiveness, but five or six of the sketches will at once be selected by discerning readers as most admirable. Of these, we should be inclined to give the preference to *The Footstep of Death*, perhaps because it was our first introduction to its author. The tale of the blind old *fakeer*, begging alms of all that pass by, "in the name of your own God," waiting through many years in godliness and contentment for the footstep that had brought shame and death to his mistress, — the footstep which will mean death to himself and that other, — is one not easily to be forgotten. — *The Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling. (The Century Co.) Mr. Kipling is a nineteenth-century *Æsop*. In this spirited, delightful book he has dramatized the beasts of the jungle, the wolf, the tiger, the jackal, the elephant, the panther, and has even associated a man cub with them; he has entered also into the hide of the camel, the mule, the terrier, and the horse, and all for the sake, not of pointing a moral, but of delineating character, and telling the varied life which goes on just beyond the inner eye of man. Verily man is extending his kingdom of letters. Barye's animals are hardly more works of art than are Kipling's. — In *Varying Moods*, by Beatrice Harraden. (Putnams.) In this little volume Miss Harraden has collected seven of her short stories and sketches, the longest and best being *At the Green Dragon*, which tells of an episode in the life of a literary gentleman who is accidentally detained for some weeks at a village inn in Shropshire, and of a farmer's daughter who serves as his amanuensis, — a discontented girl with some liking for books and ambitions beyond her dairy and poultry-yard. The story is told gracefully, sympathetically, and with delicate insight, the minor characters are indicated with a few vivid touches, and the spirit of the whole

is refreshingly cheerful and sane. None of the shorter stories will be likely to add materially to the author's reputation, though there is perhaps none that her admirers would wish omitted, except probably that gruesome study of two madmen, *The Umbrella Maker*. A word must be said of the pleasant sketch *A Bird of Passage*, which shows the writer in a vein much lighter than her wont. Miss Harraden contributes a preface to the American edition of the book, giving some hints as to how the various tales came to be written. — *With Edged Tools*, by Henry Seton Merriman. (Harpers.) Africa is beginning to rival India and Australia as a place where English novelists can send young men to meet with strange adventures and hairbreadth escapes, to perform deeds of daring, and, above all, to gain exceptionally large fortunes in an astonishingly short time. All these things are accomplished by the hero and sub-hero of this tale, who go back and forth between England and Africa as easily and indifferently as though the West Coast were no farther away than the Riviera. They are urged by love of the same young woman to go in quest of fortune; the hero being her *fiancé*, the other thinking that he is. She is, in truth, a sad flirt, but the reader hardly takes her sins so seriously as does the author, or feels his joy in her final punishment. The story is spirited, well constructed, and readable, the African portion being especially well done, and there is a good deal of epigrammatic brightness in the dialogue. But Mr. Merriman's cleverness too often degenerates into artificiality. — F. M. Crawford's *Marion Darche* (Macmillan) is a story of contemporary New York life. Its romantic quality is ingrained, its realism merely superficial, and its local color, though true and distinct, is after all somewhat thin, for Mr. Crawford is preëminently a cosmopolitan. He takes the whole world for his province, and therefore it is small wonder that he cannot know any place and people so intimately as, for instance, Thomas Hardy knows his Wessex and Wessex folk. But in whatever place Mr. Crawford lays his scenes, he has a keen sense for dramatic situation, and this is what redeems *Marion Darche* from the ordinary. — In *The Upper Berth* (Putnams) we have Mr. Crawford again. This is the first volume of a new

series of long, thin books to be called the Autonym Library, which really strikes us as a rather laborious way of saying what is to be said of the vast majority of books, that they appear under the authors' own names. Besides the title story, which will be well remembered by many as the first and ghastliest in a book of good ghost stories by various hands, there is one other, *By the Waters of Paradise*. It is less familiar and less memorable, though the supernatural element is well wrought, and throughout there is much characteristic cleverness. — *The Two Salomes*, by Maria Louise Pool (Harpers), is the tale of a country girl who in her native New England is almost morbidly conscientious, but who in Florida suddenly loses, or thinks she loses, her sense of right and wrong. Though the narrative might be made plausible enough, it seems curiously improbable through lack of subtlety and self-restraint in plot and characterization. In its local color, however, the story is true. Here, in fact, and in a few scenes of pure pathos and rather exaggerated humor, the book is at its best. In style, it is light and rapid, and readable to the end. — *Claudia Hyde*, by Frances Courtenay Baylor. (Houghton.) In this story on both sides, the American, which is specifically the Virginian, is much the larger; it is indeed all that makes the book of consequence. Here Miss Baylor is on her own ground, and she writes freely, affectionately, indeed, of the out-at-elbows Virginian aristocracy. There is much of her playfulness, though less than usual of her wit; the story is transparent so far as the fortunes of the two chief characters are concerned, but the attractiveness is in the interior, which she paints so confidently. — *An American Peeress*, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor (McClurg), is the story of a beautiful American girl who almost loses the love of her English lord, but wins it back again by fighting the devil with fire. This somewhat aged plot serves to connect scenes chiefly from English aristocratic life in town and country. In tone, however, it is quietly but strongly American. Though a bit didactic, it may fairly claim consideration as a piece of artistic work, but so regarded it lacks still the spontaneity which makes art instinct with life. One can praise the author for his studious painstaking. — *Esther Waters*, by George Moore. (Charles

H. Sergel Co., Chicago.) This much-discussed English novel comes out here in a print which adds no charm to the tale. If one wishes to see how a painstaking artist deals with disagreeable material, and keeps his reader's attention to the details of an ill-smelling world, here is the opportunity. There certainly is no illusion about the book. — *Friends in Exile*, by Lloyd Bryce (Cassell), is a series of ill-connected chapters, chiefly about some rather impossible Americans living in Paris. Toward the end, the book degenerates into farce and cheap sensationalism. In the first half, however, it suggests by its occasionally clever style — the style of a disillusioned man of the world — that its author's real forte lies in the way of short character sketches. — Among the paper-bound reissues of older fiction are: *The New Timothy*, by William M. Baker (Harpers); *The Rose of Paradise*, by Howard Pyle (Harpers).

Books of and for the Young. Two new volumes have been added to Harper's Young People Series: *The Mystery of Abel Forefinger*, by William Drysdale, and *The Mate of the Mary Ann*, by Sophie Swett. The first is the story, well told and rapid in movement, of the haps and mishaps befalling two boys during a West Indian and Mexican tour, and, though full of adventure, is, as boys' books go, noticeably free from exaggeration and over-sensationalism. The mate of the *Mary Ann* is a girl in her earliest teens, who, like so many very youthful heroines in American tales for the young, has much of the care of a large family upon her slight shoulders. In this case the father is an invalid, the mother a nullity. The main motive of the story is the girl's sufferings arising from complications and mistakes which a few words in the beginning would have set right. It is told in a readable fashion, but would have been improved by condensation. — *The Wee Ones of Japan*, by Mae St. John Bramhall. Illustrated by C. S. Weldon. (Harpers.) A little volume devoted to the babies and children of Japan. The pictures are very attractive, and the text also, for the most part. There is a touch of affectation about the writer, but when she is doing her real work of describing scenes and customs she speaks in a natural voice. — *Through Thick and Thin*, and *The Midshipmen's Mess*, a *Soldier Story* and a *Sailor Story*, by Molly Elliot Seawell. (D. Lothrop

Co.) Is it not as it should be when the soldier story for boys ends with an Indian fight, in which two young friends stand by each other, and the sailor story has in its last chapter a "Man overboard!" and the gallant rescue of the villain by the hero of the tale? Both stories bear all the marks of having been written for a periodical for the young. — The Boy Travellers in Southern Europe, Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Italy, Southern France, and Spain, with Visits to Gibraltar and the Islands of Sicily and Malta, by Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) The Boy Travellers Series has now attained encyclopædic proportions, the ever-wandering and ever-youthful heroes having reached their fourteenth quarto volume. As before, they see everything which can be illustrated, directly or indirectly, from the inexhaustible store of excellent pictures at their historian's disposal, they are still conscientiously thorough in the pursuit of information, and they will meet with their usual welcome from a host of young readers.

History and Biography. St. Andrews, by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by T. Hodge. (Longmans.) The author modestly calls this work "a little sketch of the history of St. Andrews," and disclaims any intention of producing an elaborate and learned chronicle. He suggests that it may help to revivify the past to those visitors to whom the singular fascination of the old city and the interest of its story appeal quite as strongly as the game of golf. In short, it is a sort of expanded and glorified guidebook. Mr. Lang cannot write otherwise than gracefully and entertainingly, and he gives an agreeable vitality even to such facts as are gleaned from dry-as-dust records; but the work sometimes shows marks of carelessness or haste, and is hardly complete, even within its self-imposed limitations. The writer has before now indicated his views of Maister John Knox and his work, which may be briefly characterized as differing more or less widely from those of the vast majority of his countrymen and sympathetic students of their history. But though his manner of treating the great religious contest and also the earlier struggle for independence may jar upon the readers most likely to be attracted by the book, in delineating the leading actors of those turbulent scenes he often shows that he can deal faithfully with friends as well as unfriends. The best of

the illustrations add distinctly to the value of the volume. But why should the portrait of Tom Morris have strayed, with comical incongruity, into the tragic climax of The Cardinal's St. Andrews? — Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville, 1810-1845, edited by her son, the Hon. F. Leveson Gower. (Longmans.) Mr. Charles Greville, in speaking of Earl Granville, declared his most fortunate marriage to have been incomparably the greatest of the many blessings vouchsafed to him in the whole course of his prosperous career, and the view given of certain traits of the writer's character in these unstudied and confidential letters serves to confirm the statement. While more liberal omissions from the correspondence would have been wisely made by a less partial editor, the letters are, at their best, exceedingly pleasant reading. By birth a Cavendish, and by marriage a Leveson Gower, Lady Granville was related to or connected with all the ruling Whig families, as they then justly might be called, and her husband was for a long term of years British ambassador at Paris; so of necessity she knew intimately society, fashionable and political, in France as well as England, during the first half of this century. The cleverness, vivacity, and quick, humorous perception shown in these letters came as a rightful heritage from her mother, the beautiful and brilliant Duchess of Devonshire; and though one of the greatest of great ladies, the writer never ceases to be a warm-hearted and unselfish woman, loyally devoted to her family and friends. — Glimpses of the French Revolution, Myths, Ideals, and Realities, by John G. Alger. (Sampson Low & Co.) Though this book is not so important and original a work as the author's Englishmen in the French Revolution, the comparison is but a relative one; for the later volume is not only full of interest and most easily readable, but it also contains so much curious information gathered from the revolutionary byways as to indicate a great deal of intelligent and laborious research on the writer's part. Even when he follows more or less well-trodden paths, his familiarity with his subject, — a realization of the spirit of the time as well as knowledge of the course of events, — and his special aptness in the selection of illustrative incidents and anecdotes, give a certain freshness to his vivid

narrative. The opening chapter contains an excellent *résumé* of the myths that have been indubitably proven such by many investigators, but the majority of which, we can feel assured, will continue to appear in popular histories quite in the accustomed form. The closing chapters, *The Revolutionary Tribunal*, *Women as Victims*, and *The Prisons*, will give even to careless and superficial readers a lively sense of what life was during the Terror, and may at least partially show why resistance to and attempts to escape from that hideous tyranny were so infrequent; for what was all France but a larger prison? — Josiah Gilbert Holland, by Mrs. W. M. Plunkett. (Scribners.) An air of the Memorial hangs about this book, a little to its disadvantage. Dr. Holland was perhaps too successful a man to yield the best subject to a biographer, and yet he was in his way so typical a man of letters, especially as related to American life, that there was an opportunity for a judicious study of character and career. He was a preacher, as Mrs. Plunkett readily shows, but we suspect his preaching told not so much by the force of his ideas as by the touch of art which lifted his work out of the commonplace, though not into the enduring and distinguished. — *A True Teacher*, Mary Mortimer, a Memoir, by Minerva Brace Norton. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.) A detailed narrative of a representative of a class of teachers too apt to be forgotten in these days when women's colleges are flourishing. Miss Mortimer was penetrated with a sense of the supremacy of religion; she was also a believer in thoroughness, and she was a pioneer in Western education, long identified closely with the teaching of girls in Milwaukee. Her type is not so common now as it was, but it is devoutly to be hoped that, with greater learning of a specialized sort, the teacher of women who is above all possessed with a genius for forming character may yet be the ideal teacher. — *Wah-kee-nah and her People*, the Curious Customs, Traditions, and Le-

gends of the North American Indians, by James C. Strong. (Putnams.) The Indian girl who gives this volume its title does not appear until the history and habits of many tribes of Indians, particularly in relation to their women, are described. Then the nominal heroine, having saved the author's life in the Yakima country, on the Columbia River, is left in happy wedlock with a young chief, while the reader is shown some of the ways of her immediate people, is hurried away to Florida, and at the end finds himself in Mexico with the natives and Spanish conquistadors. It would be too much to expect equal interest and value in all portions of this much-embracing work, which is distinctly at its best when the writer is dealing with the Indians he has known in the Northwest.

Domestic Economy. The Expert Waitress, a Manual for the Pantry, Kitchen, and Dining-Room, by Anne Frances Springstead. (Harpers.) This little volume gives admirably clear and precise directions as to the whole duty of a waitress at breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner, and supper; together with instructions in regard to the household work pertaining to the dining-room and pantry; closing with practical brief homilies on truthfulness, adaptability, and a servant's contract. The maid who lives up to this excellent handbook will be indeed a treasure. — *Domestic Economy*; or, *How to Make Hard Times Good and Good Times Better*. Designed to Aid in the Successful Management of the Affairs of the Family, the Home, and the Individual. By S. H. Mayer, M. D. (The Author, Lancaster, Pa.) Dr. Mayer is a courageous man. In a volume of less than three hundred pages he essays to give necessary advice relating to economy in general, education, occupation, recreation, accounts, the use of time, fuel, clothing, pets, housekeeping, food, drink, family expenses, care of the constitution, accidents, training of children, exercise, the prevention and cure of disease. It would be hard if some of the advice were not good.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Discord ver- ABOUT thirty years ago, follow-
sus Harmony. ing in the steps of my ances-
tors, I rediscovered a discovery of theirs, in
the form of a region previously unknown
to me, lying within a hundred miles of a
New England metropolis, yet as far from
it in appearance and character as if it were
at the antipodes ; and I shall try to describe
the place as it used to be, premising that
it has no grand or striking features, but all
the more, perhaps, is good for human na-
ture's daily food.

It is a land of flowers, a sort of Lotus
Land, consisting of a large peninsula of un-
even moor or heath, and oak and pine woods,
varied by low hills and many clear ponds,
and containing numerous beaches and shal-
low harbors. The kindly Gulf Stream mol-
lifies not only the sea, but the air, the tem-
perature of which is the despair of any active
New England thermometer.

Southward lies a sheltered sound, three
to five miles wide, a shining expanse of wa-
ter, through which streams an endless pro-
cession of white sails ; among them, now
and then, a dark hull with a long trail of
smoke behind it. In the distance is to be
seen the blue form of a far-stretching island
of picturesque outlines. Midway between
the sound and a body of woods toward the
north, which serves as a wind-break, is our
village, straggling for a couple of miles
along the main street like the beads of a
time-worn necklace, with side streets, or
roads, depending from it like so many loose
strands. At one end this street widens into a
snug little common, surrounded by graceful
elms which send flickering shadows across
the grass.

Around it were gathered the best peo-
ple of the place : the minister ; the lawyer,
with his little detached office ; the doctor ;
the bank cashier ; the squire ; a few retired
ship captains ; and as many faded maids and
widows, poor derelicts of the sea. Their
houses, mostly of the simplest post-Revolu-
tionary type, were square, with porches ;
hospitable front doors topped by fan-lights ;
smallish windows, containing generally six-
teen panes ; and a large chimney, or four
lesser ones. The fronts were covered with
honest white lead prosperously grayed by

wind and weather ; the dim green blinds
were darkened by time ; and near by stood
the favorite old growths, — hollyhocks and
phlox, marigolds and Canterbury bells,
climbing roses and honeysuckle ; making in
all, together with the little meeting-house,
a picture of modest completeness, of Qua-
ker-like harmonies, such as sensible folk
who do not strain too high may sometimes
attain to.

The poorer sort of people were distin-
guished from the others principally by the
size of their dwellings and the number of
columnar appendages. In the absence of
painting, these houses were adopted by Na-
ture herself, who colored them to match her
own boulders. Nearly all were shaded by
trees and framed with flowering shrubs, and
the well and wellsweep were in frequent
use.

The bank, a low, long building of a single
story, was unique among the shrines of Plu-
tus. Connected with the cashier's house by
a private door, with a leafy veranda stretch-
ing its whole length, it served as a resting-
place and Exchange for the village solidi-
ties, who, seated in wide armchairs, could
easily talk with their townsmen whose horses
were being watered at the town pump. It
would hardly have surprised one to discov-
er the venerable cashier brushing cobwebs
from his eyes, or counting out mouldy Span-
ish dollars within his vine-covered bower.

A characteristic feature of this country
was the windmills, of the old English sort to
be found upon the margin of the sea, their
vast sails sluggishly turning in the breeze,
as well as the labyrinth of wood roads, often
bordered with a wild growth of vines and
flowers.

Turning to the inhabitants, it may be said
that the very spirit of rest, together with
an insuperable philosophy, possessed them.
They all seemed to say, "There is no joy
but calm," and the universal refrain was,
"I guess it'll do to-morrer." From the
worthy minister — who, from being a fish-
er of men, became intermediately a simple *blue-
fisher* — to the village losel who sat by the
blacksmith's fire or lolled in the sun on the
lee side of something, there was no excep-
tion. There were, indeed, Sybarites like

"Cap'n" Cottle, who, not satisfied with his natural blessings, inclosed his roomy porch with old sails, fixing his hammock between, and, pipe in mouth, might be found any summer afternoon enjoying "the trades," as he called the daily southwest breeze from the sound. And in truth, the flapping and creaking of the canvas straining at its rope-fastenings, and the sweep of the wind through the trees, mimicking the rush of water in a vessel's wake, half persuaded the crippled old salt, as he swung with eyes partly closed, that he was bowling across the Pacific, and not "tied to er hitchin'-post."

From beside this post — that is to say, the pillar of his porch — I have often watched the sun set in gold and amber behind the village snugly nestled among the trees, showing a dark gray roof here and there, and the low tower of the Academy among willows; the slender meeting-house spire being bathed in splendor, while nearer fields and hollows lay darkly suffused with a thousand ineffable hues of green, and some shadow-bordered pond reflected the pale violet of the zenith in its still mirror, — a perfect harmony without a discordant note.

But, unfortunately, the spirit of discord lay dormant in the hearts of my fellow-metropolitans who enjoy with me the privileges of this happy land. One of these, having bought a house in the village street, undertook to *modernize* it by the addition of a veranda, and an L which had no affinity with anything, painting it a ghastly white, and the roofs bright red; the whole screaming defiance to the neighborhood, to which it yet imparted a shabby air, so that the thriftiest householders were goaded into painting their good gray homesteads, adding, as a matter of course, dazzling green blinds. Thus fell the first blow upon the old-time harmony of our village; the contagion of new paint quickly extending even to the common.

Another man from the metropolis, having possessed himself of the roomy house of a deceased sea captain, at first kept his hands from it, but presently must put up a huge barn and outbuildings, by way of playing farmer; and, like his fellow-Philistine, instead of conforming the new to the old, built them with no sort of reference to anything he had found, coloring them a dirty chocolate, possibly with an eye to "not showing dirt."

Another little rift within our lute was

the few tiny cottages, like cardboard boxes, planted on the edge of a bluff commanding a wide sweep of ocean. These were experiments of exotic excursionists and amateur fishermen to provide themselves with shelters at the smallest outlay of money and trouble, but, unhappily, not without an ambition for what is called ornament, taking in this case the form of a sawed fringe along gables, and windows with pointed tops. To-day, this toadstool growth, fallen into other hands, enlarged but not beautified, litters the water's edge like a trumpery toy village left to itself by a child of some giant race tired of play; its whimsical absurdities of color suggesting his deranged and dirty paint-box.

It might have been hoped that people with more money and education, who, following some of the first-comers, indulged in architecture, would have done much better than they. But no. Having generally elected to build on the bare, windy level between the main street and the sound, in quest of a prospect, they have had no regard to the effect of their houses in relation to each other or the surroundings, or to the disastrous result of opposed styles and forms seen behind or against one another in various combinations. Neither has any attempt been made by tree-planting to prevent or soften these strange groupings. High houses, low houses, short and long, white and yellow houses, black houses and red, stand staring at each other and at the beholder, as if asking how they came where they are, and why, their conditions and purpose being alike, they should be made to masquerade in such diverse and harlequin attire. Each householder has followed his own whims, just as in the case of the toy village, neither thinking nor caring that the ugliness of one house is the injury of all, and that a neighboring exterior concerns one as much or more than one's own. A rampant individuality and a deficient sense of harmony must have much to do with this.

We have yet another small class of rich persons who own a tract of slopes and hills somewhat apart from the village. They assume something of manorial dignity, and their influence, wisely used, might have been most effective for good. What have they done beside incidentally raising the cost of living, giving the town the benefit of their taxes, and encouraging shopkeepers who

have added carpenter's disfigurements to the others which encumber the main street? Alas! they have shown no more taste than their neighbors, though greatly befriended by adjacent woods and elevated sites. They have made the roads dusty with drags and wagonettes, and marred the delicate profiles of the hills with clumsy water-tanks and rattling skeleton windmills of Western invention; and these eyesores are multiplying everywhere, while the mill of the early days has gone to rack and ruin. Finally, by way of climax, these rich people have caused two churches to be built: one so crude and barbaric that its very stones seem to cry out against it; the other, near the common, so out of place with its smug reproduction of English Pointed architecture that, considering its surroundings, one is greatly tempted either to demolish the church or burn the village.

It is now beginning to be said that "a real live town" such as ours promises to be should have an electric road, "to make it handier to git round." If it is to come, it would be *handiest* to carry it across the common, under the shadow of the two spires. Possibly a dummy engine attached to a car, and expected to take its water from the town pump, might prove profitable to investors.

For myself, I had thought of organizing an Anti-Village-Extinction Association before our paradise should be altogether lost; but being told that the local Village Improvement Society, under the auspices of our wealthy residents, has succeeded only in planting a few trees, and in debating the question of buying a new watering-cart without practical results, I am led to think it might not be a success.

— I shall never be done telling the Club about the children I see on the city streets. The drama they act in outstretches any on the Chinese stage; and though it has its dull days, its tiresome, meaningless acts, it is always likely to reward attention by some bit of byplay, some passage of pantomime that is truly precious.

What fitter adjective could be given, for instance, to a scene I have just observed enacted by three infants in Forty-Second Street? Who could hope that a Forty-Second Street would bring forth anything so pretty? The heroine was very ragged, very dirty, and the loveliest bit of

womanhood that ever reached the age of four. She had golden-brown curls, golden-brown eyes, a peach-blossom complexion, and the particularly soft and lovely curves and modelings that seem almost peculiar to this coloring. And in the same simple, unconscious, helpless way, she was as touchingly feminine as Adelaide Neilson in the part of Viola.

When my eyes fell upon her, she was in trouble; her eyes were filling with tears, and she was pressing a mite of a palm upon her quivering mouth in a piteous effort to keep back a rising tide of sobs. She was not the only one in trouble; a snub-nosed newsboy of eight or nine years was bending over her, his eyes strained with worried anxiety. He talked to her, but she only turned her curly head this way and that in an effort to hide her tears, and caught her breath the faster beneath that repressive palm. He offered her (God knows why) his only remaining paper; but she would none of it, though her refusal was only grief-smitten, not cross. No being could have seen her without an impulse to try to comfort her. But speaking to children is a perilous measure, perilous to the interest of the play; and now see how a proper sacrifice of human to artistic feeling was rewarded. The harried newsboy raised his eyes and looked despairingly about him. He saw another and lesser boy forty feet away, and coming toward him; he hurried to the seven-year-old, and — as my eyes told me — stated the case to him.

The snub-nosed boy was masculine enough in his despair, but the little one had a trick of masculinity worth more; he (the little one), with the firm, even step of the head of a family, walked up to her ladyship, and, without one word, one inquiring glance, just threw his arm around her neck, drew her close, and walked on. To see her snuggle her comforted head on his shoulder, and slip an arm about his waist, and silently dry her eyes with the other hand, and be happy again — well, if it is worth the paper it is printed on here, what do you *suppose* it was to see it? It would have been just like the pictures of street children in *Life*, if it had not been altogether unlike in being as winsome as it was humorous.

Of course the children are the stars in the panorama of the street, but occasionally men or women rise above the compara-

tively sordid parts they usually play, and, generally by some touch of helplessness that makes them akin to the children, arrive at a like power to move the heart.

One morning, as I came through Washington Square, I became conscious that a dingy woman was hovering about me; now before, now behind or beside me. When my eyes turned to her, she drifted nearer, looking at me with pale, watery eyes and the gentlest expression of tenderness.

"You don't mind my speaking to you, do you?" she said. "I like to look at you. You don't mind?" Then, sinking still lower her quiet voice, she said, while a look of appeal came into her face, as if she felt she were telling the most pitiful thing in the world, "I've been drinking. Yes," nodding her head a little, and trying to smile her blank, friendly smile again, "I'm trying to get sober now. I just thought I'd like to speak to you. You don't mind, do you? I'm very respectable, only that I go on sprees. I'm a sewing-woman, — see?" and she pointed to a number of needles impaling her breast in the usual seamstress fashion. "I knew you were kind. I like to look at you. You don't know anything that would help me sober up, do you?"

It seemed probable she knew more on this point than I, but the fact was she had the air of simply seeking to prolong the conversation. Considering her state, one was not called upon to feel flattered by her attentions; but I confess that I do not always wait for the necessity, and probably I should not have parleyed so long with a drunken woman who was uncomplimentary. My vanity did not receive the wholesome check that might have been expected, for the poor woman proved that her vague pursuit was quite unmercenary.

I told her, on a venture, that I thought a cup of strong black coffee would do her good, and asked if she had the money to get it.

"How much will it cost?" she asked, smiling still as she tried to focus her eyes upon mine, and giving her soft, affectionate inflections such simplicity as would have befitted a wanderer from Mars who had never heard of coffee.

When I suggested localities — near by — where five cents might be expected to pay for my prescription, she said, "I've got a dime," and still without seeming quite to

descend to any sharp recognition of the vulgar, material sides of life, she drew her dime from her pocket and showed it to me. When, after expressing my sympathy and my hope that the coffee would help her, I started on my way, she stood aside to let me pass, saying once more, "You don't mind my speaking to you, do you?"

How things change their proportions in retrospect! I shall never remember what engagement I was so determined to keep just then, and now it seems the strangest brutality that I left that poor, pitiful, struggling thing without really turning a hand to help her. But I was full of an idiotic notion that I must hurry about this or that triviality. It was not a case in which it seemed wise to offer money, and I contented myself very well then by turning back, giving her a card bearing my name and address, and telling her to come to me if she wanted assistance or wished to see me. She said nothing, smiled on, and stood watching me as long as I could see her. Of course I have had no more knowledge of her since than of some raindrop that splashed my cheek that week.

That is a definitely melancholy little tale, but here is another, in which I find the melancholy element, if less definite, is still poignantly touching. I sat unobserved at a window close to the sidewalk, and watched two little urchins in shabby knickerbockers search ardently for some lost treasure. Probably it was a broken key or a glass marble. Anyway, it was something very small and very precious, and they rubbed their bits of noses over yards of flag and cobble stones looking for it.

All the time, as they hunted, they manufactured little superstitions, and acted upon them. The big one (he might have been seven) would say, "Now let's shut our eyes and walk to the gutter, and maybe, when we open them and look down, one of us'll see it."

This expedient failing, the little one, enough less to be very docile with his superior, would venture a suggestion expressing his faith that if they walked ten steps backward into the street, and then whirled around three times and looked, this singular course would prove efficacious. I found their self-invented, vague devil-worship curious and entertaining; but when the baby, at last, tired out and on the point of tears,

exclaimed, in a half-whispered tone of patient awe this time, "Willie, Willie, let's say we don't want to find it," — when it came to that, I broke up the council.

The age of five is too young, too young for a little man to be discovering the darker ways of fate.

Friendship — — "Just read me again that epigram on The New Broom."

As an Old Story. "With pleasure. As Touchstone says, 'It's a poor thing, but my own,' based on keen experience."

"You have the inheritance of the *irritable genus*.

'Out of my own great woes
I make my little songs.'

Is that it? But let's have the verses."

"Well, here they are. Deal gently.

THE NEW BROOM.

Oh yes, he will do it,
I know he will do it, —
The more that our friendship is new!
To expect our old friends
To further our ends
Would be taking an optimist's view.
While the iron is hot,
We must strike, for, if not,
Sober second-thought always means 'won't'!
If we wait till to-morrow,
We learn to our sorrow
That Echo says nothing but 'don't'!"

"Yes, that 'sweeps clean.' There is, undoubtedly, an extensive Gallic territory in the Land of Friendship, where the inhabitants, like our old acquaintances in Cæsar's Commentaries, are always 'desirous of new things.'"

"Stranger is a holy name' very particularly applies to their eager, welcoming attitude. It should be the motto of a lady I know. All her friends are strangers; all her strangers are swans. If there is an ellipsis in the statement, I leave you to supply what is lacking. At any rate, they prove birds of passage. I hear their praises from her lips no more. Meantime, a new set provide a theme; for, to do her justice, she is very enthusiastic in the manner in which she speaks of her friends, or rather, her strangers. To grow old, as a friend, is as grievous to her and as insupportable as to others of her sex is the waxing old of the fashion in garments. But in either case change remedies all. Yes; old friends are like relations: the best there is of them, for us, is already won. They have reached that perilous point where they know enough of our failings to temper their generosity

with a mild measure of justice! The new-found friend is full of delightful possibilities. So much of the pleasure of friendship with new people consists of getting acquainted, of surveying unknown territory, of colonizing yet undiscovered countries with one's own views and prejudices, that, like an ardent speculator, one scarce knows where to leave off this reckless investment!"

"You are severe. Let me tell you what happened to me at the outset of my acquaintance with an excellent Scotch family. (Ah, there's the stuff for lasting friendships!) I was young, ardent, and, being impulsive in speech, I expressed strongly my strong liking for these good people; to which one of the family replied, 'You're pleased with us because we're *newins* to you.' I have often had occasion to remember the phrase when observing the avidity with which new friendships are struck up between eager strangers. They taste their 'newins,' and the gusto is great while it lasts. But, do you know, I think there are two sides to this subject, Friendship — as an Old Story. I'm not quite prepared to say, in what might be termed the language of the Hebrew vender, that 'old friends are like old clo's;,' they lack style, and have no quality but the one of hanging easy on you; or, to put it briefly, they are easy, and nothing else! But it would be well, I think, to remember that the advantage of age is liable to be overrated both as regards friendship and wine. A celebrated *gourmet* has remarked that wine has its dotage. Now, I fail to see why the qualities of friendship should be considered immortal, when, usually, there is nothing else about the friend but what is commonplace. Even criminals boast of enduring friendship, — friendship founded upon so slight a moral basis as the habits of their class offer; but the records of the station-house present a solid wall of negation to all this glowing pretension. But to return. I think that friendship, in a certain sense, should always be new; the older it grows, the newer it ought to be."

"Would you mind explaining that little paradox?"

"Certainly not. You know I don't object to being didactic — on occasion. I mean just this (and here we come back to your New Broom). With many people friendship is like a tontine policy; after a given number of years it matures, and is then

called 'paid up.' There is such a position as emeritus professor in friendship. The period of contribution having passed, the incumbent settles into calm possession of rights already earned. It's not a gracious rôle to play. I don't see why we should be so zealous to keep 'abreast of the times' in every other matter, while in friendship alone we allow ourselves to rest complacently on the oar. Every art, every industry, every project in which we engage, looks forward. There must be some lure, some novelty, to draw us on. You don't grind with the water that has passed, and just as little do you grind the grist that is already ground. I think of a good illustration from the sciences. To a well-equipped and earnest naturalist there need be no higher recommendation to secure his interest than that the animal under consideration be but little known. Some beast of the Dismal Swamp, some Mexican or Guatemalan toad whose horned and grotesque body suggests to the philosopher that the Almighty has a sense of humor,—all this is food for the naturalist's loving thought, and an incentive to curious investigation. There is no serpent too slimy or too venomous to engage his intensest interest, provided such serpent possesses one rattle more to his tail or one fang less to his buckle armory than is the wont of his kind in general. I think of a more agreeable illustration. When a child, I brought to an old musician with a passionate love of flowers a specimen unknown to us children, and called by some fanciful childish name of our own invention. At sight of this unaccustomed blossom, the old flower-worshiper dropped his eyes in unspeakable disappointment. 'Why, it's only a cowslip,' he said. In so doing he but betrayed that universal lack of interest in the familiar which is so sad to contemplate, even when that familiar is taken from the subject of our deepest joy."

"*Omne ignotum* holds good among the every-day things of this life; undoubtedly, the element of strangeness goes far to enhance romantic interest wherever it is encountered."

"Yes. Even the crystalline Emerson, talking as the gods upon Olympus talk from peak to peak, says that lovers must guard their strangeness."

"And what wise Corydon was it who, on being questioned, gave this recipe for keep-

ing his sweetheart aglow with perennial enthusiasm? 'Don't never marry her. Court all the time, like two pretty people in a picture.'"

"Yes. Among the expedients granted to poor human nature, in order that it may keep alive the freshness and glow of the heart, there is nothing more useful than the resourceful temperament which, like the moon in Browning's poem, turns always a new side to her mortal.

'Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman,
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats,—him, even!'

Yet I'm not so sure as to that last specification. If you will reach me that volume of Keats, I think I can find a wise word on this very subject, as on many another, though his lovers will never allow the possibility of his moralizing upon any theme. Here it is,—the sonnet To J. H. Reynolds.¹ He wishes that

'a week could be an age, and we
Felt parting and warm meeting every week;
Then one poor year a thousand years would be!'

And here, again, he is still more strenuous to endow friendship with all the fullness of life:—

'Oh, to arrive each Monday morn from Ind,
To land each Tuesday from the rich Levant,
In little time a host of joys to find,
And keep our souls in one eternal pant!'

I won't say familiarity breeds contempt, but it does breed a too easy-going certainty and a slackness of endeavor in friendship, which assuredly deserves our best efforts."

"It might be useful for friends to adapt for their purpose the refrain of an old sentimental ditty, Strangers Yet."

"Yes, they might do worse. The joy of mutual discovery would then never fail them."

"And, on the other hand, they might sometimes be spared a world of pain?"

"Certainly. It's a grave question just how far the idealization that seems to be necessary to friendship will bear the strain of an intimate, minute, and *humorous* knowledge of defects. Perhaps, for our *friend's* sake, we ought to see that he does n't discover too many of our little faults."

"My Machiavellian prince of friends speaks there!"

¹ To J. H. Reynolds. No. X. Posthumous Poems.

The Artist of
the Monostich
Again.

— On a second visit to the workshop, in company with the Censor, I found the Artist of the Monostich engaged in some studious work of cutting and polishing, — such as befitted this lapidary of the Muses.

The Censor, by way of engaging the Artist in conversation, and referring to previously expressed opinions, asked to what extent he thought it possible to reduce an epic, or, to employ a phrase borrowed from a far different and a more mechanical industry, how many "pounds pressure" a composition of this order could sustain. Why not, for instance, the reduction of the *Iliad*?

Now, the Artist, strange as it may seem, had been a soldier, before cultivating the gentle arts of peace in the form of his present novel avocation. To say that the Artist detected a lurking irony in the Censor's "for instance" would be to hazard no unsafe venture of opinion. It was patent to one observer, at least, that a gray glint shone forth in the Artist's eye. He replied that had Mount Athos, as proposed, been cut in the likeness of the human countenance (a work of needless magnitude, perhaps), no upstart engineer would have been so rash as to attempt reducing the monolith to a cameo relief! There were, likewise, works of the human brain which, to use the plea of Shakespeare's early editors, had had their "triall already" and had "stood out all appeales."

The Miltonic epic was then cited. Whereupon the Artist observed, not so irrelevantly as at first seemed, that Swedenborg, a seer who at times approaches the poet, had not done so badly in compressing the Miltonic epic: witness that spirited polemic

scene where two sages are still disputing, in the other world, some question that vexed them to sore disagreement in this; witness the famous description (so nearly filling the requisitions of a single heroic line):

"As they had no swords, they fought with pointed words."

While the Censor and the Artist were following up some line of thought suggested by this new-found poem, I allowed my eyes to rove about the studio; and in their journey my attention was arrested by the work upon which the Artist was bent when we entered. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Why, here are several epics *in parvo*! By your leave" — and I read aloud, in my zeal to convince the Censor of his error in baiting the Artist, the following concentrated verses descriptive of scenes too well known to one who was a soldier before he was an artist.

BATTLE EVE.

We beheld in the ruddy camp-fire a vision of what must be.

THE AMBITIOUS LEADER.

He saw his sword beam bright through battle mists.

A FORLORN HOPE.

I felt I dared not trust myself to live.

A LOVER IN BATTLE.

Till Love was born I had no fear to die.

BEYOND THE LINES.

He passed to where our substance is but shadow.

FATAL REPULSE.

They stormed a fortress, but 't was Heaven they scaled!

A DEAD CAUSE.

It died like day, — in agony of crimson.

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 PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XXVI.

LITTLE Lyssie could not, just at first, tell even her mother of her broken engagement. There had to be hours of staggering on alone, dumbly, under her grief. She went about her daily duties on Sunday and Monday, dry-eyed and calm. She had taken off her ring, looking at it silently a long time before she put it away. She was too unconscious of self, and unfamiliar with the conventions of life, to think of sending it back to Roger. Her mother did not notice its absence from the slim, girlish hand; Mrs. Drayton had too many cares of her own to notice such things; she "was failing rapidly," she told every one who came to see her. "But perhaps it is just as well, for now Lyssie is happy, I am no longer needed," she sighed; and added that Alicia's present selfish absorption in her own happiness was doubtless the Lord's way of driving her, Mrs. Drayton, closer to Him for companionship; which, to the curious mind, opened up interesting questions as to the propriety of the Lord's methods.

But if Mrs. Drayton was no longer needed, she had still some needs. When Alicia began to creep out of her daze of pain, and feel tears starting in her eyes and the sob swelling in her throat, and recognize that she must have the relief of speaking, Mrs. Drayton "needed" her so much that it was not easy to fly to Cecil to tell her troubles, as it was her impulse to do.

"I think I'll go and see Cecil, mother dear," she said, "and Esther will bring your dinner up. I may not be at home for dinner."

"Esther?" returned Mrs. Drayton, opening her eyes. "Oh, Lyssie, you know how I dislike to have Esther come into the room when my nerves are so racked!"

But Alicia, for once, thought of herself. She felt that she must be with Cecil; she must put her head on her sister's breast, and cry, and cry, and cry. She could not come back so early as dinner time.

"Oh, mother darling," she entreated, "if you would n't mind just this once! Oh, I *must* see Cecil!" she said, in a sort of wail, and then steadied herself, her breath catching. "I'll fix your tray, dear, all nicely, and then you won't mind letting Esther bring it in?"

Mrs. Drayton closed her eyes. "Oh, go, of course. Don't mind me. But I don't want Esther to bring in the tray. I'll wait, and have my dinner when you come home. I suppose you'll be home by tea time? Oh, Lyssie, when I am gone, I hope you won't remember things like this! Remorse is very painful. But I have such a sensitive conscience; perhaps you won't suffer as I should."

"I don't mean to be neglectful, mother, but" —

"Oh well, I sha'n't allow you to stay at home now. I only spoke of your selfishness from the highest motives, — because it was my duty, not because I

wanted to keep you at home. My motives are always the highest and the best. For myself, I don't mind waiting for my dinner until it's convenient for you. I have little enough appetite, anyhow."

Of course Lyssie brought up the tray.

In the afternoon, as she went up the hill, she thought, almost for the first time in these two days, of Cecil's own troubles; and yet Cecil's troubles only made her think of Roger's promptitude in helping them. Compared to a broken engagement, how foolish and unreal seemed the senseless quarrels between husband and wife! Beside, it was all right now; Roger had said so — *Roger!* and the long-withheld tears rose burning to her eyes. She felt as though she could hardly wait to reach Cecil, and as she went swiftly into the house, and upstairs, she had only a word for Molly playing with her blocks in the hall.

She found Cecil's room empty of everything but confusion. Two great trunks, half packed, took up much space; the small pictures and photographs, the pleasant litter of books and little dainty furnishings, stood forlornly about on tables or chairs, waiting to be packed; the curtains had been taken down, and a streak of pale sunshine fell across the carpet and into the fireplace, laying a moving finger on the busy fire, whitening the flame, and glittering on the brass and-irons.

"Oh, she's going away!" thought Lyssie hopelessly. Then she went into the hall, and called her sister in a listless voice. Cecil answered from the floor above, and a moment later came downstairs. She kissed Lyssie, and shut the door, and threw herself down on the lounge.

"I'm tired to death!" she said crossly. "I had a headache last night, and endured the torments of the very bad, and could n't sleep; and now to-day I've had to see about closing the house. Should n't you think, with four able-bodied women, this house could be

closed without supervision? Where have you been, Lys? I have n't been able to hunt you up, I've had so much to do."

"You are going away?"

"Yes. I telegraphed Philip to come back. I've thought it over, and I've decided that — I won't leave him. But we must get back to town."

"I'm so glad everything is smooth," Lyssie said absently. "Cecil, I want to tell you something." She sat down on the floor beside Cecil's couch, twisting her fingers in the soft white rug, and seeing the pallid flames in the sunny fireplace flicker in two great tears that trembled behind her eyelids. "Roger and I have broken our engagement, Ceci."

Cecil sat upright, and opened her lips for a reply; but she was speechless. There was alarm, but amusement too, in her face. Was it possible that Roger Carey had been so absurd as to tell — But there was nothing to tell!

"Lys! Why, what do you mean? What did he say to you? Now, Lyssie, don't be absurd! Break your engagement? He has n't done anything that" —

"Of course he has n't done anything; it is n't his fault. He wanted to be married right off, — next month. And I could n't. You know I could n't, Cecil. How could I leave mother? And he did n't want to wait; and so — and so" — And at last came the relief of a fit of crying, with her face on Cecil's knees, her arms about her waist.

"Did he — did he want to be married — right away?" Cecil said slowly above Lyssie's bowed head. Was it possible that it had been so much to him as *that*? Oh, it was well she had sent for her husband! She was frightened, exulting, renouncing, all at once. But mechanically she stroked Lyssie's head, and murmured vaguely, "It will all come right. I shall make it come right." Oh, she was glad she had sent for Philip!

Lyssie, comforted but hopeless, clung

to her, explaining it all over and over. "If I could only just die!" the child said.

Cecil listened with angry remorse; she put her arms about Alicia impetuously, and her voice broke with tenderness. "There, darling, don't cry. Lyssie, it breaks my heart to have you cry." It came to her with a great impulse of affection that she would bring Roger Carey back to his duty. "Now, dear, stop crying," she said heartily. "No man is worth so many tears. I'll see him in town, and I can patch it up; with no injury to your pride, of course."

"Pride! Oh, Ceci, I have n't any pride! Why, I'd go and kneel down before him and tell him, if I had been wrong, or if I could make him feel differently; only, it's the principle, don't you see? We should never be happy, if he could n't feel as I do about mother."

"Lyssie, that is absurd; naturally he could n't feel as you do about Mrs. Drayton."

"But he said — he said — Oh, I can't tell you how he spoke of her. He does n't love her, — I know he does n't."

"But good gracious, child, why should he? He does n't know Mrs. Drayton. Do you expect him to divine all her admirable qualities?"

"Oh, but Ceci, he could n't ever have loved me, if he feels that way about her."

Cecil's impatience at this did Lyssie good. Not that she thought her lover would come back to her, but it made her feel that she, too, had been to blame, a little; that it was not all his fault.

She sat there, leaning against Cecil, talking out her aching heart, while the room darkened, and the fire glowed and brightened. Cecil said very little. Her color deepened once, suddenly, and she smiled; then she set her teeth hard upon her lip, and drew in her breath, and looked down upon Lyssie's bowed head.

"Lys dear, I'm sure he will come back; and you must forgive him."

"You don't understand. You don't see how bad it is. His coming back

would n't make any difference in the question of mother."

"The 'question of mother' will settle itself," Cecil declared, and paused, listening. "That is the stage!" she said, in a low voice. She put her hands up to her eyes a moment. "Philip has come, Lys."

"Oh, I'll go!" Alicia said quickly.

Cecil made no effort to detain her. She was impatient to be through with what she had to say to her husband.

Philip, however, was in no haste to see his wife; he was hungry and thirsty for his child.

Molly was in the nursery, and when he opened the door she flew towards him with a shriek of delight.

"Oh, Molly, let me fasten your dress," Rosa expostulated.

Philip took the child in his arms passionately. "I'll finish dressing her. Say to Mrs. Shore that I have come. I'll bring Molly down to dinner."

He sat down, and Molly, standing between his knees, demanded eagerly, "Father, what did you bring me for a present?"

"Why, you don't say you wanted a present!" cried Philip, with a great show of dismay. At which Molly joyously flung herself upon him and hunted for his pockets.

"I wish you'd have your pockets hung on the outside," she informed him, rummaging through his coat.

"You can't have presents until you are dressed," her father declared, trying to button her frock down her little back. But his hands were trembling. "How does this thing go, Polly?"

"You put the holes over the buttons," Molly instructed him. "Hurry, father! I want my present. Oh, father, that feels queer; it pulls. I don't think Rosa fastens it that way."

"It looks queer," Philip admitted anxiously. "Have n't you got anything easier to put on than this?" And between them they took off the somewhat

elaborate frock, and Molly frisked about before the fire, in her petticoat. Philip got her on his knee, and cuddled her inside his coat to keep her warm, and told her a marvelous tale of gnomes and fairies. He rested his cheek upon her soft, straight hair, and felt her little warm body against his heart, and gathered her swinging foot into his hand. Once his voice shook so that Molly noticed it.

"Father, why did you laugh?" she said reproachfully, for it chanced to be at an affecting point in the tale.

"I did n't laugh," Philip told her, truthfully enough. "Now let's find an easy dress to put on, and then look for presents!"

The toilet accomplished, the presents were discovered to have been left on a chair outside the nursery door. Molly, quivering with excitement and happiness, tore off the wrappers, and uttered a succession of shrieks as each new joy revealed itself, — a tin steamboat, a picture book, a little bow and arrow. At last, fairly tired out with pleasure, she gathered her treasures in the skirt of her dress, with a long, happy sigh.

"I'm going to put 'em in my trunk. Do you think I can shoot my bow and arrow on the ship?"

Philip's exclamation made her look up; but he said nothing of the ship. He told her that he had an idea there was a small box in his waistcoat pocket; did she care to look? Her eager eyes showed how much she cared. The box found and opened, a little ring revealed itself, — a tiny thread of gold clasping a small dark garnet shaped like a heart. Philip's hand was unsteady as he slipped it on her finger, but his words were gay enough, and he gave her a kiss, and perched her on his shoulder in the way in which he always ended their frolics.

But his face was ghastly when they reached the dining-room.

Cecil met her husband with an affection of carelessness. He was very

good to have come so promptly, she said. She found a good deal of fault with the dinner; she spoke sharply to Molly once or twice; she told John, in a low voice, that his silver was disgracefully dull, and the man blushed to his ears; she looked at her husband across the table, sometimes, with a cold dislike in her eyes, very different from the old good-natured contempt.

"I wish you'd come into the library, Philip, when you've finished your cigar," she said, when dinner was over.

He rose at once. "No, Polly; run upstairs to Rosa, darling," he told Molly, who demurred, but obeyed.

Philip could scarcely wait to close the library door before he burst out: "I shall not consent to Molly's going to Europe! Neither you nor I have the right to take her where the other can't see her."

"Will you please wait until Europe has been mentioned?" Cecil said. She was standing by the fire, her hand resting on the mantelpiece, and one foot upon the brass fender. "I don't mean to take Molly abroad. I don't mean to go myself."

"I — I beg your pardon," Philip stammered.

"No," she went on, without turning her head, "no; I am not going anywhere except to town, as soon as I can possibly get there. These idiots of ours apparently want weeks to pack up in! But I think I can get off on Friday."

"Why did n't you send for me sooner? I could have hurried things. I suppose you've sent word to town, and the house will be in order for you?"

"Oh yes; I telegraphed when — when I decided. You did n't share your legal information with me, Philip," she said, over her shoulder, and laughed; then she turned round and faced him, her eyes full of hate. "I suppose you were afraid I would take advantage of you? You see I have had some legal information. I know that Molly belongs to me."

"So far as any legal question goes," he answered coldly, "we both knew the probabilities when I went away. There seemed to be no reason why I should communicate with you until you had decided what you wished to do at present. As for Molly" — he paused — "you know my wishes. Her time must be divided between us."

"If I agree!" she reminded him, with strident malice in her tone. "Suppose, for the sake of argument, I don't agree: of course you know she would be given to me? But I want to ask you one question, devoted father. Granting that I do agree to divide her time, do you think my influence over her is good? Oh, pray don't hesitate, on any grounds of politeness, from expressing your opinion, — I know what it is; but I just want to understand why you are willing to resign her to the tender mercies of the wicked for six months in every year."

"I have no choice," said Philip Shore grimly.

"Oh yes, you had a choice," she assured him. "You could have given up being so good, could n't you, and stayed with her? But I did n't mean to discuss it. I only asked out of curiosity. It does n't really matter. The fact is, this is all nonsense, Philip. I sent for you just to tell you that it is nonsense."

"What is nonsense?"

"Oh, this plan of ours. Come, now, you ought to be flattered! I can't tear myself away from you. I've decided not to leave you."

It seemed to Philip Shore as though the ground moved suddenly under his feet. He grew white, and did not speak.

Cecil looked at him. "See here, Philip," she said kindly. "I quite understand that this takes you by surprise; but things need n't be changed, really. You can go abroad, if you want to, for a while. Only, I've decided not to do anything public." She sat down wearily, and reached over for the paper cutter, playing with it restlessly, as she had

done on that other night when she had consented to Philip's proposition. She bent the broad tortoise-shell blade back and forth against the palm of her hand, and then held it up between her eyes and the lamp, and yawned slightly. "This winter I shall go out a great deal. You can put Molly to bed every night, if you want to, in intervals of 'learning to be an artist,' as Mrs. Drayton says."

She was so perfectly matter of course that Philip's astounded questions died upon his lips. He said quietly, "What are your reasons for changing your mind?"

"Reasons? Oh, as Molly says about step-grandmothers, 'they don't count.' I don't want to talk about reasons. It is convenient; that's enough. I'm willing to go back. I'm willing to let things be as they were. That's all. But don't, for Heaven's sake, talk about it!"

She was feverishly anxious to get through and to be alone. She wanted to think. She had not dared to face the fact that Roger Carey was free until she had made herself a prisoner again. But now, having taken up her chains, she wanted to think the whole thing out; to realize what his desire for a speedy marriage meant; to give free rein to that fierce satisfaction of conquest, which in such a woman has an almost masculine intensity, but which, it must be admitted, is not confined to such women. The very good can experience it — if the opportunity is afforded them.

"We've got to talk about it. You seem to forget that the principle underlying this idea of separation transcends any mere personal convenience."

"Ah, but Philip, you forget; I have no principles. I tell you I can't tear myself away from you. Isn't that enough?"

"What are your reasons?"

"They are my own, at least," she said contemptuously, and rose. "I don't think we need talk about this any more. I simply am not willing to carry out an arrangement which would have been

(there is no use choosing words) a very great relief to me" — She stopped, and then turned upon him with a sudden furious look. "See here! Did it ever occur to you that I — that I am human? that I am flesh and blood? Did it ever occur to you that all these years may have made me hate you? that — that — perhaps if — Oh, my God! why did I marry you!" She stood facing him, panting, her teeth set in a passion that turned her white.

Philip's eyes narrowed. "We never were — married," he said, with deliberate and deadly meaning.

"Oh, don't be such a fool! You don't know what I was talking about. I feel like saying, 'Get thee to a nunnery,' whenever I look at you!"

"And still you propose to remain with me?" he said, stung beyond endurance.

"I propose not to make a fool of myself. The amount of it is, Philip, that you and I have been acting as though we were the only people in the world to be considered; well, I've come to my senses, — that's all. I have n't any reasons to proclaim or to discuss. I merely tell you I'm willing to let things be as they were."

"But I am not."

She flung up her head as though he had struck her. "You!"

"It is n't as though there were any possibility of your loving me, of" —

Cecil broke in with furious candor. "Love you? I?"

Then Philip Shore spoke his mind. He told her first, very clearly, their position in the eye of the law in regard to Molly; then he went over the arguments which were burned into his conscience for the ending of a false relation, — a relation only less base, he said, than those other loveless marriages where the wife is her husband's mistress. "For that's what it amounts to," he ended, beside himself with his sincere and brutal panic for personal safety. The protest which he and she would make by separating

was for the honor of marriage. He was convinced, he declared, that this preservation of their individual integrity would in the end, by its effect upon her character, more than compensate Molly for the pain and embarrassment which must cloud her life.

Cecil did not speak.

"You do not tell me your reasons, but these are mine. I give them to you because I cannot do otherwise in view of what you have said. Nevertheless, if, after hearing them, you insist that we must go on living as we have been living, I must submit."

"Live with you?" she said, in a low, vibrating voice. "I would not live in the same world with you if I could help it!"

They stood facing one another in this dreadful duel of souls; stabbing each other with naked words; and one of them, at least, struggling spiritually with the same ferocious selfishness with which, ages ago, his ancestors of caves and forests struggled physically. Then it was as though he suddenly threw down his sword.

"Oh, can't we put self out of it?" Philip said hoarsely. "Can't it be because it is right?" A wave of agitation moved in his face. "Oh, Cecil, this is the end. If you will" —

But she threw herself forward, flinging out her arm, and striking him full on the mouth with the back of her hand.

"It is the beginning!"

Alas for the smoking flax, the bruised reed!

XXVII.

It was not until nearly a fortnight later that Old Chester woke to its privileges in the way of gossip: two great and exciting events to discuss, — a broken engagement and a divorce. A week before, the village had found food for conversation in the infelicities of the poor Todds, for Job had "burst out" again, as Miss

Susan expressed it. He had flung his eldest child, a delicate boy of eight, down the cellar stairs. The child's spine was terribly injured. And now Job was getting sober, getting very sober indeed, in the jail in Mercer. All this had been an excitement and an interest to Old Chester, but of course these other two affairs were much more exciting and interesting. There are people, no doubt, who do not consider the breaking of a girl's engagement a very important matter, but that only goes to show that they never lived in Old Chester; and there may be some to whom marital quarrels are commonplace, but such a point of view merely reflects upon their own characters.

Alicia's disappointment stirred the whole village; in fact, only such a matter as Philip and Cecil's separation could take precedence of it. As a topic of conversation, the Todds were almost forgotten.

Each of the great sensations had been characteristically announced.

Mrs. Shore had mentioned to Mrs. Drayton, in answer to some trivial question as to Philip's plans, that she did not know anything about Philip's plans. "We have separated, Mrs. Drayton; so, naturally, I don't trouble myself with Philip's affairs. I have enough to do to attend to my own," she said.

An hour later, through the medium of Mrs. Pendleton, Cecil's shocked and distressed stepmother had informed Old Chester of what she called her "affliction." "Of course you won't speak of it; I only tell you, to unburden my mind," she declared, with tears. "I assure you I've always loved Cecil as though she were my own child. Why, my dear, when she was little, people did not even know which was my own child, Cecil or Lyssie! I think that shows how I have treated her," said Mrs. Drayton, much affected.

The news of Alicia's broken engagement was given to the world with all decent accessories of feeling and reserve, but still characteristically; for Mrs. Dray-

ton confided it to four persons, with the caution to each that it was not to be spoken of.

"There's no use talking about such a sad thing," she told Susan Carr, shaking her head.

Miss Susan, however, had no wish to speak of it; sorry as she was for Lyssie, the greater matter was heavy upon her heart. Philip, after the dreadful scene in his library, had come to her, ghastly white, with a smear of blood where his wife's rings had cut his lip, and had asked her to take him in for the night.

"Cecil and I are going to live apart," he told her briefly.

Susan Carr loved him so truly that she asked not a single question. "Come up to your room, my darling," she said; and brought him a glass of wine, and kissed him, and left him. The next day she heard it all. Philip was very quiet and direct as he talked to her; but once, as he spoke of Molly, he got up and paced the floor, and she could see that his hands were clenched upon each other until the knuckles were white. He told her of the long estrangement in thought and motive and principle. He said that gradual irritation had culminated in absolute dislike, with its inevitable differences and quarreling, — a state of things revolting to both Cecil and himself, and horrible for Molly. And then he explained, gently, that under such circumstances he believed marriage to be morally annulled.

"Are you going to be divorced, Philip?" Miss Susan asked, in a frightened voice.

"Real divorce takes place without a decree," he answered.

There was something in his face that terrified and silenced her; yet his arguments did not convince her. For a moment it seemed to Susan Carr that his own righteousness was more to him than his child's welfare, and infinitely more than Cecil's welfare. But she would not allow herself to think that.

What that talk was to Philip, ago-

nized to a point where physical endurance wavered, she, dear soul, could never know. He went away from her with the courage which comes to a man who, in the midst of stress and storm, has laid his head upon his mother's breast. That Miss Susan did not understand him, that she did not approve of him, was nothing. She loved him.

In spite of Mrs. Drayton's cautious confidences, by the Thursday that the Sewing Society met, everybody looked pitifully or critically at Lyssie, as chanced to be their disposition; and sighed or shook their heads, and said, "Is n't it dreadful about Cecil? Oh, it's a great grief to us all!"

But Old Chester went to the Sewing Society with an eagerness which the preparation of the wardrobe of a missionary's wife had never called out before. It was Mrs. Drayton's turn to receive the society, and there was a little anxiety among the ladies to know if Alicia would be present; they hoped not, and they explained their hope by saying that it would be awkward for the child to see them. "Though of course nobody will speak of Mr. Carey," said one lady to another; "but I do want to ask Frances about poor Cecil, and it would be scarcely proper to speak on such a subject before Alicia."

"'Poor Cecil'?" repeated old Mrs. Dale. "*Wicked* Cecil, I say! When a married woman talks about leaving her husband, it shows that there is something radically wrong in her."

"But is n't it possible," protested the other, who never chanced to have had a husband, "that sometimes it's the man's fault?"

"When it is, there's another woman at the root of it," answered Mrs. Dale severely; "men would be very good if it were n't for women." She glared at her gentler companion, but said no more, for they had reached Mrs. Drayton's door, and Lyssie, a little pale, a little older, stood smiling in the hall, ready

to help them take off their wraps before they went into the parlor, where Mrs. Drayton, in her wheeled chair, was waiting to receive them.

Mrs. Drayton was full of subdued excitement, but her manner had a marked hesitation. One moment she showed grief and dismay for Cecil, and a "proper pride" that Lyssie had broken her engagement; the next, rabid curiosity concerning her step-daughter, and heart-broken acceptance of Alicia's disappointment. The fact was, it was all so new, so hurried, that she had not yet chosen her rôle, and skipped from one state of mind to the other, in a way bewildering even to herself. Cecil's affairs, naturally, could never be more to her than an interest; and so far Alicia's broken engagement was only an interest, too. Mrs. Drayton had not reached that flat and tasteless moment of discovering that poor little Lyssie had robbed her of a grievance; a cruel theft, and one which our best friends, with well-meant, stupid efforts to make life better for us, are forever committing!

Mrs. Drayton's chair was close to the hearth, and she wore a white shoulder shawl, for the day was chilly. She looked very pretty and frail. She had on a plum-colored silk with some gray fur around the throat and wrists, and she wore a cap with blond tabs resting on her shoulders; a miniature of Mr. Drayton hung by a slender gold chain around her neck, and she was apt to lift it and look at it as she conversed, which sometimes made her a little absent in manner; but she always came back with a start, and apologized with a faint sigh. She sighed a good deal that afternoon, and looked at the picture very often.

"Oh, this is all very sad!" she said to Mrs. Dove; "it makes me feel my loneliness doubly. If it were not selfish, I should long to have my dear husband come back to help me bear it all; and he would know what to do about Cecil. She came and confided in me at once,

and I did all I could, — all any mother could. But Mr. Drayton would know what to say to Philip."

"But what does Philip say?" cried Mrs. Wright, a plump, anxious-looking matron. "If it is not an improper question, Fanny, what does Philip say?"

The fact was that, so far, Philip had said nothing to his mother-in-law, so Mrs. Drayton was only truthful when she replied, a little stiffly, "Ah, I think I cannot tell you that. He does not want to say anything severe about Cecil, but — poor, dear Cecil!"

Mrs. Drayton might perhaps have been more explicit, but at that moment Alicia came in to ask some question about tea, and said under her breath, "Oh, mother, don't talk about Cecil!"

Mrs. Drayton frowned, and motioned her away. "Lyssie is a most sensitive child," she told Mrs. Pendleton, — "so different from poor Cecil, who is just like her own mother; she can't bear to have me talk about this sad affair. But it is very foolish in her, for, in my position, I can understand and defend Cecil better than anybody else. It has been a great blow to me, in my weak state; still, I do defend her, for of course she did not stop to think how it would upset me."

"How unselfish you are!" murmured Mrs. Pendleton.

"Ah no, no; I fall short of my ideal! I had a high ideal of a stepmother's duties, and I never quite reached it. I think one ought to have one's ideal just out of reach, don't you? Still, some one once said to Susy Carr, — you remember, don't you, Susy? — some one said, 'Which?' — But Mrs. Drayton was talking to empty air, for Mrs. Pendleton was listening to Mrs. Dove's gentle assurance in her other ear that Cecil had fine qualities, "very fine; and so has Philip. I sometimes think it is only because they can't understand each other."

"Well," Mrs. Pendleton answered, hesitating, and looking down at her sewing, "perhaps there's more in this than

appears? Perhaps Mr. Shore has some motive that — that it would not be quite delicate to speak of. There may be some other woman?"

Mrs. Dove's horrified look and little gesture of drawing away made Mrs. Pendleton hasten to retrace her steps; for Mrs. Pendleton always kept pace with her companion's thoughts.

"Not that I think so, but that is what people will say. But" — she dropped her little, smiling, deprecating face, and looked sidewise at Mrs. Dove, as though to see how far she might safely go — "I do feel that Cecil is — strange; and in the matter of my cousin Mr. Carey (family traits are so apt to be repeated, though Lyssie *seems* a nice girl), perhaps it's just as well." Then, her eyes on Mrs. Dove's face, she slid into the assurance that it was too bad, and she did not know where the fault lay; and she added that, after all, young people did not know much about love. "I don't believe in early marriages; young people have not experience enough to appreciate what affection means," she said, sighing.

Mrs. Dove agreed with her with so much earnestness that Mrs. Pendleton felt she had redeemed herself in the eyes of this elderly lady who had made so lamentable a *mésalliance*.

Mrs. Pendleton looked very meek and mild and sympathetic as she sat there in the Sewing Society that afternoon, always ready to listen to the two sides of every story, and showing such sympathy with each that she endeared herself to both.

And there were distinctly two sides to this story of Philip and Cecil. Everybody said that Philip was an exemplary young man; everybody knew that Cecil had been Old Chester's black sheep: so, on the one hand, it was no wonder poor Philip wanted to leave her; but, on the other hand, marriage was marriage, and Philip had made his bed, and ought to lie in it.

Lyssie, coming in sometimes, and finding the buzz of conversation drop at her innocent footsteps, and hearing it rise eagerly as she left the room, knew, with heartbroken helplessness, that all the dear old ladies were "talking about Cecil." "Why do they want to *talk* about it?" the child thought, being a child, and not knowing the vulture delight of scandal latent, one often thinks, in the kindest soul.

"Frances, you had better tell us all about it," commanded Mrs. Dale, looking at her hostess over her glasses. "Alicia is out of the room, and of course we are interested to hear; though I must say I am mortified that such a thing should happen in Old Chester."

There was a murmur of assent, and a sighing comment or two. "It's all so sad." "It is n't just curiosity that makes us ask about it, — we are so attached to poor Philip."

"Curiosity? Of course it's curiosity!" said Mrs. Dale. "I am curious to know how these two misguided people defend themselves. Has James Lavendar reasoned with them, do you know, Frances?"

"He went to see Cecil at once," Mrs. Drayton began; "but she sent word she was 'not at home,' and she was sitting upstairs reading a novel the whole time!"

"I don't think she meant to be untruthful," Jane Dove protested, in her timid voice; "it is quite customary" —

"Not in Old Chester!" interrupted Mrs. Dale; "and if Cecil did such a thing as that to me, I should feel it my duty to give her a piece of my mind. James Lavendar is culpably mild in such matters. Well, go on, Frances."

Mrs. Drayton looked at the miniature of Mr. Drayton and pressed it to her lips; then, with a start, seemed to remember that she was not alone. "I am so saddened, you know, by all this, I quite forget where I am; sometimes. I can only think of my dear husband, and pray

that it may come right in the end. Well, as I understand it, they've been very unhappy ever since Molly was born. Maybe Philip wanted a boy. I can't think of anything else. Cecil is very extravagant; that may have had something to do with it. And she is *very* impolite, too!" Mrs. Drayton's voice trembled and her thin face flushed, as she said that. "I never knew any one so impolite as Cecil, though I'm sure I tried to bring her up well!"

"Yes, but she did n't come to you until she was seven," Mrs. Pendleton murmured, "and the early years are the impressionable ones, I am told."

Mrs. Drayton protested politely, but with a simper. "Maria Drayton did her best, I've no doubt, but I fear Cecil was born with a bad temper. She has quarreled constantly with Philip. Oh dear, the idea of a husband and wife quarreling is so shocking to me! I'm sure she never saw it in her own home."

Only Susan Carr smiled at that, thinking of William Drayton's intelligent absences; everybody else was too interested.

"I am sure," continued Mrs. Drayton, growing shrill and wiping her eyes, "if Cecil has talked to Philip as she has to me, I can excuse him; but I believe that what has made the present trouble is that she wants to live abroad, and Philip does n't want to; which I think is so strange in Philip, for he could learn to be an artist again. But they had a dreadful quarrel about it, and then they decided to part. That's the whole story. And I never knew anything so distressing! I suppose Cecil gets her terrible temper from her mother; it does n't come from her father or me."

"I don't know how it could, unless by example," Susan Carr thought; but was discreetly silent.

"Well, it is perfectly incomprehensible," said Mrs. Dale solemnly. "A girl brought up in Old Chester! If Philip had any bad habits, I could un-

derstand that she might have the impulse to leave him, — but only the impulse." A curiously uplifted look came into her stern face for a moment.

"Poor Eben Dale!" the ladies of the Sewing Society thought; and there was a little embarrassed pause, and then Mrs. Wright said quickly, "But what's going to become of Molly? Which one of them will have Molly?"

"Oh, Cecil, I suppose. Poor Molly!" Mrs. Drayton answered mournfully.

"Well, I don't see how Philip can make up his mind to part with her," said Mrs. Wright indignantly, "especially if he thinks Cecil does n't bring her up well. It looks to me as if he cared more for himself than for his child."

Then Susan Carr broke through the silence which she had set upon her lips that whole afternoon: "Philip wants to divide Molly's time between himself and Cecil. She won't consent to that, and she's going to keep the child; but Philip is to see her as often as he wants to."

"Well," said Mrs. Pendleton mildly, "Mrs. Dove and I were just saying, we wondered whether it would not be best that the real reason for this most regrettable affair should be known? One fancies — anything! Why, I have no doubt that there are people who would say — I quite hesitate to repeat such a thing," and she glanced at Mrs. Dove — "who would say, 'Who is the woman in the case?'"

"Why, Jane Temple!" cried Miss Carr angrily. "Why, I would n't have believed — you know Philip, and" —

"But I did n't mean — I did n't say" — protested poor Mrs. Dove. But the conversation swept past her before she could explain or deny.

Miss Susan, her face flushed and agitated, declared that, rather than have such things said, she would say what she knew of the matter. Philip and Cecil did not love each other any longer: that was the whole story. They had long ago parted in everything but word. "It's

nothing worse than just not loving each other."

"Not love each other?"

"You mean they quarrel?"

"I never heard anything so absurd!"

"So *wicked*, I say!" old Mrs. Dale proclaimed.

"Let them try to love each other," Mrs. Wright said emphatically; "and dear me, what have they got to complain of? Philip is n't a religious man, I'm afraid, but he's always very polite. And Cecil is the best housekeeper I know. Do you remember how she taught her cook to broil grouse, and then put that jelly and stuff all around it? Cecil makes him very comfortable. Gracious! I could keep my husband good natured from one year's end to another, if I could have a table like Cecil's!"

"I fear Cecil is one of those persons to whom St. Paul refers in the third chapter of Philippians, who make a god of their belly," said Mrs. Dale, in a deep voice, fixing her eyes upon Mrs. Wright, whose face immediately grew very red.

Susan Carr, listening, felt helplessly that all those things which Philip had said to her of honor and purity could not be repeated here. They would not be understood. "When people don't love each other," she began, "it does seem not — not nice for them to go on living together" — But severe voices interrupted her.

"Susan Carr, when you've lived as long as I have, you'll know that *duty* is a form of love," Mrs. Dale rebuked her.

"Well, I think that a nice, feminine, ladylike person always does love her husband," Mrs. Pendleton observed, with great gentility; and added to Mrs. Drayton, in a low voice, that sometimes dear Susan Carr was almost indelicate.

Miss Susan sighed, and accepted the various reproofs meekly enough. No doubt the ladies were right, she said; only sometimes, just for a moment, it did seem wrong to insist that two people

who quarreled like — like cats and dogs should go on living together. But still, of course the ladies were right. And certainly Philip and Cecil were wrong. She had told Philip so.

"Well, what is Philip going to live on? — that's what I'd like to know," some one said; and then the Sewing Society looked at Miss Susan.

"I don't know what he'll do. But he'll find something. I'm not afraid for Philip," she answered proudly.

"Well, I suppose Cecil will give him something for managing her money for her?" some one suggested. But Miss Susan shook her head.

"Cecil is going to ask" — she dropped her voice, and glanced toward the door — "to ask Mr. Carey to do that. Oh dear, I do hope and pray the young man will advise them, and tell them both how wrong they are; and perhaps he can reconcile them!"

"Oh, then very likely he'll come down to Old Chester to see Cecil about it!" said the Sewing Society; and the possibility of a reconciliation between Alicia and her lover struck these kindly women at once, and for a little while the greater and more interesting subject dropped. But Lyssie, coming along the hall with some plates and napkins, stopped, trembling, at that mention of Roger's return.

"Though it's nothing to me," she thought, very pallid and breathless.

Tea, and Alicia, put an end to all interesting conversation. The ladies rolled up their work neatly, and chattered about the missionary's wife, and looked with quick, sidelong glances at Lyssie, as she stepped, smiling, about, handing the cake, or the little tray that held the decanter and glasses.

"She looks pale," they said aside to one another, and dipped up their chocolate custard from tall glasses, and broke off crumbling bits from their slices of cake. Only Mrs. Dove showed the pity in her heart: she took Lyssie's hand, as the girl passed her, and patted it with-

out speaking. But tears came to the child's eyes.

Susan Carr, as she went home, hoped nervously that she had not been indiscreet in what she had told the Sewing Society. "I could not have those things said about Philip!" she thought. Her mind was full of Philip; and yet, that night, as she sat by the round centre table in her parlor, sometimes reading, but oftener thinking of this dreadful affair, her newspaper slipped once into her lap, and she looked absently over the top of her glasses, and smiled a little, and sighed.

"I wonder if Joseph *will* try again?" Her face grew as conscious as a girl's. "Of course I must n't let him; but if he does" —

XXVIII.

In spite of Alicia's assurance, Roger Carey's return to Old Chester could not but be something to her. It meant the instant thought on waking, "Will he be here to-day?" and the last ache of pain at night fading into a dream that he had come. It meant staying indoors lest he might have arrived, and she should have the pain of meeting him in the street; it meant long, aimless walks for the chance of seeing him, and the start at every tall figure in the distance. To be sure, she might have ended the uncertainty by asking Cecil when he was coming. But she could not ask any one. She could not speak his name.

Over and over, in her mind, she enacted possible meetings; especially that scene so dear to youth, of her own death-bed, and a beautiful and satisfying reconciliation. If she should be going to die, — and it seemed to Lyssie that she should not live long, — why then she would tell them to send for Roger. And he would come, — oh yes, she was sure he would come when he should hear that she was going to die; and he would be so unhappy, — her eyes always filled and

her lip quivered at the thought of his repentance and grief, — but she would try to comfort him; she would tell him it was n't his fault, — it was just fate!

Sometimes she thought that instead of summoning him to her deathbed she would leave a letter for him, "explaining" everything; and she even went so far as to write, "Dear Roger, I want you to know that I don't blame you" — But she stopped there, for the date of her letter must not be too far in advance of her demise, and no mortal disease had as yet declared itself.

She knew no better, poor child, than to read over and over the letters she had received from Roger Carey during their short engagement, and she suffered accordingly. For very exquisite pain, there is nothing which may be more highly commended than the reading of old love letters after love has died. It is like touching something dead, and the scent of corruption enters into the very soul. Alicia read, and remembered, and suffered. She went through those weary alternations of excusing and condemning herself; those wearier moments of realizing that the whole difficulty lay in something far deeper than circumstances which might be either excused or condemned, — the radical and hopeless difficulty of a conscientious difference in the point of view.

Those were dark days for Lyssie Drayton; but she made no public moan of sickness or of neglected work. In her simple way, she was glad of the silent friendship of pity, which she knew was all about her; and she cried a little sometimes at the disapproval which went hand in hand with pity, — for the disapproval of her elders was grief to Lyssie. She knew that Mrs. Pendleton thought her a jilt, and Dr. Lavendar was disappointed in her, and even kind Miss Susan was surprised and sorry. But she made no explanation or excuse for the broken engagement. Why give any one cause to blame her mother? Why give her

mother the pain which comes to one who accepts the sacrifice, even the necessary sacrifice, of another's life?

Mrs. Drayton, after the first delight of hearing that she was to have her child "forever," had grown a little impatient with Lyssie's quiet; later, a half-sullen indifference fell upon her, until that moment when she recognized that Alicia had deprived her of a grievance; then she was frankly cross.

Alicia for once did not try to understand her mother's moods. It was hard for her to try to understand or to be interested in anything. Even her dismay and grief for her sister came with a sense of effort.

Cecil gave her no information beyond the fact that she and Philip, on thinking it over, had decided it was best to part.

Cecil was cruel to her little sister in those autumn days: she seemed uneasy in Alicia's presence; she snubbed her violently; she said things about Mrs. Drayton that brought the angry color into the girl's cheek. Perhaps that was why Lyssie never asked her when Roger was coming to Old Chester. And Cecil did not volunteer the information.

But she had referred Philip's lawyer to Roger Carey, who would, she said, take charge of her affairs. "Why not?" she asked herself angrily. "He is free, and I am free — or I shall be; and there's no reason why he should n't look after things for me." Yet it was some days after this decision that she wrote to him; and meantime Roger Carey's first intimation of the temptation before him had come in legal form: —

DEAR SIR, — I have been consulted by Mr. Philip Shore in relation to certain family matters, and I am advised by Mrs. Shore, whom I have seen in this same connection, that you will represent her interests. Kindly let me know when it will be convenient for you to meet me.

Very truly yours,

GIFFORD WOODHOUSE.

Roger was sitting gloomily before a cluttered desk; his feet were supported by the yielding edge of his waste basket, a pipe warmed the hollow of his left hand, while with his right he was making aimless marks and dashes on his blotting paper. He had been thinking of Lyssie. He had thought much of Lyssie in these weeks that had passed since the engagement had been broken. He went over and over in his mind her unreasonableness, her foolishness, her unkindness. He did not think much of his own. He sucked away at his pipe, and looked at the red glow brightening and fading in the brierwood bowl, and assured himself that it was far better that the engagement was broken. "Confound an unreasonable woman!" said Roger Carey; he could stand anything but unreasonableness, he told himself angrily.

He had never been so much in love with Lyssie before; but he did not know it. All he knew was, that he recognized, in a half-sneaking way, that he had not been very much in love with her when he proposed to her.

He nestled the hot bowl of his pipe down into the palm of his hand, and set his teeth, and said that unreasonableness was the only thing he had no patience with. And then he thought how much he should like to talk the matter over with Mrs. Shore. She was a reasonable woman. She would see how preposterous Lyssie's conduct had been, and how fair was his demand. "I offered to wait six months," he justified himself. Mrs. Shore would appreciate all that; though she would not see the fear which had lurked behind his entreaties to Alicia. In that fear, he admitted, *he* had been unreasonable.

"Yes, I'd like to talk it over with her," he thought, an absent look softening his eyes.

Now, Roger Carey was not that objectionable sort of man who, when he is in any difficulty, must needs run crying to some woman's knee for sympathy;

so, when he felt the impulse to tell Cecil his woes, he might well have mistrusted it. But Roger was not given to analyzing his impulses.

Sitting here in his office, in the darkening November afternoon, with love for Lyssie tugging at his heart, with his pulse quickening at the remembered look and touch of another woman, he put his hand out listlessly for a letter a messenger brought into his office.

When he had read it, he got up breathlessly and walked the length of the room; and came back, and stood by his desk, and read it again. "Shore's a fool!" he said, and struck the letter across his hand sharply; his face was alert and vivid.

He stood there a moment, and then he flung his office door open. "Here, you! Johnny! come and light the gas; why don't you attend to your business?"

Yet when his boy came in, stumbling with haste, Roger Carey did no more than pull down the cover of his desk with a bang, and fling himself out of the door. He would go and take a walk, he said to himself.

In his mind two thoughts were struggling for control: an intellectual appreciation of Philip Shore's purpose; and, beating the appreciation down, a rude and brutal wonder, a fierce joy, an exulting contempt. "He's a damned fool!" he said again.

In aimless, irritated haste, he walked on, under a low and melancholy sky, far out into the country. His mind was in a tumult, but the situation, so far as the Shores were concerned, seemed perfectly patent to him. He had, of course, no idea of that last quarrel. He supposed that Mrs. Shore had refused to give up any part of Molly's time, and the result was that Philip was going to bring the matter to a legal issue. "But he has n't any case; he has n't a leg to stand on! What's Woodhouse thinking of to let him push it?" he thought, frowning. He was not surprised that

Mrs. Shore wished him to represent her ; and he said to himself, with entire sincerity, that he had no doubt Philip wished it, also. "It's better that it should be a friend of Shore's as well as hers," he declared, and struck out with his stick at a dead mullein stalk standing by the roadside. His mind leaped ahead to all sorts of possibilities. When it was settled, where would she go ? What would she do ? Live abroad, probably, after the fashion of the *déclassée* American woman. "She has a gorgeous sort of nature," he reflected. How curious it would be to lose sight of her ! In these few months she had impressed her individuality profoundly upon him, — "in a perfectly impersonal way," he reminded himself.

"This whole row is as unreal as the theatre, but it's mighty interesting to the observer," he thought. He overlooked the fact that one who observes the play from the flies, awaiting his own cue to rush upon the stage, feels a different interest from one who sits before the foot-lights.

He tramped home in the mud and darkness, still too absorbed to know that he was a great fool to have walked six miles in a rainy fog. Now, a man who does not, upon viewing his boots after such an excursion, call himself a fool is certainly not in the "impersonal" stage.

The next day came Cecil Shore's letter ; a brief and somewhat ill-tempered summons that he should come and advise her about the necessary steps in the divorce suit which she proposed to bring.

"Divorce !" said Roger Carey contemptuously. "She does n't know what she's talking about ; she can't get a divorce in any decent way ; and I would n't let her, if she could."

But so it came that he went down to Old Chester.

He went to receive instructions from his client ; he went to advise her to the best of his ability ; he went because the devil, masquerading as professional duty,

beckoned him from the white page of the lawyer's letter. And before he went he looked up the Dakota divorce laws.

And here was a strange thing : under all his anger which refused to recognize it, he loved Alicia Drayton. But this phase of his experience was as remote from that love as is the hunger with which an artist falls upon his bread and cheese remote from his passion before his canvas. One does not contradict the other.

That journey to Old Chester was a crisis in Roger's life. He went as far as Mercer in company with a friend, and had no time to think about himself, in their talk of the political situation and the recent election. Not that Roger cared the snap of his finger about the election. "They might have elected the devil, if they'd wanted to ; I should n't have cared !" he swore softly under his breath, driven to the verge of madness by his companion's earnestness. But conversation upon the high theme of the moral purpose in government served to shut out connected thought on other purposes not moral. And when, at last, he climbed up on the box seat of the coach at Mercer, it was with the profound relief of a man who can get his mental breath, who can think and reason and decide.

Yet, in spite of such an opportunity, Roger seemed to find nothing particular to think about : the off leader had an ugly way of throwing his head ; the whiffletree was obviously cracked ; how strange it would seem to be in Old Chester merely on business ! Then the driver got on the box and gathered up his reins, and there was the tug and pull, the sagging pitch forward, and a rush of memories to Roger Carey's mind that hurt him like lashes. He wanted, with the mere impatience of pain, to forget them, — to forget that first journey across these rolling Pennsylvania hills, brown now, and swept by a bitter wind. He could not endure the remembrance of his arrival,

six months ago, in Old Chester: the stately house, with its garden and orchards up on the hillside; Philip opening the stage door; a young girl, with serious, pleasant eyes, standing, smiling, on the steps, leaf shadows from the great locust-trees moving across her face and hair. The difference between that journey and this was intolerable.

He made spasmodic efforts at conversation with the driver. He observed that Jonas ought to cure the leader of throwing his head back that way. "I'd put a martingale on him," he said; and added that he thought the off mare was spavined.

"She cast her shoe first, and went lame," Jonas jolted out.

"And she's been lame ever since, I suppose?" Roger said absently, bending forward to watch the twist and give of the mare's leg. He was reflecting upon the truth, which is inspiring or depressing as one looks at it, that, after passing through a great experience, a man cannot remain what he was; he must either be better or worse. "Yes," he was saying to himself doggedly, "better or worse. Well, I'm worse; and," he added meanly, after the oldest fashion of his sex, "it's Lyssie's fault!"

It seemed as though always his thoughts came back to Lyssie. He was angry at her because it gave him such pain to think of her. Nor would he allow himself to think of Mrs. Shore save as the commonplace business reason for his taking this journey. He never once looked behind the professional need there was for him to come; he never uncovered the shame lurking under his well-turned phrases. "I'm glad to be of any assistance, but it's beastly to have to come to Old Chester. I wish she had sent for somebody else. Still, it would have been unfriendly to Philip as well as to her to have refused to come."

Then he began to speculate upon the divorce laws of Dakota; but started, to see beneath the veil he stretched be-

tween his inner and outer self a glimpse of the real and shameful meaning of his thoughts. After that, for some time he talked resolutely to Jonas.

Yet as the stage turned from the road, and went down to ford the creek so that the horses might drink, Roger found this suggestion of divorce again leering up at him from under the flimsy pretense of being an impersonal comment: "She could bring suit for desertion." He looked over the wheel at the shallow, racing little stream, and heard the pebbles grate against the tire. The horses, steaming a little, drank, and shook their necks in their heavy collars. There was the clash and rattle of buckles and trace-chains. Roger listlessly followed with his eyes the course of the brook which, from far up across the fields, came chattering down to the ford, whirling itself into foam around a big stone that broke its path before it slipped under the bridge and was off into the woods.

"Yes, she can go out to Dakota; it can easily be arranged."

It came dully to his mind, — the instinct, perhaps, of the gentleman, an instinct which at such moments seems artificial, or at least acquired, — it came to his mind that such a proceeding was not for Cecil's honor. But a fierce selfishness leaped up and choked this refinement of civilization, and left her in his thought merely the woman, himself merely the man.

Then again, angrily, he insisted that he was considering only the legal possibilities; that it was nothing to him one way or the other.

When at last, in the early November dusk, the stage drew up at the tavern, he was fatigued in body and soul by this wrestling with a vague, elusive, nay, a denied temptation. If he had been willing to face it for what it was, if he had summoned the devil out from behind his phrases, he could have fought him like a man, and found a certain vigor in the conflict. But he waited, as,

strangely enough, most of us wait, allowing the temptation to gain its full strength before meeting it with deliberate and desperate resistance.

Even as he walked up the hill to Cecil's house, that night, he kept on lying to himself. He was only "doing his duty" in coming. Suppose he had had that moment of emotion in Mrs. Shore's presence? He must come when she summoned him. He "had n't any choice." Indeed, so low had he fallen, in the swift descent of this one day, that he could say, "I've lost Lyssie, but the least I can do is to be helpful to her sister in this unfortunate affair."

There he touched his lowest level. No actual sin could compare with such degradation of the mind.

XXIX.

Afterwards, alone in his room in the tavern, while midnight whitened into dawn, the supreme words scorched themselves into Roger Carey's mind; it was as though a flaming finger wrote them upon his bare soul. They crashed and clamored in his ears; he could hear nothing else because of them. He found himself repeating them over and over as he walked back and forth, back and forth, across the bare and meagre bedroom of the tavern.

Years afterwards, Roger could see every detail of that room, yet at the time he did not know that he was aware of anything in it. He was absorbed in seeing again Cecil's Shore's face, in feeling her hair against his lips, in listening in horror to those words his own lips spoke; but all the while he was following the pattern on the thin red and black carpet, studying the landscape upon the green paper window-shades, counting his footsteps from the door to the fireplace, the last step ending on a sunken brick in the hearth. He looked at a bunch of pallid wax flowers under a glass shade on the

mantelpiece; he saw the blue wool mat under the lamp on the corner of the bureau; he examined two faded and yellowing photographs in black walnut frames hanging near the ceiling. He stood before one of these for a long time, staring up at the dull face and the big hands hanging limply between the knees, — staring at them, but seeing only a room half lighted by the glow of a fire and by the gleam of candles high on the walls; seeing a bowl of violets that spread a delicate perfume through the warm air; seeing the glitter of a silver dagger between the uncut pages of a book; and seeing himself, leaning forward, holding a strong, beautiful hand between his own, pressing it to his lips, once, twice, fiercely; then, still holding it in a grip that made the rings cut into the white flesh, leaning nearer, nearer; kneeling —

He began to pace the floor once more. Each time that he stepped upon a certain board the bureau shook, and then the lamp flared. Eight steps from the sunken brick to the door, sagging a little in its old frame; eight steps back again. Had anybody ever lifted that brick? he wondered. He stopped once and thrust a bit of wood under the casterless corner of the bureau, adjusting the clumsy piece of furniture with careful precision, and looking to see that it was straight.

"But I love you! Good God, I love you! Do you hear me? I love you!"

"Yes."

"Do you care, you cruel woman, — is it anything to you?"

"Yes."

Then silence; the small flicker of the fire on the hearth, the little puffing burst of flame; but silence — silence.

"May I kiss your face? May I kiss your lips?"

"Kiss me."

Then what? He could not seem to remember. Had he pushed her aside? Had he run for his soul?

Here he was, pacing up and down, up and down: eight steps from the door to

the sunken brick ; eight steps back again. The latch of the door was brass, with the thumb-piece worn thin, and with little black specks in it ; it clattered faintly under the jar of his steps ; a screw-eye and a hook answered for a bolt : not much protection should the landlord of fiction wish to break in and murder the sleeping traveler, and then bury his plunder under the sunken brick. The fire on the hearth brightened suddenly, as a stick, smouldering under a film of white ashes, broke in two, and a shower of sparks flew up into the thick soot.

Yes, he had pushed her away from him, brutally, breathlessly.

"When you are free. When you are free. Not till then."

That he should have said that, that he could have said it, that he had been able to repulse her, yielding, soft-breathed, glowing, filled him with astonishment that had in it something of awe. What had thrust his arm out, turned his head away, defended him from himself ? It was not his own will, not his own desire. No ; the habit of integrity had driven him into mechanical virtue ; had pushed him, raging against it, from her presence ; had dragged him here, at midnight, and set him pacing back and forth, up and down ; all his body summoning him to her side, all his decent past holding him in this room. Roger Carey, caught by the fetter of the habit of honor, was saying to himself that he had been a fool to leave her. What difference would it have made to have caught her in his arms for a mad instant, and kissed her face, her throat, her mouth, before the carrying out of the plan bound up in that single utterance, *"When you are free,"* — a plan founded upon the convenient, soul-destroying variance of the divorce laws in the different States ? What difference would it have made ? Truly none, in the soul and spirit of things. Nevertheless, the letter which killeth had for the moment saved him. He beat against it ; he set his teeth in shame at his schoolboy scruples ; but

he still paced back and forth, up and down. He wondered how early the next morning he could go back to her, and put into tender words, words that might fit an honest love, the outrageous proposition that, when the sham righteousness of obeying the law should have invested her with a sham respectability, he and she should marry.

A mouse nibbled in the wall, but stopped at the creak of the loose board under his foot.

"But I love you ! Good God, I love you ! Do you hear me ? I love you !"

"Yes."

"Do you care, you cruel woman, — is it anything to you ?"

"Yes."

She had leaned her head against his arm ; the warm, white hollow of her throat was under his eyes, under his lips —

Yet here he was, counting his steps, studying the landscape on the green window-shades !

"Fool ! fool ! fool !" he said to himself. He thought he knew how this scruple looked to her ; the idea of her contemptuous amusement made him loathe himself ; how she must have laughed when, after his theatrical protest, he had gone ! It made him hate her, — a hate which stamped his love for what it was. But Roger Carey did not stop to think of that.

All of a sudden, the room, with its tawdry furnishings, its faint light, seemed insupportable to him. He must get out of doors ; he must move about ; he must walk. He lifted the little clattering latch, and went stealthily down the narrow staircase. He felt the oppression of sleep all about him, and the brush against his face of the lifeless air, with its wandering scents of the closed house. In the office there was still a faint glow from the open door of the stove, and he could see upon the walls flaring notices of horse fairs and mowing machines ; a cat moved in the seat of one of the chairs that were standing about the square of zinc under

the stove; she yawned, and sharpened her claws on the brittle splints, and watched him suspiciously as he opened the door and stepped out into the darkness. It was good to draw a full, cold breath, and let the silence of the strong world dull for a moment the clamor of those terrible words.

He walked aimlessly out into the road, and turned to go up the street, but stopped sharply. No, not that way, not that way; not past — Lyssie's house. He would go down the river road to the bridge. He heard his steps ringing on the frosty ground; and then he felt a cool touch upon his cheek, and looked up to see that there were small, wandering flakes of snow in the air.

"The winter is pretty tough in Dakota," he thought; "shé must get in the ninety days' residence early in the autumn." It was lucky that he was a lawyer; he knew how to arrange things. No one need be consulted; they could manage their own business; he knew just how to plan the easy iniquity of compliance with law. He smiled to himself at the bad humor of the situation, and he observed, with curious, impersonal interest, how, since he had spoken those words to his friend's wife, his mind refused any longer to be hoodwinked by words; he was seeing straight and thinking clear; being a lawyer, he knew just how to cover Lust with the decent cloak of Law.

"She's got to prove a year's desertion. Well, that's easy enough. Fortunately, those three months in Dakota are included in the year. Still, at best it will be next November before" —

It was very dark down on the bridge, but far up behind the hills there was the faint lightening of dawn.

Yes; she should be divorced, and they would marry. He remembered that he had said that he did not believe in divorce; what a fool he had been! Why, without it crime must inevitably exist; for human nature was human nature. He even used, for the sake of illustra-

tion, that old, fallacious, pitiful argument that divorce must be permitted to prevent sin, even to put an end to sin if it has begun, — as though the legalization of an immoral relation made it moral! This young man, who had felt the stern passion for his profession that a priest may feel for his, was ready to urge that Law, majestic and relentless, the expression of the human creature's best, should degrade herself by pandering to vice, by abetting crime, by making lust legal. The time had been when all this had been clear enough to his eyes; but how different it looked now! He said to himself that divorce was necessary to the moral life of the community. His old argument that the one must suffer for the many was forgotten — because he was the one.

He had not come to this opinion without a struggle; he had held to his belief as a man holds to some last chance of life, only dropping it at the lick of flame across his hands. The fire of selfishness seared Roger Carey's very soul; he flung over his belief, and fell. Yet he remembered that before those dreadful words were said he had told her what he thought of divorce; had pleaded with her as a man may plead for his own life, — for he knew what her freedom would mean to him. Later, when this was of no avail, he had told her that if she insisted upon carrying out this deplorable plan, at least Molly should be spared.

"You are no fit woman to bring up a child; she ought to be with her father," he said. Then, as it were, he made her prove the truth of his assertion by those answers to his mad words.

But instead of thinking again of those words he listened to the river, and suddenly, cringing at the memory, he heard others, spoken one summer night, with the splash of oars and the brush of lily pads against a little rocking skiff.

The river and the bridge grew intolerable. He went back into the village and up the street, his breath catching in

an oath that was almost a sob. He could not bear such memories. He drove his mind back to that firelit, perfumed room; he felt once more her panting breath upon his cheek; he saw the mad surrender in her eyes. "I must see her, I must see her!" he said frantically, as though answering some silent Forbidding in his soul. How many hours must pass before he could go back to her? But he wished he could blot out the day, and find it night again; the thought of taking up that midnight scene, with the bald, cold daylight staring in her face and his, gave him a shock that turned him sick. "But I *will* see her!" he said, with the panic of the man who finds himself helpless in the grasp of an unsought repentance.

It was very still; the frozen furrows of the road were beginning to fill with feathery white; the cold, pale dawn spread itself behind the hills; there was hoar frost on the leafless twigs of the hedge that lay, in the darkness, like a band of furry black along the edge of Mrs. Drayton's whitening lawn. Far off, from some distant farm, came a weak crow; and then a dog barked.

In that hour Satan desired to have him. And he desired Satan.

He did not know why he should have come to stand thus under Alicia Drayton's window. How dark and cold the house looked! She must be asleep now. Oh, if he could speak to her, if he could see her! It was not the desire of the lover; it was the human need of help.

"Lyssie!" he called out sharply, and started, and stepped back into the shadows. "What am I thinking of!" he said, and held his breath lest she might have heard him. There was no sound except the faint rustle of the flakes in the dead leaves of the oak above his head.

Scorched and blackened as he was by the fires of these last hours, he knew she would not shrink from him; she would not shrink from any soul in trouble. She might not understand, — that made no difference; she would take care of him.

He stood there a long time.

When he went away, he did not know whether he loved Alicia or not; he did not think of that. He only knew that he would not see that other woman again.

Margaret Deland.

RUS IN URBE.

BRIEF MEMORANDA.

HE who comes to the city from country quiet and nights of sweet, unbroken slumber (*O noctes cœnæque Deum!*), and thinks still to enjoy his wonted rest, has not reckoned with his host. Like Sir Scudamore, he has accepted the hospitalities of Blacksmith Care, and pays dearly for the favor.

"And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest."

The new-comer and unseasoned citizen is at first all auditory nerve. A thorn in the pillow is slight in comparison with having a compendious pandemonium, in active operation, in that quarter. Sir Scudamore's case further holds good; for if by fortune any little nap upon my heavey eyelids chauce to fall, like him I soone awake and start up, as one affrayed. To give this insomniac cruelty a touch of imagination, and thereby make the literal experience somewhat more tolerable, in these frequently recurring

waking intervals, I feign to myself that what I hear of din, ring, clatter, and rumble comprises all the sounds proper and natural to a sort of unique wild beast,—a ferine monster, sole of its kind, like the Minotaur, or that four-footed giant terror which no Eskimo has beheld, and lived afterward. My wild beast is ever on the point of escaping its heroic and titan keepers (whoever they may be). Now it growls or grinds its teeth, loud gnashing in perilous nearness to the spot where I hope to snatch a little fearful slumber. Now it roars far away, or grumbles in hoarse throttled tones, as its keepers hold it in firmer leash, and give it a strong tug, yonder. And now, at last, it purrs in a half-sleep; somebody has thrown it a honey-sop or a cake made of poppy seeds, its effects warranted to last but a minute, when again, in menacing crescendo, rises the monster's roar.

In these idle and unwilling vigils—for the keepers surely can manage without concern of mine their ancient charge—a night-time memory of the day-time street floats through the mind; impressing me with its pageant dumbness,—utter silence, it now seems to me, so far as human voices go. I recall a sliding vision of passing pedestrians, of the half-mechanical, half-conscious instant's inspection exchanged between these coming and those going; but such reciprocal vague glances only serve to emphasize the fact that none exchange speech, gliding by and on in the manner of pantomime. The remembered city street is but a vast dumb-show; and the sounds to which it was set seem to have had only an elemental causation, such as might push forward a tidal wave, waken all the ordnance of the heavens, or jar the earth to the foundations thereof.

A SHADOW OF THE NIGHT.

In the lone time beyond the Night's dull noon,
When sinks the city in a transient swoon,

When one may hear the rising wind's long
moan
And his sole footstep clatter on the stone
(Not half so dead, waste, wood, or mountain
height,
As the void haunts of man, at deep of night),
Then whose comes beneath the street-lamp's
flare,
Of gruesome comradeship will be aware:
A hovering shape divides the way with him,
Huge, menacing, of gesture wild and grim!
The Evil Genius of the city, ranging wide,
Seems moving at the lonely passer's side,
Some secret to impart, that may be told
Only when Night and Sleep their sessions hold;
The Spectre of the Brocken can one meet
In his own shadow, mid the emptied street!

Remembering the dictum of an ancient authority as to the greatest civic blessing which can come with one's birthright, I would so far modify the maxim as to say, The greatest blessing is to have been born and bred in the country; then to come, while still in pliant youth, to live in a great city; but by all means to have been born in the country. I try to think what may be the city's equivalent for those sunlighted, half mist-veiled memories of the child whose infancy was spent close to the heart of nature, and to whom, in his sweetly vague reminiscences, the creation of the world will seem to have been coeval with his own first breath of life, or as happening only a little time before his coming to take possession, in his small Adamic sovereignty: the wood flowers, young; the birds in the thicket, young; the lambs of the pasture,—all young, to match his own adolescence! Only a few gray patriarchal rocks, a few giant trees grown to wisdom and crooning ways of sheltering protection,—all for his young sake, and preparatory to his advent; for such is the all-believing, guileless egotism of child-life amidst natural scenes. The rain, the wind, the frost, even the treasures of the snow, are freshly handed down wonders for his delectation; above all, for him are the shining heavens and the God there, coextensive, in his young worship, with the orb of the sky, and thought of

by him as the old young world (where all who lived had child-hearts) appears to have thought of the serene Jove.

What can the child born and bred in the town be given for his juvenile sustenance, — as the mulberry leaf for his thoughts to feed upon, and therefrom make silken tissue of fancy and romance? And yet, on the other hand, the city child early gains an apprehension of the nomenclature and significance of the arts, of polite life, and of social values generally. He learns to express himself more exactly, and oftentimes with a more sincere utterance, or at least with a *navet  * that is less troubled by self-consciousness, than is observed in the country child. He may more easily learn control of himself, which is not necessarily repression, not the painful, Spartan-like keeping back of young emotion, too often the fate of those reared far in the country, and remote from congenial interests and facile conversation.

One notable difference between the social life of the city and that of the country — and not in the latter's favor — is the country's insistent dwelling upon the details of existence rather than upon its main interests. There is in the so-called "rural districts" a prevailing and strenuous curiosity combined with a certain unfortunate assumption of indifference; likewise, a caution which borders upon distrust, in entering upon friendly relations with the new-comer. It is as though the inhabitants had never recovered from their pristine fear of surprise and attack by the aborigines. We of the country, at first, keep the stranger aloof, somewhat as our ancestors would have done with the red autochthons, until it was determined whether the visitors were friendly Indians or otherwise.

"When I first came to the city to live," said the refugee from small-town life, "one thing greatly puzzled me. In the street, I sometimes used to fancy that the passers-by thought they recog-

nized me as an acquaintance; then I surmised some disorder in my attire; for nearly every one I passed looked quite directly at me. (Do not laugh at the apparent conceitedness of all this.) But by and by I learned that it was the way of the city, for people, as they passed, to look at one another. I learned to do it myself, and enjoyed it greatly. In the country village, you know, if we have not been previously introduced to the person whom we pass on the street, it is courtesy to turn our eyes away from him, or to look straight ahead, at least, in an abstracted manner, and as though we did not see him at all!"

The burden of individuality weighs heavily upon us, in the country. The word we utter reverberates oppressively in the chamber of our own soul (and besides, we sometimes fancy it is "heard round the world"). The city knows that no individual utterance is long heard or attended to, that the monologue is not permitted, that we cannot assign constant values to fluctuating human thought, that the light touch is preservative of social amenity, and that life is too serious to be taken seriously at all times.

But the city errs in despising the countryman's deliberation of mind and tardigrade movements of speech. "You country people *mean* well, but you are so slow in expressing your meaning," said a frank urban commentator; forgetting that this defect is not innate in individuals, but is due rather to the nature of the place they live in, its cramped activities, and its absence of vitalizing arts and industries. Suffices C  sar's remark on a certain mountain-locked division of the Gauls, that "they are restrained by the nature of the place."

"Love that only which happens to thee and is spun with the thread of thy destiny. For what is more suitable?" The conditions to which we were born, our early constituents, still faithfully ad-

here to us wherever we go. Intimations of their close following, of an almost affectionate tenacity on the part of the life that has been ours, meet us wherever we turn. It was only a Rhœus, a born oppidan and gownsman, who could have killed the honey bee with its divine message of love. They do not thus whom the country has held in strong arms, close to her great heart. So, to the poet appeared the eagle leisurely flying over the city in the blue summer morning. And the rare thrush, that on his autumnal migration was buffeted by the storm one black night, and that fluttered in at the window, seemed to have chosen his hostelry with reference to the fact that its inmates are such lovers of birds they have their house full of them. Again, how did it happen that when S—— was lodging for a fortnight at a hotel in the very heart of the city, a little horse-chestnut tree went out of its way to lift a signal in front of his window? It was mid-January; but two or three days after his arrival he noticed that the buds on a certain twig near his window were much swollen. Finally, two perfect though diminutive leaves appeared, in lively springtime green. This delicate recognition on the part of the tree that S—— is an arboriculturist could be but of fleeting duration, and on the following morning the twin leaves were dun as autumn, from the frost. Granted that the tree stood in a warm southern angle of the building, and that the branch bearing the leaves was next the sunshiny wall, I have yet a superstition, which is akin to faith, that the manifestation was directed towards my friend alone, — or at least that he was directed towards the manifestation; for another might have sojourned, and departed, without once noting the wistful effort of the little tree. . . .

One of those who, having some readiness with the pen, some touch of cleverness in the arts, coin the same into means of subsistence. In a reconstructed or an adapted Virgil, the text would re-

fer to the Muse herself as experimenting *tenui avenâ*. A girl from the country, or village bred, wonted to the kindly but pragmatic methods of that sort of environment, she told me that despite the "enlarged" opportunities of city life, the greater stimulus to thought afforded by its varied activities, the advantages that proceed from emulation between fellow-artists and strugglers, — despite all these things, she had yet some inclination, almost instinctive, to revert to the old condition. "But," she added, "in reality I enjoy all that was most to be enjoyed in village life right here in Anonyma Village."

I asked, "Where is Anonyma Village?"

"Oh, anywhere from West —th Street until you come to the Square. You know I lodge, and partly cater for myself. Contrary to usual feminine habit, I cannot content myself with a cup of tea. I believe I have a little touch of the epicure, and this sends me, having reduced the matter by practical experimentation, to one place for delicious rolls, to another for butter and eggs, to still another for fruit. I know, pleasantly, all the shop people and their humbler customers, and they know me. If I have not called lately, I am flattered by the fears expressed that I may have been out of health. Where I go for the nicest chops, great Romeo, the mournfulest, unwieldiest mastiff puppy in the world, approaches, and takes me cordially by the hand. All this I enjoy wholesomely, and am free from all annoyance that comes from the close neighborly relations of small-town life. The Anonyma Villagers do not know my name, I do not know theirs, and yet the human amenities existing between us are just as complete. I have Pilgrim's Progress designations for the people I meet, which suit them better, in my opinion, than their own patronymics."

"I said I was something of an epi-

cure, but I am ashamed to confess that I do not always live up to my pretensions on that score. The other day I had too much work on hand for humane considerations, and so treated myself little better than a beast of burden. I took my hasty luncheon, as I have seen the big draught horses take theirs, from what you might call a nose-bag; for, to save time and the trouble of brushing up the crumbs, I let them fall back into the little paper sack in which the baker puts my favorite cakes the moment he sees my face at the shop door. . . .

"I double all the pleasures that come in my way by a method similar to that which a young sewing-girl of my acquaintance has adopted. If anybody gives her a winter rose, she sets the flower in front of her looking-glass, where its clear, still reflection gives her a second rose, in every respect as satisfying to the eye as the first and tangible rose. One is fortunate to have the sort of temperament in which is fitted a magic mirror. I take the best of care, however, to keep disagreeable objects as far removed as possible from its reflecting surface."

"Yes. Sometimes this room in which I live, like a lone spider in her web, gets to fitting too closely, like a skull-cap, about the head, and how I ache then to pull it off and cast it away utterly! And the room seems equally oppressed with its inmate's individuality. Even repeated little mechanical acts, such as opening my writing-desk or a drawer with toilet articles in it, the brushing of my hair, or the washing of my hands, have a kind of oppressive and bruising frequency and familiarity. I learn what Shelley means when he speaks of one who

'can scarce uplift

The weight of the superincumbent hour.'

I make an involuntary movement towards my wrap and hat; but no, I must write my allotted number of 'words' before I can throw off the skullcap and

go free. . . . I sometimes think the only difference between this mode of life and that of one cast on a desert island is that mine can temporarily be suspended. I can run out and see a friend when my work is done, or take a turn, at least, through Anonyma Village, while the islander has no respite; but the absolute equality of loneliness and isolation, in either case, is much the same."

In jotting down these fragments of our conversation, my thoughts are busy with the idea that, notwithstanding all the changes which have come over the feminine lot in the way of extended employment, of greater freedom to know, to think, and to act, the last improver of the latest opportunities vouchsafed her has not lost any essential touch of kinship with ideal womanhood in ages gone. The "rype and sad corage" of Griselde, of whom her poet says,

"A fewee sheepe, spynnyng, on feeld she kepte,
She wolde noght been ydel til she slepte,"

is equally the attribute of her whose industry it is, amidst the jar and agitations of a great city, to tie herself to the desk and write her thousand "words" *per diem*. . . .

Since yesterday my modern counterpart of Griselde, by some stroke of fancy dwelling on the situation, has been transformed into The Modern Britomart, and I shall here set down a brief legend of her maiden-knight-errantry (with due apologies to Spenser):—

O Elfin Poet, strangely thou hast erred!
Else all is changed since thy divinest art
Followed the fate of tender Britomart,
Who, caged in steel, did with the rough world
 gird,
But whose sweet face beheld, whose accents
 heard,
The Prince of Knighthood knew the woman's
 heart;
And though it played an harsh and alien part,
His own forgave, and was with pity stirred.

All's changed; for now, if she ride forth at
 need,

And if, at need, she set the spear in rest,

Say who (of all that praise the costly deed)
 But deems, because she wears those links of
 steel,
 The heart must be as steel within her breast!
 Say who will read aright its brave, its soft
 appeal.

Of the cries of street venders, and of old-clothes-and-bottles men. These seem to proceed from automatic bodies constructed for the sole purpose of producing the phrases pertaining to the owners' callings; human oddities, parrot-men, with throats shaped somewhat to accommodate and illustrate *vox humana*, but of imperfect utterance save in the one lesson. Who thinks of these announciators as ever speaking *out* of their rote jargon, in the ordinary variable tones of their fellow-beings? A periodical street cry of this neighborhood translates itself to the half-attentive ear as "Anna Maria! Anna Maria!" and another seems drawlingly to intone, "Tired, — oh, so tired!" Still another has chosen to launch its petition upon the city air in musical trisyllabic form that has something of pleasant rurality, and even of field-going suggestion. Unlike the bawling and obstreperous notes of most of its congeners, it chimes in delicately-humorously with the harsher and coarser vocalities of the peripatetic folk.

A troop of sign-bearing men, breasts and backs placarded with some emblazoned commercial legend, have just passed. Their natural history, for the moment, became distinctly differentiated from that of *genus homo*. The description given of certain coleoptera seemed better to apply to that silent and uncommunicative procession as of lumbering and sharded beetles. But I remembered that the beetle may have an industry all its own, which has food for its chief object, and that the commodity which these human beetles received in return for their shuffling activity was well earned in their benumbed progress, namely, a hot dinner on a cold day. I also remembered having heard a designation which

they enjoy at the hands of their own social constituency, and which, so far as delicate verbal discrimination can, lifts them out of the status of tramp-hood into an element somewhat akin to romance. And so I shall not always speak of them as "Walking Advertisements," but sometimes as

"THE MEN WITH BANNERS."

All day along the surging avenue,
The Men with Banners wander up and down:
 Unmoved, unsmiling, though a motley crew,
 Grotesque as harlequin or circus clown.

Stoop-shouldered these, and hollow-chested
 those;

One-armed, wry-footed, — scarcely they make
 shift.

Yet in heroic type each, thriftless, shows
 The story of another's mastering thrift.

Odd, creeping scarabæi of the street,
 Whom all their uncouth neighbors grimly hail,
The Men with Banners, — ah, what blank defeat,
 What hopes abandoned, may those banners veil!

To how many persons does a great city give employment, in all possible professions and quasi-professions! To how many, also, it gives employment who are not observed to be employed: say, the gods of the theatre; the connoisseur of kleptomania, who walks the floor of the vast emporium, the dry goods store of modern days; the quiet citizen, who carries in his pocket a scowling souvenir from the Rogues' Gallery, or in his mind's shrewd eye a replica of that souvenir. How much and what variety of busy secret service, matter-of-fact to those engaged in it, but of what curious or thrilling interest to an outsider inducted into its methods! The outsider, however, is seldom so favored, except as the alert and semi-inventive newspaper reporter serves up the details of these odd, unclassified occupations. I should like to meet (and hear his history from his own lips) the Man Who Looks Down, — who is said to have made a comfortable fortune from the findings of the pavement,

through years of brow-bent industry. And if she still travels up and down in the street cars, I should like to discover the Old Woman with the Pincushion. Of her there lingers the tradition that she was the best "spotter" in the employ of the street railway, and the haunting dread of dishonest conductors. It did not matter that she was halt and decrepit, deaf as an adder, or that she could not read and write. Under the shawl that comforted her shivering bones she held her recording pincushion, into which, for every new passenger entering the car, she slipped a shining tally, and so kept the score; every evening carrying the cushion full of pins to her employers. I have heard she drew some sagacious deductions regarding traveling humanity, the while she pursued her detective calling. Many rich people were observed to be addicted to cheating as to car fares: partly because of the satisfaction the "coming it over" the company afforded them, and partly because, being usually persons of meagre financial beginnings, the long hoarding of small gains was still dear to their souls; although the early necessity had long since passed away, the force of acquisitive habit remained unabated. Thus, in effect, deposited the Old Woman with the Pincushion.

Grace Church, mediæval and saintly amid the whirl and modernness of things, is the best preacher, the best sermon. One half forgets that the edifice is for worship; such a worshiper it lifts itself to the sky, particularly at evening, its gray spire softly illuminated from the street lamps. It looks then more like some upshoot of natural cliff than the structure of human hands. Now might the poet reaffirm,

"I love a church, I love a cowl."

It seems needless to enter, while so much of worship is suggested and directed by the mere exterior of the house of God.

The evening vista of the city street, looking westward, is of passing and almost indescribable beauty. The lingering roseate smile of the day that has just departed; the gathering purple mistiness at the street's far end, with perhaps the suggested line of the river; the jagged cliff-like silhouette of roofs on either side; then, the street lamp, the gas jet, or the electric light's moon-like orb, — a luminous bubble that might detach itself and float away without warning, — all make up a glimpse into fairyland, which one forgets as among the mere scenic treasures of the eye, to be remembered as preciously as a lovely prospect in nature is guarded by the memory.

The slipperiness of the pavement when there was neither frost nor ice to account for such a condition was explained to me as due to a sort of mucilage formed by the pressure of shoe leather on the wet pavement, perhaps some detritus of the stone itself added to the mixture. It was also said that in the city of London the mud of the street produces on all it touches an indelible red stain, resulting from the deposited rust of the nails in the horses' shoes and other iron contacts.

More trying than the mud itself is a condition of the city street that frets with its intolerable paradox. It is

THE WINTER DUST.

Down the street's narrow, gleaming cañon runs,
Like some unseen swift stream, the eddying
gust,

And on its current bears the myrmidons,
Unnumbered, of the city's winter dust.

Atoms of frosty flint are on the gale;
Sharp grains of wounding steel, of ash, and
rust

Rise from the pavement and the fretted rail;
A cloud of darts, — the city's winter dust!

Go not abroad in bitter mood, for so,
'T will seem, when thou shalt feel their barbéd
thrust,

That all of eternity the town may know
Is breathed and uttered on her winter dust!

It might not be uninteresting to find out how Wan Lee and Ton Sing view the instruction they receive from the young lady who, every first day of the week, on good works intent, undertakes to impart Scriptural and moral precepts to a Sunday-school class composed of polite but reserved Mongolians. The more I see of these strangers from the Celestial Empire, the more am I impressed by their apparent non-attention to the details of a life and civic condition which are, for them, but passing. Reticent, imperturbable, impassive, yet I should not say meek; for even in the cases where these Orientals come off badly and suffer chastisement at Western hands, the matter would seem of too irrelevant and transient a nature to excite great sorrow or wrath *animis celestibus*. It may be that the sensibilities of the race have been left, for convenience, at home. Yesterday, however, in a train on the elevated road, I saw what I had never before seen, — a Chinaman with vivacious manner and movements almost amounting to fidgets. He looked out of the car window with keen and mobile interest in all he saw; tapped the floor lightly with the foot of one leg crossed over the other; chatted, laughed heartily, evidently indulging in pungent remarks addressed to his *vis-à-vis* and fellow-countryman, a Chinaman of the typical inexpressive sort. The tones of their voices, in their muffled or muted quality, sent me very far back for a comparison: the very same guttural resonance as in the blunt little echo which country children hear when indulging in vocal practice, with heads hanging well over the rim of an empty rain-barrel!

Perhaps we more easily arrive at the views entertained with regard to the Occident by the Chinaman's near neighbors, our visitors from the ancient isle of Cipango. On this subject I take to witness the subtle frankness of a young Japanese traveler whom I lately met,

and who is at present engaged in investigating the theory and practice of art as exemplified in the greatest city of the Western continent. In the course of a conversation on this topic, he remarked on our very general application of the word *art*, as *art* schools, *art* criticism, *art* treasures. The lady who was our hostess then showed him some paintings, commendable for the attention bestowed upon detail and finish rather than for motive or for vigor of treatment. Having examined them most deferentially, he observed, with an Oriental docility and amenableness in his tones, "And these, — you call them *art* paintings, do you not?"

In the days of old New York, before the introduction of Croton water, I am told, the water supply generally was of a poor order. A well in Chatham Street was exceptionally good, and greatly esteemed. From this unfailing source the venders used to sell the precious fluid to an extensive neighborhood. Especially was it valued for tea-drawing purposes. Therefore, towards evening, many a neat maid, with kettle in hand, might have been seen at the front door, awaiting the water-seller, who dealt out his stores for a few pennies per quart. One of the lost idyls of the city.

THE NYMPH OF THE WISTARIA.

Fain is she to escape to glad wild ways,
 Afar from city walls, from sordid days;
 And many an eve, and many a murmuring
 night,
 A whispered call she heeds, and dreams of
 flight.

Her foot upon the ladder, she but dreams —
 Or fears too much! Up come the morning
 beams.
 With fading violet crown, she sinks, half seen,
 Regretful — or forgetful — past her leafy
 screen.

How is it that the curiously constructed adjective *opinionated* is never ap-

plied except with some flavor of repression? If the word meant merely "to be furnished with an opinion" (as it legitimately might mean), then how inconsistent is the odium which attaches to its use! Such, apparently, is the necessity — artistic, social, ethical — of having an opinion, in these days, and of stating it, too, that to be defined as "opinionless" would seem more nearly to indicate a hopeless condition of reprobation. But is there such a necessity, except as the uneasy and all-gathering mood of the times dictates? Why must one have an opinion as to the enigmatic kernel contained in Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came? Why must one have an opinion as to the operas of Wagner (especially when one is better fitted to express appreciation, or stricture, with reference to a simple ballad)? Why must one damn with loud praises, or praise with exact but harmless damnations (in the running parlance of art criticism), the last foreign painter's exhibition of pictures? Why must one have read Robert Elsmere, and have views thereon? Why must one be decisive whether the latest claimant for the wreath of fiction be come to stay, to win and wear it, as the forlorn hope of a new and more virile school of novelists, or whether, with prodigious and overtopping self-confidence, he has but temporarily mesmerized us, as it were, into an attitude of sublime expectance with regard to his errand? To those who would take care to have their opinions thoroughly revised and "up to date," the trouble of entertaining an opinion might well give pause to rash hospitality. A wearer of the purple once said, "It is in our power to have no opinion about a thing, and not to be troubled in our soul." But such imperial reservation and ease seem out of the question in our day. Since there is no law compelling opinion and verdict, as there is compelling the citizen to serve as a juror, I wonder that we feel such obligation,

daily and hourly, to take upon ourselves the trying of cases and the judicial sentence.

WORLDLY-WISE.

I.

Unto the truthful came they not with truth,
Nor of the merciful entreated ruth,
Nor to the just for judgment they appealed,
Nor to the skilled they hastened to be healed.

But to the fox with sacred truth they go,
Their wounds unto the wolf and vulture show;
The waterfly they choose for arbiter,
And healing to the well-read mole refer.

II.

She said: "Pure eyes, like Heaven's stars, may
gaze
With full reproof upon your erring ways;
But not for all the chastisement they bend
Are ye constrained your erring ways to mend.

"But menace from a guileful eye ye fear,
And take the home-stretch only when ye hear
The joyous baying of the unclean pack,
Hunted themselves, and hunting on your
track!"

A MONARCH OF GRIMACE.

He a merry-andrew? No!
Yet wherever he may go,
Still he hears the people say,—
Childhood, with its greeting gay,
Old age, leaning on its staff,—
"Here's the man that makes us laugh!"

Once, but once, — alas the day! —
Wit and Fancy turned their play
For the pastime and the mirth
Of some idlers round the hearth:
Ever since that hour he's been
Only a poor harlequin.

In his breast a keen retort:
"Will ye have me for your sport,
Who might breathe your thought in song,
Who might lead the civic throng,—
I, forever (by your grace),
Only Monarch of Grimace!"

"Give me but the superfluities of life," was illustrated for me *en genre* this evening. Passing the baker's shop which figures in my friend's commisariat, I observed a sallow, hollow-eyed

newsboy, of the brownie type, gazing intently in at the window with its display of comestibles. Inherited Saxon charity could predicate nothing but the sore need of bread. "What do you see in the window that you want?" I asked. The elfish eyes turned upon me with an intensity of fascinated reminiscence and dawning expectation, which to me meant little less than the delirium of absolute starvation. One hoarse syllable formed itself in the brownie's throat, and was delivered eagerly at his wide mouth, — "Cake!"

This was such an anticlimax to what my conventionally built views of hungry indigence had anticipated that for a moment I could say nothing. Then a sense of humor came to relieve the embarrassment, with an odd perversion of a sacred text, thus changed to fit the occasion, "He asked for cake, and ye gave him bread." To prevent this cruelty being realized, the bankrupt vender of the news and I proceeded to lay out some pennies on the desired delicacy. And I was well repaid by the opportunity of revising and enlarging my ideas of charity and the special unforeseen exigencies which might call it forth. And why not so? Doubtless, at that very moment, in New York city, to say nothing of all suburban United States, there were more persons who craved (and perhaps needed) "cake" than there were who lacked bread.

When we have little at our disposal to give, I notice that, instinctively, we choose some *least* measure in which to present the offering. A small cup overbrimmed tricks the imagination, — both that of the giver and of the receiver; whereas the same quantity in a larger vessel would miss of such an effect. And moreover, if a few drops, however precious, be lost by the overbrimming of the vessel, why, the loss seems well incurred, as a sacred libation to the godless Benevolentia.

This subject of generosity in giving,

whether simple alms-dropping charity or substantial kindness shown towards one's friends, has many sides, many fine shadings of difference. For one, L—— furnishes an interesting illustration. She is always wishing for the proverbial "million," that she may bestow upon some fresh object of her quickly stirred sympathies the moiety of that sum. She never understands the flick of good-natured amusement which springs upon her the inquiry, "But why not as well wish that '*M.* or '*N.*, as the case may be,' had a half million dollars by his own spontaneous good fortune, unencumbered by the debt of gratitude, which many find too burdensome?" I do not say that, in addition to her really humane desire to benefit a deserving and suffering person, this generous lady evidences, in her impulsive and bounteous desires, that she would like the solidity and security of finance enabling her, off-hand, to disburse so magnificent a sum. And yet! the consciousness that one possesses more than one needs for his individual uses is as a great fire built of fat wood, and ready for warming his hearth when need shall be, or as abundance of old wine in the cellar. Even the feigning of such a margin to one's means seems to give comfort. If so, the oft-remarked wastefulness of the very poor readily finds its rationale. In lavishing carelessly their scant substance, they may persuade themselves, one brief moment, that they possess superfluity, the undoubted evidence of wealth! Making all allowance for absolute human compassion, perhaps this same unconscious logic runs through and leavens the charities of the poor to the still poorer (and I observe that it is those whose outward appearance gives token of a scarcely tolerable poverty who are readiest to bestow their doles). If an individual of this class were gifted with the faculty of introspective analysis, — which Heaven forbid! — the inner voice might be forced to yield up some such confes-

sion as this: "I thought I was poor, but I comfort myself that I am less so, having seen that there is some one who is much poorer, and to whom I in my poverty could give!"

I think I never pitied any beggar so much as I pity those who ordinarily fee the beggar. The little argument of self-pity is so mixed up, unconsciously, with the volitional altruism of their act. The rich man has no occasion to encourage his own confidence in the size and stability of his worldly possessions; it is not necessary he should give to a beggar; he has but to remember his bank account!

To only one class of the human pilgrim, I infer, is it left to discover the poetry residing in the practice of reason-

able economy. The pleasures of an artistic thrift are about equally shut away from those whose *impedimenta* are all too light for the journey's necessities and those who are encumbered far beyond their need. Extremes meet: Lazarus will not, if he can help it, exercise economy, for the so doing would only be a reminder of his poverty-stricken condition; and Dives is deterred therefrom for the very obvious and valid reason that there is no flavor in pretended rigor, no delight in sham battle. It is, then, left to those said to be "in moderate circumstances" to find out what enjoyments may reside in the scheme of "plain living and high thinking,"—theirs to make acceptable offering to "Holy St. Poverty."

Edith M. Thomas.

OLD BOSTON MARY: A REMEMBRANCE.

ON the southern outskirts of the city of Boston, hidden away in a field, and reached by streets that gradually degenerated into straggling lanes, stood until quite recently an old shanty, noted for nothing but loneliness and spooks. No one in the neighborhood knew to whom it belonged or what was its history. It was too forlorn to be interesting, and few ever went near it. The children in the district claimed that queer noises were heard in the shanty at night, and their mothers threatened them with its sheltered ghosts when they were especially naughty. But this was the extent of the shanty's reputation in its own parish.

Its history, or at any rate so much of it as is known, is anything but romantic. When first built, it belonged to a "Paddy" on the railway; and after various generations of this proprietary family had passed on to the better quarters that Boston provides for its ambitious Irish citizens, it became so dilapidated

and forlorn that it was turned over to some cows pastured near by, as shelter for stormy days. It was still used for this purpose, I am told, when Old Mary rented it. How she discovered it, and why it attracted her, are questions which even her best friends found difficult to solve. But there was something about it which appealed to her, and for several months she lived her queer life in this uninteresting old building. Her neighbors knew almost nothing about her, except that she was an eccentric old woman, and that she harbored a strange class of friends who might with greater propriety have lodged in the city almshouse. But otherwise she was a foreigner in her own province, and no one could tell what she did or how she lived. Strange, too; for in some respects this old creature was a most notorious character, and had perhaps as many acquaintances and friends as any citizen of Boston. Almost every evening, after dark,

had there been curious eyes on watch, stragglers of many sizes and conditions might have been seen wending their way, stealthily and catlike, to her shanty, and ears alert might have heard a queer password tapped on the wooden door which, as of its own free will, swung back on noiseless leather hinges, and, closing, hid the strangers from view. This went on night after night, and no resident of the neighborhood knew or cared much about it. Whatever was done in the shanty passed off so quietly and unobtrusively that public curiosity was not awakened.

My first knowledge of the place was on this wise: One afternoon, in New York, in the early part of 1885, while studying tramp life in that city, I happened to drop in for a moment at a popular resort of vagabonds in the Bowery. I had already had several months' experience in their company, and was casting about for some new feature or phase of the life; naturally enough, I turned to the saloon to hear of something which would put me on a fresh track. As luck would have it, I chanced to overhear two Eastern beggars discussing the customs and institutions of Boston. Their conversation interested me considerably, and I drew nearer. During their talk, reference was made to Old Mary's Place, which I had never heard of elsewhere, and I determined to see it. It was not long before I had found a companion, and persuaded him to accompany me to Boston. He also had heard of the place, and was fairly well acquainted with its mistress, who, he claimed, had been a well-known "hobo" (beggar) out West some years before. Her history, as he knew it, and which I know now to be quite true, was something like this: About forty years ago, a gypsy girl in England, who had wandered about with her tribe through France as well as Britain, came to America, hoping to find her Rom friends here strong enough to afford her society and protection. But for some reason she failed to meet with the welcome she had expected, and as

there was nothing else in the New World more akin to her old life than the tramp's peripatetic existence, she joined the brotherhood, and for over thirty years was recognized as a full-fledged member. Her specialty, the "hobo" said, was "ridin' the trucks;" and in this dangerous business she became an expert, and was probably the only woman in the world who ever made a practice of it. It may surprise some that a woman reared in gypsy society, and accustomed to the rigorous social divisions which obtain there, should ever have entered trampdom, composed almost entirely of men. It must be remembered, however, that there are women in all classes of society who are men's women, not women's women, and at the same time none the worse for their peculiarity. There is a certain comradeship in their relations with men which even a stunted sense of honor will not abuse, and which adds piquancy to their friendship. The gypsy girl was one of these, and had her friends as well as her lovers. The lovers failed as she grew older, but this strong-souled companionship stood her in good stead, and held the friends she made. She who had been so poorly, so little cared for all her life long had developed somehow a genius for taking care of others, and so, after thirty years of hard riding and hard faring of all sorts, her head not quite clear about a good many things that human justice calls crime, she set up a poor, miserable home for the brotherhood of tramps. It was a crazy idea, perhaps, but the woman herself was pretty well "crippled under the hat," my friend declared, and was known from Maine to California, in true tramp dialect, as "Bughouse Mary," or, as politer folk would say, "Crazy Mary."

She settled herself at first in a tumble-down old tenement house in the very heart of Boston, and her place soon became known — too well known, in fact — to certain officious and official personages who had on more than one occa-

sion found dangerous characters sheltered there. After some weeks she thought it necessary to move on, and pitched her tent on the spot already described. It was here that my companion and I first tested her sisterly welcome. A town tramp put us on the right road, and gave us explicit directions. He advised us not to go by daylight, and asked, "Does you blokes know the rules out at Mary's? I guess she 'd take ye in anyhow, but mos' the blokes, when they goes out there, takes along a handful o' terbakker an' a chunk o' beef or somethin' else ter chew. She allus 'xpects her half, too. It's a sort o' law out there, 'n' p'r'aps you lads 'u'd better do as I tells ye."

We followed his advice, and I looked for some beefsteak, while my companion found the tobacco and bread. About nine o'clock we started, and spent fully an hour in finding the place. At the door, as we knew of no especial knock, I whispered through one of the cracks the word "Hobo," knowing that this was the usual tramp call. We soon heard a queer voice asking our names.

"Cigarette," I replied.

"What Cigarette?" asked the voice.

I returned that it was the Chicago species.

This was sufficient, and the door opened far enough to allow us to squeeze through, and we were in the famous Boston "hang-out."

The first attraction, of course, was Mary herself, and she was well worth a longer pilgrimage. I shall never forget the picture she made, as she stood in the middle of the floor surrounded by her "pals," and welcomed us to her shanty. Her figure, although naturally strong and straight, looked cramped and bent, and had certainly suffered from long exposure and the perils of truck riding. Her dress, although picturesque in some particulars, looked just as tattered and worn out as did her poor old body. The original cloth and color of the skirt, if indeed it had ever had any, were disguised

by fully a dozen different patches sewed on with coarse, straggling, gypsy-like stitches. In place of a waist she wore an old coat and vest, given to her, as I afterward learned, by a clergyman. The coat was soldier's blue, and the vest as red as a robin's breast. A strange costume, it is true; but as I looked at her, it seemed after all a fitting one for such a unique being. The head that topped the costume was most interesting of all: a certain pose in moments of enthusiasm, and a certain toss at the climax of some story relating her early triumphs, gave it an air of wild nobility such as one sees in high-bred animals; and when, in the consciousness of her weakened powers, it dropped sadly on her breast, with the ragged gray locks streaming out in all directions, one could not escape the sense of fallen greatness in the gaunt bowed figure and the tortured face.

Naturally she looked crazy, but I wished at the time that if crazy people must really exist, they might look like her. Her eyes were her most intelligent feature, and even they at times would become glazed and almost uncanny. They were the most motherly, and also the wickedest, I have ever seen on the road. This sounds paradoxical, I know, but as I have heard other men describe them in the same way, I think I must be right. And when she looked at me I felt that she was piercing my character and history in every possible corner. I have no doubt that she intended to impress me in this way. It is a gypsy trick, and she evidently had not forgotten it.

But queer and crazy as Old Mary appeared, she was nevertheless quite in harmony with her environment; for of all the odd "hang-outs" I have visited, hers was certainly the oddest. The shanty itself was in many respects just as the cows had left it, and the only furniture it contained was a few old benches, a greasy lamp, a fair supply of blankets, and a cupboard containing one or two

frying-pans and some polished and renovated tomato cans. These were all that the old gypsy had been able to gather together, and it had cost her a good many days of fortune-telling to collect even these. But, fortunately, it was not for such things that the beggars visited her. What they wanted was simply a place where they could be away from the police, and in the company of Old Mary, whom they looked upon as a sort of guardian angel. On the night in question she had as guests men who represented nearly every kind of vagabondage. The "Blanket Stiff," the "Gay Cat," the "Shiny," the "Frenchy," and the "Ex-Prushun" were all there. Some were lying on the floor wrapped in their blankets; some were mending their coats and darning their socks; while others were sitting around the cold stove playing a quiet game of poker, using as an "ante" pieces of bread which they had begged. In a corner there were still others who were taking off their "jiggers," reminding one of that famous *cour des miracles* which Victor Hugo has described in Notre Dame; for the "jiggers" were nothing but bandages wound around the legs and arms to excite the sympathy of credulous and charitable people.

Mary was exceedingly kind in her welcome to both my comrade and myself; but on learning that I was really the Chicago Cigarette she was a little partial to me, I think, and made me sit down on a bench, where we talked of various things and people, but especially of a St. Louis beggar called Bud, who had spoken to her of a Cigarette with whom he once traveled. Learning that I was the very same, and that we had at one time made a long journey in the West, she wanted to know just when I had seen him last, how he looked, and what he was doing. I could easily see, from the passionate way she spoke of him and her eagerness for late news concerning his whereabouts, that he had once been a pal of hers, and I had to tell her as gently as I could

that the poor fellow had been starved to death in a box car in Texas. Some one had locked him in, and when the car was shunted on to an unused side track, far away from any house or station, his fate was settled. Try as one will to get out of such a predicament, there is no hope unless one has a large knife and strength enough to cut through the walls. Poor Bud was without both, and he died alone and forsaken. I had heard of the accident from a man who was in the neighborhood where it happened; and thinking that the best thing I could tell Old Mary would be the truth, I stammered it out in a most awkward fashion.

I knew well enough that she would cry, but I hardly expected to see the sorrow that my story occasioned. It was almost indescribable. She wept and moaned, and swayed her old body back and forth in an agony of grief, but not once did she speak. I tried my best to comfort her, but it was of no use. She had to suffer, and no one could help her. I felt so bad that I almost started to leave, but one of the men told me that she would be all right pretty soon, and I waited. True, she did become calmer, and in about an hour was enough herself to talk about other matters; but there was a grief still in her eyes that was most pitiful to see. And I shall always remember her strange and inarticulate agony. It showed, not a comrade's bereavement, nor yet the heart wound of a motherly nature merely, but a phase of emotion belonging to younger hearts as well. I think also that there was a gypsy strain in her suffering which I could not comprehend at all.

When fairly aroused from her sadness, she asked for our bundles of food, and made the men playing cards on the stove move away, that she might light a fire and cook our meal. While she attended to these things, I passed around among the tramps. The place hardly coincided with my expectations. I had looked forward to a rough "hang-out," where there

would be more fighting and cursing than anything else, but I found nothing of the kind. The men conducted themselves very respectably, at least while Mary was looking on. There were a few harsh words heard, of course, but there was none of that vulgarity that one would naturally expect, for the hostess forbade it. Not that she was a woman who had never heard bad words or seen vulgar sights, but there was something about her which certainly quieted and softened the reckless people she gathered together. What this was I cannot say, but I think it was her kindness. For if there is anything which a tramp respects, although he may forget it when it is out of his sight, it is gentleness, and it was this trait in Old Mary's character which won for her the distinction and privileges usually accorded the mistress of the house. She did everything she could to make her shanty comfortable and her guests happy. For example, one man had a sore foot, and while the meat was frying she bandaged it most tenderly, making her patient lie down on a blanket which she took from a cupboard. Others wanted string or tobacco, and she invariably supplied them. She gave each one the impression that she was really interested in him; and to know this is exactly as pleasant to a tramp as it is to any other human being.

When our supper was ready, Mary handed me a little pail, and said, "Cig, you 'd better run out 'n' hustle some beer. Ye kin find it 'bout half a mile up the road, ef ye give the bloke a good story. But don't let the bulls¹ catch ye. I don't wan' cher ter git sloughed up."

I took the pail and went in search of the beer, which I found at the place she spoke of. On my return she had the meat and bread placed on a shingle, and my companion and I, together with the hostess, sat down on a bench and had a most satisfying meal. During the repast Mary talked a good deal on numer-

ous subjects, and commented on tramp life in various communities. She gave but little evidence of being crazy, but her mind would wander once in a while, and she would say in a dreamy sort of way, "Oh, Cig, this sort o' bummin' hain't like the old times. Them was the days fer beggars."

Those old days, I suppose, were when she first came to this country; and I have been told that a beggar's life in that period was, if not more profitable, at any rate more comfortable. I also heard her mumbling and calling herself "bughouse," and with the word her old head would fall humbly on her breast. But her kindness was so sound and steadfast that this occasional lapse into her inane mumbling did not much impress me. She kept asking if I were having enough to eat, and offered to cook more meat if I were not. When we had finished, she handed me a new clay pipe, gave me some tobacco which was of a better brand than that which my companion had begged, and then told me to smoke "my vittals stiddy." We sat there for nearly an hour, not saying much, and yet knowing fairly well what each one was thinking. There is something in tramp nature which makes these silent conversations easy and natural.

At twelve o'clock we prepared for sleep. Mary was now at her best, and the way she assigned each man his place was worthy of a general. As we had to turn out about half past four in the morning, so that all would be quiet before people were astir, I was glad enough to have a rest. The most of the men took off their coats and shoes, making of the former a blanket, and of the latter a pillow, said "Pound yer ear well" to their nearest neighbors, and then the candle was put out. Mary had a corner entirely to herself.

I had been asleep for about three hours, I think, when I was awakened by a light shining in my face, and a hand passing over a tattoo mark on my right

¹ Policemen.

arm. I started up, and saw Mary kneeling beside me and inspecting the "piece" very closely. Noticing that I was awake, she whispered, "Come out o' the shanty with me fer a minnit. I wants ter ask ye somethin'."

I rose and followed her quietly out of the building to a small hollow not far away.

"Now, Cig," she said, "tell me the truth. Did Bud croak down in Texas, dead sartain?"

I assured her that I had told her the truth.

"Well," she replied, "then the whole game is up. Ye see, Bud was a Rom, too, 'n' we use' ter be great pals. For nigh onter a tenner we bummed this kentry together 'n' never had a fight. But one day Bud got jagged, 'n' swore I had 'n' b'en square to 'im. So we had a reg'lar out 'n' outer, 'n' I hain't seen 'im sence. I'se sorry that 'e's croaked, fer 'e was a good bloke; yes, 'e was — yes, 'e was" — Here the poor creature seemed to forget herself, and I could hear her saying, "Bughouse — bughouse." I recalled her to consciousness, and said that I must leave, as it was nearly time for her to close up shop. She wanted me to promise to meet her on the Common in the afternoon, where she did most of her begging, and handed me a quarter to "keep me a-goin'" till then. I returned it, and told her that I had to leave Boston that morning, but would gladly visit her again some day. And I certainly intended to do so. But the natural course of events took me out of vagabondage soon, and it was not until quite recently that I heard any more of Bughouse Mary.

About two years ago, while seeking some special and late information regarding tramp life in the large cities, I chanced upon an old friend of Mary's, whom I plied with questions concerning her whereabouts and fate. It was a long time before he would give me anything I could call a straight story, but at last, finding I had been, years be-

fore, one of the brotherhood, with hesitation and real sorrow he told me what follows: —

"I wuz drillin' one day, 'bout two months 'go, on the Boston 'n' Albany road, 'n' hed jes' got into a little jerk town, where I battered¹ fer some dinner. It begun to rain arter I'd chewed, so I mooched down to the track 'n' found a box car where I stopped fer a while. I wuz waitin' fer the 'xpress, too, so the wetтин' wa'n't much uv a bother. Waal, I'd b'en in the car a few minnits, when I got all-fired sleepy, 'n' ter save me gizzard I c'u'd n't keep me eyes open. So I jes' lay down 'n' pounded me ear. I'd b'en a-poundin' it, I guess, fer 'bout two hours — fer 't wuz 'bout five 'clock when I begun, 'n' 't wuz dead dark when I got me peepers open — when I heered somebody pushin' away at the car door to beat the devil, 'n' o' course looked out; an' there on the groun' wuz one o' the funniest bums y' ever see, — long, flyin' hair, big gray eyes, coat 'n' vest, 'n' ez sure 's I'm a moocher, a skirt too, but no hat. Course I was int'rested, 'n' I jumps down 'n' gives the critter a big stare plump in the face, fer I had the feelin' I'd seen it afore somewheres. See? An' it sort o' answered, fer it seed I wuz koorios. 'I say, blokey, kin yer tell me when the flyin' mail passes through these yere parts? I wants ter make it, ef it do.' Then I knew who 't wuz, fer ye kin tell Old Mary ev'ry time when she begins to chew the rag. I tole her that the mail come through 'bout twelve o'clock, 'n' then asked her where her hat wuz.

"'Waal, blokey,' she said, 'I hain't a-wearin' them air t'ings any more. I say, air yer right k'rect that the flyin' mail comes through these yere parts?' I guv it to her dead straight, 'n' tole 'er I wuz sartain. Then I asked, 'Mary, ain' cher recognizin' common peoples any more? Don't chu know old Tom?' Ye sh'u'd 'a seen her look! She put 'er

¹ Begged.

old bony han's on me shoulders, 'n' stuck 'er old fiz clost ter mine, 'n' said, 'Who be ye, anyhow? I'se gettin' sort o' old-like 'n' bughouse, 'n' I can't call yer name. Who be ye? 'n' kin ye tell me ef I kin make the flyin' mail?' I tole 'er who I wuz, 'n' ye sh'u'd 'a' seen 'er! Ye see I'se summat younger than 'er, 'n' she jes' treated me like me old woman. It made me feel sort o' queer-like, I tell ye, for I use' ter like the old gal in great style. Waal, we had a good talk, as ye kin well 'xpect, but she kept askin' 'bout that blasted flyin' mail. I did n' wan' ter ride it that night, 'cause she wuz purty bughouse, 'n' I felt she'd get ditched ef we tried it. So I jes' argeyed with her, 'n' did me best ter make 'er stay where we wuz; but I might jes' 's well 'a' tried to batter a dollar in the place. She was simply stuck on pullin' out that night. I asked 'er why she did n't go back to Boston, 'n' she said, 'Boston! W'y, I'se got the mooch out o' Boston. Ye see, Tom, I got ter tellin' fortunes, 'n' the bulls snared me, 'n' his Honor tole me to crawl. I did n' go at first, but arter a bit it got too hot fer me out at the shanty, an' I had ter mooch. So here I be, 'n' I guess I'm a' right; but I'se bughouse — yes — bughouse;' 'n' she kept a-squealin' that word till I wuz sick. But she was bughouse, dead sure. An' I guess that's why she wuz on the road, fer when I use' ter know 'er she wuz entirely too cute ter let any bull get roun' her; anyhow, no Boston bull c'u'd 'a' done it. P'r'aps a Chicago one might, but he's all eyes anyhow.

"Waal, ez I wuz sayin', I tried ter keep 'er from ridin' the mail, but 't wa'n't no use. So I made up me mind that I'd go with 'er, 'n' help 'er along. An' when the train whistled roun' the curve, I got 'er over to the tank, an' made 'er lay low till the train wuz ready. Waal, the train had come, 'n' I looked over it to find a blind baggage, but I c'u'd n't. So I says to Mary, 'We've got to truck it.' She got hostile 's the

devil when I tole 'er that. 'Truck it!' she said. 'Course we'll truck it. What else d'ye 'xpect us to do? I use' ter ride out West as well as any o' ye, but I'se gittin' old 'n' sort o' bughouse,— yes, I is.' The train wuz mos' ready to pull out, 'n' the con wuz swingin' his lantern, so I took 'er hand 'n' got 'er into the baggage car trucks. 'Get in carefully,' I said, 'n' be sartin' ter hang on to the right rod.' She clumb in 'tween the wheels, 'n' fixed herself with 'er back to the engine. It would 'a' made ye cry to hear 'er beggin' me to look out fer 'er. 'Don't leave the old gal, will yer, blokey?' I tole 'er I w'u'd n't, 'n' got in alongside her jes' ez the whistle blew; an' away we went, ridin', fer all either on us c'u'd tell, to the devil. 'T wa'n't no time to think 'bout that, though, fer I had to remember the old gal. I did n't dast ter hold 'er, fer I'd 'a' fallen meself, so I jes' had to holler at 'er, 'n' be sure that she hollered back. I kept a-bellerin', 'Hang on, Mary, hang on!' 'n' she kept sayin', 'I will, blokey, I will!' She meant, o' course, that she'd do her best, but arter a few minutes I see clear 'nough she'd never pull through. The way the wind 'n' the gravel 'n' the dirt flew round our faces, 'n' the cramps that took us, settin' so crooked-like, wuz 'nough to make bigger blokes 'n' she give up, 'n' don' cher forget it. An' to make things worse, her hair blew all over my face, 'n' matted down me eyes so I c'u'd hardly see. I dasn't brush it away, fer I'd tumbled sure. The gravel cut me face, too, 'n' oncet a good-sized stone hit me lips such a rap that I c'u'd feel the blood tricklin' on me chin. But worse than all, Old Mary got to screamin', 'n' I c'u'd n't see her fer her hair. She screamed 'n' screamed, 'The flyin' mail — oh, I say — the flyin' —' an' her shriekin' 'n' the rattlin' o' the wheels made me nigh bughouse, too. I called out every few minutes to keep 'er down to bizness, 'n' I got one more answer sayin' she was doin' 'er best. An' then

some o' her hair flew in me mouth, 'n' try me best I c'u'd n't get it out, 'n' I didn't dast to take me hands off the rod. So I c'u'd n't see 'er or speak to 'er any more. See? I heard 'er screamin' agen, 'Oh, I say — the flyin' mail — flyin' — bughouse' — an' then nothin' more. I c'u'd n't say nothin', so I jes' made a big noise in me throat to let 'er know I wuz there. By 'n' by I heered it agen — 'Bughouse — flyin' mail — blokey' — an' agen I lost 'er. I wuz nearly bughouse meself. Ef that train hed only hauled up! Ef I had only kept 'er from ever gettin' on to it! I c'u'd n' hold 'er — I c'u'd n' speak to 'er — I c'u'd n' see 'er, an' all the divils wuz dead agen' us. An' she wuz gettin' wilder ev'ry minnit. I shook me head up an' down, back'urd 'n' for'ard, — 't wuz all I c'u'd do. Once agen she begun her screamin' — 'Oh, I say, the flyin' mail — flyin' — flyin' — an' then

I said the biggest thankee I ever said in me life fer bein' blinded in me eyes; fer when her old hair had swished away, 'n' me eyes wuz free agen, I wuz hangin' on alone, 'n' the wheels had carried me far away from where the old gal wuz lyin'. I c'u'd n't help it, Cig, — no, I c'u'd n't; 'n' you mus' tell the other blokes that I done my best, but 't wa'n't no use — I done my best."

The tremor of the tone, the terror lest I should think he had not been faithful to his awful trust, told better than words that his tale was true, and that he had done his best to save the poor wrecked life so confidingly placed in his care. But the end was not unfitting. "The flyin' mail," the cramped and painful ride, the pelting storm of dust and gravel, the homeless goal, — what could be more symbolic of Old Mary's career? And on the wings of steam and wind her gypsy spirit went flying — flying.

Josiah Flynt.

AN ONONDAGA MOTHER AND CHILD.

SHE stands full-throated and with careless pose,
 This woman of a weird and waning race,
 The tragic savage lurking in her face,
 Where all her pagan passion burns and glows.
 Her blood is mingled with her ancient foes,
 And thrills with war and wildness in her veins;
 Her rebel lips are dabbled with the stains
 Of feuds and forays and her fathers' woes.
 And, hidden in the shawl about her breast,
 The latest promise of her nation's doom,
 Paler than she, her baby clings and lies,
 The primal warrior gleaming from his eyes;
 He sulks, and, burdened with his infant gloom,
 He draws his heavy brows, and will not rest.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

THE KIDNAPPED BRIDE.

Yes, the marshes were then in a chain along the foot of the bluffs : Grand Marais, Marais de Bois Coupé, Marais de l'Ourse, Marais Perdu ; with a rigolé here and there, straight as a canal, to carry the water into the Mississippi. You do not see Cahokia beautiful as it was when Monsieur St. Ange de Bellerive was acting as governor of the Illinois Territory, and waiting at Fort Chartres for the British to take possession after the conquest. Some people had indeed gone off to Ste. Genevieve, and to Pain Court that you now call Sah Loui', where Pontiac was afterwards buried under sweetbrier, and is to-day trampled under pavements. An Indian killed Pontiac between Cahokia and Prairie du Pont. When he rose from his body, and saw it was not a British knife, but a red man's tomahawk, he was not a chief who would lie still and bear it in silence. Yes, I have heard that he has been seen walking through the grapevine tangle, all bleached, as if the bad redness was burned out of him. But the priest will tell you better, my son. Do not believe such tales.

Besides, no two stories are alike. Pontiac was killed in his French officer's uniform, which Monsieur de Montcalm gave him ; and half the people who saw him walking declared he wore that, while the rest swore he was in buckskins and a blanket. You see how it is. A veritable ghost would always appear the same, and not keep changing its clothes like a vain girl. Paul Le Page had a fit one night from seeing the dead chief, with feathers in his hair, standing like stone in the white French uniform. But do not credit such things.

It was half a dozen years before Pontiac's death that Celeste Barbeau was kidnapped on her wedding day. She lived at Prairie du Pont ; and though Prairie du Pont is but a mile and a half

south of Cahokia, the road was not as safe then as it now is. My mother was one of the bridesmaids ; she has told it over to me a score of times. The wedding was to be in the church, — the same church that now stands on the east side of the square. And on the south side of the square was the old auberge. Claudis Beauvois said you could get as good wines at that tavern as you could in New Orleans. But the court-house was not built until 1795. The people did not need a court-house. They had no quarrels among themselves which the priest could not settle, and after the British conquest their only enemies were those Puants, the Pottawattamie Indians, who took the English side, and paid no regard when peace was declared, but still tormented the French because there was no military power to check them. You see the common fields across the rigolé. The Puants stole stock from the common fields ; they trampled down crops, and kidnapped children, and even women, to be ransomed for so many horses each. The French tried to be friendly, and with presents and good words to induce the Puants to leave. But those Puants — oh, they were British Indians : nothing but whipping would take the impudence out of them.

Celeste Barbeau's father and mother lived at Prairie du Pont, and Alexis Barbeau was the richest man in this part of the American Bottom. When Alexis Barbeau was down on his knees at mass, people used to say he counted his money instead of his beads ; it was at least as dear to him as religion. And when he came au Caho',¹ he had n't a word for a poor man. At Prairie du Pont he had built himself a fine brick house ; the bricks were brought from Philadelphia by way of New Orleans. You have your-

¹ To Cahokia.

self seen it many a time, and the crack down the side made by the great earthquake of 1811. There he lived like an estated gentleman, for Prairie du Pont was then nothing but a cluster of tenants around his feet. It was after his death that the village grew. Celeste did not stay at Prairie du Pont; she was always au Cahó', with her grandmother and grandfather, the old Barbeaus.

Along the south bank of this rigolé which bounds the north end of Cahó' were all the pleasantest houses then: rez-de-chaussée, of course, but large; with dormer windows in the roofs; and high of foundation, having flights of steps going up to the galleries. For though the Mississippi was a mile away in those days, and had not yet eaten in to our very sides, it often came visiting. I have seen this grassy-bottomed rigolé many a time swimming with fifteen feet of water, and sending ripples to the gallery steps. Between the marais and the Mississippi, the spring rains were a perpetual danger. There are men who want the marshes all filled up. They say it will add to us on one side what the great river is taking from us on the other; but myself — I would never throw in a shovelful. God made this world; it is good enough; and when the water rises we can take to boats.

The Le Compts lived in this very house, and the old Barbeaus lived next, on the corner, where this rigolé road crosses the street, running north and south. Every house along the rigolé was set in spacious grounds, with shade trees and gardens, and the sloping lawns blazed with flowers. My mother said it was much prettier than Kaskaskia; not crowded with traffic, not overrun with foreigners. Everybody seemed to be making a fête, to be visiting or receiving visits. At sunset the fiddle and the banjo began their melody. The young girls would gather at Barbeau's, or Le Compt's, or Personneau's, — at any one of a dozen places, — and the young

men would follow. It was no trouble to have a dance every evening, and on feast days and great days there were balls, of course. The violin ran in my family. Celeste Barbeau would call across the hedge to my mother, —

"Manette, will Monsieur Le Compt play for us again to-night?"

And Monsieur Le Compt, or anybody who could handle a bow, would play for her. Celeste was the life of the place: she sang like a lark, she was like thistle-down in the dance, she talked well, and was so handsome that a stranger from New Orleans stopped in the street to gaze after her. At the auberge he said he was going au Pay,¹ but after he saw Celeste Barbeau he stayed in Cahó'. I have heard my mother tell — who often saw it combed out — that Celeste's long black hair hung below her knees, though it was so curly that half its length was taken up by the natural créping of the locks.

The old Frenchwomen, especially about Pain Court and Cahó', loved to go into their children's bedrooms and sit on the side of the bed, telling stories half the night. It was part of the general good time. And thus they often found out what the girls were thinking about; for women of experience need only a hint. It is true old Madame Barbeau had never been even au Kaw;² but one may live and grow wise without crossing the rigolés north and south, or the bluffs and river east and west.

"Gra'mère, Manette is sleepy," Celeste would say, when my mother was with her.

"Well, I will go to my bed," the grandmother would promise. But still she sat and joined in the chatter. Sometimes the girls would doze, and wake in the middle of a long tale.

But Madame Barbeau heard more than she told, for she said to her husband, —

"It may come to pass that the widow Chartrant's Gabriel will be making proposals to Alexis for little Celeste."

¹ To Peoria.

² To Kaskaskia.

"Poor lad," said the grandfather, "he has nothing to back his proposals with. It will do him no good."

And so it proved. Gabriel Chartrant was the leader of the young men as Celeste was of the girls. But he only inherited the cedar house his mother lived in. Those cedar houses were built in Caho' without an ounce of iron; each cedar shingle was held to its place with cedar pegs, and the boards of the floors were fastened down in the same manner. They had their galleries, too, all tightly pegged to place. Gabriel was obliged to work, but he was so big he did not mind that. He was made very straight, with a high-lifted head and a full chest. He could throw any man in a wrestling match. And he was always first with a kindness, and would nurse the sick, and he was not afraid of contagious diseases or of anything. Gabriel could match Celeste as a dancer, but it was not likely Alexis Barbeau would find him a match in any other particular. And it grew more unlikely every day that the man from New Orleans spent in Caho'.

The stranger said his name was Claudis Beauvois, and he was interested in great mercantile houses both in Philadelphia and New Orleans, and had come up the river to see the country. He was about fifty, a handsome, easy man, with plenty of fine clothes and money; and before he had been at the tavern a fortnight the hospitable people were inviting him everywhere, and he danced with the youngest of them all. There was about him what the city alone gives a man, and the mothers, when they saw his jewels, considered that there was only one drawback to marrying their daughters to Claudis Beauvois: his bride must travel far from Caho'.

But it was plain whose daughter he had fixed his mind upon, and Alexis Barbeau would not make any difficulty about parting with Celeste. She had lived away from him so much since her childhood that he would scarcely miss her;

and it was better to have a daughter well settled in New Orleans than hampered by a poor match in her native village. And this was what Gabriel Chartrant was told when he made haste to propose for Celeste about the same time.

"I have already accepted for my daughter much more gratifying offers than any you can make. The banns will be put up next Sunday, and in three weeks she will be Madame Beauvois."

When Celeste heard this she was beside herself. She used to tell my mother that Monsieur Beauvois walked as if his natural gait was on all fours, and he still took to it when he was not watched. His shoulders were bent forward, his hands were in his pockets, and he studied the ground. She could not endure him. But the customs were very strict in the matter of marriage. No French girl in those days could be so bold as to reject the husband her father picked, and own that she preferred some one else. Celeste was taken home to get ready for her wedding. She hung on my mother's neck when choosing her for a bridesmaid, and neither of the girls could comfort the other. Madame Barbeau was a fat woman, who loved ease and never interfered with Alexis. She would be disturbed enough by settling her daughter, without meddling about bridegrooms. The grandfather and grandmother were sorry for Gabriel Chartrant, and tearful over Celeste; still, when you are forming an alliance for your child, it is very imprudent to disregard great wealth, and by preference give her to poverty. Their son Alexis convinced them of this; and he had always prospered.

So the banns were put up in church for three weeks, and all Cahokia was invited to the grand wedding. Alexis Barbeau regretted there was not time to send to New Orleans for much that he wanted to fit his daughter out and provide for his guests.

"If he had sent there a month ago for

some certainties about the bridegroom, it might be better," said Paul Le Page. "I have a cousin in New Orleans who could have told us if he really is the great man he pretends to be."

But the women said it was plain Paul Le Page was one of those who had wanted Celeste himself. The suspicious nature is a poison.

Gabriel Chartrant did not say anything for a week, but went along the streets haggard, though with his head up, and worked as if he meant to kill himself. The second week he spent his nights forming desperate plans. The young men followed him as they always did, and they held their meeting down the rigol  , clustered together on the bank. They could hear the frogs croak in the marais; it was dry, and the water was getting low. Gabriel used to say he never heard a frog croak afterwards without a sinking of the heart. It was the voice of misery. But Gabriel had strong partisans in this council. Le Maudit Pensonneau offered with his own hand to kill that interloping stranger, whom he called the old devil, and argued the matter vehemently when his offer was declined. Le Maudit was a wild lad, so nervous that he stopped at nothing in his riding or his frolics, and so got the name of the bewitched.¹

But the third week Gabriel said he had decided on a plan which might break off this detestable marriage, if the others would help him. They all declared they would do anything for him; and he then told them he had privately sent word about it by Manette to Celeste, and Celeste was willing to have it or any plan attempted which would prevent the wedding.

"We will dress ourselves as Puants," said Gabriel, "and make a rush on the wedding party on the way to church, and carry off the bride."

Le Maudit Pensonneau sprang up and danced with joy when he heard that.

¹ Cahokian softening of "cursed."

Nothing would please him better than to dress as a Puant and carry off a bride. The Cahokians were so used to being raided by the Puants that they would readily believe such an attack had been made. That very week the Puants had galloped at midnight, whooping, through the town, and swept off from the common fields a flock of Le Page's goats and two of Larue's cattle. One might expect they would hear of such a wedding as Celeste Barbeau's. Indeed, the people were so tired of the Puants that they had sent urgently to St. Ange de Bellerive, asking that soldiers be marched from Fort Chartres to give them military protection.

It would be easy enough for the young men to make themselves look like Indians. What one lacked another could supply.

"But two of us cannot take any part in the raid," said Gabriel. "Two must be ready at the river with a boat. And they must take Celeste, as fast as they can row up the river, to Pain Court, to my aunt Choutou. My aunt Choutou will keep her safely until I can make some terms with Alexis Barbeau. Maybe he will give me his daughter if I rescue her from the Puants. And if worst comes to worst, there is the missionary priest at Pain Court; he may be persuaded to marry us. But who is willing to be at the river?"

Paul and Jacques Le Page said they would undertake the boat. They were steady and trusty fellows and good river men; not so keen at riding and hunting as the others, but in better favor with the priest on account of their behavior.

So the scheme was very well laid out, and the wedding day came, clear and bright, as promising as any bride's day that ever was seen. Claudis Beauvois and a few of his friends galloped off to Prairie du Pont to bring the bride to church. The road from Caho' to Prairie du Pont was packed on both sides with dense thickets of black oak, honey locust,

and red haws. Here and there a habitant had cut out a patch and built his cabin, or a path broken by hunters trailed towards the Mississippi. You ride the same track to-day, my child, only it is not as shaggy and savage as the course then lay.

And as soon as Claudis Beauvois was out of sight Gabriel Chartrant followed with his dozen French Puants, in feathers and buckskin, all smeared with red and yellow ochre, well mounted and well armed. They rode along until they reached the last path which turns off to the river. At the end of that path, a mile away through the underbrush, Paul and Jacques Le Page were stationed with a boat. The young men with Gabriel dismounted, and led their horses into the thicket to wait for his signal.

The birds had begun to sing just after three o'clock that clear morning, for Celeste, lying awake, heard them, and they were keeping it up in the bushes. Gabriel leaned his feathered head over the road, listening for hoof-falls, and watching for the first puff of dust in the direction of Prairie du Pont. The road was not as well trodden as it is now, and a little ridge of weeds grew along the centre, high enough to rake the stirrup of a horseman.

But in the distance, instead of the pat-a-pat of iron hoofs, began a sudden uproar of cries and wild whoops. Then a cloud of dust came in earnest. Claudis Beauvois alone, without any hat, wild with fright, was galloping towards Cahokia. Gabriel understood that something had happened which ruined his own plan. He and his men sprang on their horses and headed off the fugitive. The bridegroom who had passed that way so lately with smiles yelled, and tried to wheel his horse into the brush, but Gabriel caught his bridle and demanded to know what was the matter. As soon as he heard the French tongue spoken he begged for his life, and to know what more they required of him, since the

rest of their band had already taken his bride. They made him tell them the facts. The real Puants had attacked the wedding procession before it was out of sight of Prairie du Pont, and had scattered it and carried off Celeste. He did not know what had become of anybody except himself, after she was taken.

Gabriel gave his horse a cut which was like a kick to its rider. Beauvois shot ahead, glad to pass what he had taken for a second body of Indians, and Le Maudit Penonneau hooted after him:

"The miserable coward! I wish I had taken his scalp. He makes me feel a very good Puant indeed."

"Who cares what becomes of him?" said Gabriel. "It is Celeste that we want. The real Puants have got ahead of us and kidnapped the bride. Will any of you go with me?"

The poor fellow was white as ashes. Not a man needed to ask him where he was going, but they all answered in a breath and dashed after him. They broke directly through the thicket on the opposite side of the road, and came out into the tall prairie grass. They knew every path, marais, and rigol   for miles around, and took their course eastward, correctly judging that the Indians would follow the line of the bluffs and go north. Splash went their horses among the reeds of sloughs and across sluggish creeks, and by this short cut they soon came on the fresh trail.

At Falling Spring they made a halt to rest the horses a few minutes, and wash the red and yellow paint off their hands and faces; then galloped on along the rocky bluffs up the Bottom lands. But after a few miles they saw they had lost the trail. Closely scouting in every direction, they had to go back to Falling Spring, and there at last they found that the Indians had left the Bottom, and by a winding path among rocks ascended to the uplands. Much time was lost. They had heard, while they galloped, the church bell tolling alarm in Cahokia, and they

knew how the excitable inhabitants were running together at Beauvois's story; the women weeping, and the men arming themselves, calling a council, and loading with contempt a runaway bridegroom.

Gabriel and his men, with their faces set north, hardly glanced aside to see the river shining along its distant bed. But one of them thought of saying, —

“Paul and Jacques will have a long wait with the boat.”

The sun passed over their heads, and sunk hour by hour, and set. The western sky was red, and night began to close in, and still they urged their tired horses on. There would be a moon a little past its full, and they counted on its light when it should rise.

The trail of the Puants descended to the Bottom again at the head of the Grand Marais. There was heavy timber here. The night shadow of trees and rocks covered them, and they began to move more cautiously, for all signs pointed to a camp. And sure enough, when they had passed an abutment of the ridge, far off through the woods they saw a fire.

My son (mon oncle Mathieu would say at this point of the story), will you do me the favor to bring me a coal for my pipe?

(The coal being brought in haste, he put it into the bowl with his finger and thumb, and seemed to doze while he drew at the stem. The smoke puffed deliberately from his lips, while all the time that mysterious fire was burning in the woods for my impatience to dance upon with hot feet, above the Grand Marais!)

Oh yes, Gabriel and his men were getting very close to the Puants. They dismounted, and tied their horses in a crab-apple thicket and crept forward on foot. He halted them, and crawled alone toward the light to reconnoitre, careful not to crack a twig or make the least noise. The nearer he crawled, the more his throat seemed to choke up and his ears to fill with buzzing sounds. The

camp fire showed him Celeste tied to a tree. She looked pale and dejected, and her head rested against the tree stem, but her eyes kept roving the darkness in every direction, as if she expected rescue. Her bridal finery had been torn by the bushes and her hair was loose, but Gabriel had never seen Celeste when she looked so beautiful.

Thirteen big Puants were sitting around the camp fire eating their supper of half-raw meat. Their horses were hobbled a little beyond, munching such picking as could be found among the fern. Gabriel went back as still as a snake and whispered his orders to his men.

Every Frenchman must pick the Puant directly in front of him, and be sure to hit that Puant. If the attack was half-hearted and the Indians gained time to rally, Celeste would suffer the consequences; they could kill her or escape with her. If you wish to gain an Indian's respect, you must make a neat job of shooting him down. He never forgives a bungler.

“And then,” said Gabriel, “we will rush in with our knives and hatchets. It must be all done in a moment.”

The men reprimed their flintlocks, and crawled forward abreast. Gabriel was at the extreme right. When they were near enough he gave his signal, the nasal singing of the rattlesnake. The guns cracked all together, and every Cahokian sprang up to finish the work with knife and hatchet. Nine of the Puants fell dead, and the rest were gone before the smoke cleared. They left their meat, their horses and arms. They were off like deer, straight through the woods to any place of safety. Every marksman had taken the Indian directly in front of him; but as they were abreast, and the Puants in a circle, the four on the opposite side of the fire had been sheltered. Le Maudit Personneau scalped the red heads by the fire, and hung the scalps in his belt. Our French people took up too easily, indeed, with savage ways; but Le

Maudit Penonneau was always full of his pranks.

Oh yes, Gabriel himself untied Celeste. She was wild with joy, and cried on Gabriel's shoulder; and all the young men who had taken their first communion with Gabriel, and had played with this dear girl when she was a child, felt the tears come into their own eyes. All but Le Maudit Penonneau. He was busy rounding up the horses.

"Here's my uncle Larue's filly that was taken two weeks ago," said Le Maudit, calling from the hobbling-place. "And here are the blacks that Ferland lost, and Pierre's pony — half these horses are Caho' horses."

He tied them together so that they could be driven two or three abreast ahead of the party, and then he gathered up all the guns left by the Indians.

Gabriel now called a council, for it had to be decided directly what they should do next. Pain Court was seven miles in a straight line from the spot where they stood, while Cahokia was ten miles to the southwest.

"Would it not be best to go at once to Pain Court?" said Gabriel. "Celeste, after this frightful day, needs food and sleep as soon as she can get them, and my aunt Choutou is ready for her. And boats can always be found opposite Pain Court."

All the young men were ready to go to Pain Court. They really thought, even after all that had happened, that it would be wisest to deal with Alexis Barbeau at a distance. But Celeste herself decided the matter. Gabriel had not let go of her. He kept his hand on her as if afraid she might be kidnapped again.

"We will go home to my grandfather and grandmother au Caho'," said Celeste. "I will not go anywhere else."

"But you forget that Beauvois is au Caho'?" said one of the young men.

"Oh, I never can forget anything connected with this day," said Celeste, and the tears ran down her face. "I never

can forget how willingly I let those Puants take me, and I laughed as one of them flung me on the horse behind him. We were nearly to the bluffs before I spoke. He did not say anything, and the others all had eyes which made me shudder. I pressed my hands on his buckskin sides and said to him, 'Gabriel.' And he turned and looked at me. I never had seen a feature of his frightful face before. And then I understood that the real Puants had me. Do you think I will ever marry anybody but the man who took me away from them? No. If worst comes to worst, I will go before the high altar and the image of the Holy Virgin, and make a public vow never to marry anybody else."

The young men flung up their arms in the air and raised a hurrah. Hats they had none to swing. Their cheeks were burnt by the afternoon sun. They were hungry and thirsty, and so tired that any one of them could have flung himself on the old leaves and slept as soon as he stretched himself. But it put new heart in them to see how determined she was.

So the horses were brought up, and the captured guns were packed upon some of the recovered ponies. There were some new blankets strapped on the backs of these horses, and Gabriel took one of the blankets and secured it as a pillion behind his own saddle for Celeste to ride upon. As they rode out of the forest shadow, they could see the moon just coming up over the hills beyond the great Cahokian mound.

It was midnight when the party crossed the rigol  bridge and rode into Cahokia streets. The people were sleeping with one eye open. All day stragglers from the wedding procession had been coming in, and a company was organized for defense and pursuit. They had heard that the whole Pottawattamie nation had risen. And since Celeste Barbeau was kidnapped, anything might be expected. Gabriel and his men were

missed early, but the excitement was so great that their unexplained absence was added without question to the general calamity. Candles showed at once, and men with gun barrels shining in the moonlight gathered quickly from all directions.

"Friends! friends!" Celeste called out; for the young men in buckskin, with their booty of driven horses, were enough like Puants to be in danger of a volley. "It is Celeste. Gabriel Chartrant and his men have killed the Indians and brought me back."

"It is Celeste Barbeau! Gabriel Chartrant and his men have killed the Indians and brought her back!" the word was passed on.

Her grandfather hung to her hand on one side of the horse, and her grandmother embraced her knees on the other. The old father was in his red nightcap, and the old mother had pulled slippers on her bare feet. But without a thought of their appearance they wept aloud and fell on the neighbors' necks, and the neighbors fell upon each other's necks. Some kneeled down in the dust and returned thanks to the saints they had invoked. The auberge keeper and three old men who smoked their pipes steadily on his gallery every day took hold of hands and danced in a circle. Children who had waked to shriek with fear galloped the streets to proclaim at every window, "Celeste Barbeau is brought back!" The whole town was in a delirium of joy. Manette Le Compt, who had been brought home with the terrified bridesmaids, and laughed in her sleeve all day because she thought Gabriel and his men were the Puants, leaned against a wall and turned sick. I have heard her say she never was so confused in her life as when she saw the driven horses, and the firearms, and those coarse-haired scalps hanging to Le Maudit Personneau's belt. The moon showed them all distinctly. Manette had thought it laughable when she heard that Alexis Barbeau was shut up in his brick house at Prairie du Pont,

with all the men and guns he could muster to protect his property; but now she wept indignantly about it.

The priest had been the first man in the street, having lain down in all his clothes except his cassock, and he heartily gave Celeste and the young men his blessing, and counseled everybody to go to bed again. But Celeste reminded them that she was hungry; and as for the rescuers, they had ridden hard all day, without a mouthful to eat. So the whole town made a feast, everybody bringing the best he had to Barbeau's house. They spread the table and crowded around, leaning over each other's shoulders to take up bits in their hands, and eat with and talk to the young people. Gabriel's mother sat beside him with her arm around him, and opposite was Celeste with her grandfather and grandmother, and all the party were ranged around. The feathers had been blown out of their hair by that long chase, but their buckskins were soiled, and the hastily washed colors yet smeared their ears and necks. Yet this supper was quite like a bridal feast. Ah, my child, we never know it when we are standing in the end of the rainbow. Gabriel and Celeste might live a hundred years, but they could never be quite as happy again.

Paul and Jacques Le Page sat down with the other young men, and the noise of tongues in Barbeau's house could be heard out by the rigolé. It was like the swarming of wild bees. Paul and Jacques had waited with the boat until nightfall. They heard the firing when the Puants took Celeste, and watched hour after hour for some one to appear from the path; but at last concluding that Gabriel had been obliged to change his plan, they rowed back to Caho'.

Claudis Beauvois was the only person who did not sit up talking until dawn. And nobody thought about him until noon the next day, when Captain Jean Saucier, with a company of fusileers, rode into the village from Fort Chartres.

That was the first time my mother ever saw Captain Saucier. Your uncle François in Kaskaskia, he was also afterward Captain Saucier. I was not born until they had been married fifteen years. I was the last of their children. So Celeste Barbeau was kidnapped the day before my mother met my father.

Glad as the Cahokians were to see them, the troops were no longer needed, for the Puants had gone. They were frightened out of the country. Oh yes, all those Indians wanted was a good whipping, and they got it. Alexis Barbeau had come along with the soldiers from Prairie du Pont, and he was not the only man who had made use of military escort. Basil Le Page had come up from New Orleans in the last fleet of pirogues to Kaskaskia. There he heard so much about the Puants that he bought a swift horse and armed himself for the ride northward, and was glad, when he reached Fort Chartres, to ride into Cahokia with Captain Saucier.

You might say Basil Le Page came in at one end of Cahokia, and Claudis Beauvois went out at the other; for they knew one another directly, and it was noised in a minute that Basil said to his cousins Paul and Jacques:—

“What is that notorious swindler and

gambler doing here? He left New Orleans suddenly, or he would be in prison now; and you will see if he stops here long after recognizing me.”

Claudis Beauvois did not turn around in the street to look at any woman, rich or poor, when he left Cahokia, though how he left was not certainly known. Alexis Barbeau and his other associates knew better how their pockets were left.

Oh yes, Alexis Barbeau was very willing for Celeste to marry Gabriel after that. He provided for them handsomely, and gave presents to each of the young men who had helped to take his daughter from the Puants; and he was so ashamed of the son-in-law he had wanted that he never could endure to hear the man's name mentioned afterward. Alexis and the tavern keeper used—when they were taking a social cup together—to hug each other without a word. The fine guest who had lived so long at the auberge and drank so much good wine, which was as fine as any in New Orleans, without expense, was as sore a memory to the poor landlord as to the rich landowner. But Celeste and Gabriel,—my mother said that when they were married the dancing and fiddling and feasting were kept up an entire week in Cahó’.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE RELIGION OF GOTAMA BUDDHA.

It is not the purpose of this article to give a detailed or formal account of the doctrines and observances of the Buddhist faith, but rather to illustrate its point of view, and to interpret the spirit of its teaching as set forth by its founder

according to the most authoritative records which have been transmitted to us.¹

It is supposed that Gotama, the Buddha, flourished four or five centuries before the Christian era. He was of princely origin. In the twenty-ninth year of

¹ To those who would wish to know more of the formal elements of Buddhism, a little manual entitled *Buddhism*, by Professor Rhys Davids, may be recommended, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,

New York, Young & Co. Many of the canonical books of Buddhism will be found translated in vols. x. and xi. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Professor F. Max Müller.

his age he abandoned his wife and child for the seclusions of a religious life; he subsequently assumed the character of religious teacher, and soon found a large following. His leading doctrines are well known, — those of *Karma* and of *Nirvāna*: the former of which is the result of life's action, good or bad, which must be expiated or rewarded in a subsequent existence, those who are tied by desire to the earthly existence having to pass from one form of life to another, until all mortal ties are dissolved and every form of attachment is destroyed, and the state of *Nirvāna* is entered upon. This state is purely negative, and one of which Buddhism does not attempt to give any account or description. It is simply the destruction of all we know of mundane life when its consequences as fruits or results have been neutralized, and the effects of all action exhausted.

Of the religions of the East, Buddhism is the best known and the most popularly appreciated amongst Western races. This may be accounted for in a measure by the circumstance of its being less transcendental than that of the *Vedānta*, of which it is the lineal descendant. It asks no distinct departure from received modes, no formal renunciations. It is not exacting in creed, is easily comprehensible; and being thus within the ordinary mental grasp, it makes fewer demands on the philosophical faculty, which is the gift of the few rather than the dower of the many. In this respect it must be considered a decadence from the sublime teaching of the *Vedānta*, as not expounding those lofty views which raise and stimulate the mind to the expansive survey of an infinite universe instinct with a divine vitality of which the human soul is a part equal in importance to every other part, emerging from order to order in progressive evolution by the gradual apperception of its exalted original and its conscious absorption therein.

One of the special characteristics of Buddhism in its primitive form is that it

makes no distinctive recognition of Essential Being, or of any power, deity, or divinity outside of the individual mind. The soul has no outlook, but lives in and for itself. It does not discern any connection with the universe, nor is it a part of anything external to itself. The religion is a purely agnostic one; and perhaps that is the reason why its negative tenets have a special attraction for those to whom the higher vision of the soul's essential unity with Infinite Being is wanting or does not commend itself. It asks no questions, it looks no-whither out of itself, but seeks to sit, with closed eyes, controlled thinking, and crushed imagination, in utter inactivity and impassivity, striving to reach a condition in which all active or energizing faculties are suppressed to annihilation, and even moving or conscious thought itself is lulled to sleep in the unbroken peace of a dumb and motionless eternity.

But whilst the attainment of this end is its final aim and object, it must not be understood to offer inducements to the idle and vicious to resign themselves to a life of indifference and self-indulgence; on the contrary, it enforces the most strenuous efforts on the part of its votaries to free themselves from the ease and blandishments of the lower or earthly life, in order to raise themselves, by the destruction of all wants and desires, into the higher realms of spiritual freedom and moral purity. Indeed, one cannot but be impressed with the robust energy of mind and the vigorous activity it inculcates for the attainment of its object in crushing out all forms of want or desire, spiritual or material, so that there may remain no least tie to existence.

The following sentences, said to be from the mouth of the great teacher himself, may be considered a comprehensive embodiment of the Buddhist practical doctrine: —

“Be ye lamps unto yourselves. Be ye a refuge to yourselves. Betake yourselves to no external refuge. Hold fast to the

truth as a lamp. Hold fast as a refuge to the truth. Look not for refuge to any one besides yourselves. And how is a brother to be a lamp unto himself, betaking himself to no external refuge, holding fast to the truth as a lamp, holding fast as a refuge to the truth, looking not for refuge to any one besides himself?

"Herein let a brother, as he dwells in the body, so regard the body that he, being strenuous, thoughtful, and mindful, may, whilst in the world, overcome the grief which arises from bodily craving; while subject to sensations, let him continue so to regard the sensations that he, being strenuous, thoughtful, and mindful, may, whilst in the world, overcome the grief which arises from the sensations; and so, also, as he thinks, or reasons, or feels, let him overcome the grief which arises from the craving due to ideas, or to reasoning, or to feeling.

"And whosoever, either now or after I am dead, shall be a lamp unto themselves, shall betake themselves to no external refuge, but, holding fast to the truth as their lamp, and holding fast as their refuge to the truth, shall look not for refuge to any one besides themselves, — it is they among my Bhikkhus who shall reach the very topmost Height. But they must be anxious to learn."¹

The spirit of Buddhism in its efficient determination is well illustrated in one of the Suttas, in which it is stated that the way to be traversed is not found, but must be *made* by the earnest devotee:

"He who, by the path he has himself made, has attained to perfect happiness, who has conquered doubt, who lives after having left behind both gain and goods, who has destroyed re-birth, he is a Bhikkhu."

His strength, also, must be born of exertion and victorious strife:—

"He who is disgusted in this world with all sins, is strong after conquering the pain of hell, is strong and powerful, such a one is called firm by being so."

¹ The Book of the Great Decease, ii. 33-35.

The Buddhist must be above all forms of sectarianism, all prejudice of every sort. In fact, he must live in a state of perfect freedom, emancipated from the shackles of convention, the slavery of custom, and (interpreting his religion in its highest form) beyond all ritualism and sacerdotal restrictions. But his freedom must be a trained and educated one. He can be made free only by having conquered every obstacle to freedom. It is only "he who, after examining all treasures, the divine and the human, and Brahman's treasure, is delivered from the radical bond of all treasures." In this teaching we have an indication of the great object and purpose of life, to grow through strife and suffering into the higher life, by self-denial and subjugation to rise into those higher regions where strife and suffering are no more: not definitely stated in Buddhism to the consciousness of fuller life, but at least to the destruction of all sorrow and evil in the annihilation of this.

One of the Buddhistic canonical books is the Dhammapada. It was written probably early in the Christian era. It consists of short sentences of the proverbial order, some of them of a very happy and striking character. A sample of these may be given as illustrative of the Buddhist moral standpoint. The book begins analytically by establishing the kingdom of thought. It lays down the following:—

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

"'He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,'—in those who harbor such thoughts hatred will never cease.

"'He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,'—in those who do not harbor such thoughts hatred will

cease. For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time ; hatred ceases by love : this is an old rule."

The first of these sentences bears a remarkable similarity to one of the recorded reflections of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, who says : " Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind ; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it, then, with a continuous series of such thoughts as these, for instance : that where a man can live, there also he can live well."

One of the noblest traits of primitive Buddhism is the inculcation of a spirit of gentleness and tenderness towards every creature. Gentleness of manner and speech is continually insisted upon, whilst cruelty, unkindness, and injury to anything which lives are strictly forbidden. Great stress is laid upon this in the canonical writings ; indeed, it is stated that the qualifications of universal tenderness, forbearance, and compassion are in themselves sufficient for the attainment of the highest advantages of religion.

" He who, seeking his own happiness, punishes or kills beings who also long for happiness will not find happiness after death.

" He who, seeking his own happiness, does not punish or kill beings who also long for happiness will find happiness after death.

" Do not speak harshly to anybody ; those who are spoken to will answer thee in the same way. Angry speech is painful ; blows for blows will touch thee.

" As the bee collects nectar, and departs without injuring the flower, or its color, or its scent, so let a sage dwell in his village."

Of the last of these aphorisms the English priest-poet, George Herbert, in one of his poems gives so close a parallel that one might almost think he had borrowed the figure, if it were not impossible that he could have done so. He says : —

" Bees work for man ; and yet they never
bruise

Their master's flower, but leave it, having
done,

As fair as ever, and as fit to use ;

So both the flower doth stay and honey
run."

The discipline of life must begin personally, and the teacher must first learn in the school of experience.

" Let each man direct himself first to what is proper, then let him teach others : thus a wise man will not suffer.

" Self is the lord of self ; who else could be the lord ? With self well subdued, a man finds a lord such as few can find."

We have a notable compendium of the religious life in the following : —

" Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, — this is the teaching of all the Awakened.

" Not to blame, not to strike, to live restrained under the law, to be moderate in eating, to sleep and sit alone, and to dwell on the highest thoughts, — this is the teaching of the Awakened.

" He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver ; other people are but holding the reins.

" Let a man overcome anger by love ; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

" Him I call indeed a Brâhmana who is tolerant with the intolerant, mild with fault-finders, and free from passion amongst the passionate."

A disputative or polemical spirit is to be avoided.

" Him I call indeed a Brâhmana who has no interests, and when he has understood the truth does not say, How, how ? and who has reached the depth of the Immortal."

The telepathic sympathy of accordant natures is thus illustrated : —

" If a fool be associated with a wise man even all his life, he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of the soup.

" If an intelligent man be associated for one minute only with a wise man, he

will soon perceive the truth, as the tongue perceives the taste of the soup."

The life of the Buddhist must be one of the highest moral purity and frankness of conduct; his course of life and action must be "like a straight shuttle;" his passions must be subdued or extinguished; he must be "always thoughtful, having left selfishness," happy, "calm like deep water," "just with the just, and far from the unjust;" he must be one "in whom there lives no deceit, no arrogance; he must be free from cupidity, selfishness, and desire, without anger or the taint of grief;" he must have overcome all perturbation, standing, as it were, in the immovable region of unimpassioned serenity, undisturbed with all things and attached to nothing.

The benevolent spirit of Buddhism is well illustrated in the following aphorisms:—

"Whatever living beings there are, either feeble or strong, all either long or great, middle sized, short, small, or large, either seen or which are not seen, and which live far or near, either born or seeking birth,—may all creatures be happy minded.

"Let no one deceive another; let him not despise another in any place; let him not, out of anger or resentment, wish harm to another.

"As a mother, at the risk of her life, watches over her own child, her only child, so also let every one cultivate a boundless friendly mind towards all beings.

"And let him cultivate good will towards all the world, a boundless friendly mind, above and below and across, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity."

A dry spirit of drollery would sometimes appear to be introduced in the teaching of Gotama, which is amusing, as, for instance, in the following, in answer to questions asked by his principal disciple, Ananda:—

"How are we to conduct ourselves, lord, with regard to womankind?"

"Don't see them, Ananda."

"But if we should see them, what are we to do?"

"Abstain from speech, Ananda."

"But if they should speak to us, lord, what are we to do?"

"Keep wide awake, Ananda."

In the following, also, a householder, having served the devotee Sudhamma with food, meets his dissatisfaction therein with in a very humorous manner:—

"Kitta the householder went up to the place where the venerable Sudhamma was; and after he had come there he saluted the venerable Sudhamma, and took his seat on one side. And when he was so seated, the venerable Sudhamma addressed Kitta the householder, and said: 'Though this great store of sweet food, both hard and soft, has been made ready by you, O householder, there is one thing yet wanting; that is to say, *tila* seed cake.' 'Though then, sir, there is so much treasure in the ward of the Buddhas, yet there is but one thing of which the venerable Sudhamma makes mention, and that is *tila* seed cake. Long ago, sir, certain merchants of Dakkhinâpatha went, for the sake of their traffic, to the country of the East, and thence they brought back a hen. Now, sir, that hen made acquaintance with a crow, and gave birth to a chicken. And, sir, whenever that chicken tried to utter the cry of a cock, it gave vent to a caw; and whenever it tried to utter the cry of a crow, it gave vent to a cock-a-doodle-do. Just even so, sir, though there is much treasure in the ward of the Buddhas, whenever the venerable Sudhamma speaks, the sound is — *tila* seed cake.'"

Claims have been made for an underlying esoteric sentiment in Buddhism, a sort of mystic element at the core of its teaching. There is certainly no such element traceable in its recorded canonical writings. Moreover, the clearly discernible spirit of the religion of Gotama Buddha is quite opposed to mysticism.

He himself disclaims it. In *The Book of the Great Decease* he is reported to have said to his most confidential disciple, Ananda, "I have preached the truth without making any distinction between exoteric and esoteric doctrine; for in respect of the truths, the Tathâgata has no such thing as the closed fist of a teacher who keeps some things back." Surely these words ought to be sufficient to show that all claims for occult meanings and practices must have been subsequent and spurious additions, and have no place in the religious teaching of Gotama. Indeed, one may understand that the Buddha was too serious and too much in earnest to encourage thaumaturgical aims and claims which tend to develop personality instead of suppressing it. Neither can one see what advantage can accrue from the acquisition of such powers. They cannot contribute to the soul's advancement in any respect, but must rather prove an obstacle to spiritual development. The truly wise will not desire such abnormal powers, but only wish to walk in the way of solid progress, by disentanglement from all lower attachments, to the high goal of spiritual freedom and elevation. The true Buddhist teaching undoubtedly enforces the principle that all progress towards the object it has in view must be gained by rigid steps of continuous procedure on the long since laid down lines of probity, unselfishness, and that interior sentiment of the soul which sees its own welfare in the well-being of all; which does not seek the development of abnormal powers, but to use well and faithfully those already in possession by the gift of a natural distribution. Surely this is reasonable, — to grow from one stage of spiritual elevation to another by the exercise of stern self-command, great watchfulness over the growth of character, and that temper of mind which is rooted and fixed in the permanent and undecaying; for nothing can be really our own or actually a part of ourselves

which is not chosen and fostered by force of will. Powers conferred on us by abnormal means, and not of our own attainment by the use of our natural faculties, must always remain a non-essential and accidental tenure, and can never grow into the proper nature of the soul's life.

If we make a comparison of Buddhism with Christianity, however great a similarity may appear in some of the elements of its teaching, its distinct inferiority in scope, purpose, and adaptability will become apparent. The religion of the Buddha could never be brought to combine with the advancement and progressive amelioration of society. It works by abandonment, leaving the world every way as it finds it. It lacks the helpful and actively loving spirit of Christianity; that noble altruism which gains by bestowing, and counts its wealth from the benefit and welfare of others, and not from an egoistical consideration of its own advantage. It is a high testimony to the superiority of Christianity that even in its lowest and least emphatic form it stimulates noble enterprise, and fosters the forward movements of social amendment and elevation, and even contributes in a subsidiary manner to the development of the arts and sciences. Its spirit is based upon the universal law of evolution, and, rightly understood, never stands still either in its spiritual or natural manifestations. This cannot certainly be said of Buddhism, which does not hold any close spiritual connection with universal religious growth, which is so marked a characteristic of the profounder and larger teaching of the Vedânta. There is a want of that dignity and nobility, also, in the personal traits and actions of Gotama which distinguished the Author of Christianity. The miracles attributed to the Buddha have neither the impressive character nor the touching significance of those narrated by the Evangelists of the New Testament. We may search in vain amongst

Buddhistic writings for such instances of moral sublimity as the answer given to the persecutors of the sinning woman, or the fine and silencing retort to the cavaliers concerning the tribute money. Then, if we compare the death of Gotama from a surfeit of dried pork, and his lengthy discourses thereupon, with that of Christ on the cross, and his latest exclamation, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," how striking is the contrast! I am aware that a symbolical meaning has been attached by later followers to the manner of Gotama's death, but I know of no authority or reason for such an interpretation, excepting it may be the desire to cover an inconsiderable detail with a more impressive significance.

A very strange and notable circumstance, not perhaps generally known, is that Gotama Buddha should have been enrolled as a saint in the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church. I believe the date and circumstances of his canonization are not historically traceable. The story of his life, together with that of a disciple, is related in a christianized form in the narrative of Barlaam and Joasaph, a book well known in hagiology.¹

To those having no knowledge of Oriental tongues, who would study Buddhism, or indeed any other of the representative

religions of the East, seriously and profitably, a word of counsel may be directed. They should seek to acquire their knowledge through translations of the most literal and exact interpretation, and not by means of those appareled in the robes of an artificial poetic expression, whose appeal is from the æsthetic investiture rather than from the weight of the matter of utterance. In these dressed-up habiliments the moral force and intrinsic penetrative power of the instruction are sure to be obscured, if not totally lost. "The more sublime the gospel," says the German preacher Schleiermacher, "the more simple should the sermon be." The taste is surely more than questionable that would clothe the Sermon on the Mount in modern æsthetic trimming. The system of dealing with the large ideas, splendid outlook, and grand conceptions of these religions of the ancient world, as material to receive the smooth and easy polish which renders them better suited to the drawing-room table than for the study of the sincere and earnest searcher after truth, is every way to be deprecated and discountenanced. It can only tend to draw them down into the domain of the commonplace, to a depreciation of their intrinsic value, and, finally, to the indifference or neglect and apathetic unconcern.

William Davies.

FOR THEIR BRETHREN'S SAKE.

IMAGINE a cottage kitchen as it might have been two centuries ago, with a wide fireplace and spinning-wheel beside it, a high-backed settle, a dresser shining with pewter ware, and the room rather dark in spite of the little diamond-paned windows being set wide open; then complete the picture by putting in two figures, a

young man and a maid, as sole occupants of the kitchen, — a sturdy young farmer and a village girl of sixteen years or so.

"Thou must n't come any more, John. I'm afeard for thee. Thou'lt be getting the sickness."

"I'm not afeard."

"But think o' all thy folk at home that may take the plague through thee."

He was silent for a moment as if en-

¹ See *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain*, January, 1890.

deavoring to do her bidding; then fixed his eyes tenderly upon her, and said, with a roguish air, —

"I can think o' none but thee, Margery."

"Then that's wrong in thee, John, — very wrong indeed."

"Ay, so 't is. The banns called a'ready, an' we to be married afore the month's out, — I'd ought to be thinkin' o' everybody but thee."

"Thou art a silly fellow!" she responded.

At that moment, a tall and vigorous-looking old woman entered the kitchen by the outer door.

"I've been telling John he ought n't to come here, granny."

"An' that's true," said the grandmother, "wi' the plague upon us, and nobody knowing who next. I heard but now how Anthony Skidmore was drinking ale o' Monday wi' two or three, an' all a-talking o' the plague, an' he says, 'Gi' me good ale enough an' I'll fear no plague,' says he. An' the next morning the red cross on his door, an' they say this night 'll be his last, for" —

A deep and solemn sound from the church tower near by, the passing-bell, broke in upon her words. One — two — three — the heart-thrilling strokes went on up to five-and-twenty, and there stopped. It was Anthony Skidmore's knell.

"God ha' mercy on his soul!" said Granny Hall. "But who next? The Thornleys buried this morning, and three more houses shut up! I doubt thy folk don't want thee to come here, John. They'll not be overglad o' the wedding. They'd like thee to give up Margery, I should n't wonder?"

"It's not what *they* 'd like, but what *I* like," returned the young man, in a tone which betrayed that this was not the first he had heard of the matter. "Them that's 'feard need n't come to the wedding. *I* don't care. So Margery's there, that's enough for me."

Margery rewarded him with her pret-

tiest smile, and clasped his arm, leaning her head against his shoulder.

"Well, well, a young man must have his way, for sure," said the grandmother, not at all ill pleased. "But, John, if thou shouldst take the plague, what 'u'd Margery do then? Come not again till thou com'st to fetch her for good and all."

But there, too, it seemed that a young man must have his way. Not come again? Ay, that would he! But there was Tideswell market next day, where he must get some furnishings for the new cottage, and then there was this and that, till at length "this day week" turned out to be the earliest time he could fix for another visit. He lived in the village of Middleton Dale, at some little distance from Eyam.

Much may happen in a week, however.

In September of the year 1665, when the Great Plague was raging in London, the seeds of the dread disease were conveyed to the village of Eyam, lying in peaceful remoteness from the world among the hills of Derbyshire. A box of clothing was sent to the village tailor, from a relative in London, it is said. It may have been a commission, or perhaps, at a time when everything was selling for a song on account of the pestilence, the tailor's kinsman thought it a good opportunity to do him a kindness at small cost. If so, he expended, at any rate, some time and trouble on the packing of the box, and doubtless breathed a sigh of relief when it started on its death-dealing career.

The tailor of Eyam received the box in due course of time, but on opening it found the contents very damp, — an unpleasant dampness, one would fancy, combined perhaps with a peculiar odor; at all events, he spread the clothing by the fire, and Black Death crept out of it. The tailor was the first victim; others followed in quick succession. Even the cold weather, which usually checks the disease for a time, could not suppress it at Eyam, where it seems to have been

singularly virulent. All through the winter months there were deaths from the plague here and there, and in the spring the numbers began to increase.

The Rev. William Mompesson, the rector of Eyam, who had been presented to the living by Sir George Savile only a year before the calamity, devoted himself from the first to his stricken flock, going in and out among them not only as a priest, to minister to the sick and dying, but in the place of a physician; fighting the pestilence as best he could, and devising measures to control it. He had sent his two little children away to a relative in Yorkshire, and besought his wife to accompany them; but if his duty was to his people, hers was to him; she would not leave him. So together they faced what inevitably must come.

In June there was a sudden outburst of the disease. House after house was closed, sealed against ingress or egress by a red cross of warning on the door. The devoted priest was the only person who entered there, and the first thing that came out was a coffin.

The village was panic-stricken. Men had no heart for work, and women folded their hands; only the carpenter plied his trade as never before, the tap-tap of his hammer beginning at dawn, and sounding late into the summer night, as he fashioned the last habitation for many and many a one of his neighbors. But he, too, came to loathe his work.

One evening he carried a coffin to its destination, leaned it up against the door, rapped loudly, and started away in terror at the sound of footsteps approaching from within.

"That's the last I'll make in this pest-hole," he muttered to himself as he sped home. "Come this time to-morrow night, I'll be far from here, please God. Sure 't is tempting Providence to stay."

"Who goes there?" cried a woman's voice from a cottage window. Then, when there was no reply, only the sound of hastening steps, "Whoever it is, go, in pity's

name, and tell the carpenter to make a coffin for the children. They're both dead — both dead!" wailed the voice.

A little farther on, and a man called, "Is it thou, Tim Buxton? And where is our coffin? Stop, man! stop! We must have the coffin. Dost thou hear?"

He heard, and quickened his pace to a run, as if Black Death were after him.

"I'll get away from Eyam!" he murmured to himself again.

He was not the only one who thought of flight. As if the idea of escape were in the air, on a sudden the whole village was astir with it. To be free from the daily, nightly terror of the pestilence! To leave everything, to go anywhere, so only they might save themselves alive!

"'T is lucky we've Middleton Dale to go to, seeing we've no kin in these parts," said Dame Hall to Margery, as they hastily collected such clothing as must be taken on their flight. "They'll be thinking we're bringing 'em the plague, — John's folk, — but we can't help that. There's no staying here. An' there's the new cottage an' all. An' John'll be willing, for thy sake. He to come here in a week's time! Who'd ha' dreamed we'd all be going to him afore then, thou an' me an' the children!"

"Goin' to John, be ye?" said a sharp voice at the cottage door. An old woman, leaning on a cane, stood there, and forthwith stepped in and seated herself. The village gossip, and living just over the way, she was as much at home in the Halls' kitchen as in her own. "Well, I doubt his folk won't want ye," she observed, after glancing around the room to take in the preparations for the flitting.

"I was just a-saying it," returned Granny Hall calmly. "But what can we do? An' where are ye going yerself, dame?"

"Where would I go but to Tideswell? Is n't my Peter and Mary there? One o' them'll take their old mother in. When ye've brought up children 't is the least they can do; an' they well off."

"How ever ye'll get so far wi' yer old bones passes me," remarked Dame Hall.

"I'll get there!" said the gossip, handling the knob of her cane with a confident air. "Abel Archdale'll take my bundle in his cart; they can make room for that, surely. When Sarah was born I nursed his wife day an' night, an' she like to die. One good turn deserves another."

"But that's twenty year ago!"

"Never mind how many year it is; they'll take my bundle," said the old woman, with decision. "An' how do ye think to get sheltered in Middleton Dale, the five o' ye? 'Tis a terrible thing to be so many. God be praised, there's only one o' me!"

"Why, we're going to the new cottage, an' there'll be plenty o' room. 'Tis fine an' large, by what John says."

"O-o-oh, to the new cottage!" repeated the visitor. If its size at all impressed her, she kept that to herself, while with unerring acumen she instantly touched upon the tender point in the arrangement. "An' so all the fine new things'll be used afore ever Margery's married! What does she say to that?"

Margery said only that it could not be helped, and looked a little rueful.

"An' ye're thinkin' to take all that stuff with ye?" continued Dame Lowe, her eyes fixed upon some piles of snowy linen, Margery's precious contribution to the young housekeeping, and which she could not bear to leave behind.

"Why, Joel an' me are strong; we can each carry a good big bundle," the girl protested, though with a lurking perturbation in her voice.

"I hope I'll see ye start, that's all!" said the gossip, and betook herself to her own bundle, declaring there was no time to lose.

The excitement naturally attendant on such an exodus prevailed everywhere alike, and in the midst of it all came a message from the rector, delivered in the stentorian tones of the village crier. The adult members of the parish were

invited to repair to the church when summoned by the bell.

Why? Well, his reverence had heard they were all going away. "And belike he'll want to give us some advice," said the crier.

That was a good hearing. Advice was precisely what they all needed, especially those who had no kindred in the neighborhood and little or no money in hand. Accordingly they gathered at the appointed time, full of the momentousness of a near departure, inquiring one of another as they met outside the church, "Are ye ready?" "When are ye going?" Those whose way was short meant to start after the meeting, others on the morrow. Some gave ambiguous replies about their plans, and showed no disposition to converse; they, perhaps, had left a child at home hanging its head languidly, and what that portended — if it was merely some harmless ailment or the initial stage of the dread disease — the next few hours would reveal; meanwhile, the less said the better, if they did not care to be shut up on suspicion.

When all were assembled, there were some of the familiar prayers; but after the common devotions were ended the priest still knelt, until, in the long silence, all eyes were fixed on the motionless figure. Finally he rose and turned towards them; but even then it was to look around lingeringly on his simple flock, as if he were loath to begin.

Yet it was a magnificent address he was prepared to utter.

From the meagre records left of the rector of Eyam, it would not seem that he was a man of great gifts as the world counts them, but he had certainly the one supreme gift belonging to his holy office, which enabled him to work a miracle in Christ's name. And so of that gathering in a little country church some account will be handed on to future generations as long as the English tongue is spoken; but at the moment — when they all sat expectant — there was only

one man who realized the full import of the occasion, who knew that the fate of thousands hung in the balance, and that on his words depended the turning of the scale.

The villagers, meanwhile, though troubled enough in their way, were yet amenable to the calming influence of the place. They were in haste, it is true, to be gone; the fear that each one felt of the horrible, stealthy disease which might be creeping upon them at any moment had been doubled and trebled by the terror of others, until, like a herd of frightened cattle, they were ready for a wild stampede; but yet, in that quiet haven the strain relaxed a little.

They listened with an almost pathetic eagerness when the rector spoke of their intended flight, and dwelt upon the preciousness of life, for which a man would give all that he had, and described (what they knew but too well) the devastation of the pestilence, — the little children swept away, the strong men lying down to die, the homes left desolate. Only by degrees, as it dawned upon them that it was not *their* homes and *their* children he was talking of, that his concern was not for Eyam, his own charge, but for the neighboring villages, for the whole countryside, for the adjacent counties, their faces darkened, their attitude towards him changed. He felt it, the silent, indignant protest; but past all faltering then, his message flowed from his lips in urgent exhortation, in burning appeal, most of all in gentle, pastoral entreaty that they would spare to their brethren in Christ the horrors of their own calamity. The plague had come to Eyam, he said, by God's permission, through the inadvertence of man; but if it went forth from Eyam, it would be because they, in the full knowledge of what they were doing, carried it out to spread death, no human being could say how far, how wide. Some of them were going to their kinsfolk, to parents, brothers, sisters, who perforce must

take them in, and the plague with them; others would wander among strangers, entering peaceful, happy homes, sitting unsuspected by the fireside, and then, warmed and fed, would go away, leaving the pestilence behind in return for a kindly hospitality. "O my spiritual children," he cried, "I have taught you ill if you have so learned the law of love!"

He implored them to believe that this seemingly greater care for others than for them, with which perhaps they were ready to reproach him, was in truth the proof of his love to his own flock; that indeed his heart ached for them; and that by every means in his power he would save them from the pestilence, were it possible. But some of them were already infected, and would have the disease wherever they might go; others, with almost equal certainty, would eventually fall victims to it in the new centres of infection that would thus be formed; some — he would speak truth with them — some would probably escape by flight, but at what a cost! He had shown them how, for every death there might be at Eyam, there would, if they carried out their design, be twenty, fifty, a hundred, elsewhere.

And yet he could save their life, if they would hear him! He and they, here in poor, wretched Eyam, could save to themselves forever the only life that was worth living, the life eternal, which, if it is to be lived at all, must be begun here on earth in love to God and love to one's neighbor: a love to their neighbor that would make them bury the pestilence in their own graves rather than sow it broadcast through the land; a love to God which was trust in Him, so that they could sit quietly down and wait his will, knowing indeed that one would be taken and another left, but knowing too that, whether left or taken, they were all in God's good keeping.

Gradually, while he spoke, there had come another change over the faces that had kept steadily turned to him, first

with anxious, and then with angry gaze ; they were calm now. The sun shone in at a western window, and down in a long beam of light to the floor, shedding a glory through the darkening church, and looking like that "path of the just" to which he had been pointing them, — the path "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

There was again a stillness, a long silence. Then, in a voice low and trembling with emotion, the rector asked those who would leave Eyam to rise and go out.

No one stirred.

They had gathered there in wild alarm and frantic to escape ; they went quietly back to their already deserted homes, a band of self-devoted martyrs, by far the larger part of whom were to be martyrs in deed as well as in will.

Before the congregation dispersed, the people had given their solemn promise to keep within the limits to be prescribed, beyond which no inhabitant of Eyam was to pass, nor any one from without to penetrate ; and the rector, on his part, assured them that nothing he could do to alleviate their condition should be wanting. Cut off as they would be from the markets, he would write at once to influential persons in the neighborhood, and obtain that provisions and all things needful should be brought regularly and deposited at certain points at a safe distance from any house, and whence they could be fetched by the villagers.

Probably there were many among those simple cottagers who felt the renunciation more for those who were dear to them than for themselves.

After the return home, Margery silently set about her accustomed duties, and her grandmother as silently watched her going to and fro, until she could re-frein herself no longer.

"'Tis hard on thee, Margery !" she burst forth tremulously.

To that no reply was needed. It was hard.

"I think mayhap the parson would

let thee go, if I asked him," pursued the grandmother, after another silence, "seeing 'tis only one, an' thou wast to be married so soon. An' there 's naught the matter wi' thee. He could see that plain enough."

"Nay, granny, he could n't let me go more than another. An' besides, I might take the sickness in my clothes. We've told John ourselves how *he* ought n't to come. All the people in Middleton Dale might get it through me. Nay, I could n't go now after what the parson said. I've no right. I'd feel wicked."

Dame Hall relaxed into mournful meditations, until Margery renewed the subject with, —

"Thou 'dst want me, too, granny, if the sickness should come to us."

"An' wherefore should it come?" said the old woman, rousing herself suddenly, and with a flash in her eyes. "'Tis a filthy disease, — why should it come to us? The parson says to be very clean with ourselves, an' have nothing lying about the house that should n't ; but I'm thinking he's no need to tell me that !"

If there was one thing on which Dame Hall prided herself, it was the neatness and purity of all her belongings, whether animate or inanimate, and she glanced now, in the consciousness of rectitude, around her well-scrubbed kitchen, and on the fresh-faced, healthy children who were awaiting the evening meal. Rather disappointed young faces they were, to be sure, just then, at finding there was to be no flitting, after all.

There was Joel, a well-grown lad, next to Margery in age, and already doing no small amount of work on the little farm ; then Emmot, a slip of a child of seven, who did not hesitate to call herself a big girl, and propose to help granny when Margery was married ; and finally little Willy, on whom the grandmother's eyes lingered, as she added, —

"An' we come o' strong folk, too. Your father 'd 'a' been living now, an' for forty year yet, if it had n't been for the

accident; an' your mother 'd never 'a' died when Willy was born but for the grief and fright."

A little later and Dame Lowe came in, apparently to talk over the new aspect of affairs, although as it turned out she had really very little to say on the matter.

"So here we are, an' here we stay," she observed, with a sigh. "Well, 't is right. Why should I, old woman, be takin' them the plague? Nay, I 've lived my life." As she sat with her eyes steadily fixed, and her thoughts on her children and children's children, there came a grand look over the hard old face. It was the token of her part and share in that splendid sacrifice, even though in a moment or two she might seem to be nothing more than her usual self, brimming over with the latest information she had collected.

Superstition was rife among the country people of England in those days, and nowhere more so than at Eyam during that time of calamity. The dame, accordingly, was full of portents and signs and wonders.

"Did ye hear about Ann Townsend seein' the white cricket?" she inquired. "Well, then, 't was Saturday — Nay, what am I sayin'? Saturday! She was in her grave by then! It was o' Wednesday, an' Mary an' she a-comin' home together. They 'd been a-talkin' o' Ruth Martin, — rest her soul! — an' Ann, she was just a-settin' foot on the doorstep, an' she caught Mary's arm, an' says she, 'Dost see it?' 'See what?' says Mary, all of a tremble. 'The white cricket!' says Ann. 'There! there!' an' she pointed; but Mary could n't see it, an' the creature ran into a crack. So they knowed it was for Ann; an' sure enough, she took to bed next day, an' come that time two days after, she was underground."

But there was better than that. James Mower had heard the mournful barking of the Gabriel hounds in notice of his near departure.

"'T was gettin' late, an' they thinkin' o' goin' to bed; he was just a-finishin' his

pipe, an' on a sudden he says, 'Wife, is the puppies in?' An' she says, 'There they be in the corner;' an' there they were, fast asleep. 'Well, I hear puppies whinin' an' barkin',' says he; 'where can they be?' An' she says, 'It can't be puppies.' An' he says, 'Yes, it is puppies; I hear 'em as plain as ever I heard anything.' So then one o' the children goes out o' door an' looks all about, but there 's no puppies. 'Well,' says he, 'if I don't know dogs when I hear 'em, my name 's not James Mower.' An' wi' that he leans forward and listens, an' 'Sure as I live,' he says, 'there be dogs up the chimney.' An' then all in a minute they knowed what it was, — 't was the Gabriel hounds a-barkin' above the house. So to bed he went, an' never got up again till they carried him out."

The Gabriel hounds, according to popular tradition, were the souls of unbaptized infants, constrained to wander in realms of air, and notify death to their kindred by a whining or moaning sound like dogs in pain. This was the sort of thing in which Dame Lowe reveled, and to which her auditors, especially the children, listened with shudders, while they grudged losing a syllable of her gruesome tales.

Mr. Mompesson's regulations were carried out, and the village cut off completely from human communication. John's "folk" might have had to take their chances with him; but after public sentiment came in play and public execration threatened, or rather, when, from the seriousness of the measures adopted, it was finally impressed upon his mind that the fate of the whole countryside hung on his action, even a lover's boldness gave place to counsel, and he dared not cross the fatal line.

But at one of the points where provisions for the pest-beleaguered village were deposited, beside a rivulet that goes to-day by the name of "Mompesson's Brook," there was often a parcel containing some special delicacies, and

marked, "*for My Dear Margery from jon.*" He would rather have ploughed a field than have written more than that. Margery, being uncommonly well instructed for a village girl of that time, might have poured out her heart on paper with some ease, in return for those offerings, but it was not allowed her. Only Mr. Mompesson himself, taking due precautions, sent a letter occasionally, if necessity required.

The months wore on, — June, July, August. It was a burning summer. Day after day the sun looked down on the doomed village in its unnatural stillness, for no one stirred but those who must. Men had been known to fall down helpless in the fields, and all labor was abandoned. The pestilence alone kept steadily at work, sowing and reaping a plenteous harvest.

As a precautionary measure, services were no longer held in the church, but twice in the week and on Sundays the fast-diminishing flock gathered in a little green dell, still called "Cucklet Church," and there the petitions of the Litany went up with the continual refrain, "Good Lord, deliver us," "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord;" and the priest, from a mossy rock, spoke words of comfort, and sent them away with a blessing, — "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding." And always some who took that blessing with them were to come that way no more.

Early in July the churchyard was closed and the passing-bell ceased to toll. Thereafter, as soon as the plague-stricken breathed their last, a grave was dug in field or garden, the nearest place at hand, and the poor disfigured semblance of humanity, uncoffined and unshrouded, was quickly removed from among the living, and so much of the pestilence buried with it. A visitor at Eyam to-day may be stepping anywhere on ground hallowed by the dust of those who laid down their lives for their brethren and were hurried into nameless graves.

As soon as possible Mr. Mompesson had a pest-house erected on the village green, and daily he crossed that awful threshold, or entered the cottages where any lay sick, with the apostolic salutation, "Peace be to this house!"

Dame Hall had reckoned ill in accounting that natural strength, or even what some of her neighbors perhaps considered unnatural tidiness, could keep the enemy at bay; for where the plague rages it creates an atmosphere of its own, and penetrates anywhere at will; acting, however, even so, with a strange capriciousness, taking and leaving according to some unfathomed law which wears an air of chance.

The black-winged pestilence settled down upon the Hall cottage very soon after the village was isolated, and the grandmother was the first to go. The struggle in her case was fierce, but short, so that, as it sometimes happened, the worst features of the disease had no time to develop; and it was the same with those who followed her.

On his second visit the rector found a young soul sore troubled to take its flight. Emmot did not want to be put in the ground with granny. All the teaching of happier days had faded from the poor little beclouded mind; and even when she had accepted the idea that, through the mercy of Christ, granny was in a good place, how she herself was to get there was another matter.

"I'm 'feard o' they dogs," she wailed. "They'll chase me and bite me afore I can get where granny is."

"'Tis the Gabriel hounds she means, sir," whispered Joel. "She says she hears 'em."

"Who has been talking such cruel folly to the child?" exclaimed the rector indignantly. "Dame Lowe? So much for a wagging tongue! Although, poor body, she little thinks the mischief she may do," he added quickly, used as he was, even in small matters, to discriminate between the offense and the offender.

"But, my child, it is the neighbors' dogs thou hearest."

"Nay, in the air! — in the air!"

"Well, then, dear little heart, if thou hearest aught in the air, it can only be good dogs that are barking to keep every evil thing away from Christ's little flock. For thou knowest, when our dear Lord was here on earth He called little children to Him, and laid his hands upon them and blessed them; and so He is calling the children of Eyam, — Joan Ashland and Anne Glover, Tommy Wood and many more, and now thee. And thou must not fear to go to Him, for He will ease thee of all thy pain."

So the good pastor comforted the lambs of his fold, commending each to the Great Shepherd as they passed one by one out of his own keeping; and after that, the child's little moan, growing ever fainter and fainter, was only, "I want to go to Him! He'll make my head well. I want to go!"

So they laid her beside her grandmother; but still the call went on. Only a few days and little Willy had been taken into the other flock. Then the two who were left drew closer together than ever before.

One morning, after the long seclusion was at an end, Joel came out of the cottage, and went to the village spring to get water.

Dame Lowe, at her gate, was ready for a little conversation on his return; but when he set his burden down before replying to some remark of hers, she extended her cane warningly.

"Don't come nigh me!"

"I worn't coming nigh ye," he returned, rather indignantly. "But the parson told us we could go out to-day, if we were well. An' he said that's folly about the Gabriel hounds." The latter observation sounded inconsequent, but, as a matter of fact, it corresponded very neatly in Joel's own mind to Dame Lowe's injurious suspicions of him. And though he did not venture to mention a

wagging tongue to his ancient neighbor, anything which suggested doubt of her prescriptive right to interpret the marvelous for the benefit of the community was quite sufficient to anger her.

"Said he so?" she replied, with asperity. "Well, his reverence does n't know everything. Them knows that hears 'em. And" — she fixed her piercing eyes upon Joel — "they may be barkin' for thee next."

With that she turned about and gat herself silently into the house. She could be a very terrible old woman at times. The poor boy felt his legs tremble under him, and looked at the pails with a sudden sensation of powerlessness, as if he should never have strength to lift them again. It was not until Margery called to him to bring the water that he took them up and went in.

"What was Dame Lowe saying to thee?" asked the young housekeeper, in almost a cheery tone. She had been thinking, while Joel was gone, that she would try to be bright for his sake. And what cause for thankfulness it was that they had each other still! There were instances already where whole families had been swept away, or perhaps only one left. "What was she saying to thee?"

"She said" — He stopped.

"Well, what?"

"She said — his reverence does n't know everything."

"What ever made her say that?" inquired Margery, after pondering the statement for a while. And when there was no reply, she was at his side in a moment. "Oh, Joel, is aught the matter wi' thee?"

He was seated by the hearth, and looked up in her face, smiling a little feebly.

"Nay, there is naught. 'Tis only that I'm tired wi' carrying the water. I've not done it for so long." He was trying to convince himself as well as her.

"I'll make thee a posset," said Margery. "It'll strengthen thee."

After that, silence ; both thinking their own thoughts.

Joel had never before had a posset made for himself alone ; it was an event in his experience. But somehow he did not care for it ; if it strengthened him it would be well, but his mind was on other things. He wondered if Dame Lowe really knew. There was no barking up the chimney. And his reverence had said, "I think you have escaped infection, my children (praise be to God !), and to-morrow, if you are well" — He had felt a little dizzy in the morning, but only for a minute. And he had been out, so it could n't be *that*. But he did feel ill now ! He would n't say so, though, because of Margery. She was afraid. She kept looking at him. But he did n't want the posset. There was something he wanted.

He looked helplessly about the room, which seemed to wear a strange aspect ; all the familiar things were there, and yet it was different. Just to see it made him feel worse. And then, on a sudden, he could bear up no longer, and his head sank on his hands.

"Oh, Joel ! Joel !" cried Margery in anguish. Then, with the calmness of despair, "Put thy arm around my neck, an' I'll help thee to bed."

It was in June that Margery was left alone. The plague had passed her by, as if it could get no hold on her sound healthiness, and as she went back and forth along the village street, looking as fair as ever in her fresh English beauty, she came to be almost as familiar a figure as the rector himself. She was Mrs. Mompesson's right hand in arranging for the distribution of provisions at the infected cottages, and in the parcelling out of medicaments for the sick at the plague-barracks or at their homes. She had, too, now and then, something of her own to dispose of. In the parcels marked for her, and left beside the brook, there would often be this or that

evidently meant by John, in his kindness, for "granny" or the children ; then she would put the toy, or whatever it might be, into some little hand, and turn away with tears, while the things for "granny," and indeed the greater part always of what was intended especially for herself, went, if appropriate, to the few among the sick who were recovering, or else to some of her grandmother's old friends, — to Dame Lowe as often as any.

There grew up a rather singular sympathy between the old gossip and her young neighbor, in those days. The dame, cut off from her ordinary occupation of general visiting, watched Margery's comings and goings rather wistfully, trying, at a distance, to get a word or two with her at every chance, until at last, one day, when Margery returned from her self-imposed labors, the old woman called to her : "Come in, girl, an' take a bit o' somethin' wi' me ! Thy fire 'll be out." And as Margery hesitated, "Come, then ! I'm not afeard o' thee."

She was still shy of the cottage where death had been such a frequent guest, though finally, when Margery either would not or could not accept all the invitations given her, the old woman crossed the road, and settled herself once more in her favorite corner.

"Why should I fear ?" she said, encouraging herself in her boldness. "It has been fumed, an', by the smoke that poured forth, everything bad must 'a' gone out o' window."

She found a sense of companionship in merely watching her old crony's grandchild moving about the kitchen ; and once when Margery, in forgetfulness, called her "granny," and then burst into sudden tears, the gossip developed an all-unexpected tenderness in soothing and comforting her.

"There ! there ! don't 'ee take on an' break thy heart. Thou hast John still, an' I'm thinkin' thou'lt win through safe an' sound."

The rector, his wife, and Margery seemed to bear a charmed life, the more singular in Mr. Mompesson's case because otherwise, as he says of himself in one of his letters, he was "always an ailing man." But the charm was to be broken.

One morning in August, when the plague was at the height of its devastating career, Mr. and Mrs. Mompesson crossed the fields together, going towards the rectory, and the latter suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of pleased surprise, "Oh, the air! how sweet it smells!"

Very innocent words, it would seem, with which to strike a man to the heart; but the rector, in the course of his varied experience, had discovered this sensation to be one of the signs that the destroyer was at hand.

He was not mistaken, and no devoted nursing, no agony of prayer, could save her; in her twenty-sixth year, the beautiful, delicate, noble-hearted woman fell a martyr to her loving courage. Then the churchyard was opened once more, and the villagers hastened to make a return for the sympathy that had so unstintingly been given them in their distress. All who could be afoot gathered about her grave, while the rector repeated, in trembling tones, the words that committed earth to earth and dust to dust, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.

"The Lord comfort your reverence," they said to him shyly, as they turned away, or, "God preserve ye to us." And perhaps to such a prayer as the last he would have found it hard to say "Amen." For, standing by that grave, an intense weariness may well have come over him, and a longing to lay his burden down.

September brought a decrease in the number of deaths, and October, with cooler weather, opened hopefully. The plague-barracks were still occupied, but at least the sick could all be accommodated there.

It was on a fine October afternoon that Margery mounted the church tower, as she had often done before, to look in the direction of Middleton Dale. Two or three of the houses could be seen from that elevation, with the church spire just peering above the trees, and it was a solace to gaze from afar upon even thus much of the place where a happy home and a faithful heart were waiting for her.

When she descended, it was to meet the rector coming from the churchyard. He greeted her kindly, and, after a word or two, looked at her standing there, and smiled as if at a pleasant thought. "The plague is abating," he said, "there is little doubt of that, and with cold weather we shall see the end of it. So, please God, I shall wed thee to John yet, my child. Thou must think of that and begin to hope again, as young folk should."

"I do, your reverence, — I can't help it," she answered simply; then, with an almost ecstatic glance around at earth and sky, and drawing a deep breath, she added, "The day's so fair, and *the air so sweet!*"

She did not see the expression that crossed his face, for she was looking along the road which led to Middleton Dale, nor did she notice any change in his tone when he said, —

"Go home now, Margery, and rest thyself. Thou hast done all there is for thee to do to-day. Go home and rest."

He could not bear to send her to the gloomy pest-house, and went in search of some one who could care for her at her cottage; but the quest was vain, and he took the way thither himself with a heavy heart, thinking that if he had not happily been mistaken, and if it were not yet too late, he might persuade the poor child to walk with him to the village green, and pass that horrid portal with his aid. So, at least, the danger of a later transportation would be avoided.

But the plague was before him, — the plague and another.

"I'll not have her taken to the pest-house," said Dame Lowe. "If I get the sickness myself? Well, 't will be God's will, then; for I found her lyin' along the floor, an' what could I do but care for her? I've heared about it an' how 't is done. She shall not be carried to the pest-house!"

On the 11th of October the wind changed to the east, and swept the pestilence away. It was as if an angel had come down with a drawn sword to stand between the dead and the living, and "so the plague was stayed." The invisible sentinels which had kept guard around the devoted place through all those long months stole away; but where that heroic line was drawn there lingers a sort of halo yet, after more than two hundred years.

In the latter part of November, after a final and thorough purification of the village, it was officially pronounced free to ingress, and the old life might be taken up once more.

The first person to enter Eyam was a young man who had thought his feet would not take him there fast enough, though he drew rein and paced his horse slowly along the grass-grown village street, dreading to reach his destination when he looked about on cottages closed, silent, wearing already a ruinous aspect. Even the dwellings where life had lingered were very still: the men were away in the fields where the harvest lay rotted, and the women were busy within doors; only here and there were a few children playing, at whom he looked searchingly, but in vain. No Emmot, no Willy! And he passed them by with an unasked question on his lips, fearing the answer that might come in their little shrill tones.

So on he went to the bend in the road

that brought him close upon the Hall cottage: that, too, silent, doors and windows shut, the little plot of ground a wilderness, — though even so it looked neater than the desolated homesteads he had seen. It had always been neat.

Slowly he dismounted and fastened his horse, — very slowly, to give her time to appear. But his heart sank within him, for surely she would have heard, she would have come to the window or opened the door.

"Eh, John! thou 'rt come for thy Margery," said a quavering old voice from across the way, as Dame Lowe advanced to her garden gate. "Thou 'lt find her in the churchyard. An' it wanted little — Why, man, what's the matter wi' thee? Thou 'rt as white as a kerchief! Dost think she's *dead*? Nay, nay! She's gone to look to the graves o' her granny and the children. But it wanted little an' she had been lyin' there herself wi' them that come back no more. Eh, John, it's been a weary, weary time."

But Dame Lowe could hardly wonder if John had no mind just then to listen to her accumulated chronicles. He strode on to the churchyard and entered at the open gate, pausing for a moment, amazed at the sea of mounds.

Close by, a girl was bending and rising as she laid on a row of graves pale autumn flowers that had lingered on in a neglected garden.

"Margery!" he cried, with a sob in his voice.

She turned, and sprang to him.

"Oh, John! I've none but thee! In all the wide world, I've none but thee!"

Then he bent his head tenderly on hers, and they stood there among the graves, the two young figures in a close embrace, — an emblem of the triumph of life over death.

Grace Howard Peirce.

UP CHEVEDALE AND DOWN AGAIN.

IN 1872, the best way to get from the Baths of Bormio to Meran was to cross the Stelvio in a carriage. It may be the best way still, for aught I know to the contrary; but there is one variance which I introduced not mentioned in the guide-books, nor recommended by the more conservative tourists.

As you cross the head of the pass, and the narrow and precipitous Trafoierthal twists and winds down before you, the masses of the Ortler lie off to your right, with the long Lavine track, a streak of fresh, broken snow, stretching down diagonally in front along the rocky slopes of the opposite side of the valley. Other than these remnants of avalanches that have spent their force, the immediate surroundings consist of a wilderness of rock in all directions, strewn with fragments of every shape and size, extending from the road up to where the snow line begins; varied, of course, by occasional patches of ice and of crusted snow still clinging in the more protected depressions.

Intending to do some mountaineering a little later, I left the carriage before it reached the head of the pass, and for the sake of practice, abandoning the windings of the road, — which makes a long loop to the left, — went straight up over the ridge and down the opposite face, with the idea of meeting the road below on the other side.

On the way down this opposite face lay one of these ice patches I have mentioned: a lake of ice with a margin of broken rock, lying at a steep angle, and perhaps three hundred feet long by a hundred feet wide. Judged from the upper edge, it appeared to be entirely of crusted snow. Not stopping to examine it with sufficient care to notice the icy character of the greater portion, I thought to save time by that old resource

in coming down steep snow fields, a *Schnee-Parti*. With this idea in mind, I sat down on the snow, braced my alpenstock under one arm, and, giving a couple of hitches, began sliding down the slope. The speed became almost immediately so excessive that I put on the brakes, — that is, bore down on my alpenstock, — and thereupon discovered that it was no longer snow, but glare ice, that I was sliding on. An instant later some irregularity in the ice carried my alpenstock from my hands, and it pursued an independent course far in the rear, rattling and banging after me. With its loss I was quite “at sea,” a rudderless ship on a trackless if limited ocean. My only chance to avoid disaster below was to diminish speed by lying flat on my back, and bearing down upon the ice with hand and heel and shoulder. This I did instantly, and with partial good result. Unfortunately, the effect of the bump in which the alpenstock was lost had been to turn me partly round, and I continued the balance of the descent sometimes sideways and sometimes head first, finally landing in a heap on the rocks below.

Ascertaining that there were no broken bones to regret, but feeling that I had added fifty years to my age in less than a second, I crawled slowly and reluctantly over and between the broken rocks down to the road, and sat there nursing my bruises until the carriage arrived, when, concluding that I had had enough mountaineering to last until next time, I gratefully resumed my place. Neither did I say much concerning my fortunately unobserved experiment with the more simple laws of physics, which had resulted in such complete if unexpected proof.

Since then I have examined with most critical eye every snow field down which

it was proposed to glissade before embarking on the journey. Doubtless no more exhilarating, easier, or more satisfactory way of abolishing time and space in the descent of a mountain exists than sliding down a steep snow field; but it must be pursued with due caution. Some weeks later, when invited by Pinggera to adopt this method at one point on the way down the Zufall Spitze, I declined with earnestness and certainty, and with a lively recollection of the battered condition in which I found myself on the previous occasion.

The Zufall Spitze (or Chevedale, as it is generally called) is, by the way, a mountain by no means difficult except in one particular. The experiences of the ascent I made developed strikingly both the ease and the difficulty. I had passed under the mountain in coming to the Suldenthal, some days before, over the Maderatsch glaciers, from the Martell-Thal. For the ascent, Pinggera and I started from "the Herr Curat" Eller's house at Sulden. The mountain is wholly a snow peak, and, if I remember rightly, lies somewhat back from the valley, to the southwest. The greater part of the ascent was comparatively uninteresting, — up over the snow fields, across a few ice-bridges, where the glaciers were badly broken, compelling us sometimes to skirt a crevasse for a little distance, and again up over the snow fields. The last few hundred feet alone presented any difficulty. The main peak (11,939'), being narrow and somewhat long, consists, roughly speaking, of two flat sides, or faces, and two sharp edges. One edge looks toward Ortler, and is far too steep for human ascent; the other partly slopes and partly curves, so as to make it possible to gain the summit by following it.

The only real question of doubt as to reaching the top is as to the condition in which you may find the "Berg-Schrund" (the last great crevasse), which, in this as in some cases where a peak is

wholly snow and ice, completely encircles the highest point of the mountain.

We came up about the centre of one of the two flat sides to the lower lip of the crevasse. There, any idea of crossing was out of the question. The upper edge hung threateningly full ten feet above our heads, and as we crouched on the lower edge its depths were by no means inviting. Pale sea-green may be a beautiful color in silk, but it is an extremely cheerless one when you peer into a crevasse, and wonder how many feet down the sides will pinch together enough to prevent your falling farther. Neither is it exactly cheerful to contemplate, in such event, being preserved for future use as a curious specimen of the prehistoric vertebrate, for the delectation of the Sunday museum visitor of, say, the year 4002.

Our only resource was to skirt the crevasse, if necessary, entirely round the mountain, to find an ice-bridge, or see if it narrowed sufficiently at any spot to make it possible to cross. By the same token, it is marvelous how slight a snow wreath will become dignified with the title "an ice-bridge," in the enthusiasm of an ascent. We backed down a few feet from the lip, and followed the mountain round to the left and south. Nowhere along that face could we find anything like the ghost of a chance, but at the southerly edge, the one which sloped the more, a slight projection up from the lower lip seemed to promise a foothold at least within reach of the upper edge.

Pinggera climbed up on this ice pinnacle, while I sat below, so that if he fell into the crevasse, the rope, running from me up over the lip and down to where he might be dangling, would make it possible for me to haul him out, and not get dragged in too. He found that by standing on the exact point (which was broad enough for secure foothold) and allowing his body to fall forward (the upper edge of the crevasse being withdrawn a little beyond the lower), he

could get his arms as far as the elbows upon the ice above. The next thing was to cut two hand-holes in the ice where his hands reached conveniently, and two more some six or eight inches beyond them, in order that he might get a second hold above when he drew himself up.

I watched him chipping out the ice, in eager expectancy at the prospect of passing this last obstacle, and without a thought for that which afterwards concerned me much more greatly, — how we were to get down again.

The hand-holds completed, Pinggera stuck the hatchet in his belt, reached up, gave a half spring, half struggle, in the air, clutched at and caught first one and then the other of the upper hand-holds, and got half his body on the ice above. Then, with a couple of earnest but ludicrous wavings of his legs in the air, he scrambled up, and, cutting a step or two, crawled on his hands and knees to the end of the rope, some six or eight feet above the edge, and, as we had lengthened out the rope, perhaps thirty to forty feet in all from where I sat below.

Reaching this limit, he dug two deep holes for his heels, turned cautiously round, and lay back against the ice, with the rope, leading from his waist down to me, held in both hands, and as I came up to the top of the ice pinnacle gathered it slowly in.

Gaining the top of the pinnacle and getting a firm foothold there, I threw up to him along the ice, first his alpenstock, and then my own, both of which he methodically secured under one leg, and resumed his hold on the rope. There remained then nothing for me to do but repeat his process of falling forward against the ice, grasping the first hand-holds, and floundering up as best I might, while he gathered in the rope, so that if I slipped my fall could be checked at once, and before my falling body should gather sufficient momentum to drag him out of his foot-holds. No such untoward event as a slip occurred, however, and a

moment later I had crept up to where he was.

For the next hundred feet or so it was a matter of nicking holes in the ice, to serve alternately as hand and foot holds as we crept up the edge. After that, the slope was first somewhat less considerable, then distinctly so, and in perhaps fifteen minutes the summit was reached.

There are few more pleasurable sensations than to sit down on the summit of a mountain up which you have crawled and toiled, and from that vantage post survey the peaks and clouds below you.

This entire group, — the most important, in the heights attained, of the Tyrol, — from any of its major peaks, of which there are a dozen, presents on all sides a wilderness of ice and snow, of fantastic pinnacle, smooth snow field, and broken glacier, with but little rock in view. Seen under a summer sun, it is a sea of spotless, dazzling white almost as far as the eye can reach in every direction.

The day was as nearly perfect as one could readily be made. At that height, and with such breeze as there was coming to you over surrounding peaks and snow fields, the warmth of the noonday sun was by no means objectionable, while black bread, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, and red wine made a most acceptable lunch.

These disposed of, we sought refuge in the contemplative porcelain pipe of government tobacco, — stretched at full length on the snow, and enjoying the pleasurable sensation known as “feeling the tiredness go out of your bones.”

Presently Pinggera suggested that it was time to begin our descent. Now, there had been creeping into my mind, during the preceding few minutes of contemplation, a certain doubt as to whether the Berg-Schrand might not be even less attractive approached from above than it had appeared on the ascent. This doubt — bred of dyspepsia — had been so rapidly concreting that I was not indisposed to put off its solution. Plead-

ing, therefore, a fatigue which I hardly felt, I suggested a second pipe of tobacco. We smoked for perhaps ten minutes more in silence, when Pinggera again urged our beginning the descent. Again I could see no special reason for haste. Pinggera's answer was practical and conclusive: "Stay here, and the ice-bridges, having had the full afternoon's sun, will be rotten, and we shall be lost crossing them; wait when we reach them until they freeze, and we shall be lost among the lower crevasses in the darkness." This seemed unanswerable argument, so we gathered up our few belongings and made ready. I re-tied the rope around my waist, Pinggera did the same, and we started down the southerly edge of the mountain, at first stepping in the foot-tracks we had made in the snow on the way up. The first hundred feet, while fairly steep, were not specially objectionable. But soon, following the edge, we reached the steeper and therefore icy portion of the slope which led sharply down to where we had crossed the Berg-Schrund.

It is one thing to come up an ice slope step by step, cutting foot and hand holds, resting your body forward against the mountain, and quite a different matter to creep down, facing half outwards, each heel catching perhaps an inch to an inch and a half of hold in a nick in the ice, leaning backwards with one hand against the ice, and getting a more or less untrustworthy brace for your body from your alpenstock set below you and a little to one side. On very steep slopes even this is impossible, and you must turn round and back down as you came up, feeling below with the toe of your boot, each foot alternately, for each new foot-hold. The descent to the great crevasse was not quite steep enough to make this latter mode necessary, except for the last few feet; so we crept down, half sideways, Pinggera first, I following, with the rope stretched nearly taut between us. We had gone perhaps half the dis-

tance from where the steeper portion of the slope began to the crevasse, when, taking momentary counsel with my fears, I said to Pinggera, "If we slip here, what then?" I suppose it was more the tone of my voice than what I said that affected him. He evidently thought that now for the first time, and belying twenty experiences during the past few weeks, of almost every conceivable combination of difficulties on ice and rock, I was about to lose my head, or, to put it in plain English, my "courage." He turned back on me a face of ashy whiteness, and, announcing what he thought the fact rather than answering my question, said simply, in tones of quiet, despairing conviction, "Wir sind verloren." As often happens, a recognition of the effect on another person of a momentary loss of confidence removed the actuating doubt. Whatever of pride I had came to my immediate assistance. But more than that, instant appreciation arose that, should any lack of confidence on my part infect Pinggera so that he also lost confidence, we were indeed, as he succinctly put it, "verloren." Therefore I laughed, and said, "Well, go on; you can slip if you like; I shall not;" and we methodically resumed our descent. Nevertheless, that exercise of care usually expressed by the conventional phrase "walking on eggs" bore but slight comparison or relation to the excess of caution which I used for the next few minutes.

After all, it is more a question of stomach than of sure-footedness, under circumstances such as ours were then. If one can avoid the deathly faintness apt to come with gazing down into "comparative eternity," there is no great difficulty in going anywhere on an ice slope which even so much as *looks* possible.

In perhaps five minutes more we reached the upper lip of the crevasse; and now our respective duties in ascending were practically reversed. I lay stretched out above, with my feet in the last pair of foot-holds, and paid the rope

out slowly as Pinggera slid and crawled down to the actual edge. He let his body slide as far over the edge as was compatible with still retaining control of his movements and a hold in the lowest pair of hand-holds, and felt in the air with his feet to see if he could reach the lower lip. Naturally he could not, for his body, hanging straight down, brought his feet within the outer edge of the crevasse, some inches above and perhaps a foot inside the lower lip. Looking over his shoulder, he marked the exact spot he must reach with his feet, and judged the amount of outward swing he must give to his body when he let go his hold upon the ice above. This determined, he called up to me, and I paid him out about four feet of loose rope, as much as I could afford if he were to miss his footing on the lower lip; for if he fell either inside or outside the crevasse he could do nothing to check the momentum of his body, and I wanted no such tug at my waist as that of a body dropping, say, fifteen feet or so without a check. I had had one experience of that kind about a week before, on another mountain, when, fortunately, I had a moment's notice before the strain came, and also was in a situation where I both could and most promptly did get a firm hold. But here even a moderate jerk on the rope would bring me up in my foot-holds past the perpendicular. If that happened, whether we both went inside the crevasse or outside would be a matter of absolutely no materiality.

Pinggera called to me that he was going to make his jump, steadied himself, glanced again over his shoulder, swung his feet, at the same time pushing his body out from the ice, and dropped. For just half a second he swayed and balanced himself on the top of the pinnacle, and then stood firm. There was a sense of definite relief in seeing that thus much, at least, was successfully accomplished. Again I paid him out rope,

and he crawled down to where I had formerly perched below the lower lip, going a little to one side, that if I should slip in my descent I might not strike him, and send us both rolling down the mountain. There, bracing himself as firmly as he could, with feet below and back against the mountain, he called to me that he was ready, and to come on. If I now fell, there were two possibilities: one of my going inside the crevasse, in which case the rope would lead from Pinggera on the outside over the edge to myself inside, and I could be hauled out. On the other hand, if I overshot the lip, I should half roll, half tumble, past him; and if he did not succeed in grabbing me as I went by, he could at least shorten up on the rope and check my momentum so that he could stop my fall. Following his procedure, I turned round, lowered myself along the ice to the lowest set of hand-holds, hung there for a moment, looked down over my shoulder, swung my feet steadily back, and dropped on the top of the ice pinnacle. My calculation had been accurate, and I found myself standing there in a half-crouching posture, but firmly and solidly.

Having had quite enough of the ridge, we abandoned it for the side face of the mountain which we had come up, and which was somewhat less steep. From here on the descent was easy, and, after a little, most of the slopes were in fact gradual.

Our extra delay at the top warned us that we must hurry, and, coming to a wide, gently sloping snow field, we started down it on a run. It was really the sloping face of a glacier covered with perhaps a foot or eighteen inches of snow (fallen during the nights of the past few weeks), and now lying in a smooth, unbroken field hanging across the small crevasses which from time to time broke the face of the glacier, their presence indicated only by slight waves or depressions in the surface. These were, nevertheless,

readily perceptible to even a partly experienced eye, and merely necessitated a jump of perhaps six or eight feet as we reached them successively. We raced along nearly parallel, but some distance apart, to keep the rope up off the snow.

It may have been, indeed probably was, exuberance of spirits, arising from the successful negotiation of the great crevasse, coupled with contempt for the relatively insignificant dangers of the lower snow fields and glaciers, or perhaps mere exultation in the safety now substituted for the former peril, which led to the trying of a foolhardy experiment on my part.

It seemed so unnecessary to go to the extra exertion of a jump every time the surface line of the snow waved a little, and it seemed so reasonable to suppose that the snow might bear over the crevasses, and the crevasses, if a crevasse underlay every depression in the snow, were so irritatingly numerous, and the jumps therefore so annoyingly frequent, that I determined to dispose definitely of all these questions at once.

Some gleam of reason remaining, I took the precaution of slackening my pace, thus dropping back a little, so that we were no longer running on parallel lines. This accomplished, instead of jumping at the next depression in the snow, — a wave of at most three inches, and perhaps five feet wide, — I stepped squarely into the middle of it. My doubts were all resolved. Every question involved was settled. To all intents and purposes, the snow offered no more resistance to my body than the air. In less than one second of actual time I was hanging under the snow at the end of six or seven feet of rope, with a wall of ice on each side, a round hole above my head where I had come through, and a soft, diffused green light all about which shaded off into darkness in the depths of the crevasse.

I had barely time to realize my surroundings, and absolutely no time to take

notice of any details, when I began coming up out of the crevasse with a rapidity which seemed to equal my descent. In fact, I was pulled and scraped up over the edge so fast that my best endeavors and all my attention were needed to protect my face and keep it away from the ice. In an instant my head was again above the snow, and there, about fifteen feet off, sat Pinggera hauling away on the rope with a resolute earnestness that was almost laughable. Once my shoulders were above the edge of the crevasse he stopped pulling, and I scrambled up, explaining to him breathlessly that I had wanted to make sure whether the snow would not bear, and save us the trouble of jumping.

Pinggera was a very silent man. It took either a direct question or absolute necessity to induce speech on his part. Indeed, Julius Payer, the Austrian explorer, has left on record that, after a fall of some six hundred feet in a miniature avalanche of detached snow, when he and Pinggera were on their way up a mountain in this same vicinity, some years before, Pinggera, after they found each other (the rope having broken, and they become separated in the fall), had shaken hands, laughed, tied the broken rope together, and started again up the mountain without speaking. This quality of silence I knew by experience, having not infrequently toiled up behind him for as much as two hours without a word being interchanged. I therefore neither expected nor received other reply to my explanation than a brief grunt and a resumption of the downward journey.

From that point on I tried no further experiments, and anything that could be taken as indicating the absence of under-supporting ice received the same treatment which would have been accorded to an open and undisguised fissure.

The remainder of the descent was without incident. In due time we reached the rocks and fields which led to the chapel of St. Gerdraut and the three

houses which constituted the alleged village of Suldén. At the curé's house, hot supper, the peaceful pipe, and a comfortable bed were full repayment for the day's adventures.

I think, however, that the Berg-Schrund left its effect, for I regarded the König Spitze, which it was proposed we should

ascend on the next day but one, and which, as a future enemy, I had carefully scrutinized a few days before from the adjacent Ortler, with a lurking suspicion that perhaps it might furnish, so far as I was concerned, the demonstration of the old proverb concerning the pitcher that goes often to the well.

Charles Stewart Davison.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

FAREWELL, my Youth! for now we needs must part,
For here the paths divide;
Here hand from hand must sever, heart from heart, —
Divergence deep and wide.

You 'll wear no withered roses for my sake,
Though I go mourning for you all day long,
Finding no magic more in bower or brake,
No melody in song.

Gray Eld must travel in my company
To seal this severance more fast and sure.
A joyless fellowship, i' faith, 't will be,
Yet must we fare together, I and he,
Till I shall tread the footpath way no more.

But when a blackbird pipes among the boughs,
On some dim, iridescent day in spring,
Then I may dream you are remembering
Our ancient vows.

Or when some joy foregone, some fate forsworn,
Looks through the dark eyes of the violet,
I may re-cross the set, forbidden bourne,
I may forget
Our long, long parting for a little while,
Dream of the golden splendors of your smile,
Dream you remember yet.

Graham R. Tomson.

FROM THE REPORTS OF THE PLATO CLUB.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

DURING a recent winter, a company of from half a dozen to a dozen gentlemen met together once a week to read the Dialogues of Plato in English. Plato was chosen for many reasons, — his influence upon all subsequent thought, his distance from modern controversies, his grace of expression, his clearness, and his depth; the English text was used because a comprehensive view of the author's thought was desired rather than a minute knowledge of one or two pieces. At each meeting some member of the company read what he regarded as the most important passages of a *Diálogue*, and gave an account of the parts omitted; then there was a free discussion of whatever topics the reading suggested. In this way, not only all of Plato's writings except *The Laws*, but several volumes of Aristotle and the later Stoics were read in the course of six or seven months, though sometimes the discussion was cut short, in order that the evening might end with selections from a Greek drama. The conversation which followed the readings proved of so much interest to those who took part in it that, after the first two or three weeks, one of the company was asked to write a little account of what was said at each meeting, and read it at the next. The reports naturally took the form of the Dialogues discussed. A few of them are now published, with very little alteration beyond the substitution of pseudonyms for proper names, not for the sake of proving anything in particular, but in the hope that they may help to stimulate a healthy interest in the problems discussed.

THE PROTAGORAS. (November 28.)

When Red Cap had aroused Socrates, and got the indolent Hippias out of

bed, and followed with ordered tread the steps of the stately Protagoras, and then outraged the distinguished stranger's dignity by setting Socrates on him with his villainous questions about the One and the Many, he tried to atone for his lack of courtesy by saying: "It seems to me that Protagoras is a much more exact debater and much more logical than Socrates, though perhaps he is not so bold. There are several examples of very bad reasoning on the part of Socrates. But are the virtues really one? and can we be overcome by evil, knowing it to be evil? These are the questions I should like to have discussed."

The Dominie. "Do you doubt the fact? We find bright men becoming drunkards, though they know better, as they show by their regrets. How can such a question as that be a real, practical question for us?"

Red Cap. "But I do not think, really, that Plato has *proved* the point that we do evil when we know that it is evil."

The Timekeeper. "For my part, I have often done wrong knowing it to be wrong; but there is one very peculiar thing about it, — we don't think it is wrong when we are doing it, yet if any one else were to do it we should."

The Doctor. "The answer to Socrates' question depends upon what is meant by wrong, — wrong in itself, or productive of evil consequences. I should be willing to admit that no one does what he knows is going to lead to more pain than pleasure for himself, and I think that is what Socrates meant. As to what is wrong in itself, some people take a positive delight in it, it is so much less tiresome. A little 'devilment' gives a pleasant variety and spice to life."

The Parson. "Like the French lady

who had poured out a glass of water for herself, and was raising it to her lips, when she was suddenly struck by its limpid beauty, and cried, 'Oh, if it were only a sin to drink this, how I should enjoy it!' But in spite of this I have been convinced by my pastoral experience that cases of absolute vicious wrong are very rare; though, to be sure, some people have such erroneous ideas of the Atonement that they think they can attain a balance of pleasure by sinning, and adjusting the matter with the Deity afterwards."

Then the Prophet and the Deacon and the Visitor each added a little to the following: There can be no doubt that we often do wrong knowing that the punishment will be greater than the pleasure. But all the Greeks were trained to temperance and self-restraint by the most severe discipline, and even among the Greeks Socrates was recognized as a man of iron will. It would therefore be hard for him to realize the weakness out of which so much sin grows. Nevertheless, Shakespeare and Hawthorne and George Eliot could see it, and we too see it and feel it, for we sympathize with the Macbeths and Donnithorne and Dimmesdale. It may be that in some of these cases our sympathy is aroused by the really noble traits of character which the sinner possesses along with his meaner qualities; yet this is certainly not the case with Donnithorne. In him there is nothing noble. He is only a "good fellow," and there is often nothing good about a good fellow but good health and good nature.

Then Red Cap took hold of the scattered threads and began to weave them together: "The Timekeeper has said that when we do wrong we do not realize at the moment that it is wrong. But what is this moral weakness of which the last speakers have been talking? Is it not just this failure to *realize* the consequences of our acts at the time of acting, even though they be perfectly known to us? We often hear young ladies say,

'This is the most beautiful thing I ever saw!' Now it is not so; but when they are looking at it they forget the other beautiful things they have seen. If they could keep them vividly in mind they would not speak so, and if we could keep the consequences vividly in mind we should not act so; but other ideas, other emotions, fill momentarily all our consciousness and make us blind."

The Dominie. "There are some people who can recall visual images with all, or nearly all, the intensity of the first sensation. Your idea, if I understand you aright, is, that if we could only visualize the consequences of our acts and our remorse for sin in some such sensuous way we should be saved. But this is just the opposite of Plato's idea, for his saving knowledge was rational and non-sensuous."

The Professor. "It seems to me that the standpoint of such modern psychologists as Pfliiger and Janet, with their views of multiple personality, might help us here. Each personality has command of but a portion of the whole field of consciousness; and so in hypnosis the field becomes limited to a few suggested ideas. Now, it seems to me that we live most of the time in a kind of ethical sleep, and only at very rare intervals attain to a full moral consciousness. Thus it is that we often do wrong knowingly."

The Dominie. "Then what are we to do? Is one personality tempted, and does another repent? And must we practice a kind of classical temperance, in order, if possible, to weed out the multiplex personality?"

The Professor. "I think that what you say is what I would have tried to say. In virtue one feels complete; he is at home in himself."

The Dominie. "Yes, it is wholeness, — holiness, in the good old Bible sense. When we are weak we fall apart, and the black horse of the Phædrus takes the bit in its mouth. It is a throwing out of function of the association fibres, —

the last to be developed; it is dissociation. And so in morality we say that we 'pull ourselves together.' Perhaps this expression has a real physiological justification. If so, is it not a question of fatigue? We cannot always be at our best, as Emerson tells us to be."

Then we roused ourselves, and some of us changed our seats; but we had not long to rest, for the Theologian hurried us off to the palaestra to learn from Socrates how to talk to boys about such things as temperance and friendship. As we listened to Charmides and Lysis, we felt stealing over us a strange reverence for youth with its *naïveté* and enthusiasm, and a growing love for the old philosopher who could talk to boys with such genial banter and interest; he seemed so much finer-grained and nobler than when he was lost in admiration of Protagoras' eloquence, and had but one little question to ask. But when Socrates tried to explain the impossibility of the love of the good, in so far as good, for the bad, in so far as bad, and of the neither good nor bad, in so far as neither good nor bad, for the neither good nor bad, we could follow him no longer, and went home. How bright the Greek boys must have been!

THE GORGIAS. (December 5.)

The Parson read from the Gorgias; and when he had finished he wished to talk about rhetoric, for it did not seem to him that Socrates should have taken it for granted that every rhetorician was a Sophist. But the discussion was to take another turn, for some one asked, "What do you think, Parson, of Socrates' paradox, that a sinner punished is happier than a sinner unpunished, and that all evil doers would therefore seek punishment if they were only wise enough?"

The Parson. "It seems to me quite true; and many law-breakers have sought punishment. They have confessed their crimes, and submitted to imprisonment or even death, and have been happier for it."

The Dominie. "Do not all the cases of flagellation and conscience-money bear out this view? What is the psychological *motif* underlying all this?"

Red Cap. "I never shall believe that physical pain can take away the sting of conscience. It is the repentance of the confessing criminal, not the punishment, that gives him relief; and, as Victor Hugo shows in his beautiful story of Jean Valjean and the bishop, kindness may lead to this repentance, as well as punishment. It is through an illusion that the cessation of remorse and the advent of peace are attributed to the merit of the physical pain; for the relief comes only when the punishment is looked upon as deserved, and this already involves repentance."

The Deacon. "Would n't it help to explain the puzzle if we were to distinguish between two things? The escaped criminal confesses and takes his punishment, not because he wishes to suffer for his original crime, but because he wishes to avoid the additional wrong of defeating the ends of the law. And so with the man who pays conscience-money: he is trying, not to suffer for the wrong he has done, but to undo it. Is it not true, also, that the whole system of sacrifices, found among so many peoples, results from their effort to *avoid* personal punishment, though they know they deserve it, by satisfying the gods with the blood of a sheep?"

The Pilgrim. "Is not the Christian doctrine generally preached just a statement of how we are to avoid punishment for our sins? But according to what you say, we should all wish to go to hell."

The Parson said he should not like to go so far as that, and when we had ceased laughing the Pilgrim continued: "Martineau says this doctrine of remedial punishment is Pagan, not Christian ethics. I should like to know how that is; for I had supposed myself to be a Christian, but if Martineau is right I am afraid I am a Pagan."

Then some one appealed to the Doctor for a solution of Socrates' riddle; but he said that he should like to know first whether it were true that the wicked are miserable; for the Scripture says their cheeks hang down with fatness, and he thought the Scripture was right, and that the unjust and wicked could be happy.

The Theologian. "What do you mean by happiness?"

The Doctor. "I mean, to enjoy life and have a good time, and no pangs of conscience withal. What do you say?"

But the Theologian did not answer.

The Timekeeper said that when his baby felt guilty she demanded kisses from her mother; Hillbrook thought that our conceptions of guilt and the punishment it deserved depended largely upon paternal castigations in early life, though he would not deny that we had a real sense of guilt; and the Doctor asked whether these fatherly offices were not of great educational value, since physical pain inhibits disagreeable moods, and makes the surly child sweet and reasonable.

The Dominie. "That there is an innate sense of justice seems sure. We find ourselves getting into discord with the deeper notes of our being, and we call this conscience. We may not perhaps recognize that there is such a discord; yet it is there, and the sooner we find it out and try to overcome it, the better. It may result from a whole education at variance with the deeper law of our being, and it may show itself more in small things than in great. It is very likely that some persons are born with an abnormal twist towards evil, and that for them to do wrong does not involve this discord; but with the rest of us, when we do wrong, even if it be in secret, and if it leave no mark upon our body, do we not feel that we have got off the track, and that we must get on again, that there must be some atonement or at-one-ment, — I am not using the word in any theological sense; and

do we not wish to endure some self-imposed penalty to aid us in this atonement?"

THE SOPHIST. (December 12.)

When the scribe arrived, this evening, the Timekeeper was already reading from the Sophist. When he had finished, the Dominie said: "I see you must have a very valuable discussion in mind for us, since you have made the reading so short. What questions have you to suggest?"

The Timekeeper. "Well, it is hard for us to separate ourselves from our profession; so I should like to have a little talk about methods of teaching. Let us make a study of Socrates' method of questioning, — he succeeded so well in showing his hearers that they knew nothing; and till you can teach a pupil this you can teach him nothing else."

The Dominie. "Can we find any resemblance between Socrates' method and Descartes's way of doubting everything? Or shall we say that it bears an analogy to the theological way of starting with the conviction of sin, the conviction that all one's righteousness is as filthy rags? To be sure, Descartes's doubt was more universal than Socrates', and he slapped his own face, not other people's; so perhaps they were not the same. But in this country, particularly, where there is so much cocksureness and precociousness, resulting more or less from our political institutions, is not this Socratic way of taking the conceit out of a young man a good thing? Of course there is a kind of skepticism that makes a man conceited, — he can doubt so many things the vulgar herd never thought of doubting; but then there is another kind, — the kind the young man has when he says to himself, 'I thought I knew everything, but, hang it all, I don't, I really don't.' It is this consciousness of ignorance that may perhaps be compared to the conviction of sin."

The Prophet. "What do you think of

a professor of philosophy plunging his pupils into doubt in order that they may afterwards have a firmer faith? I know of a college where this is done, and the men are noted for the horrible, blood-curdling stories they tell of the terrible doubts, the throes of skepticism, they have suffered. But apparently they are all pulled safely through the deep waters before they leave college. Is not this rush through the various phases of thought just a little too rapid to do much good or to be very healthful?"

The Theologian. "Does not this cold skeptical plunge sometimes lead to a real collapse?"

The Dominie. "Yes, I have seen some very sad cases indeed,—one or two almost too sad to speak about. But in such cases the doubt was not merely philosophical, and the minds were more or less morbid. A healthy mind cannot be led to such despair by suggested doubt; the instincts of action and belief are too strong. But this humbling of the young man's conceit is a different thing. Let him go on talking till you can prove to him that he does not know what he is talking about. Theologian, suppose you try it on us here some time, and see what comes of it?"

The Visitor. "Is there not an immense amount of so-called Socratic method which is not Socratic at all? Can we blame Socrates for all the crimes committed in his name?"

The Dominie. "You are quite right. This pseudo-Socratic method generally takes one of two forms. First, there is the bulldozing teacher, who stops thought rather than quickens it; and the pupil acquiesces too readily—his only problem is one in mind-reading—to find out what the teacher wants said. Then there is the other form,—questioning for an answer. The teacher will go all around Robin Hood's barn to get just the answer he wants; and when some pupil happens to hit upon it, in spite of his clumsy, blind questioning, he will turn

to you and say, 'See what the method will do!'"

Red Cap. "I have seen some schools in this country where a child can't take up its pencil without waiting for a bell to ring. If I had any children, I should rather send them to the woods than to such schools!"

The Dominie. "Some time ago an effort was made to tabulate the *ignorance* of Boston schoolchildren. They were asked where their noses, chins, ribs, thighs, hips, were; and how many of them had ever seen growing corn or wheat, or cows. When they were asked the size of a cow, they gave all sorts of answers; but if you put them all together, you find the average size to be actually smaller than one's thumb-nail! Yet most of the stories in the school-books had to do with the country. What can a child understand about milking and milkmaids, and cows with crumpled horns, who thinks a cow is the size of its finger-nail? Yet it is exactly so in philosophy. Metaphysics is taught by those for whom it is a mere abstraction, who cannot see the body of which it is the soul."

The Deacon. "Perhaps, if philosophy does so much harm, it would be better not to teach it in college at all."

The Dominie. "I should not like to say that, though to be sure there is danger of pulling the milk tooth too soon, or perhaps it may turn out not to have been a milk tooth, after all. It is easy to pull down; but to build up, and give one's pupils something they can cling to and live by, is very hard. There are different kinds of doubt. Among certain classes it is the fashion to have no strong convictions or deep interests. (This is not so common in some of our colleges as it used to be. Perhaps the modern athletic spirit may have helped it away.) There is another class of people who affect positive disbelief. Where this is genuine, they have generally been bitten; the old creed has proved a broken

reed, and they throw it off with violence. There is a third class, who really hold opinions and live by them, and then they are all of a sudden convinced, by their teacher or some one else, that they are wrong; and the problem works riot with some of them. There is a state of very great mental ferment; there is a tremendous task to be performed, and some minds break down under it."

The Prophet. "Do you not think it is safest to begin the teaching of philosophy with psychology, and to leave out the metaphysics? Is there not danger in getting into Berkeley too soon?"

The Dominie. "I should think that to plunge a class into Berkeley or Hume would be about the worst beginning; but surely no harm can be done by showing them experiments in psychology. There is no danger of making any one subjective by it, and no one could object to such practical things. Why not throw all the textbooks to the wind, and stand your class up in a row and make them 'pass on' a touch? From this experiment in reaction time you can get into psychology. If you have a class in ethics, why not begin with hygiene? This will introduce the general subject of body-keeping and its relation to ethics, then the general relations of mind and body, then conscience-cases; and the whole field is open. I once had a Sunday-school class in the penitentiary. There were six murderers in it! I began by teaching the Bible, but it would not do. They would say right out, 'I don't believe that damned stuff;' and if they did not believe it, it was so much the worse for the Bible. When I found the whole class was going to pieces, I tried a new tack: I told the men I was interested in medicine, and asked them how they kept well there in the prison. I got right down where they lived, and when they saw I was really interested in them I heard some experiences! It is a great thing to begin with the boys where they live. Show them the moral

aspect of athletic training. Then the *ancient philosophy* is good. It has a completeness about it which the modern lacks. Of course Plato has his limitations, but they can be pointed out sympathetically. I do *not* believe in starting with these modern teachers, Hegel and Kant, or Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. This is a bad beginning. What young men need is a person or a cause to admire. They must have faith, and faith is courage, and courage is the great thing. It is that which tells in even a bit of literary work: plunge right into it, however difficult it may seem, and keep up your heart; *do* something, and teach the young man to do something. A young man must be either an enthusiast, or self-indulgent, or dead."

When the clock struck, the Dominie was still speaking about the possibility of treating every author sympathetically, so as to leave a positive rather than a negative impression on the mind of the pupil, and not only make him a logical machine, but give him some real "sweetness and light" to live by. We would gladly have listened to him longer; but the Timekeeper was inexorable, so we adjourned.

THE EUTHYPHRO. (December 19.)

The Pilgrim read from the Euthyphro. You all remember the story. Socrates is sauntering about near the court where his fatal trial is soon to take place, and he stumbles across the young priest Euthyphro hastening to the court to prosecute his own father for the murder of a slave. Socrates stops him, and when he learns his business tries to get from him a definition of piety; for it is in the name of this virtue that the young man is proceeding. But he can give no definition that withstands Socrates' criticism, and at last finds it necessary to attend to business elsewhere.

The Pilgrim. "The Socratic irony seems to go very well here; but still Plato is driving after scientific ethics,

and he worries poor Euthyphro for a definition of piety; yet he does not appear to know any more about it than Euthyphro. It is like our own craze for scientific ethics. But plenty of people who have no scientific ethics are doing lots of good in the world, and they know in a general way what they mean by piety. It may be largely feeling, but at any rate it leads to good actions, while the craze for scientific ethics often paralyzes action. When Plato proves, in the *Meno*, that knowledge is remembrance, from the fact that the slave knows that the square on a given base is four times as large as the square on half the base, he forgets that the boy had been learning geometry all his life; and the people nowadays seem to think that both church and press have failed, and so they want to put scientific ethics into the schools."

The Dominie. "Then you perhaps agree with Adler and Lavisé, who would teach ethics all by example, by fairy tales and Bible stories; but do you think Socrates would have agreed with you?"

The Pilgrim. "Probably not; for he leaves no room for the influence of the feelings, — he wants to get it all out and skin it and stuff it. Euthyphro was a good example of what the popular religion of feeling can do. There are some people to-day who can't stand scientific ethics; and it was a good healthy kick that the Athenians made against Socrates. From their point of view something was going wrong. All felt it, and all knew that quibbling did not help matters. Socrates thought the remedy was to be found in knowledge, and he was wrong. True, he lived the life; yet he did not say 'I am the way,' but 'I do not know the way.' He failed to put his side plainly, and so they failed to see how to dovetail life and theory. There is something similar to-day in the study of comparative religions, which makes men disinclined to active missionary work. Socrates was undermining

the Athenians' religion, and it would have been a good thing if they could have got him and all the other Sophists out of the way."

The Parson. "Was it not a high stand that Euthyphro took?"

The Pilgrim. "He thought he had oceans of piety, and he did not know anything about it."

The Parson. "I think he was the real hero; and it was a grand opportunity for Socrates to take the ground of humanity. To-day I would not speak to a young man as Socrates did, for the young man would be taking a grand stand. It strikes me it is quite noble."

The Visitor. "Euthyphro seems to me to be straining for effect, palming himself off as possessing a virtue which he really has not. I can't but feel that it smacked a little of insincerity."

The Pilgrim. "I have seen men just like him."

Red Cap. "He was like a man who has been taught ethics by rules; coldly he followed them in their crudity, without allowing his moral sense to guide his application of them."

The Parson's praise of Euthyphro had been so warm that it had carried our minds away from the case in hand to the general principle he defended so well. But now the Theologian called us back, and reviewed the facts. The slave had been guilty of murder, and Euthyphro's father, naturally indignant, had caught and bound him and thrown him into a ditch, while he went to find a magistrate. Before he could return, the slave had died of exposure. His death was therefore quite unintended; it was not a case of murder at all; and Euthyphro was a contemptible Pharisee.

The Pilgrim. "No, he was not. There are plenty more like him to-day, brought up in orthodox churches as Euthyphro had been, and trying like him to do what is right, though they have lost the feeling that should guide them.

Does not Plato want to contrast real genuine piety, which tries to make others happier, with a blind conformity to rules?"

The Dominic. "Is not Euthyphro a man who makes a virtue of insisting upon the dictates of a rather unenlightened conscience, — one of those people who make their conscience an excuse for mere crankiness and stubbornness? and do not these men need a Socrates to educate their conscience?"

The Pilgrim. "If you call a perverted conscience an educated conscience, yes. It is not wise to argue the question with such people. The best way to treat them is to leave them alone, and let the light come to them from within. Discussion only makes them worse."

Then the Parson returned to the rescue of Euthyphro, and pictured the scene as it might well be conceived: the cruel, passionate father; the defenseless slave; and Euthyphro, trembling with conflicting emotions, yet hastening to see justice done for the poor wretch who had met such an end after a life of toil and misery. He was obeying the voice of duty, which called him to protect the oppressed. But in spite of the Parson's generous defense of Euthyphro, and of the Timekeeper's warning not to be carried too far by our prepossession in Socrates' favor, most of us still inclined to cast our beans against the exponent of piety and the rights of humanity.

The Dominic. "The broader question involved in the Euthyphro grows out of the conflict between institutional and natural morality, — the conflict that is seen in the story of Jephthah's daughter, in the story of Iphigenia, and in Christ's discussions with the Pharisees about the Sabbath. Literature is full of it. It is this conflict that causes so much moral difficulty, and it was to regulate it that the Roman Catholic Church made its books of casuistry and its hierarchy of virtues."

Then the Pilgrim led us back to the

practical field by asking how virtue was to be taught in the public schools. If we leave out scientific ethics, shall we teach morality by history or by literature? The Timekeeper thought an example should be found for children among their own companions rather than in the musty pages of school readers; the Deacon suggested that Bible stories, now that we are beginning to understand their real significance, should be given a large place, for if the Hebrews can teach us anything it is righteousness; and the Pilgrim thought the miraculous element of the Bible gave it a great power. Even the impossible miracles in such books as Ryan's Star Dollars are good, for they give the emotions plenty of play, and children like to be humbugged. "Why, dear me," he said, "I suppose that every bachelor here expects to marry a pretty wife, but most of us won't; and if *we* cling to such romantic imaginings, how about children?"

THE THEÆTETUS. (January 9.)

This evening it was the Deacon's turn to read, and his selections were from the Theætetus. When he had spent an hour on Plato's struggle with the problem of knowledge, he tried to get the company to devote the rest of the evening to some of his own questions on the subject; so he jumbled up a great many of them, and asked them all at once. What he wanted to say was perhaps something like this: —

"Our question is, What is knowledge, and what does it imply? The most natural answer is, that we know when our thought copies things. But then physics teaches that things are not at all like our mental pictures of them. We see red and blue, not the long and short vibrations that are really in the object. Not a single sense, perhaps, gives a true image of reality. So how can we say that to know is to copy things in thought?"

"If we say that to know is to have

ideas, not copying, but corresponding with things, what do we mean by this correspondence? There is a sense in which every thought corresponds with the thing that caused it; but some of these caused thoughts are supposed to be true, and others false. Is the true thought the one that corresponds with its object, not in the sense that it actually *is* caused by that object, but in the sense that it *ought* to be caused by it, so that the true idea of a thing is the idea we ought to have of it? But, granting that the true idea is the idea we ought to have, is the fact that we ought to have it the essence of its truth, or only a consequence of it? Further, if truth or knowledge means the thought we ought to have about reality, what is to become of the idea of obligation or design implied by the word 'ought'?

"Shall we try another line of thought, and define truth as the idea of reality possessed by a normal mind? Very good; but what do we mean by a normal mind? The Divine Mind, as Green and Royce maintain, or the average mind, or the mind as it ought to be? Is not the existence of a Divine Thinker a tremendous inference to draw from the belief in a truth? To make the average mind or the majority of minds a measure of all things, to make truth by popular vote, is absurd; for we try to *find* the truth, not to make it. To define knowledge as the notion of reality possessed by a mind constituted as it ought to be constituted is to introduce again the conceptions of *worth* and all that they imply. Evolution cannot aid us. For if we say the true conception is the one that survives, the one that will be held in the future, have we not taken it for granted that that which will survive is that which ought to survive, or is fitted to survive; and it is fitted to survive because — it is true?

"Possibly some light may be thrown on this question, what is truth? if we try to answer two simpler questions:

first, what is our criterion of particular truths? — that is, what do we believe, — and second, what is belief?

"Professor James says that, of two equally possible hypotheses, we accept that which is most interesting and which best satisfies the needs of the heart; and writers as much opposed to each other as David Hume and John Henry Newman give the same emphasis to the influence of vivid conceptions and strong emotions on belief. I once heard a professor of philosophy say that to read In Memoriam to a skeptic would do infinitely more towards giving him religious convictions than all the metaphysical arguments he could be made to listen to. Is not Lotze right when he maintains that the strong ethical and æsthetic conviction that something is good and *worthy* to be, that it *ought* to be, is often the strongest proof that it is? Is emotional value, then, the ultimate test of truth, or at any rate one ultimate test?

"But what is belief? Hume defines it as vivid conception, and Professor Bain says, I think, that it is vivid conception due to indissoluble association and *leading to action*. It is this connection between belief and action that I want you to tell me about. Is the action the result of the belief, or the belief of the action, or are they both the mental aspect of the same physiological facts? What is the motor activity involved in belief? We certainly do know that men of action are men of conviction, and that idlers are often without convictions. Descartes did his thinking in bed, and Hume tells us that he was a skeptic in his study only, not when playing backgammon or making merry with his friends.

"There seems also to be a connection between truth and morality. You remember that in this very dialogue Plato makes bad men hate the truth, but adds that if they hear it and think about it, it makes them strangely discontented with themselves. Moreover, those who have lived the best lives, who have best

acted, seem to have had the strongest convictions about transcendental things. Socrates tried again and again to prove the resurrection for the comfort of his friends, and when he failed he fell back with unabated confidence on the myth; and Christ was so sure of it that proof seemed unnecessary. 'If it were not so, I would have told you.' Must there not be a 'faith that comes of self-control'? But what is this strange connection between conviction and action, between the true and the good and the beautiful? What is truth?"

The Parson. "'The greatest thing in the world' is truth, and truth is moral truth."

The Pilgrim. "Truth is what we can tie to in practical life. When the flat-boats float down the Mississippi, they always tie up at night to a snubbing-post, and the crew go to sleep. If the night is too dark to see the post, they can still feel that it is there. If what they have tied to begins to give way in the dark, it is not the post. Truth is the snubbing-post that we can tie up to."

The Parson. "And go to sleep by."

The Timekeeper. "Truth is the experience of the age. But the trouble about it is that every once in a while somebody

comes along and shows that the age is wrong."

The Prophet. "Truth and reality are synonymous, and both are incapable of definition. The more healthy a man is, the more truth he gets; and it is not necessary to ask what the feeling is by which we recognize it."

The Deacon had ventured to suggest that truth might be defined as that which is in accordance with the deepest impulses of our whole nature, and the belief in which leads to the best life; but Red Cap objected to this definition on the ground that it assumed that human nature is uniform, and Hillbrook on the ground that ethical and æsthetic feelings are often a matter of habit.

The Dominie. "We have outgrown the days when truth was defined in a single sentence. The definition must depend upon the kind of truth that is meant. As to what we believe, the first step in the grammar of assent is where our nature goes out in an immediate feeling: 'That is beautiful,' or 'That is true.' When we have this feeling, and it is reinforced by that of others and forms a good basis of action, I do not see how we can get back of it in regard to ultimate truth."

Herbert Austin Aikins.

TANTE CAT'INETTE.

It happened just as every one had predicted. Tante Cat'rinette was beside herself with rage and indignation when she learned that the town authorities had for some reason condemned her house, and intended to demolish it.

"Dat house w'at Vieumaite gi' me his own se'f, out his own mout', w'en he gi' me my freedom! All wrote down en règle befo' de cote! Bon Dieu Seigneur, w'at dey talkin' 'bout!"

Tante Cat'rinette stood in the door-

way of her home, resting a gaunt black hand against the jamb. In the other hand she held her corncob pipe. She was a tall, large-boned woman of a pronounced Congo type. The house in question had been substantial enough in its time. It contained four rooms: the lower two of brick, the upper ones of adobe. A dilapidated gallery projected from the upper story and slanted over the narrow banquette, to the peril of passers-by.

"I don't think I ever heard why the property was given to you in the first place, Tante Cat'rinette," observed Lawyer Paxton, who had stopped in passing, as so many others did, to talk the matter over with the old negress. The affair was attracting some attention in town, and its development was being watched with a good deal of interest. Tante Cat'rinette asked nothing better than to satisfy the lawyer's curiosity.

"Vieumaite all time say Cat'rinette wort' gole to 'im; de way I make dem nigga walk chalk. But," she continued, with recovered seriousness, "w'en I nuss 'is li'le gal w'at all de doctor' 'low it's goin' die, an' I make it well, me, den Vieumaite, he can't do 'nough, him. He name' dat li'le gal Cat'rine fo' me. Das Miss Kitty w'at marry Miché Raymond yon' by Gran' Eco'. Den he gi' me my freedom: he got plenty slave', him; one don' count in his pocket. An' he gi' me dat house w'at I'm stan'in' in de do'; he got plenty house' an' lan', him. Now dey want pay me t'ousan' dolla', w'at I don' axen' fo', an' tu'n me out dat house! I waitin' fo' 'em, Miché Paxtone," and a wicked gleam shot into the woman's small, dusky eyes. "I got my axe grine fine. Fus' man w'at touch Cat'rinette fo' tu'n her out dat house, he git 'is head bus' like I bus' a gode.

"Dat's nice day, ainty, Miché Paxtone? Fine wedda fo' dry my close." Upon the gallery above hung an array of shirts, which gleamed white in the sunshine, and flapped in the rippling breeze.

The spectacle of Tante Cat'rinette defying the authorities was one which offered much diversion to the children of the neighborhood. They played numberless pranks at her expense; daily serving upon her fictitious notices purporting to be to the last degree official. One youngster, in a moment of inspiration, composed a couplet, which they recited, sang, shouted, at all hours, beneath her windows.

"Tante Cat'rinette, she go in town;
W'en she come back, her house pull' down."

So ran the production. She heard it many times during the day, but, far from offending her, she accepted it as a warning, — a prediction as it were, — and she took heed not to offer to fate the conditions for its fulfillment. She no longer quitted her house even for a moment, so great was her fear and so firm her belief that the town authorities were lying in wait to possess themselves of it. She would not cross the street to visit a neighbor. She waylaid passers-by and pressed them into service to do her errands and small shopping. She grew distrustful and suspicious, ever on the alert to scent a plot in the most innocent endeavor to induce her to leave the house.

One morning, as Tante Cat'rinette was hanging out her latest batch of washing, Eusèbe, a "free mulatto" from Red River, stopped his pony beneath her gallery.

"Hé, Tante Cat'rinette!" he called up to her.

She turned to the railing just as she was, in her bare arms and neck that gleamed ebony-like against the unbleached cotton of her chemise. A coarse skirt was fastened about her waist, and a string of many-colored beads knotted around her throat. She held her smoking pipe between her yellow teeth.

"How you all come on, Miché Eusèbe?" she questioned pleasantly.

"We all middlin', Tante Cat'rinette. But Miss Kitty, she putty bad off out yon'a. I see Mista Raymond dis mo'n-in' w'en I pass by his house; he say look like de feva don' wan' to quit'er. She been axen' fo' you all t'rough de night. He 'low he reckon I betta tell you. Nice wedda we got fo' plantin', Tante Cat'rinette."

"Nice wedda fo' lies, Miché Eusèbe," and she spat contemptuously down upon the banquette. She turned away without noticing the man further, and proceeded to hang one of Lawyer Paxton's fine linen shirts upon the line.

"She been axen' fo' you all t'rough de night."

Somehow Tante Cat'rinette could not get that refrain out of her head. She would not willingly believe that Eusèbe had spoken the truth, but — "She been axen' fo' you all t'rough de night — all t'rough de night." The words kept ringing in her ears, as she came and went about her daily tasks. But by degrees she dismissed Eusèbe and his message from her mind. It was Miss Kitty's voice that she could hear in fancy following her, calling out through the night, "W'ere Tante Cat'rinette? W'y Tante Cat'rinette don' come? W'y she don' come — w'y she don' come?"

All day the woman muttered and mumbled to herself in her creole patois; invoking council of "Vieumaite," as she always did in her troubles. Tante Cat'rinette's religion was peculiarly her own: she turned to Heaven with her grievances, it is true, but she felt there was no one in paradise with whom she was quite so well acquainted as with "Vieumaite."

Late in the afternoon she went and stood on her doorstep, and looked uneasily and anxiously out upon the almost deserted street. When a little girl came walking by, — a sweet child with a frank and innocent face, upon whose word she knew she could rely, — Tante Cat'rinette invited her to enter.

"Come yere see Tante Cat'rinette, Lolo. It's long time you ent come see Tante Cat'rine; you gittin' proud." She made the little one sit down, and offered her a couple of cookies, which the child accepted with pretty avidity.

"You putty good li'le gal, you, Lolo. You keep on go confession all de time?"

"Oh yes. I'm goin' make my firs' communion firs' of May, Tante Cat'rinette." A dog-eared catechism was sticking out of Lolo's apron pocket.

"Das right; be good li'le gal. Mine yo' maman ev'ting she say; an' neva tell no story. It's nuttin' bad in dis worl' like tellin' lies. You know Eusèbe?"

"Eusèbe?"

"Yas; dat li'le ole Red River free m'latta. Uh, uh! dat one man w'at kin tell lies, yas! He come tell me Miss Kitty down sick yon'a. You ev' yeard such big story like dat, Lolo?"

The child looked a little bewildered, but she answered promptly, "'T ain't no story, Tante Cat'rinette. I yeard papa sayin', dinner time, Mr. Raymond sen' fo' Dr. Chalon. An' Dr. Chalon says he ain't got time to go yonda. An' papa says it's because Dr. Chalon on'y want to go w'ere it's rich people; an' he's 'fraid Mista Raymond ain' goin' pay 'im."

Tante Cat'rinette admired the little girl's pretty gingham dress, and asked her who had ironed it. She stroked her brown curls, and talked of all manner of things quite foreign to the subject of Eusèbe and his wicked propensity for telling lies.

She was not restless as she had been during the early part of the day, and she no longer mumbled and muttered as she had been doing over her work. At night she lighted her coal-oil lamp, and placed it near a window where its light could be seen from the street through the half-closed shutters. Then she sat herself down, erect and motionless, in a chair.

When it was near upon midnight, Tante Cat'rinette arose, and looked cautiously, very cautiously, out of the door. Her house lay in the line of deep shadow that extended along the street. The other side was bathed in the pale light of the declining moon. The night was agreeably mild, profoundly still, but pregnant with the subtle quivering life of early spring. The earth seemed asleep and breathing, — a scent-laden breath that blew in soft puffs against Tante Cat'rinette's face as she emerged from the house. She closed and locked her door noiselessly; then she crept slowly away, treading softly, stealthily as a cat, in the deep shadow.

There were but few people abroad at that hour. Once she ran upon a gay

party of ladies and gentlemen who had been spending the evening over cards and anisette. They did not notice Tante Cat'rinette almost effacing herself against the black wall of the cathedral. She breathed freely and ventured from her retreat only when they had disappeared from view. Once a man saw her quite plainly, as she darted across a narrow strip of moonlight. But Tante Cat'rinette need not have gasped with fright as she did. He was too drunk to know if she were a thing of flesh, or only one of the fantastic, maddening shadows that the moon was casting across his path to bewilder him. When she reached the outskirts of the town, and had to cross the broad piece of open country which stretched out toward the pine wood, an almost paralyzing terror came over her. But she crouched low, and hurried through the marsh and weeds, avoiding the open road. She could have been mistaken for one of the beasts browsing there where she passed.

But once in the Grand Ecure road that lay through the pine wood, she felt secure and free to move as she pleased. Tante Cat'rinette straightened herself, stiffened herself in fact, and unconsciously assuming the attitude of the professional sprinter, she sped rapidly beneath the Gothic interlacing branches of the pines. She talked constantly to herself as she went, and to the animate and inanimate objects around her. But her speech, far from intelligent, was hardly intelligible.

She addressed herself to the moon, which she apostrophized as an impertinent busybody spying upon her actions. She pictured all manner of troublesome animals, snakes, rabbits, frogs, pursuing her, but she defied them to catch Cat'rinette, who was hurrying toward Miss Kitty. "Pa capab trapé Cat'rinette, vouzot ; mo pé couri vite coté Miss Kitty." She called up to a mocking-bird warbling upon a lofty limb of a pine-tree, asking why it cried out so, and

threatening to secure it and put it into a cage. "Ça to pé crié comme ça, ti céléra ? Arete, mo trapé zozos la, mo mété li dan ain bon lacage." Indeed, Tante Cat'rinette seemed on very familiar terms with the night, with the forest, and with all the flying, creeping, crawling things that inhabit it. At the speed with which she traveled she had soon covered the few miles of wooded road, and before long had reached her destination.

The sleeping-room of Miss Kitty opened upon the long outside gallery, as did all the rooms of the unpretentious frame house which was her home. The place could hardly be called a plantation ; it was too small for that. Nevertheless Raymond was trying to plant ; trying to teach school between times, in the end room ; and sometimes, when he found himself in a tight place, trying to clerk for Mr. Jacobs over in Campte, across Red River.

Tante Cat'rinette mounted the creaking steps, crossed the gallery, and entered Miss Kitty's room as though she were returning to it after a few moments' absence. There was a lamp burning dimly upon the high mantelpiece. Raymond had evidently not been to bed ; he was in shirt sleeves, rocking the baby's cradle. It was the same mahogany cradle which had held Miss Kitty thirty-five years before, when Tante Cat'rinette had rocked it. The cradle had been bought then to match the bed, — that big, beautiful bed on which Miss Kitty lay now in a restless half slumber. There was a fine French clock on the mantel, still telling the hours as it had told them years ago. But there were no carpets or rugs on the floors. There was no servant in the house.

Raymond uttered an exclamation of amazement when he saw Tante Cat'rinette enter.

"How you do, Miché Raymond ?" she said quietly. "I yeard Miss Kitty been sick ; Eusebe tell me dat dis mo'nin'."

She moved toward the bed as lightly as though shod with velvet, and seated herself there. Miss Kitty's hand lay outside the coverlid; a shapely hand, which her few days of illness and rest had not yet softened. The negress laid her own black hand upon it. At the touch Miss Kitty instinctively turned her palm upward.

"It's Tante Cat'rinette!" she exclaimed, with a note of satisfaction in her feeble voice. "W'en did you come, Tante Cat'rinette? They all said you would n' come."

"I'm goin' come ev'y night, cher cœur, ev'y night tell you be well. Tante Cat'rinette can't come daytime no mo'."

"Raymond tole me about it. They doin' you mighty mean in town, Tante Cat'rinette."

"Nev' mine, ti chou; I know how take care dat w'at Vieumaite gi' me. You go sleep now. Cat'rinette goin' set yere an' mine you. She goin' make you well like she all time do. We don' wan' no célera doctor. We drive 'em out wid a stick, dey come roun' yere."

Miss Kitty was soon sleeping more restfully than she had done since her illness began. Raymond had finally succeeded in quieting the baby, and he tiptoed into the adjoining room, where the other children lay, to snatch a few hours of much-needed rest for himself. Cat'rinette sat faithfully beside her charge, administering at intervals to the sick woman's wants.

But the thought of regaining her home before daybreak, and of the urgent necessity for doing so, did not leave Tante Cat'rinette's mind in an instant.

In the profound darkness, the deep stillness of the night that comes before dawn, she was walking again through the woods, on her way back to town.

The mocking-birds were asleep, and so were the frogs and the snakes; and the moon was gone, and so was the breeze. She walked now in utter silence but for the heavy guttural breathing

that accompanied her rapid footsteps. She walked with a desperate determination along the road, every foot of which was familiar to her.

When she at last emerged from the woods, the earth about her was faintly, very faintly, beginning to reveal itself in the tremulous, gray, uncertain light of approaching day. She staggered and plunged onward with beating pulses quickened by fear.

A sudden turn, and Tante Cat'rinette stood facing the river. She stopped abruptly, as if at command of some unseen power that forced her. For an instant she pressed a black hand against her tired, burning eyes, and stared fixedly ahead of her.

Tante Cat'rinette had always believed that paradise was up there overhead where the sun and stars and moon are, and that "Vieumaite" inhabited that region of splendor. She never for a moment doubted this. It would be difficult, perhaps unsatisfying, to explain why Tante Cat'rinette, on that particular morning, when a vision of the rising day broke suddenly upon her, should have believed that she stood in face of a heavenly revelation. But why not, after all? Since she talked so familiarly herself to the unseen, why should it not respond to her when the time came?

Across the narrow, quivering line of water, the delicate budding branches of young trees were limned black against the gold, red, orange, — what word is there to tell the color of that morning sky! And steeped in the splendor of it hung one pale star; there was not another in the whole heaven.

Tante Cat'rinette stood with her eyes fixed intently upon that star, which held her like a hypnotic spell. She stammered breathlessly: —

"Mo pé couté vou, Vieumaite. Cat'rinette pé couté." (I am listening, Vieumaite. Cat'rinette hears you.)

She stayed there motionless upon the brink of the river till the star melted

into the brightness of the day and became part of it.

When Tante Cat'rinette entered Miss Kitty's room for the second time, the aspect of things had changed somewhat. Miss Kitty was with difficulty holding the baby while Raymond mixed a saucer of food for the little one. Their oldest daughter, a child of twelve, had come into the room with an apronful of chips from the woodpile, and was striving to start a fire on the hearth, to make the morning coffee. The room seemed bare and almost squalid in the daylight.

"Well, yere Tante Cat'rinette come back," she said, quietly announcing herself.

They could not well understand why she was back; but it was good to have her there, and they did not question.

She took the baby from its mother, and, seating herself, began to feed it from the saucer which Raymond placed beside her on a chair.

"Yas," she said, "Cat'rinette goin' stay; dis time she ent nev' goin' 'way no mo'."

Husband and wife looked at each other with surprised, questioning eyes.

"Miché Raymond," remarked the woman, turning her head up to him with a certain comical shrewdness in her glance, "if somebody want len' you t'ousan' dolla', w'at you goin' say? Even if it's ole nigga 'oman?"

The man's face flushed with sudden emotion. "I would say that person was our bes' frien', Tante Cat'rinette. An'," he added, with a smile, "I would give her a mortgage on the place, of co'se, to secu' her f'om loss."

"Das right," agreed the woman practically. "Den Cat'rinette goin' len' you t'ousan' dolla'. Dat w'at Vieumaite give her, dat b'long to her; don' b'long to nobody else. An' we go yon'a to town, Miché Raymond, you an' me. You care me befo' Miché Paxtone. I want 'im fo' put down in writin' befo' de cote dat w'at Cat'rinette got, it fo' Miss Kitty w'en I be dead."

Miss Kitty was crying softly in the depths of her pillow.

"I ent got no head fo' all dat, me," laughed Tante Cat'rinette good humoredly as she held a spoonful of pap up to the baby's eager lips. "It's Vieumaite tell me all dat clair an' plain dis mo'nin', w'en I comin' 'long de Gran' Eco' road."

Kate Chopin.

A MORNING AT THE OLD SUGAR MILL.¹

On the third or fourth day of my sojourn at the Live Oak Inn, the lady of the house, noticing my peripatetic hab-

its, I suppose, asked whether I had been to the old sugar mill. The ruin is mentioned in the guidebooks as one of the

¹ I have called the ruin here spoken of a "sugar mill" for no better reason than because that is the name commonly applied to it by the residents of the town. When this sketch was written, I had never heard of a theory since broached in some of our Northern newspapers, — I know not by whom, — that the edifice in question was built as a chapel, perhaps by Columbus himself! I should be glad to believe it, and can only add my hope that he will be shown to have built also the so-called sugar

mill a few miles north of New Smyrna, in the Dunlawton hammock behind Port Orange. In that, to be sure, there is still much old machinery, but perhaps its presence would prove no insuperable objection to a theory so pleasing. In matters of this kind, much depends upon subjective considerations; in one sense, at least, "all things are possible to him that believeth." For my own part, I profess no opinion. I am neither an archaeologist nor an ecclesiastic, and speak simply as a chance observer.

historic features of the ancient settlement of New Smyrna, but I had forgotten the fact, and was thankful to receive a description of the place, as well as of the road thither, — a rather blind road, my informant said, with no houses at which to inquire the way.

Two or three mornings afterward, I set out in the direction indicated. If the route proved to be half as vague as my good lady's account of it had sounded, I should probably never find the mill; but the walk would be pleasant, and that, after all, was the principal consideration, especially to a man who just then cared more, or thought he did, for a new bird or a new song than for an indefinite number of eighteenth-century relics.

For the first half mile the road follows one of the old Turnbull canals dug through the coquina stone which underlies the soil hereabout; then, after crossing the railway, it strikes to the left through a piece of truly magnificent wood, known as the cottonshed hammock, because, during the war, cotton was stored here in readiness for the blockade runners of Mosquito Inlet. Better than anything I had yet seen, this wood answered to my idea of a semi-tropical forest: live oaks, magnolias, palmettos, sweet gums, maples, and hickories, with here and there a long-leaved pine overtopping all the rest. The palmettos, most distinctively Southern of them all, had been badly used by their hardier neighbors; they looked stunted, and almost without exception had been forced out of their normal perpendicular attitude. The live oaks, on the other hand, were noble specimens, lofty and wide-spreading, elmlike in habit, it seemed to me, though not without the sturdiness which belongs as by right to all oaks, and seldom or never to the American elm.

What gave its peculiar tropical character to the wood, however, was not so much the trees as the profusion of plants that covered them and depended from

them: air plants (*Tillandsia*), large and small, — like pineapples, with which they claim a family relationship, — the exuberant hanging moss, itself another air plant, ferns, and vines. The ferns, a species of polypody ("resurrection ferns," I heard them called), completely covered the upper surface of many of the larger branches, while the huge vines twisted about the trunks, or, quite as often, dropped straight from the treetops to the ground.

In the very heart of this dense, dark forest (a forest primeval, I should have said, but I was assured that the ground had been under cultivation so recently that, to a practiced eye, the cotton-rows were still visible) stood a grove of wild orange-trees, the handsome fruit glowing like lamps amid the deep green foliage. There was little other brightness. Here and there in the undergrowth were yellow jessamine vines, but already — March 11 — they were past flowering. Almost or quite the only blossom just now in sight was the faithful round-leaved houstonia, growing in small, flat patches in the sand on the edge of the road, with budding partridge berry — a Yankee in Florida — to keep it company. Warblers and titmice twittered in the leafy treetops, and butterflies of several kinds, notably one gorgeous creature in yellow and black, like a larger and more resplendent Turnus, went fluttering through the under-woods. I could have believed myself in the heart of a limitless forest; but Florida hammocks, so far as I have seen, are seldom of great extent, and the road presently crossed another railway track, and then, in a few rods more, came out into the sunny pine-woods, as one might emerge from a cathedral into the open day. Two men were approaching in a wagon (except on Sunday, I am not certain that I ever met a foot passenger in the flat-woods), and I improved the opportunity to make sure of my course. "Go about fifty yards," said one of them, "and turn to the right; then

about fifty yards more, and turn to the left. *That* road will take you to the mill." Here was a man who had traveled in the pine-lands,—where, of all places, it is easy to get lost, and hard to find yourself,—and not only appreciated the value of explicit instructions, but, being a Southerner, had leisure enough and politeness enough to give them. I thanked him, and sauntered on. The day was before me, and the place was lively with birds. Pine-wood sparrows, pine warblers, and red-winged blackbirds were in song, two red-shouldered hawks were screaming, a flicker was shouting, a red-bellied woodpecker cried *kur-r-r-r*, brown-headed nuthatches were gossiping in the distance, and suddenly I heard, what I never thought to hear in a pinery, the croak of a green heron. I turned quickly and saw him. It was indeed he. What a friend is ignorance, mother of all those happy surprises which brighten existence as they pass, like the butterflies of the wood! The heron was at home, and I was the stranger. For there was water near, as there is everywhere in Florida; and subsequently, in this very place, I met not only the green heron, but three of his relatives,—the great blue, the little blue, and the dainty Louisiana, more poetically known (and worthy to wear the name) as the "Lady of the Waters."

On this first occasion, however, the green heron was speedily forgotten; for just then I heard another note, unlike anything I had ever heard before,—as if a great Northern shrike had been struck with preternatural hoarseness, and, like so many other victims of the Northern winter, had betaken himself to a sunnier clime. I looked up. In the leafy top of a pine sat a boat-tailed grackle, splendidly iridescent, engaged in a musical performance which afterward became almost too familiar to me, but which now, as a novelty, was as interesting as it was grotesque. This, as well as I can describe it, is what the bird was doing:

he opened his bill,—*set* it, as it were, wide apart,—and, holding it thus, emitted four or five rather long and very loud, grating, shriekish notes; then instantly shook his wings with an extraordinary flapping noise, and followed that with several highly curious and startling cries, the concluding one of which sometimes suggested the cackle of a robin. All this he repeated again and again with the utmost fervor. He could not have been more enthusiastic if he had been making the sweetest music in the world. And I confess that I thought he had reason to be proud of his work. The introduction of wing-made sounds in the middle of a vocal performance was of itself a stroke of something like genius. It put me in mind of the firing of cannons as an accompaniment to the Anvil Chorus. Why should a creature of such gifts be named for his bodily dimensions or the shape of his tail? Why not *Quiscalus gilmorei*, Gilmore's grackle?

That the sounds *were* wing-made I had no thought of questioning. I had seen the thing done,—seen it and heard it; and what shall a man trust if not his own eyes and ears, especially when each confirms the other? Two days afterward, nevertheless, I began to doubt. I heard a grackle "sing" in the manner just described, wing-beats and all, while flying from one tree to another; and later still, in a country where boat-tailed grackles were an every-day sight near the heart of the village, I more than once saw them produce the sounds in question without any perceptible movement of the wings, and furthermore their mandibles could be seen moving in time with the beats. So hard is it to be sure of a thing, even when you see it and hear it.

"Oh yes," some sharp-witted reader will say, "you saw the wings flapping,—beating time,—and so you imagined that the sounds were like wing-beats." But for once the sharp-witted reader is in the wrong. The resemblance is not imaginary. Mr. F. M. Chapman, in

A List of Birds Observed at Gainesville, Florida,¹ says of the boat-tailed grackle (*Quiscalus major*), "A singular note of this species greatly resembles the flapping of wings, as of a coot tripping over the water; this sound was very familiar to me, but so excellent is the imitation that for a long time I attributed it to one of the numerous coots which abound in most places favored by *Q. major*."

If the sounds are not produced by the wings, the question returns, of course, why the wings are shaken just at the right instant. To that I must respond with the time-honored formula, "Not prepared." The reader may believe, if he will, that the bird is aware of the imitative quality of the notes, and amuses itself by heightening the delusion of the looker-on. My own more commonplace conjecture is that the sounds are produced by snappings and gratings of the big mandibles ("He is gritting his teeth," said a shrewd unornithological Yankee, whose opinion I had solicited), and that the wing movements may be nothing but involuntary accompaniments of this almost convulsive action of the beak. But perhaps the sounds *are* wing-made, after all.

On the day of which I am writing, at any rate, I was troubled by no misgivings. I had seen something new, and was only desirous to see more of it. Who does not love an original character? For at least half an hour the old mill was forgotten, while I chased the grackle about, as he flew hither and thither, sometimes with a loggerhead shrike in furious pursuit. Once I had gone a few rods into the palmetto scrub, partly to be nearer the bird, but still more to enjoy the shadow of a pine, and was standing under the tree, motionless, when a man came along the road in a gig. "Surveying?" he asked, reining in his horse. "No, sir; I am looking at a bird in the tree yonder." I wished him

to go on, and thought it best to gratify his curiosity at once. He was silent a moment; then he said, "Looking at the old sugar house from there?" That was too preposterous, and I answered with more voice, and perhaps with a touch of impatience, "No, no; I am trying to see a bird in that pine-tree." He was silent again. Then he gathered up the reins. "I'm so deaf I can't hear you," he said, and drove on. "Good-by," I remarked, in a needless undertone; "you're a good man, I've no doubt, but deaf people should n't be inquisitive at long range."

The advice was sound enough, in itself considered; properly understood, it might be held to contain, or at least to suggest, one of the profoundest, and at the same time one of the most practical truths of all devout philosophy; but the testiness of its tone was little to my credit. He *was* a good man, — and the village doctor, — and more than once afterward put me under obligation. One of his best appreciated favors was unintended and indirect. I was driving with him through the hammock, and we passed a bit of swamp. "There are some pretty flowers!" he exclaimed. "I think I must get them." At the word he jumped out of the gig, bade me do the same, hitched his horse, a half-broken stallion, to a sapling, and plunged into the thicket. I strolled elsewhere; and by and by he came back, a bunch of common blue iris in one hand, and his shoes and stockings in the other. "They are very pretty," he explained (he spoke of the flowers), "and it is early for them." After that I had no doubt of his goodness, and in case of need would certainly have called him rather than his younger rival at the opposite end of the village.

When I tired of chasing the grackle, or the shrike had driven him away (I do not remember now how the matter ended), I started again toward the old sugar mill. Presently a lone cabin came into sight. The grass-grown road led

¹ The Auk, vol. v. p. 267.

straight to it, and stopped at the gate. Two women and a brood of children stood in the door, and in answer to my inquiry one of the women (the children had already scampered out of sight) invited me to enter the yard. "Go round the house," she said, "and you will find a road that runs right down to the mill."

The mill, as it stands, is not much to look at: some fragments of wall built of coquina stone, with two or three arched windows and an arched door, the whole surrounded by a modern plantation of orange-trees, now almost as much a ruin as the mill itself. But the mill was built more than a hundred years ago, and serves well enough the principal use of abandoned and decaying things,—to touch the imagination. For myself, I am bound to say it was a precious two hours that I passed beside it, seated on a crumbling stone in the shade of a dying orange-tree.

Behind me a redbird was whistling (cardinal grosbeak, I have been accustomed to call him, but I like the Southern name better, in spite of its ambiguity), now in eager, rapid tones, now slowly and with a dying fall. Now his voice fell almost to a whisper, now it rang out again; but always it was sweet and golden, and always the bird was out of sight in the shrubbery. The orange-trees were in bloom; the air was full of their fragrance, full also of the murmur of bees. All at once a deeper note struck in, and I turned to look. A humming-bird was hovering amid the white blossoms and glossy leaves. I saw his flaming throat, and the next instant he was gone, like a flash of light,—the first hummer of the year. I was far from home, and expectant of new things. That, I dare say, was the reason why I took the sound at first for the boom of a bumble-bee; some strange Floridian bee, with a deeper and more melodious bass than any Northern insect is master of.

It is good to be here, I say to myself,

and we need no tabernacle. All things are in harmony. A crow in the distance says *caw, caw*, in a meditative voice, as if he too were thinking of days past; and not even the scream of a hen hawk, off in the pine-woods, breaks the spell that is upon us. A quail whistles,—a true Yankee Bob White, to judge him by his voice,—and the white-eyed che-wink (he is *not* a Yankee) whistles and sings by turns. The bluebird's warble and the pine warbler's trill could never be disturbing to the quietest mood. Only one voice seems out of tune: the white-eyed vireo, even to-day, cannot forget his saucy accent. But he soon falls silent. Perhaps after all he feels himself an intruder.

The morning is cloudless and warm, till suddenly, as if a door had been opened eastward, the sea breeze strikes me. Henceforth the temperature is perfect as I sit in the shadow. I think neither of heat nor of cold. I catch a glimpse of a beautiful leaf-green lizard on the gray trunk of an orange-tree, but it is gone (I wonder where) almost before I can say I saw it. Presently a brown one, with light-colored stripes and a bluish tail, is seen traveling over the crumbling wall, running into crannies and out again. Now it stops to look at me with its jewel of an eye. And there, on the rustic arbor, is a third one, matching the unpainted wood in hue. Its throat is white, but when it is inflated, as happens every few seconds, it turns to the loveliest rose color. This inflated membrane should be a vocal sac, I think, but I hear no sound. Possibly the chameleon's voice is too fine for dull human sense.

On two sides of me, beyond the orange-trees, is a thicket of small oaks and cabbage palmettos,—hammock, I suppose it is called. In all other directions are the pine-woods, with their undergrowth of saw palmetto. The cardinal sings from the hammock, and so does the Carolina wren. The chewinks, the blackbirds (a

grackle just now flies over, and a fish hawk, also), with the bluebirds and the pine warblers, are in the pinery. From the same place comes the song of a Maryland yellowthroat. There, too, the hen hawks are screaming.

At my feet are blue violets and white houstonia. Vines thinly covered with fresh leaves straggle over the walls, — Virginia creeper, poison ivy, grapevine, and at least one other, the name of which I do not know. A clump of tall blackberry vines is full of white blossoms, “bramble roses faint and pale,” and in one corner is a tuft of scarlet blooms, — sage, perhaps, or something akin to it. For the moment I feel no curiosity. But withal the place is unkempt, as becomes a ruin. “Winter’s ragged hand” has been rather heavy upon it. Withered palmetto leaves and leaf stalks litter the ground, and of course, being in Florida, there is no lack of orange peel lying about. Ever since I entered the State a new Scripture text has been running in my head: In the place where the orange peel falleth, there shall it lie.

The mill, as I said, is now the centre of an orange grove. There must be hundreds of trees. All of them are small, but the greater part are already dead, and the rest are dying. Those nearest the walls are fullest of leaves, as if the walls somehow gave them protection. The forest is creeping into the inclosure. Here and there the graceful palmlike tassel of a young long-leaved pine rises above the tall winter-killed grass. It is not the worst thing about the world that it tends to run wild.

Now the quail sings again, this time in two notes, and now the hummer is again in the orange-tree. And all the while the redbird whistles in the shrubbery. He feels the beauty of the day. If I were a bird, I would sing with him. From far away comes the chant of a pine-wood sparrow. I can just hear it.

This is a place for dreams and quietness. Nothing else seems worth the

having. Let us feel no more the fever of life. Surely they are the wise who seek Nirvāna; who insist not upon themselves, but wait absorption — reabsorption — into the infinite. The dead have the better part. I think of the stirring, adventurous man who built these walls and dug these canals. His life was full of action, full of journeyings and fightings. Now he is at peace, and his works do follow him — into the land of forgetfulness. Blessed are the dead. Blessed, too, are the bees, the birds, the butterflies, and the lizards. Next to the dead, perhaps, they are happy. And I also am happy, for I too am under the spell. To me also the sun and the air are sweet, and I too, for to-day at least, am careless of the world and all its doings.

So I sat dreaming, when suddenly there was a stir in the grass at my feet. A snake was coming straight toward me. Only the evening before, a cracker had filled my ears with stories of “rattlers” and “moccasins.” He seemed to have seen them everywhere, and to have killed them as one kills mosquitoes. I looked a second time at the moving thing in the grass. It was clothed in innocent black; but, being a son of Adam, I rose with involuntary politeness to let it pass. An instant more, and it slipped into the masonry at my side, and I sat down again. It had been out taking the sun, and had come back to its hole in the wall. How like the story of my own day, — of my whole winter vacation! Nay, if we choose to view it so, how like the story of human life itself!

As I started homeward, leaving the mill and the cabin behind me, some cattle were feeding in the grassy road. At sight of my umbrella (there are few places where a sunshade is more welcome than in a Florida pine-wood) they scampered away into the scrub. Poor, wild-eyed, hungry-looking things! I thought of Pharaoh’s lean kine. They were like the country itself, I was ready to say. But possibly I misjudged both, seeing

both, as I did, in the winter season. With the mercury at 80°, or thereabout, it is hard for the Northern tourist to remember that he is looking at a winter landscape. He compares a Florida winter with a New England summer, and can hardly find words to tell you how barren and poverty-stricken the country looks.

After this I went more than once to the sugar mill. Morning and afternoon I visited it, but somehow I could never renew the joy of my first visit. Moods are not to be had for the asking, nor

earned by a walk. The place was still interesting, the birds were there, the sunshine was pleasant, and the sea breeze fanned me. The orange blossoms were still sweet, and the bees still hummed about them; but it was another day, or I was another man. In memory, none the less, all my visits blend in one, and the ruined mill in the dying orchard remains one of the bright spots in that strange Southern world which, almost from the moment I left it behind me, began to fade into indistinctness, like the landscape of a dream.

Bradford Torrey.

IN A WASHINGTON HOP FIELD.

THE thought of autumn and of harvest brings to the mind an image of burdened wealth, — vines heavy with rich fruitage tugging at strained stems, the limbs of overladen trees braced to the season's increase, grain fields glowing and restless with perfected sunshine. It is the bringing forth of the year; radiant yet serious with hopes fulfilled.

The harvest of the hop is in sharp contrast to this ripe spirit of autumn: there is a flippancy in the name and nature of the vine, as, gay and debonair to the end, it tosses its light sprays, strung with myriads of tiny green cones, over the poles that yield support. Before harvest time the undulations of the hop fields stretch for many a cool green mile of waving vine along the valleys, in whose troughs run the swift snow-fed rivers of western Washington. Just at the last, the hops take on a faint tinge of yellow that distinguishes them, by this shade's difference, from the green of the figlike leaves.

On a September morning, during the first week of "picking," we took the dusty road that winds out from the little village of Kent, which exists for the remainder of the year on the few busy

weeks of hop-gathering time. As we followed the grassy side tracks out of the flour-fine dust of the way, great woolly clouds were heaped in dazzling masses against the dark blue of the sky; the sides of the valley of the White River lifted gently to the fir-bordered crests of sombre green, and all the cup of the valley foamed high with vines of frothing hops. The river — not white, but the color of soapstone, opaque and swift, with a surface smoothness as though the atoms moved as one in pouring outward to the sea — parted its silent way through the world of green. Although the vines are set in accurate rows, they climb upon a slender cord from one pole to the next, and form a rolling canopy. Only now and then, when you fall into line with the well-drilled ranks, does the confusion resolve itself into long, shadowy vistas, just as a chaos of city street lights, seen from some high tower, becomes a system of parallel illumination.

"Order is here," says the philosopher who plods the Kentish road, "if we but know how to bring ourselves into relation with its steadfast ranks." This

was not, however, a philosopher's walk, but the highway to the hop pickers' encampment, where four or five hundred harvesters were earning a holiday of sunshine. We soon realized this. Through the powder of the road four cayuse ponies dashed by, abreast, ridden by broad-hatted young fellows, singing and shouting to urge on the ugly little brutes. We still breathed their dust, when from the same direction came the deep rumble of a heavy farm wagon drawn by stout work horses. A farmer drove, with several children beside him on the seat; between his knees a pale, sweet-faced baby steadied itself against the father's strong legs, and threw out ineffectual cluckings upon the broad haunches of the plodding horses. The back of the wagon was piled high with mattresses, lumpy bags of potatoes, and clattering kitchen tins. A woman sat on a bundle of bedding, and struggled to hold in place the jolting plunder of the little farmhouse, rifled now at hop-picking time, and all its wealth set forth in the unkind glare of day. Down the road from Kent to the hop fields streamed men, teams, and cayuses. The baker's cart, an unvarnished cedar box on wheels, drawn by one horse, spun briskly along, the smooth sides of fresh wood making it seem a cheerful little pink hearse. Ahead, for goal, reached up the four big square chimneys of the hop kilns against the radiant sky. A flexion of the road led us among the vines themselves, and from beyond came the sound of voices. A long, narrow shanty, or "shack," in the language of the country, with rooms cut through from front to back, like slices through a long loaf, was the first part of the settlement to show itself. Each compartment had a door in front, and a window opposite, at the back, insuring a fine current of air through the little boarded pen that served as a shelter to a family of hop pickers. In the dust of the roadway, on which all the doors opened, played a crowd of very dirty little children, giving to the place

the familiar air of Shantytown. Beyond this building we came upon a large group of white tents, their faces fronting on circles of fire-blackened grass, where dingy cranes made of forked saplings supported the family pot. Several of the tents bore on their sides facetious inscriptions in charcoal. One was festooned with hops, and marked "Home, Sweet Home." Upon a fence near by leaned rows of the craziest haphazard shelters, built without nails, and of any material that offered, chiefly of fence rails, shingles, and mismatched boards. Inside, one could see heaps of hay and heavy bed comforts. The whole string of hovels had been thrown into place during odd moments of the past week, and the first heavy breeze threatened to demolish them in an instant.

Except for the children and a few half-grown girls left "at home" in charge, the camp was nearly deserted; so we pushed on to the field where the pickers were at work, and reached there in time for the nooning. Detached groups of men, women, and a few children sat upon boxes and baskets about an inverted hop box, eating as a stoker fires his engine; wooding up, stopping only in favor of watering when a long, brown bottle gurgled tea or some other dark liquid down throats lifted as a bird's in drinking. By way of contrast, the scene recalled an idyllic midday in the fields by Jules Breton. The women were of the nervous American type, thin-featured and bright-eyed; their animated gestures and high voices out of key with the spirit of autumn abroad in the fields. Among them were faces that had been pretty in that brief moment of bloom vouchsafed our working women; but these, even more than the others, seemed alien to the heart of tranquil nature. A cheerful business activity pervaded the various groups. The talk, of which there was much, turned entirely on the morning's work. A man near us pushed back the box that had served his party as table,

got up, stretched himself, and then wiped on a hop leaf an immense clasp knife he had been using. As he thrust the knife into his pocket, he called to a woman in the next group, "Well, Mrs. Leefever, how many boxes you got?"

"Four."

"Oh, come off!"

This was the signal for some rough joking, which, out in the open air, shouted in hearty voices, seemed not entirely pointless. The women cleared the scraps of the meal into bag and basket, and five minutes later every one was at work.

Back of the scattered army of pickers, long rows of hop vines were stripped of every festoon of leaf and hop; only the main stems were left, wrapped loosely about the poles; sometimes they had sunk upon themselves, collapsed spirals, oozing slow sap. The trampled ground was matted with withered and withering branches that had been thrown down after being cleared of hops. The workers moved like a broad, deliberate scythe across the field, each group pushing forward the destruction of one row, the quicker pickers slightly ahead, but on the whole the advance line even.

When we showed our passport, the field boss apportioned us a row among the pickers, and drew up one of the large, light cedar boxes for us to fill. Most of the workers picked in groups of from four to six members; but, as we stood studying their methods of work, we noticed a man and woman behind the others, who seemed trying to accomplish by eagerness what their companions were doing by force of numbers. The woman's face was pale and earnest; she kept her eyes fixed upon the barrel they were filling, and her hands were hurried, but inefficient, as she took the branches that the man beside her cut from the vine. She tore away the leaves from the spray with a snatching movement, leaving the hops, which she stripped off later by a downward action not unlike that of milking. After I had watched her for some time, she

looked up with a deprecatory smile, and said, "My husband and I are slow pickers. We don't make much at this."

"How many boxes do you get a day?" I asked.

"One box each, by working from five in the morning till seven at night. Some nights we're here till dark."

"Two dollars for twenty-eight hours of work," I commented.

She did not answer, but moved aside for the man to carry the barrel and empty it into the large hop box standing near. This addition filled their box; and they stood together leveling the hops lightly, picking out a leaf as the stirring brought one to the surface.

"Tick-et!" called the man, straightening himself up.

The woman went back to her work, and presently the field boss came hurrying through the vines.

"Don't mean to say you want me before one o'clock?" he exclaimed. Then running his hand through the light, pungent mass, he examined the hops. "They are good and clean," he said, as he drew a form-book from his pocket, and filled in and tore off a cardboard slip. The woman reached out a hand, shapeless from each finger being encased in a finger-stall of heavy cotton cloth deeply dyed with black hop stains, and eagerly took the ticket "Good for One Dollar."

A shrill blast from the whistle of the field boss brought two carriers, men detailed for the work, who seized the full box by its long, stretcher-like handles, and trotted off toward the roadway, where it would be taken up with others and hauled on long-bodied wagons to the kilns.

Now the cry of "Tick-et" came from another part of the field, and yet another, and the field boss scurried about, scolding, admonishing, encouraging; here refusing a ticket because of short measure; there suggesting to new pickers the needlessness of heaping. And still the bottom of our box showed through a light layer of pale green hops.

"I should think some of the pickers would fill the bottom with something else," I said to the woman, who was moving to the pole ahead of ours on the next row.

"Yes; they tell about a feller who worked on the edge of a field by himself, and near to a punkin patch," volunteered the man, "and he picked ten boxes that day, cashed his tickets, and took the train that night." He laughed slightly. "They did n't care for punkins with their hops."

The woman did not smile. "Well, I call that a mean trick," she said, stripping a long branch of hops into her barrel. "I'd be ashamed to do that."

"Oh, I dun' know," said the man impartially, reaching up with his knife and slashing off a fresh spray. "The boss had oughter suspected the feller; no mortal man can pick ten boxes a day."

This, then, was a point in hop pickers' ethics.

The afternoon sun was strong on our faces in the wide field. The voices of the other pickers seemed far off, for they had pushed steadily forward their lines of work. We could hear the sound of the distant whistle and the call of "Tick-et" coming heavy through the sleepy aroma of the sun-steeped hops. Our neighbors were four, then six poles ahead; and as we worked on in dull abstraction, the thread of our green row appeared to lengthen across the bare field, and the sun burned upon us, unobstructed by the arbor of vines among which the body of pickers worked. We shifted wearily from foot to foot, as the long hours of standing made themselves felt, speaking in monosyllables, and only of the work. We saw the glorious day and the stretches of the vine as other tired workers saw them; the first keen sense of piquancy flattened into dull fatigue; we not only picked hops, we were hop pickers.

"You'll never get that box full if you leave it uncovered like that!" called a

man on his way from the river with a pail full of water. "The sun wilts them hops down faster 'n you two pick 'em."

We drew our box behind the slight shelter of our isolated row.

Soon the boss made us a flying visit. "Slow work," he said good naturedly. "The man that picks a box of hops earns his dollar, that's sure. If you all did n't pick into the box, but filled a lot of little boxes and poured 'em in, you'd fill up quicker."

After that we were lucky enough to find a barrel to pick into, and were making slow progress, when a woman on her way from the field stopped, her hands on her hips. "You don't use your hands right," she commented. "It's all a knack in pickin' hops, and you can't afford to waste no time." Then stepping nearer and examining our half-filled measure, "Them hops are packed down from lay-in' in the sun; they'd oughter be loosened up."

Here was a suggestion. We looked at each other hopefully. An empty hop box lay near; so we lifted ours — it was very heavy — and carefully jolted the hops from it into the other, and then back again into our own. Attracted by this curious manœuvre, a man had joined the woman. "My experience," he drawled, as we saw the hops sink back to even a lower level than before, "is, the only way to fill a box of hops is to pick 'em."

"Yes," said the young woman perfidiously; "the more you handle 'em, the flatter they lay."

At five o'clock our box was still unfilled, but, too weary for another hour of work, we went back to camp.

In front of the line of doors that opened upon the road stretched an elongated woodpile. Its original purpose was to serve as fuel for the pickers, but secondarily it had found favor as a resting-place, where one commanded an interior view of the shanty's compartments while recovering from the fatigues of the day. My comrade cut wood for our fire, and

I found on the pile a smooth-bodied maple log with a branch that served well for a back-rest. In the room next to ours, a young girl, with a new tin plate held firmly between her knees at a convenient angle for reflection, was frizzing her hair on curling-tongs, while she sang in a loud, flat voice, with strong emphasis on the *r*'s, —

“‘Art thou weary? Art thou heavy-hearted?
Tell it to Je—sus a—lone’—

You Emmy! if you don't come out of that, I'll shake you good.

‘Art thou weary? Art thou heavy-hearted?’”

A barefooted child tried to split wood with an axe she could just lift, and a group of very dirty, very happy-looking youngsters coaxed a blaze from the bon-fire they were kindling in the roadway. A pleasant coolness was creeping into the air, the sky warmed for sunset, and the women began to come in from the fields, some carrying babies on their hips, and others leading stumbling, drowsy children by the hand. Around their broad sun-hats many had wound sprays of the hop vine, and as they came they stopped for a moment's noisy gossip at the doors of the fast-filling shack. The one salutation, “How many boxes?” was answered with promptness or evasion, according to the number to be reported. In the course of nature the question came to us.

“Oh well,” the woman said, “you'll catch on after a while. You oughten ter count the first day's work.” Then she added, “Come for your health, ain't you? It's awfully healthy here. I thought I would n't keep my little baby through the summer till I came here, and now she's splendid.”

I looked at the tiny mite of splendor, a frail, winning little creature, who rested easily on the young mother's arm, and laid her cheek close against the hard chest.

Soon the men came in from work, and the encampment stirred with clamorous

life. All along the woodpile saws and axes were brought into play, and the little children trotted with armfuls of wood across the roadway to the shanty. The slender black throats above the roof breathed smoke against the sunset, and the women called to one another through the wide cracks between the rooms. Other women went from door to door to borrow a wash-tub, a frying-pan, or a broom. The girl who, earlier in the afternoon, had indulged in hymnody squeaked about near me in a pair of new slippers, while her mother, who had returned late from work, scrubbed the floor in the intervals of cooking supper. The young woman who had spoken to me unlocked the door next to ours, and threatened to “clean up the baby,” at the same time making extravagant love to her victim. She interrupted herself, when her husband came in, to tell him how “the little toad” had picked two hops and stuffed them through a knot-hole in the barrel. The baby laughed and capered, as the father, a picturesque young fellow, lifted her, with boisterous caresses, to his shoulder, and called her “the damndest little hop picker in the country.”

Driven in at last by hunger from the gay animation of the outdoor spectacle, we found that, during the supper hour, the essence of fried onions had come through the inch-cracks between our room and the next, and taken entire possession of our domain. There was nothing for it but to set up an opposition odor of fried bacon. The wood stove, the only piece of furniture in the room, was of an energetic and fiery temper, and wanted only the excuse of wood and a match to become red-hot. It cooked us a brave little supper in half an hour, but of this and the making of a deep pallet of fresh hay from the barn there is no need to speak; it would be but an offense to the home-stayer, who knows none of the joys of trampdom; and for the man of the road, we need only the mystic sign of our common call-

ing. Then we shut the door, stretched ourselves on the great heap of hay, our wood fire snapping in explosions of liberated zeal, while upward through the slight rafters, to the god of comfort, curled the incense of a pipe. Our neighbor's lamplight sent slender rays of yellow through the bluish twilight of our room; laughter, swearing, and the clatter of dishes came in as freely. Another world lay there: a world of coarseness and swift emotions; a world where life and life's experience, stated in the English of Shakespeare's clowns, were canvassed with no reserves. But was it another world? The jests seemed half familiar. We rested, listening; our dark little room the one quiet division of that swarming shell, where life seemed a battle even at twilight. Along the road outside clattered carts of butcher, milkman, grocer; each by his coming throwing the colony into renewed excitement of chaffering, laughter, and dispute.

"Say!" called out the young woman in the next room. "Less have a dance to-night. Those fellers got most of the platform done for to-morrow night. Come on, old man; get your fiddle. I'll friz my hair."

Talk of the dance flew through the settlement and out among the tenters. Two pairs of curling-irons went hot from hand to hand, curling dozens of heads.

"Goin' to the dance?" called a girl to me, as she returned a comb she had borrowed from my next neighbor.

After the younger people had gone the place grew much quieter: the voice of a fretful child being put to bed, an old picker yawning wearily, or some one counting in lowered tones the day's gains, — these were the only sounds.

When we opened the door to go out, we found the night dark and cool, with clear starlight overhead; but as we turned the angle of the long shanty, we came into the glare of scores of camp fires among the tents. Men and women

sat together about their outdoor hearths, making gorgeous effects of color with their sun-browned faces in the orange light. The dramatic pose and gesture of figures brilliantly lit and darkly shadowed were painted boldly against the canvas of the night. An old man, with lifted haranguing hand, was cut in black profile against the fire: all in his group, with faces in the full light and heat, leaned forward, listening. By a knot of seated men a girl in red stood laughing, poised with an action of flight about her garments, — her teeth shining as no man would dare paint them. Her dress, toward the fire, was brilliant, throwing a glow upward over her throat and face; while out of the direct light the color lost itself completely in the night. Lamps burned in many of the tents, turning them palely luminous, and transmitted exaggerated outlines of face and form that flitted and hovered unsteadily. As we stood silent, there came to us the distant tramp of feet, and then the squeal of a fiddle, and we remembered the dancers.

On a platform of unplanned boards, raised a foot or two from the ground, they were dancing, — a tangle of figures, seen indistinctly by the glimmer of a few lanterns that stood near the rough benches running around the four sides of the floor. These seats were given over to the women; and the men stood on the ground, pressing, four or five rows deep, about the platform. As we worked our way in among the spectators, a man in shirt sleeves was calling the figures of the square dance with great energy. He seemed to be master of ceremonies, and took the most unselfish delight in finding partners for the unmated. Now and then, when the banjo and fiddle rose into a particularly irresistible tune, a man would break through the crowd, leap upon the platform, and search out a partner from among the women. It mattered little, in the dim light, whether she had simply added a

white apron to her working dress, or if she were one of the young girls in cashmere and cotton lace finery.

In the fiddler I recognized the father of the baby hop picker. I had divined that there was something of the artist in the young fellow; and now, as he sat with his hat pushed back, legs crossed, and cheek laid on the fiddle, playing for himself and to the others, he made a delightful figure of happy abandon. Close at his knee sat the baby, perfectly erect, a thin black shawl drawn tightly over its head and wrapped around the body, bambino-wise, holding the arms down. The tiny pale face and large eyes turned always toward the mother, who danced unceasingly. At my elbow, an elderly woman, in a broad brown sunshade hat and calico dress, watched the dance with shining eyes; her comfortable, well-cushioned shoulders moved with short breaths in time to the music.

"Do you want to dance?" asked the man in shirt sleeves, as he threw the light of his lantern on her.

"Well," she said, in smiling embarrassment, "I don't care if I do."

"What's your name?"

"Mrs. Smith." (It may have been an alias, but she said Mrs. Smith.)

"All right. You stay here, and I'll find some feller that'll dance with you;" and he dived among the dancers and across the platform. In a few minutes he returned with a man whom he halted in front of Mrs. Smith.

"What's your name?" he asked him.

"Thompson."

"Mrs. Smith, Mr. Thompson;" and Mrs. Smith danced away with the lightness of a girl in the arms of Thompson.

The music changed, and the master of ceremonies called aloud, "Take your partners for a quad—rille!"

The square dance was really a dance as the hop pickers conceived it. The men, their broad soft hats tipped over one ear, took the hands of their partners, and went through a series of bewildering side steps and flourishes that varied in the different dancers from grace to clownish grotesquerie.

The terpsichorean director had called the figures alone, in a powerful voice; but suddenly all the dancers took up the refrain in a chanting measure:—

"Lady 'round the gent, and the gent so-lo;

Lady 'round the lady, and the gent don't go."

This figure continued long enough to fasten the sing-song in the memory for a lifetime.

Dance followed dance; the women lifted their aprons and wiped their faces, to the wonder of chill bystanders, and danced again. The boards of the floor creaked, the fiddle and banjo thrilled and screamed, a few fell away from the press about the platform; but the tramp of feet beat with a ceaseless pulse. The little black figure at the fiddler's knee sat silent, with wide eyes. A young fellow, who had not missed a dance since our coming, threw up his head and cried, "What's the matter with the roof?" Then, as all eyes turned up to the solemn dark of the star-pierced sky, "Why, the roof's all right!"

It was pleasant, in the quiet of our little room in the shanty, to drowse upon the hay, and let the aroma of the day float back to us; the bouquet of a coarse draught, perhaps, and yet from nature's source.

Louise Herrick Wall.

AN ENTERPRISING SCHOLAR.

WHOEVER has had the curiosity to turn over a pile of sallow Latin books in a second-hand English bookshop, on a Parisian quay, or beside an Italian barrow has probably said, in his haste, that the learned writers of the sixteenth century produced nothing which has a permanent interest for any but the religious historian. So summary a judgment is of course quite wrong: great names presently arise in the memory to refute it, — Erasmus first of all, whose writings have an intense and undying human significance over and above their connection with the controversies of their day. Meanwhile, even among the supposed literary refuse of that memorable time one sometimes discovers a treasure. What can be more piquant, for example, than to open at haphazard a very small and black-looking octavo, modestly entitled *Nic. Clenardi, Epistolarum Libri Duo*, and to light upon a sentence like the following at the close of a long letter: “My desire is — if your Majesty will but deign to consider it favorably — that the books which are being burned up by wholesale all over Spain may henceforth be allowed to further my studies. For although this scheme of mine for helping on the cause of religion may appear novel to some, there should be nothing in it repugnant to an Emperor who is perpetually at war with Mahomet. This, then, is what I have felt bound to write your Majesty, partly because, when I was in the palace of the king of Fez, I stoutly declared that I would complain to you of the ill treatment I had received, and partly because the Emperor is one who can assist a pious cause without any inconvenience to himself. Farewell, most fortunate Cæsar, and consider whether there be anything unreasonable in the request of a man who has been drawn by the love of learning from Louvain

to Mauritania. Granada, January 17, 1542.”

The Cæsar was of course the Emperor Charles V., but who was Nicolaus Clenardus? Well, it seems impossible to find out much more about him than may be gathered from this same small volume of his letters. His name was properly Cleynaerts. He was born at the high noon of the revival of humanistic learning, in the small town of Diest, in South Brabant, December 5, 1495: three and a half years, therefore, after the April day when Lorenzo the Magnificent died at Careggi, in the arms of Pico and Poliziano, one year after the untimely death of these two, three years before Marsilio Ficino followed his friends into the unknown; when Erasmus and Colet were in the prime of middle life, and Thomas More in the flower of his brilliant youth. Nicolas Cleynaerts was sent, when very young, to the excellent University of Louvain, less than twenty miles from his birthplace, and he soon became a proficient in the classic languages. He possessed himself of a Latin style which was quite his own, useful, flowing, and even picturesque, though by no means Ciceronian, and he did his best, in after life, to make his pupils use the stiffened speech of the Romans freely and colloquially; but his main strength was spent upon Greek and Hebrew. In 1529 he published a treatise on the Hebrew language, and in the following year a Greek grammar. Both these books found a ready sale at Paris, “insomuch,” he observes gayly to his friend Hoverius, “that I shall not starve *this* winter,” and the Greek grammar remained in favor for two centuries.

He had at this time already taken orders, and while waiting for preferment was studying theology at Louvain, — “though I was never,” he admits, “a

grandis theologus ; ” and he was also giving lessons in Greek and Hebrew. Louvain lives in the memory of the nineteenth-century tourist for two things : its Hôtel de Ville, a perfect gem of civic architecture, in ornate yet exquisite Gothic, and its very flat and unpalatable beer. Cleynaerts, or Clenardus, as he preferred to call himself, remembered the beer with fond regret, during the long years of his exile ; but of the building, though he must have seen it in the freshness of its beauty, he speaks not at all. His mind was upon other, and in his own estimation more important things.

The letter to Charles V. from which we have already quoted begins with a short sketch of his own life, in the course of which he says :—

“ Ten years ago, when I was studying theology at Louvain, and, having plenty of leisure, had also acquired enough Greek and Hebrew to lecture on them in public, I began to have a great desire to learn the Arabic tongue ; having noticed in the Jewish commentaries how like it was to Hebrew, and feeling sure that either language would help in the acquisition of the other. But there was not a soul in all Flanders who knew a word of Arabic, or could satisfy in the least my Arabic cravings ” (*me Arabicaturientem*).

He plodded on by himself, however, with great perseverance and some profit, and was even beginning to compile a rude sort of Arabic lexicon, when there appeared on the scene one Ferdinand Colon, or Columbus, the son of the great Christopher, in search of a man to assist him in setting in order the collection of books he was forming, and which he proposed to present to the city of Seville. “ At that time,” says Clenardus, “ I was publicly expounding Chrysostom on the Dignity of the Priesthood, for the benefit of the Greek students, and I had a very big attendance ; of which when Colon heard, and when he had presently learned something more

about me and my ambitions from the Spaniards, he proposed that I should go to Spain. I acceded readily enough : first because the casuists were already beginning to make so much trouble for me that I longed to get away where I might pass my days in peace, and be rid of those makers of controversy and masters of strife ; and then because I thought I should have special advantages there for learning Arabic.”

So in 1532, at the age of thirty-seven, Clenardus departed for Spain, stopping for a night or two in Paris on the way. We hear little, after his arrival, about the Columbian library, though much for a time concerning his relations with Don Fernando, who finally granted him permission to stay awhile at Salamanca and deliver a course of lectures there. His success at the Spanish university was as great as that which he had formerly obtained in Belgium, and for a little he was charmed by the idea of taking a permanent chair at Salamanca and lecturing on Greek, while he pursued his Arabic studies. He thought it would be a fine plan, also, if his accomplished friend Vasæus, to whom there are some very lively letters, would qualify himself for a Latin professorship in the same place. “ And have done with your compliments,” he entreats, “ and all that nonsense about being my client ! We will have all things in common.” This pleasing plan was never realized. Vasæus, who had also been engaged by Don Fernando, and was now at Seville, came later to Salamanca, lectured for many years, and, at an advanced age, died there ; but before the end of 1533 Clenardus himself had moved on to Portugal, having accepted from the king, João III., the place of tutor to his younger brother, Dom Henrique.

From Evora, where his royal pupil lived, Clenardus wrote back on Christmas Eve a long and warm letter to Vasæus ; pleading the prudential motives which had constrained him to accept the

Portuguese offer, describing his new installation, and prognosticating great success as a lecturer at Salamanca for the friend whom he had left behind.

"Methinks," he says, "I see some such notice as this put up on the door: *Johannes Vasæus of Bruges will lecture to-morrow on Plato's De Legibus, which he proposes later carefully to expound for the benefit of those interested.* Presently a crowd collects. 'Vasæus, — who is he?' 'Oh, don't you know? He is a young man who is tremendously learned in both Latin and Greek. We had here, not long ago, one Clenardus, of whom we expected great things at first; but he had nothing to give us beside grammatical rules and stuff out of Chrysostom, which he expounded as if it had been a sermon instead of a professorial discourse. As if we had n't preachers enough already! But this Vasæus is going to tell us about Plato, — Plato, do you hear? What do we care for Chrysostom on the method of prayer? If Clenardus wants to pray, he can read his breviary; Vasæus and Plato are the men for us.'"

Dom Henrique was ten years younger than the reigning king of Portugal, and had attained the respectable age of twenty-three before Clenardus came to put the finishing touches to his education. He was already titular Archbishop of Braga, and was destined to be both Grand Inquisitor and Cardinal before he himself ascended the throne of Portugal, forty-five years later. When Clenardus first came to Evora, he lodged in the house of some excellent people, who, he assures us, became very fond of him. Afterwards he had a house of his own, where he remained during the rest of his five years' stay. The decaying little Portuguese town, situated some fifty miles inland from Lisbon, still contains, beside the indestructible relics of its Roman occupation, some interesting memorials of the years of Clenardus' residence. The great Church of San

Francesco, architecturally very curious, was just completed at the time of his arrival, and King João was busy repairing the Roman aqueduct, in the rough but serviceable fashion which may still be noted. It was Clenardus' pupil who founded the university of Evora, and the ruins of the palace where they pursued their studies still constitute one of the ornaments of the pretty public garden.

In March, 1535, Clenardus sends from Evora two long letters to his former professor of theology at Louvain, Jacobus Latomus, a celebrated controversialist, whom he seems rather to have neglected up to this time. He beseeches his old master not to think that he is losing sight of the main object of his exile, — the study, namely, of the Arabic language, with a view to the ultimate conversion to Christianity of the Mohammedan world. He has taken this place in the royal household at Evora precisely because it affords him so much more leisure for his own studies than he could ever have compassed at Salamanca. Here his duties as a pedagogue do not begin before two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and for the rest of the day his time is his own. He has found a learned physician at Evora who can speak Arabic, and in his society he feels that he makes rapid progress in that tongue. And at all events, he declares, he is glad to have quitted Salamanca, "where one must live always in broad daylight, and either make, or pretend to make, no end of those vulgar friendships which consist entirely in mutual salutations; and which, as they are conciliated by a single pull of the cap, are broken forever if you neglect to return a salutation."

Clenardus, however, does not care much for the manners and customs of the people of Evora, concerning which he soon rambles off into gossipy details, as it is his amusing wont to do. He finds living very dear in Portugal. Na-

tive workmen are scarce, and it is not considered the thing for a merchant to expose his wares. "You have fairly to wring your meat out of the butcher, . . . and if you want to be shaved, this is the process: You send your servant to beg that the barber will come to you. And what next? Why, after keeping you waiting a long while he arrives, but not by any means bringing his basin and ewer, as with us. No decent, self-respecting man would carry anything in his hands! Your servant—your own servant, I tell you—must fetch both ewer and basin, and carry them back, too; else you remain an unshorn Apollo. For we are all noblemen here, and to practice any kind of craft is a deep disgrace! Do you fancy that the mistress of a house goes to market, buys fish, makes a stew? I assure you she can use nothing but her tongue; and I could not get for the quarter part of my income a tidy little maid, such as we have at home, to look after me and my house-keeping. But how, then, you ask, do I exist here? Why, the place is overrun with slaves, Ethiopian and Moorish captives,¹ and they turn their hands to anything. . . . I should say that at Lisbon there are more slaves, male and female, than free-born Lusitanians. You can hardly find a house without a girl of this description, who does the marketing, washes the linen, scrubs the pavement, etc.; in short, a drudge, who has nothing but her form to distinguish her from the brute beasts. The rich have crowds of such, both men and women."

"If ever I take to writing dialogues," he breaks out, further on, "I mean to paint the Spanish inns in their true colors. Let me tell you what befell us at an inn,—not far from Victoria, I think it was, but the place matters little; they are all alike. When the table was spread, there was one goblet which went

the round of the board until it came to our friend Vasæus, who chanced to let it fall and break; and after that we had nothing to do but to drink out of our hollowed hands, like Diogenes. At another time, there were nine fresh arrivals after we had sat down to dinner, and one cup had to serve for the two tables. . . . I remember also, at Burgos, which is a reasonably large town, we could get but one bundle of fagots. There was absolutely not another to be had, and glad were we when the frost broke up. . . . At Salamanca, however, there is plenty of everything. You may even, if you will, keep house in the Brabantine fashion, with men servants and maid servants and other things to correspond, as a free man should; but when I first came to Evora, it seemed to me that I was in a city of black devils, there were so many negroes about,—beings whom I detest to that degree that they had nearly sufficed to drive me out of the place. In fact, if God had not given me a friend in the person of Johannes Parvus, from the University of Paris, I doubt whether I should have been in Portugal at the present time."

Clenardus took a lodging near this friend, and consented to share his meals. While they were at table, a reader gave passages from the Old Testament in Hebrew, and from the New in Greek; "and then we discuss the doubtful points, and each gets the benefit of the other's learning. . . . So far I have kept clear of slaves. I keep one old and tolerably capable servant whom I found at Salamanca, but who is a compatriot of ours, and understands my ways. He manages by himself, and I am not an exacting master. Had I followed the custom of the country, I should have set up a mule and four servants to begin with. And how could I have done that? Oh, I might have flaunted out of doors, if I would have starved at home, and swallowed the bitter pill of owing more than I could pay!" He goes on

¹ The power of Portugal, so soon to decline, was now at its height, and her recent conquests were extensive both in India and Africa.

to describe with much humor the solemn pomp affected by *les gens comme il faut* when they take their walks abroad, accompanied by a dozen attendants, more or less.

But he soon got over his anti-slavery scruples, for we find him writing to Vasæus from Evora in November, 1536: "On the first day of last June I began to play *paterfamilias*, having first bought two slaves, for whom I paid a round sum, for they are dear just now." The younger of these "chattels" immediately ran away. The next day he was brought back, but only to fall seriously ill, and when cured by the care of Clenardus to decamp again. The next year we find our friend possessed of three negroes, bearing the imposing names of Michaelis Dento, Antonius Nigrinus, and Sebastianus Carbo, of whose education he has grand ideas.

"I never thought," he says, "to have been a slave owner, . . . but I am training these fellows to read and copy for me; and I don't see why, if God spares my life, I should not make them theologians, or why they may not learn to read *Esaias* as well as the Ethiopian whom Philip baptized. Then, if ever I possess a fourth, I shall have nothing to do but to teach them Chaldaic, which is what happened to those four in Babylon. Other smart folk make pets of monkeys; I mean, when tired of study, to get a little amusement out of these monkeys endowed with reason. Latin they cannot help learning, for they never hear me speak anything else, and they can already write it after a fashion. The youngest cost me something over thirty ducats, but I would not sell him for a hundred."

In one of the last letters which Clenardus ever wrote, he inveighs against the law which frees all slaves who set foot in the territory of Brabant, and threatens never to go back to Louvain at all unless an exception can be made in his favor.

But to resume the thread of our story. Clenardus was still deep in his Arabic studies when, in the autumn of 1536, tidings came to Evora, four months after the event, of a great loss which had befallen the friends of humane letters everywhere in the death, at Bâle, of Desiderius Erasmus. Clenardus, who appears to have known Erasmus personally when the latter was lecturing at Louvain, clung for a little to the hope that the rumor was false.

"We have here now," he writes to Vasæus, "a certain Parisian baccalaureate, who was forced by a storm to put into an English port, and who professes to have heard there that the *friend of the monks* is dead; that letters have come from Germany to say so. I will not name the man, lest you accuse me of liking to spread bad news. The baccalaureate in question left Paris some three months ago. Pray ascertain whether Don Jacobus knows anything about it; and get him to say a requiem mass in any case. Not that I believe the report: I trust it is absolutely without foundation, for I heard that he was gone to Bâle to prepare a revised edition of his complete works."

The news, however, was only too true, and Clenardus was much affected by its confirmation. He immediately inclosed to the Portuguese poet Resendius, who had been in Belgium, and was a kind and helpful friend to Clenardus as well as a devoted admirer of Erasmus, a *parvam elegiolam*, closing with the words,

"Spirantem vulgus quod non toleravit Erasmus
Defunctum sero quæret habere senem."¹

Not satisfied with this, he called to mind the fact that Horace once addressed an ode to Virgil on the death of Quintilius Varus, and that he himself had a friend (Joachim Polita, or Polites) to whom Erasmus had been as dear as Varus to Virgil. "And so," he writes to Polita,

¹ The common herd, who could not tolerate Erasmus living, longs too late for the old man dead.

"if I could but play the part of Horace, you should receive a poem of flawless elegance; you must judge whether I have imitated the measure."

There follows an ode of six stanzas in Asclepiadic measure. It is not very good poetry, but it serves to show that Clenardus had some notion of the principles of Latin versification.

Very free, garrulous, and entertaining letters continue to be addressed to Vasæus at Salamanca, whom Clenardus regarded as his own particular protégé, and to whom he sometimes appears rather more prodigal of counsel than of sympathy. When, for instance, Vasæus writes that a marriage which he had been about to contract has been postponed for a year, Clenardus answers promptly: "I thank God for it with all my heart. . . . Why you need have walked into that snare at all I cannot see. You were not in love, and there was no other imperious reason. If your heart had been engaged, I should have nothing to say; you would only have done what other men do. But now I see how silly you are; and you remind me of those youths who, when they are thwarted about marrying, rush off to a cloister, with no religious vocation whatever, but simply because they are such fools that they want to torment themselves somehow. However, I ought not to scold, perhaps, since there is nothing I can do for you. You will admit that I have freed my mind. Really, dear Vasæus, when I see you so troubled, I can only pray that you may not repent what you have done. Perhaps God has truly called you to another state, or *she may die within the year*, or get married to somebody else!"

Vasæus married, whether his first love or another we do not know, and in 1537, in spite of previous disclaimers, Clenardus procured him the place of principal of a school at Braga, where Dom Henrique was now installed as archbishop, and whither Clenardus himself was re-

moving. Vasæus did not like the place, however, and soon returned to Salamanca, where, as has been said, he lived and taught Greek for twenty years after the death of his Mentor. The latter, as usual, finds material in his long inland journey northwards from Evora for a diverting letter to Latomus in Louvain, dated Braga, August 21, 1537:—

"It would take volumes to describe all the incidents of my progress hither. . . . With three sumpter mules and two drivers, and having purchased a horse apiece for me and my man, on July 30, in the cool of the afternoon, I set out from Evora. I took with me my three negroes, Dento, Nigrinus, and Carbo; and if you could have seen the pomp of my departure and the big luggage of the little grandee, you would have thought that a bishop, at least, was on the move. . . . *Tantæ molis erat Eborensem linquere nidum.* It was late at night when we arrived at our first halting-place, for we missed our road, and went a league out of our way. There was no wine at the inn. I was informed that they sold it next door, but that every one was in bed. So we had to tap our own cask, which we had provided for such an emergency. Our horses were much better off than we, for they had such water as they had never drunk before. Now, in order that you may perfectly comprehend my story, it behooves you to remember the Portuguese mode of reckoning. The ducat contains four centusses, the centussis a hundred reis; ten reis equal about one stuyver of Brabant.¹ So then we ask where we shall take our horses to water, and the answer is that every well in town is dry. 'What, have you no water in the house?' Oh yes, there are six pailfuls; and such is the liberality of mine hostess that I can have what I want for my beasts at three reis a head, exactly the price of *vin du pays* at Louvain. My bed was much too short to accommodate

¹ Ten reis to-day equal about a cent.

my feet, and if it had been cold weather I should have been frozen stiff up to the knees. My servants, who are used to very good beds at home, after repeated inquiries where they were to sleep, were offered some straw, which they declined. Such were the auspices under which we began our journey, and they proved prophetic. . . .

"One night we arrived at a lonely inn on the banks of the Tagus, too late to ford the river. . . . I go into the house and make my bow. 'How are you, landlord? Have you any straw for my horses?' Polyphemus appears to hesitate about returning my salutation. 'Have you any straw?' Still no answer, but the man is trotting busily about, and I fancy that he is making preparations for our supper. . . . 'Have you,' I repeated, 'any straw?' At last the answer came: 'None.' O wretched Lusitania! Happy are those who have not seen, yet have believed!"

His request for food proved equally unsuccessful. "Presently I espied a small pipkin by the fire, with a strip of bacon in it, and said, 'I will take some of that.' . . . Well, I got perhaps a quarter of an ounce, and my servant William about as much more. 'Have you no eggs?' 'Eggs are not yet in season.' 'Oh, you have no hens?' 'No, none.' Then I cast my eyes about for something which might satisfy my clamoring stomach. 'Hostess,' I said, 'can't you give me some of the liquor in which this bacon was cooked?' 'It is not wholesome.' 'Well, give me a little, at all events; I can at least soak my bread in it.' 'It is no good, sir.' 'William,' I say to my man, 'what on earth are we to do? Is there any of our own wine left?' Fortunately there was about a cupful remaining from dinner, and I toasted a piece of bread and made what they call a sop."

Requests for fruit and for fish were met, the former by the everlasting "It is not wholesome," the latter by the remark that the day was not Friday. "All

at once I thought of onions, which I used sometimes to eat roasted when a boy; and in fear and trembling I asked if they had any, and received the answer, 'I will see.' So we hung suspended between hope and despair; but Jupiter Hospitalis was propitious, and at last we got one apiece. I watched the cooking of them, my mouth watering as if for pheasants, and I sucked my fingers after mine; for they were done with oil and vinegar, of which last condiment there is plenty here, since what they call wine serves for both purposes. Our sumptuous banquet concluded, William asked if his master's bed was ready, and was informed that it was not the season for beds. . . . However, we got one at last, for twenty reis! . . . The poets call the Tagus *auriferous*, not, Heaven help us! for the gold it brings, but for that which it takes away."

But the rollicking mood in which this epistle was penned soon became overclouded at Braga, and after a year's residence there (in September, 1538) we find Clenardus writing to another old friend in Brabant so discontented and homesick a letter that we hardly recognize it for his:—

"I don't in the least know, dear Hoverius, whether this move will prove more profitable, as you put it, than my stay in Portugal; the one thing I do know is that no arguments can persuade me to linger on in this exile. I dream of my own country by day and by night. Now I am at Louvain, and now at Malines; now cracking jokes with you, and now with my dear Latomus. May I only live long enough to get there! Next spring, please God, I will go back. Pray for my safe return to my own people. . . . One prince I certainly have found whom I cherished while I was with him, and whom I shall revere all my life, wherever I may be. No number of letters from Salamanca nor flattering offers from other and richer princes could induce me to leave him, and if

I cared any longer to live abroad, and hang about courts, I should prefer the Portuguese court to any other. But my hair is turning gray, and I want to be buried among my kindred. My own country is good enough for me. Where will you find a sweeter spot than Louvain? It is high time I began to live for myself, whether in wealth or poverty matters little. Away with those who take thought for the morrow! I still cling to the old '*Fiat voluntas Dei.*'"

The elastic temperament soon begins to react, however, and the proselyting spirit to kindle, and a few weeks later Clenardus makes a fresh start. He can already read Arabic with ease, and speak it after a fashion; and what he now wants is a competent instructor in Mohammedan theology. Hearing of a learned pundit at Seville, he removes thither, only to find, to his ill-concealed disgust, that the man has become a convert to Christianity, and declines, on principle, to teach anything which has to do with the old superstition. Next he gets hold—probably by purchase—of a Tunisian prisoner of war, said to be deeply versed in all the sacred lore of Islam; and he is proposing to take this person back with him to Flanders, when the prisoner's ransom arrives, and he has to let him go. Finally he concludes an arrangement with the governor of Granada, whereby he is to give lessons in Greek to that functionary and his son, and to receive in return an apartment in the Alhambra, and instruction from an accomplished Moor in the governor's household. Meanwhile, Clenardus buys recklessly all the Arabic books which are offered for sale in Granada, or can be rescued from the Inquisition. "I can make more use of them than Vulcan can," he dryly observes.

The fast-rising flame of his own controversial and missionary zeal is faithfully reflected in his letters. "Do not laugh," he says to Latomus, by way of preface to an extremely circumstantial

account of the joys that await the faithful in the Mohammedan paradise, "but rather deplore the degradation of a people much more numerous than the professors of the Christian faith. Oh, slothful and apathetic monarchs of old, not to have nipped this heresy in the bud, instead of allowing it to worm its way from Arabia to Greece! It appears, then, that we who have embraced celibacy for the kingdom of heaven's sake have been all our lives laboring under a mistake, and that we are to be embarrassed by having a multitude of wives thrust upon us in heaven!"¹ My teacher went on to assure me of the absolute certainty of the fact that there would be a great many more women in paradise than men. . . . Why, my dear Latomus," our friend exclaims, by way of climax, "these people are less like us in Louvain than even the Lutherans!"

A new and highly adventurous purpose was now ripening in the mind of Clenardus, and this is how he communicates it in a letter addressed from Gibraltar to his old professor, on the 7th of April, 1540:—

"Although I first took up Arabic hoping to get fresh light on the Hebrew through its affinity with that language, it is a long while now that I have been pursuing the said study with quite other views. While I was in Granada, reading the Koran with my Arabic tutor, my attention was daily called to the deplorable errors of the Moslem people, and I could but think how base it was that for nine centuries those of our faith should tamely have accepted so great an outrage, and no one ever have arisen ready to go down into the arena of doctrine and fight the Mohammedans there. Certainly there have been Latin authors who have persecuted the impious sect with the pen; but what can controversies carried on in Latin signify to the Mos-

¹ One is irresistibly reminded of the emotions of Mr. Andrew Lang's Oxford don in the wrong paradise.

lems? What do our enemies care for the swinging of our swords, if they are not made to feel them? Moreover, I do not consider that we need all this disputation to preserve ourselves from tumbling headlong into heresy. What does concern us is that so many nations are perishing through their severance from Christ. Nor should the wound be covered up because it is old, but, being so serious, a remedy should be applied; and this cannot be done without a knowledge of the Arabic. I want to train men both to speak and write Arabic, so that they may be capable of carrying on a controversy either face to face or by letter. By the grace of God, though I have had to give a portion of my time to teaching the marquis" (Luis de Mendosa, Marquis de Mondexas, the governor of Granada) "Greek, I have made such good use of my remaining hours that I can chatter with my preceptor on any subject you please. At all events, we understand each other perfectly, and in talking never speak anything but Arabic. But do you suppose, dear master, that I have done this merely to qualify myself for giving a year's lessons in Arabic, and no one of my pupils able to speak a word of it? No, no. I have a very different purpose. I mean, God willing, that my linguistic acquirements shall bear pious fruit. But more of this after I get to Africa. Let me now describe my late journey."

He found, he says, that he must have certain codices which were not in Spain at all, so he determined to go where he was told they were. "And having left my tutor at Granada with the marquis, against my return, I set forth with the rest of my household, resolved to spend the remainder of this year among the Mohammedans at Fez, a city as famous in Africa as Paris is in France, where Mohammedanism is in great force, and there are multitudes of learned men."

Clenardus was detained in Gibraltar ("Gibaltar in Europæ finibus," he calls

it) for nearly a month by bad weather, and when he did cross he found the sea very rough. He needs no further commentary, he quaintly observes, on the storm in the first book of the *Æneid*; and he owns that he paid his vows to Neptune after the customary manner of inexperienced sailors. "As for William, my elder servant, and, as it were, the pillar of my household, he did not say much, but swore quietly to himself: 'Oh, if I had but lived a Minorite until now! Once ashore, I would n't embark again for a stall in Antwerp Cathedral.' And though otherwise a warm admirer of Erasmus, he only wished Erasmus had been there, to see whether he would have laughed at sailors' vows."

The more experienced passengers encouraged the novices by the assurance that, though they had crossed the strait many times, they had never seen such a sea before; and, as a matter of fact, the captain could not make the harbor of Ceuta, but was forced to land his passengers at an obscure village, some miles away. "Thence we had fairly to crawl over steep and terribly stony hills, anything but practicable to a theologian in sandals; and dangerous, too, for there are rude huts sprinkled here and there about the mountains, and occupied by Moors who cultivate peace by neglecting no occasion for plunder. 'Oh, what next?' groaned William. 'What if we do get out of this without breaking leg or arm, though barefoot? There's the sea ready to swallow us at a gulp! And if any Moors run across us, the end will be that we shall have to carry stones, or drive mules and asses for a couple of years, and no hope of ransom from perpetual servitude except in your Prince Henry.' . . . The sun was high when at last we entered Ceuta, and we did not get our luggage till the next day at dinner time."

A few weeks later, Clenardus is giving Latomus his first impressions of Fez. A certain amount of fame had preceded

him. "My tutor had, in fact, lied so plausibly on my behalf that as soon as the king heard of my arrival he sent me a safe-conduct for entering Fez. The first time I saw him his Majesty was struck with admiration at my being able to stammer a little Arabic; and, in point of fact, I could make myself intelligible, while the Fezians generally, although many of them are very learned, use in common parlance a patois which is about as much like book Arabic as the Greek vernacular is like the orations of Demosthenes."

He then proceeds to give quite a detailed description of the place (which is the more remarkable as he had not found a word to say about the Alhambra), and the accounts of recent travelers lead us to conclude that the city has altered but little in its general aspect since that day: "Fez is divided into two parts, and the old town is large and populous. There are said to be about four hundred mosques in it, and an equal number of baths; for the Mohammedans wash a great deal, and may not even say their hourly prayers without lustration. . . . But do not ridicule the ceremonies of those you do not know. They have innumerable mills where Christian slaves lead a deplorable life. . . . The new town is about half a league distant from the old, and the royal palace is there. Close by is the Jews' quarter, surrounded by its own walls, and paying to the king whatever tribute he chooses to exact. It contains, I should think, eight or nine synagogues and about four thousand inhabitants, many of whom are distinguished for their learning. If I could have had such a chance long ago" (for improving his Hebrew), "I should have made much more progress at Antwerp; but at present my zeal is cold for everything but Arabic. Nowhere else is the Koran studied as at Fez. . . . Scarce any attention is paid to rhetoric, dialectics, or the like branches of study, but the custom is to teach the text of the sa-

cred book to very young children, fixing the words in the memory before they are understood. No codex is ever seen in their schools, but the master writes out a passage from memory upon a wooden board, and the pupil learns it by heart; the next day the master writes out another, and so on, until, in between one and two years, the whole Koran has been committed to memory."

The methods of teaching in the higher schools are then discussed, and pages follow of dry grammatical disquisition, interspersed with piquant reflections on the Mohammedan doctrines. At last Clenardus bids his friend farewell, requesting his prayers and those of all the faculty at Louvain for his own safe and speedy return to that "sweet place." Then, suddenly, he bethinks himself of a postscript:—

"You men of Brabant think that you know all about war; your ears are hardened to the clang of arms, but God has let loose upon this place an extraordinary sort of host. Had you been here a few days ago, you would have seen the heavens darkened by multitudes of locusts, who not only jump, in this country, but fly like birds. I have seen with my own eyes the plague of ancient prophecy. Whole crops are destroyed in a single night, and the peasants wage fierce war with these creatures. They are, however, brought to Fez by cartloads; for this sort of enemy is very generally eaten among us. But, for my own part, I am dainty enough to prefer one partridge to twenty locusts."

In a subsequent letter to another friend in Brabant, Clenardus repeats much of what he had told Latomus concerning the city of Fez, and adds that he himself lives in the Jewish quarter, because he would not have ventured to set up housekeeping either in the old or new town. "Not that the Jews hate the Christians any less than the Mohammedans do, but they dare not show it so openly. . . . I suppose I might live

in the old town, among our own people ; that is to say, the Christian merchants, who have established themselves in a spacious house commonly called the *Duana*" (that is, custom house, whose neighborhood would certainly be the most convenient spot for traders). "But, being a priest, I could not move about as safely as the merchants do. Even as it is, when I go into the old town, though I have one of the royal guards to protect me from injury, I am perpetually insulted in the streets. These things are not pleasant to remember. . . . Yet in one respect the Fezians are to be envied : in all their vast city there is neither lawyer nor tax-gatherer. There are the *Alphakii*,¹ who sit before the mosques, and there is a judge, called an *Alcadi*, who may be consulted at his house. So, if any cause of contention arises, — which often happens about their marriages, — both parties apply to one or other of these officials, and the case is settled in a twinkling. Wherefore, reverend sir, if you wish to punish any advocates who may have mismanaged your tithes, send them to Fez : they will soon starve for lack of practice. . . . I have learned an adage, which is not to be found in Erasmus' collection : 'Christians waste their substance at law, Jews in festivals, Mohammedans in weddings.' . . . The *Alphakii*," he adds, "are not at all proud, and though they are often rich men, they think it no shame to walk the streets without a servant to attend them. They go, like our professors at Paris, with a breviary in the sleeve and mud on the heel."

After a year's residence at Fez, Clenardus found himself so much in debt that he was fain to ask loans from most of his regular correspondents. A request of this kind, preferred to a certain

eminent ecclesiastic,² forms the prelude to a sufficiently bold criticism of the policy of Spain toward the Jews : "I live here among Jews, who are more surprised to learn that there should be such people as Christians than we to discover that any of them still survive. What wonder ? All they know concerning us is our zeal for burning Jews. If as much money were spent in Spain on converting and keeping them alive as is now spent on destroying them, they would not throng hither as they do. It is a good thing that the people of France, Flanders, and other countries should be taught enough Hebrew to be able to read the Old Testament. But in Spain, where the study of languages has declined through the very multitude of casuists, there would be this additional advantage about a knowledge of Hebrew letters, that it might serve to purify the Christian faith itself. If these Hebrew books are bad, they will be burned by the Jews themselves when once you have converted them. Idols fell before the preaching of the apostles ; not that they themselves threw the graven images into the flames, but they labored to imbue men's minds with the faith of Christ. We have expelled the Jews from Spain, and what good has it done us ? Those who pretended conversion we have burned, and the rest we suffer to live in Africa ! How much better to have kept them all as slaves than to have sacrificed them in such numbers free ! When I have my way, which will be at the Greek calends, there will be a new order of things, and a certain number of Jewish rabbis will be invited to come back and teach the Christians Hebrew. And who, do you ask, will pay their salaries ? Why, the king wastes his thousands on those blood-sucking lawyers who do their

¹ *Fakih, savant*. Clenardus elsewhere defines the *Alphakii* as men versed in the laws concerning "prayer, purification, marriage, and other Mohammedan ceremonies."

² Johannes Parvus, Bishop of St. James on the Green Promontory ; that is, Cape Verd. His diocese comprised the islands of this name as well as the Portuguese possessions on the continent of Africa.

best to keep the world always at strife. Let this money go to pay the professors, and we will send the lawyers to Fez, that they may learn how to compose the biggest quarrel in one brief day. This is something which they have not known hitherto; but if, after they have learned, they will not practice it, let us crucify them, one and all, and thus make an end of litigation. Joking apart, the king might easily be persuaded to have over some distinguished Jew or other to teach at Coimbra. 'Jew!' say you? Why not? There are immensely learned ones here at Fez, who know Spanish just as well as I know Flemish. Then there is another thing which might perhaps influence the Grand Inquisitor." (He refers to his old pupil, Dom Henrique.) "These Jews lay almost more stress upon their Talmud than upon the four-and-twenty books which we call the Old Testament. It is the Talmud which absorbs their chief energies. Wherefore for this, if for no other reason, some Jew might be maintained in the palace until he had translated the whole Talmud into the vernacular, in order that the Grand Inquisitor should be able to refer to it whenever he is called upon to perform the duties of his office. The books in question are not unreadable; they contain a great deal of interesting matter; and since we adorn our bookshelves with the works of the pagans, Plato and Aristotle, and even Homer and Lucian, I don't see why we should reject those which are entirely occupied with religious questions. . . . The monks won't like it, and I know very well what dire things I have to expect from them on the score of my Arabic studies. The noble marquis writes me from Granada that the colloquies of Erasmus have been condemned to the flames, along with a lot of other books which are distasteful to the monks. . . . What do you think will happen when they hear the word *Alcoran*?"

In the matter of the Arabic texts

which he had hoped to collect in Morocco Clenardus had been disappointed, and in a letter to Latomus, dated a few weeks later than the one just quoted, he explains how hard it was to obtain possession of such:—

"Their schools are in the mosques, which neither Christian nor Jew may enter; and though there are so many students here, there is not a single bookshop. However, on Friday of each week, after the prayers have been said, there is a book auction at the principal mosque, to which both buyers and sellers resort. But very few old codices are produced, for the reason that the trade of copyist has been declining here for two hundred years, and the Fezians are sunk in sloth; so that when anything of the sort does appear it fetches a great price, and is immediately snapped up. If an author be in just repute, his works cannot be bought at all, except in fragments. You might spend a lifetime before you would get a complete copy of Zamakschari, or any other commentator on the Koran; but you must buy the half of your author here, and the severed hands of him there, just as you happen to find them for sale: and so, after many bargains and many years, you may get the whole of him together. They never heard of the printing-press. Into the auction room aforesaid Christians and Jews may indeed enter, but they run the risk of being stoned to death, if discovered, so fiercely do the Mohammedans grudge their codices to those of another faith. The king here had promised to allow me to take away certain books, but it proved only another example of Punic faith. Still, I cannot call his Majesty to account, as I would any of the other bipeds from whose perfidy I have suffered in this last year; but if the Lord ever permits me to return hence, the truth shall out concerning this African monster. . . . He has done all that in him lay to balk me of the pious purpose for which I undertook this terrible journey,

and to make me lose my life in the quest of Arabic lore."

This letter was written in April, 1541, and four or five months had still to elapse before Clenardus was able to satisfy the claims of his creditors in Fez, and get out of the now hated country. The faithful William, in spite of his dread of the sea, went twice to the continent to collect money for his hardly pressed master. Even the pension settled on his tutor by Dom Henrique was now in arrears, and Clenardus appears to think that the Grand Inquisitor may have conceived some suspicions of his orthodoxy, and may entertain scruples about continuing to nourish a potential heretic. But conscious of his ever growing zeal for the summary conversion of all that monstrous Moslem world, he treats this danger very lightly; says he should not starve even without the prince's bounty, and that he should not consider it altogether a misfortune if it were withdrawn. He had always thought poverty less dangerous than immoderate wealth, "and I am really *in utrumque paratus* ; I will neither beseech the prince to keep his word, nor give him any good reason for breaking it. God's will be done ! For I," he naïvely adds, "am perfectly indifferent."

Not only did William's first mission prove entirely fruitless, but immediately on his return to Africa he fell very ill of a fever, which occasioned Clenardus great anxiety. He was ultimately cured by a Jewish physician, who was also an astrologer, and insisted on casting Clenardus' horoscope. A short debate ensued between the sick man and his master as to the day and hour of the latter's birth, a point on which they decidedly differed. But this indispensable preliminary having been settled, the scheme of nativity was drawn up in due form, and Clenardus learned, to his infinite amusement, that he was one day to be Pope. He does not see why not, he says, since he had already been for an entire

year in Africa as much the "servant of servants" as ever the sovereign pontiff could have been in Italy ; and he proceeds to give his episcopal correspondent — for he is still writing to the Bishop of Cape Verd — a facetious outline of some of the bulls which he proposes to issue. "So you need not think that I am coming back to Portugal in any desperate frame of mind, or that I intend to grovel to the prince for supplies. After what has passed, I could not so humiliate myself. And why take thought not merely for the morrow, but for the next three years, when my last day may be close at hand ? Meanwhile, the promises of the astrologer near their fulfillment, and if they fail I shall have the means of confuting his vain science."

The overflowing spirits of this and the other late letters from Africa would seem to show conclusively that Clenardus had then no serious premonition of his rapidly approaching end. But with a man of his mercurial temperament one can never be sure. After his safe return to Granada in the autumn of 1541, a dozen plans for the future were conceived and rejected by his eager brain. "Sweet Louvain" began to seem less attractive. "I am afraid that I have been away too long," he says, "and that I shall find it impossible to adapt myself to the customs of my native land. I have so many relatives there that I shall be perpetually receiving invitations to weddings, baptisms, and dinners ; and I would much sooner munch a crust of bread over an Arabic codex than be involved in such noisy assemblies."

Soon the outbreak of war rendered the journey to Brabant impossible, and in the last of Clenardus' private letters we find him announcing his purpose of paying another visit to Africa in the immediate future, — this time, however, without servants or luggage. There seems no reason to suppose that this project was ever realized.

Meanwhile, in the early days of 1542, he composed the long epistle to the Emperor Charles V. from which our first random quotation was taken. It is as vigorous a piece of writing as he ever produced, strong both in defense and in appeal; and though he cannot repress an occasional sally of fun, it is for the most part very properly serious in tone. He then began to compose a general Apologia, which was inscribed, "To Christians, concerning the Teaching of Arabic, and the Inauguration of a Crusade against Mahomet."

All the events of his life up to the time of his arrival at Braga are minutely recorded here, and most of the good stories contained in the letters to his various friends are retold. But the narrative breaks off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and Carolus Clusius (Charles de l'Ecluse of Arras), who edited a collection of Clenardus' letters, published in 1566 by the celebrated house of Plantin at Antwerp, says that his own most diligent researches, both at Granada and Salamanca, had failed to discover another word of his author's writing; whence he (Clusius) is forced to conclude that death overtook him precisely at this point.

The hour and manner of that death are unknown. The swift and silent disappearance of so marked a personality

as Clenardus', taken in connection with the evident suspicions of his orthodoxy entertained by the great functionary who had once been his pupil, suggests irresistible thoughts of the Holy Office, which was at that time so active both in Portugal and Spain. It also seems, at first sight, rather significant that when the Antwerp edition of the letters was reprinted, forty years later, at Hanau, near Frankfort, there should have been added, by way of appendix, certain extracts from the life of the Elector Palatine Frederick which deal almost entirely with the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition.

But Clenardus' latest biographer, Félix Nère, himself a professor at the University of Louvain, says distinctly that his learned fellow-countryman was buried in an ancient mosque within the precincts of the Alhambra, which had been transformed into a Christian church; in which case his death was undoubtedly due to natural causes, and very probably to disease contracted in Africa. If a martyr at all, Clenardus was the martyr of letters rather than of religion; and even his chivalrous zeal for the conversion of the Mohammedan heathen was a fitful and intermittent sentiment, compared with his ardent ambition to open out a fresh field in the newly discovered realm of humane learning.

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

A READING IN THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS.

ONE would like to know whether a first reading in the letters of Keats does not generally produce something akin to a severe mental shock. It is a sensation which presently becomes agreeable, being in that respect like a plunge into cold water, but it is undeniably a shock. Most readers of Keats, knowing him, as he should be known, by his po-

etry, have not the remotest conception of him as he shows himself in his letters. Hence they are unprepared for this splendid exhibition of virile intellectual health. Not that they think of him as morbid, — his poetry surely could not make this impression. — but rather that the popular conception of him is, after all these years, a legendary Keats, the poet who

was killed by reviewers, the Keats of Shelley's preface to the *Adonais*, the Keats whose story is written large in the world's book of Pity and of Death. When the readers are confronted with a fair portrait of the real man, it makes them rub their eyes. Nay, more, it embarrasses them. To find themselves guilty of having pitied one who stood in small need of pity is mortifying. In plain terms, they have systematically bestowed (or have attempted to bestow) alms on a man whose income at its least was bigger than any his patrons could boast. Small wonder that now and then you find a reader, with large capacity for the sentimental, who looks back with terror to his first dip into the letters.

The legendary Keats dies hard; or perhaps we would better say that when he seems to be dying he is simply, in the good old fashion of legends, taking out a new lease of life. For it is as true now as when the sentence was first penned, that "a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." Among the many readers of good books, there will always be some whose notions of the poetical proprieties suffer greatly by the facts of Keats's history. It is so much pleasanter to them to think that the poet's sensitive spirit was wounded to death by bitter words than to know that he was carried off by pulmonary disease. But when they are tired of reading *Endymion*, *Isabella*, and *The Eve of St. Agnes* in the light of this incorrect conception, let them try a new reading in the light of the letters, and the masculinity of this very robust young maker of poetry will prove refreshing.

The letters are in every respect good reading. Rather than deplore their frankness, as one critic has done, we ought to rejoice in their utter want of affectation, in their boyish honesty. At every turn there is something to amuse or to startle one into thinking. We are carried back in a vivid way to the period of their composition. Not a little

of the pulsing life of that time throbs anew, and we catch glimpses of notable figures. Often, the feeling is that we have been called in haste to a window to look at some celebrity passing by, and have arrived just in time to see him turn the corner. What a touch of reality, for example, does one get in reading that "Wordsworth went rather huff'd out of town"! One is not in the habit of thinking of Wordsworth as capable of being "huffed," but the writer of the letters feared that he was. All of Keats's petty anxieties and small doings, as well as his aspirations and his greatest dreams, are set down here in black on white. It is a complete and charming revelation of the man. One learns how he "went to Hazlitt's lecture on Poetry, and got there just as they were coming out;" how he was insulted at the theatre, and would n't tell his brothers; how it vexed him because the Irish servant said that his picture of Shakespeare looked exactly like her father, only "her father had more color than the engraving;" how he filled in the time while waiting for the stage to start by counting the buns and tarts in a pastry-cook's window, "and had just begun on the jellies;" how indignant he was at being spoken of as "quite the little poet;" how he sat in a hatter's shop in the Poultry while Mr. Abbey read him some extracts from Lord Byron's "last flash poem," Don Juan; how some beef was carved exactly to suit his appetite, as if he "had been measured for it;" how he dined with Horace Smith and his brothers and some other young gentleman of fashion, and thought them all hopelessly affected; in a word, almost anything you want to know about John Keats can be found in these letters. They are of more value than all the "recollections" of all his friends put together. In their breezy good nature and cheerfulness they are a fine antidote to the impression one gets of him in Haydon's account, "lying in a white bed with a book, hectic and on

his back, irritable at his weakness and wounded at the way he had been used. He seemed to be going out of life with a contempt for this world, and no hopes of the other. I told him to be calm, but he muttered that if he did not soon get better he would destroy himself." This is taking Keats at his worst. It is well enough to know that he seemed to Haydon as Haydon has described him, but few men appear to advantage when they are desperately ill. Turn to the letters written during his tour in Scotland, when he walked twenty miles a day, climbed Ben Nevis, so fatigued himself that, as he told Fanny Keats, "when I am asleep you might sew my nose to my great toe and trundle me around the town, like a Hoop, without waking me. Then I get so hungry a Ham goes but a very little way, and fowls are like Larks to me. . . . I take a whole string of Pork Sausages down as easily as a Pen'orth of Lady's fingers." And then he bewails the fact that when he arrives in the Highlands he will have to be contented "with an acre or two of oaten cake, a hogshead of Milk, and a Cloaths basket of Eggs morning, noon and night." Here is the active Keats, of honest mundane tastes and an athletic disposition, who threatens "to cut all sick people if they do not make up their minds to cut Sickness."

Indeed, the letters are so pleasant and amusing in the way they exhibit minor traits, habits, prejudices, and the like, that it is a temptation to dwell upon these things. How we love a man's weaknesses — if we share them! I do not know that Keats would have given occasion for an anecdote like that told of a certain book-loving actor, whose best friend, when urged to join the chorus of praise that was quite universally sung to this actor's virtues, acquiesced by saying amiably, "Mr. Blank undoubtedly has genius, but he can't spell;" yet there are comforting evidences that Keats was no servile follower of the

"monster Conventionality" even in his spelling, while in respect to the use of capitals he was a law unto himself. He sprinkled them through his correspondence with a lavish hand, though at times he grew so economical that, as one of his editors remarks, he would spell Romeo with a small *r*, Irishman with a small *i*, and God with a small *g*.

It is also a pleasure to find that, with his other failings, he had a touch of book-madness. There was in him the making of a first-class bibliophile. He speaks with rapture of his black-letter Chaucer, which he proposes to have bound "in Gothique," so as to unmodernize as much as possible its outward appearance. But to Keats books were literature or they were not literature, and one cannot think that his affections would twine about ever so bookish a volume which was merely "curious."

One reads with sympathetic amusement of Keats's genuine and natural horror of paying the same bill twice, "there not being a more unpleasant thing in the world (saving a thousand and one others)." The necessity of preserving adequate evidence that a bill had been paid was uppermost in his thought quite frequently; and once when, at Leigh Hunt's instance, sundry packages of papers belonging to that eminently methodical and businesslike man of letters were to be sorted out and in part destroyed, Keats refused to burn any, "for fear of demolishing receipts."

But the reader will chance upon few more humorous passages than that in which the poet tells his brother George how he cures himself of the blues, and at the same time spurs his flagging powers of invention: "Whenever I find myself growing vaporish I rouse myself, wash and put on a clean shirt, brush my hair and clothes, tie my shoe-strings neatly, and, in fact, adonize, as if I were going out — then all clean and comfortable, I sit down to write. This I find the greatest relief." The virtues of a clean

shirt have often been sung, but it remained for Keats to show what a change of linen and a general *adonizing* could do in the way of furnishing poetic stimulus. This is better than coffee, brandy, absinthe, or falling in love; and it prompts one to think anew that the English poets, taking them as a whole, were a marvelously healthy and sensible breed of men.

It is, however, in respect to the light they throw upon the poet's literary life that the letters are of highest significance. They gratify to a reasonable extent that natural desire we all have to see authorship in the act. The processes by which genius brings things to pass are so mysterious that our curiosity is continually piqued; and our failure to get at the real thing prompts us to be more or less content with mere externals. If we may not hope to see the actual process of making poetry, we may at least study the poet's manuscript. By knowing of his habits of work we flatter ourselves that we are a little nearer the secret of his power.

We must bear in mind that Keats was a boy, always a boy, and that he died before he quite got out of boyhood. To be sure, most boys of twenty-six would resent being described by so juvenile a term. But one must have successfully passed twenty-six without doing anything in particular to understand how exceedingly young twenty-six is. And to have wrought so well in so short a time, Keats must have had from the first a clear and noble conception of the nature of his work, as he must also have displayed extraordinary diligence in the doing of it. Perhaps these points are too obvious, and of a sort which would naturally occur to any one; but it will be none the less interesting to see how the letters bear witness to their truth.

In the first place, Keats was anything but a loafer at literature. He seems never to have dawdled. A fine healthiness is apparent in all allusions to his

processes of work. "I read and write about eight hours a day," he remarks in a letter to Haydon. Bailey, Keats's Oxford friend, says that the fellow would go to his writing-desk soon after breakfast, and stay there until two or three o'clock in the afternoon. He was then writing *Endymion*. His stint was about "fifty lines a day, . . . and he wrote with as much regularity, and apparently with as much ease, as he wrote his letters. . . . Sometimes he fell short of his allotted task, but not often, and he would make it up another day. But he never forced himself." Bailey quotes, in connection with this, Keats's own remark to the effect that poetry would better not come at all than not to come "as naturally as the leaves of a tree." Whether this spontaneity of production was as great as that of some other poets of his time may be questioned; but he would never have deserved Tom Nash's sneer at those writers who can only produce by "sleeping betwixt every sentence." Keats had in no small degree the "fine extemporal vein" with "invention quicker than his eye."

We uncritically feel that it could hardly have been otherwise in the case of one with whom poetry was a passion. Keats had an infinite hunger and thirst for good poetry. His poetical life, both in the receptive and productive phases of it, was intense. Poetry was meat and drink to him. He could even urge his friend Reynolds to talk about it to him, much as one might beg a trusted friend to talk about one's lady-love, and with the confidence that only the fitting thing would be spoken. "Whenever you write, say a word or two on some passage in Shakespeare which may have come rather new to you," — a sentence which shows his faith in the many-sidedness of the great poetry. Shakespeare was forever "coming new" to him, and he was "haunted" by particular passages. He loved to fill the cup of his imagination with the splendors of the best poets until

the cup overflowed. "I find I cannot exist without Poetry, — without eternal Poetry; half the day will not do, — the whole of it; I began with a little, but habit has made me a leviathan." He tells Leigh Hunt, in a letter written from Margate, that he thought so much about poetry, and "so long together," that he could not get to sleep at night. Whether this meant in working out ideas of his own, or living over the thoughts of other poets, is of little importance; the remark shows how deeply the roots of his life were imbedded in poetical soil. He loved a debauch in the verse of masters of his art. He could intoxicate himself with Shakespeare's sonnets. He rioted in "all their fine things said unconsciously." We are tempted to say, by just so much as he had large reverence for these men, by just so much he was of them.

Undoubtedly, this ability to be moved by strong imaginative work may be abused until it becomes a maudlin and quite disordered sentiment. Keats was too well balanced to be carried into appreciative excesses. He knew that mere yearning could not make a poet of one any more than mere ambition could. He understood the limits of ambition as a force in literature. Keats's ambition trembled in the presence of Keats's conception of the magnitude of the poetic office. "I have asked myself so often why I should be a poet more than other men, seeing how great a thing it is." Yet he had honest confidence. One cannot help liking him for the fine audacity with which he pronounces his own work good, — better even than that of a certain other great name in English literature; one cannot help loving him for the sweet humility with which he accepts the view that, after all, success or failure lies entirely without the range of self-choosing. There is a point of view from which it is folly to hold a poet responsible even for his own poetry, and when Endymion was spoken of as

"slipshod" Keats could reply, "That it is so is no fault of mine. . . . The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. . . . That which is creative must create itself. In Endymion I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest."

Well might a man who could write that last sentence look upon poetry not only as a responsible, but as a dangerous pursuit. Men who aspire to be poets are gamblers. In all the lotteries of the literary life none is so uncertain as this. A million chances that you don't win the prize to one chance that you do. It is a curious thing that ever so thoughtful and conscientious an author may not know whether he is making literature or merely writing verse. He conforms to all the canons of taste in his own day; he is devout and reverent; he shuns excesses of diction, and he courts originality; his verse seems to himself and to his unflattering friends instinct with the spirit of his time, but twenty years later it is old-fashioned. Keats, with all his feeling of certainty, stood with head uncovered before that power which gives poetical gifts to one, and withholds them from another. Above all would he avoid self-delusion in these things. "There is no greater Sin after the seven deadly than to flatter one's self into an idea of being a great Poet."

Keats, if one may judge from a letter written to John Taylor in February, 1818, had little expectation that his Endymion was going to be met with universal plaudits. He doubtless looked for fair treatment. He probably had no thought of being sneeringly addressed as "Johnny," or of getting recommendations to return to his "plasters, pills, and ointment

boxes." In fact, he looked upon the issue as entirely problematical. He seemed willing to take it for granted that in Endymion he had but moved into the go-cart from the leading-strings. "If Endymion serves me for a pioneer, perhaps I ought to be content, for thank God I can read and perhaps understand Shakespeare to his depths; and I have, I am sure, many friends who if I fail will attribute any change in my life to humbleness rather than pride, — to a cowering under the wings of great poets rather than to bitterness that I am not appreciated." And for evidence of any especial bitterness because of the lashing he received one will search the letters in vain. Keats was manly and good humored, most of his morbidity being referred directly to his ill health. The trouncing he had at the hands of the reviewers was no more violent than the one administered to Tennyson by Professor Wilson. Critics, good and bad, can do much harm. They may terrorize a timid spirit. But a greater terror than the fear of the reviewers hung over the head of John Keats. He stood in awe of his own artistic and poetic sense. He could say with truth that his own domestic criticism had given him pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could possibly inflict. If he had had any terrible heart-burning over their malignancy, if he had felt that his life was poisoned, he could hardly have forborne some allusion to it in his letters to his brother, George Keats. But he is almost imperturbable. He talks of the episode freely, says that he has been urged to publish his *Pot of Basil* as a reply to the reviewers, has no idea that he can be made ridiculous by abuse, notes the futility of attacks of this kind, and then, with a serene conviction that is irresistible, adds, "I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death"!

Such egoism of genius is magnificent; the more so as it appears in Keats be-

cause it runs parallel with deep humility in the presence of the masters of his art. Naturally, the masters who were in their graves were the ones he revered the most and read without stint. But it was by no means essential that a poet be a dead poet before Keats did him homage. It is impossible to think that Keats's attitude towards Wordsworth was other than finely appreciative, in spite of the fact that he applauded Reynolds's Peter Bell, and inquired almost petulantly why one should be teased with Wordsworth's "Matthew with a bough of wilding in his hand." But it is also impossible that his sense of humor should not have been aroused by much that he found in Wordsworth. It was Wordsworth he meant when he said, "Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself," — a sentence, by the way, quite as unconsciously funny as some of the things he laughed at in the works of his great contemporary.

It will be pertinent to quote here two or three of the good critical words which Keats scattered through his letters. Emphasizing the use of simple means in his art, he says, "I think that poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance."

"We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us. . . . Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself, but with its subject." Or as Ruskin has put the thing with respect to painting, "Entirely first-rate work is so quiet and natural that there can be no dispute over it."

Keats appears to have been in no sense a hermit. With the exception of Byron, he was perhaps less of a recluse than any of his poetical contemporaries. With respect to society he frequently

practiced total abstinence ; but the world was amusing, and he liked it. He was fond of the theatre, fond of whist, fond of visiting the studios, fond of going to the houses of his friends. But he would run no risks ; he was shy and he was proud. He dreaded contact with the ultra-fashionables. Naturally, his opportunities for such intercourse were limited, but he cheerfully neglected his opportunities. I doubt if he ever bewailed his humble origin ; nevertheless, the constitution of English society would hardly admit of his forgetting it. He had that pardonable pride which will not allow a man to place himself among those who, though outwardly fair-spoken, offer the insult of a hostile and patronizing mental attitude.

Most of his friendships were with men, and this is to his credit. The man is spiritually warped who is incapable of a deep and abiding friendship with one of his own sex ; and to go a step further, that man is utterly to be distrusted whose only friends are among women. We may not be prepared to accept the radical position of a certain young thinker, who proclaims, in season, but defiantly, that "men are the idealists, after all ;" yet it is easy to comprehend how one may take this point of view. The friendships of men are a vastly more interesting and poetic study than the friendships of men and women. This is in the nature of the case. It is the usual victory of the normal over the abnormal. As a rule, it is impossible for a friendship to exist between a man and woman, unless the man and woman in question be husband and wife. Then it is as rare as it is beautiful. And with men, the most admirable spectacle is not always that where attendant circumstances prompt to heroic display of friendship, for it is often so much easier to die than to live. But you may see young men pledging their mutual love and support in this difficult and adventurous quest of what is noblest in the art

of living. Such love will not urge to a theatrical posing, and it can hardly find expression in words. Words seem to profane it. I do not say that Keats stood in such an ideal relation to any one of his many friends whose names appear in the letters. He gave of himself to them all, and he received much from each. No man of taste and genius could have been other than flattered by the way in which Keats approached him. He was charming in his attitude toward Haydon ; and when Haydon proposed sending Keats's sonnet to Wordsworth, the young poet wrote, "The Idea of your sending it to Wordsworth put me out of breath — you know with what Reverence I would send my well wishes to him."

But interesting as a chapter on Keats's friendships with men would be, we are bound to confess that in dramatic intensity it would grow pale when laid beside that fiery love passage of his life, his acquaintance with Fanny Brawne. The thirty-nine letters given in the fourth volume of Buxton Forman's edition of Keats's Works tell the story of this affair of a poet's heart. These are the letters which Mr. William Watson says he has never read, and at which no consideration shall ever induce him to look. But Mr. Watson reflects upon people who have been human enough to read them when he compares such a proceeding on his own part (were he able to be guilty of it) to the indelicacy of "listening at a keyhole or spying over a wall." This is not a just illustration. The man who takes upon himself the responsibility of being the first to open such intimate letters, and adds thereto the infinitely greater responsibility of publishing them in so attractive a form that he who runs will stop running in order to read, — such an editor will need to satisfy Mr. Watson that in so doing he was not listening at a keyhole or spying over a wall. For the general public, the wall is down, and the door containing the keyhole thrown open. Per-

haps our duty is not to look. I, for one, wish that great men would not leave their love letters around. Nay, I wish you a better wish than that: it is that the perfect taste of the gentleman and scholar who gave us in its present form the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, the early and later letters of Carlyle, and the letters of Lowell might have control of the private papers of every man of genius whose teachings the world holds dear. He would need for this an indefinite lease upon life; but since I am wishing, let me wish largely. There is need of such wishing. Many editors have been called, and only two or three chosen.

But why one who reads the letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne should have any other feeling than that of pity for a poor fellow who was so desperately in love as to be wretched because of it I do not see. Even a cynic will grant that Keats was not disgraced, since it is very clear that he did not yield readily to what Dr. Holmes calls the great passion. He had a complacent boyish superiority of attitude with respect to all those who are weak enough to love women. "Nothing," he says, "strikes me so forcibly with a sense of the ridiculous as love. A man in love I do think cuts the sorriest figure in the world. Even when I know a poor fool to be really in pain about it I could burst out laughing in his face. His pathetic visage becomes irresistible." Then he speaks of that dinner party of stutters and squinters described in the *Spectator*, and says that it would please him more "to scrape together a party of lovers." If this letter be genuine and the date of it correctly given, it was written three months after he had succumbed to the attractions of Fanny Brawne. Perhaps he was trying to brave it out, as one may laugh to conceal embarrassment.

In a much earlier letter than this he hopes he shall never marry, but nevertheless has a good deal to say about a young lady with fine eyes and fine manners and

a "rich Eastern look." He discovers that he can talk to her without being uncomfortable or ill at ease. "I am too much occupied in admiring to be awkward or in a tremble. . . . She kept me awake one night as a tune of Mozart's might do. . . . I don't cry to take the moon home with me in my pocket, nor do I fret to leave her behind me." But he was not a little touched, and found it easy to fill two pages on the subject of this dark beauty. She was a friend of the Reynolds family. She crosses the stage of the Keats drama in a very impressive manner, and then disappears.

The most extraordinary passage to be met with in relation to the poet's attitude towards women is in a letter written to Benjamin Bailey in July, 1818. As a partial hint towards its full meaning I would take two phrases in Daniel Deronda. George Eliot says of Gwendolen Harleth that there was "a certain fierceness of maidenhood in her," which expression is quoted here only to emphasize the girl's feeling towards men as described a little later, when Rex Gascoigne attempted to tell her his love. Gwendolen repulsed him with a sort of fury that was surprising to herself. The author's interpretative comment is, "*The life of passion had begun negatively in her.*"

So one might say of Keats that the life of passion began negatively in him. He was conscious of a hostility of temper towards women. "I am certain I have not a right feeling toward women — at this moment I am striving to be just to them, but I cannot." He certainly started with a preposterously high ideal, for he says that when a schoolboy he thought a fair woman a pure goddess. And now he is disappointed at finding women only the equals of men. This disappointment helps to give rise to that antagonism which is almost inexplicable save as George Eliot's phrase throws light upon it. He thinks that he insults women by these perverse feelings of un-

provoked hostility. "Is it not extraordinary?" he exclaims, — "when among men I have no evil thoughts, no malice, no spleen; I feel free to speak or to be silent; . . . I am free from all suspicion, and comfortable. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen; I cannot speak or be silent; I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing; I am in a hurry to be gone." He wonders how this trouble is to be cured. He speaks of it as a prejudice produced from "a gordian complication of feelings, which must take time to unravel." And then, with a good-humored, characteristic touch, he drops the subject, saying, "After all, I do think better of women than to suppose they care whether Mister John Keats, five feet high, likes them or not."

Three or four months after writing these words he must have begun his friendly relations with the Brawne family. This would be in October or November, 1818. Keats's description of Fanny is hardly flattering, and not even vivid. What is one to make of the colorless expression "a fine style of countenance of the lengthened sort"? But she was fair to him, and any beauty beyond that would have been superfluous. We look at the silhouette and sigh in vain for trace of the loveliness which ensnared Keats. But if our daguerreotypes of forty years ago can so entirely fail of giving one line of that which in its day passed for dazzling beauty, let us not be unreasonable in our demands upon the artistic capabilities of a silhouette. Not infrequently is it true that the style of dress seems to disfigure. But we have learned, in course of experience, that pretty women manage to be pretty, however much fashion, with their cordial help, disguises them.

It is easy to see from the letters that Keats was a difficult lover. Hard to please at the best, his two sicknesses, one of body and one of heart, made him whimsical. Nothing less than a woman

of genius could possibly have managed him. He was jealous, perhaps quite unreasonably so. Fanny Brawne was young, a bit coquettish, buoyant, and he misinterpreted her vivacity. She liked what is commonly called "the world," and so did he when he was well; but looking through the discolored glass of ill health, all nature was out of harmony. For these reasons it happens that the letters at times come very near to being documents in love-madness. Many a line in them gives sharp pain, as a record of heart-suffering must always do. You may read Richard Steele's love letters for pleasure, and have it. The love letters of Keats scorch and sting; and the worst of it is that you cannot avoid reflecting upon the transitory character of such a passion. Withering young love like this does not last. It may burn itself out, or, what is quite as likely, it may become sober and rational. But in its earlier maddened state it cannot possibly last; a man would die under it. Men as a rule do not so die, for the race of the Azra is nearly extinct.

These Brawne letters, however, are not without their bright side; and it is wonderful to see how Keats's elastic nature would rebound the instant that the pressure of the disease relaxed. He is at times almost gay. The singing of a thrush prompts him to talk in his natural epistolary voice: "There's the Thrush again — I can't afford it — he'll run me up a pretty Bill for Music — besides he ought to know I deal at Clementi's." And in the letter which he wrote to Mrs. Brawne from Naples is a touch of the old bantering Keats when he says that "it's misery to have an intellect in splints." He was never strong enough to write again to Fanny, or even to read her letters.

I should like to close this reading with a few sentences from a letter written to Reynolds in February, 1818. Keats says: "I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner — let

him on a certain day read a certain Page of full Poesy or distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, . . . and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale — but when will it do so? Never! When Man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting post towards all the ‘two-and-thirty Palaces.’ How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious diligent Indolence! . . . Nor will this sparing touch of noble Books be any

irreverence to their Writers — for perhaps the honors paid by Man to Man are trifles in comparison to the Benefit done by great Works to the Spirit and pulse of good by their mere passive existence.”

May we not say that the final test of great literature is that it be able to be read in the manner here indicated? As Keats read, so did he write. His own work was

“accomplish’d in repose
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.”

Leon H. Vincent.

THE NEW STORM AND STRESS IN GERMANY.

It was in 1840 that Georg Gervinus, the greatest of German literary historians, wrote the memorable words, “Our literature has *had* its day; and if German life is not to come to a standstill, we must force our best talents, now drifting about aimlessly, into political and industrial channels.” The last fifty years have been a living proof of the prophetic insight manifested in these words. For nearly two generations the vital energy of the German people has been consumed in the struggle for national greatness and material prosperity; and literature, instead of opening new paths of thought and feeling, has been lagging behind, keeping at a respectful distance from events the rapid succession and colossal proportions of which have made all Europe hold its breath.

At present we are witnessing another turning of the tide. With German unity accomplished, with German industry and commerce successfully established in the world’s market, with German science setting the methods of research to all other nations, the ideals of the inner life are once more beginning to assert themselves, and it is clear that there is going to be once more a German literature.

In more ways than one, the intellectual situation of to-day resembles the intellectual situation during the seventies and eighties of the last century. The Storm and Stress agitation, which then was at its height, was the composite result of a number of movements, distinct from each other in temper and immediate purpose, but at one in their ultimate aim of widening the scope of individual life to its fullest extent, of raising man to the stature of his true self. Richardson and Rousseau, Diderot and Ossian, combined to produce *The Sorrows of Werther* and *The Robbers*. Pietism and rationalism, sentimentality and self-portrayal, the yearning for nature and the striving for freedom, all rushed together into one surging whirlpool of revolt against the existing social and political order.

To-day, as a hundred and twenty years ago, the leading note of German literature is revolt. In the eighteenth century this revolt meant the ascendancy of the middle classes over a hereditary aristocracy which had ceased to be an aristocracy of the spirit; to-day it means the ascendancy of the working classes over a *bourgeoisie* which has ceased to be the

representative of the whole people. It means now no less than it meant then an upward movement in the development of the race, another phase in the gradual extension of human dignity and self-respect; it means a further step toward the final reconciliation of individualism and collectivism.

To-day, as a hundred and twenty years ago, the names of the men who first gave life to the new literature are not the names of Germans: the modern Rousseau is Tolstóy, and the modern Diderot is Ibsen. But to-day happens what happened then: the foreign pioneers are quickly being succeeded by German writers of originality and power; and if, perhaps, no Goethe or Schiller has as yet come forth, the nearly simultaneous appearance of such works as Sudermann's *Heimat* and Hauptmann's *Die Weber* augurs well indeed for the future of the German drama.

Heimat is one of those literary thunderclouds which are charged with the social and intellectual electricity of a whole age. As a piece of dramatic workmanship it offers little that is new or particularly striking. A father who disowns his daughter; a daughter who, in years of waywardness and misery, finds her larger self; her return to the old home; the renewal of the conflict between father and daughter; and the ruin of both, — physically of the one, morally of the other, — this is a familiar, not to say well-worn theme. What makes this simple domestic tragedy so significant for us, what sends such a thrill of sympathy through our hearts as we see the mutual grinding down of these characters, sterling in themselves, but incompatible with each other, is the feeling that here we have a true poetic symbol of the great gulf existing in modern German society.

What an extraordinary sight it is, this modern Germany! On the one hand, Bismarck, — whether in office or out; on the other, Bebel. On the one hand, the ruling minority, wonderfully organized, full of intellectual and moral vigor, proud,

honest, loyal, patriotic, but hemmed in by prejudice, and devoid of larger sympathies; on the other, the millions of the majority, equally well organized, influential as a political body, but socially held down, restless, rebellious, inspired with the vague ideal of a broader and fuller humanity. On the one hand, a past secure in glorious achievements; on the other, a future teeming with extravagant hopes. On the one hand, service; on the other, personality. On the one hand, an almost religious belief in the sacredness of hereditary sovereignty; on the other, an equally fervent zeal for the emancipation of the individual. And what is most remarkable of all, both conservatives and radicals, both monarchists and social-democrats, inevitably drifting toward the same final goal of a new corporate consciousness, which shall embrace both authority and freedom.

These are the contrasts which clash together in the modest home of the retired Major Schwartz; this is the struggle which subverts its peace. This is the ideal of the future which illumines its downfall. For it is impossible to think that characters of such rugged nobility and inner healthiness as this imperious major and his rebellious daughter should be entirely annihilated. They may be crushed as individuals, but they will live as principles. And the end of their conflict will be mutual understanding and toleration as the basis of a new and happier home.

No such hope seems to be held out in Gerhart Hauptmann's *Weavers*. Here we see nothing but destruction, through five breathless acts one protracted agony of death.

Never has the modern proletariat and its inevitable doom been more vividly represented than in this drama. Here Zola might learn true truthfulness. Without a false accent, without a single touch of rhetoric, without the slightest approach to the sensational, the misery of these Silesian weavers is unfolded before us in

all its mute horror, only now and then interrupted by a stammering outcry. In the beginning even this is absent: only an endless variety of ever new forms of physical and mental suffering, of degradation, brooding hopelessness, suppressed scorn, pitiful yet sublime resignation to the Lord's will, tender but helpless sympathy with each other's burdens, and above all, hunger, hunger, hunger. Among these people, nearly benumbed with starvation, there appears a figure which to them must have the effect of a supernatural vision: one of their own kin, well fed and well clad, and with ten thalers in his pocket! He has just come back from Berlin, having finished his military service. At home he was considered a good-for-nothing, but he has made a splendid soldier, has been a model of discipline and a favorite with his officers. He is the first to see the degradation of his people in all its nakedness, and the model soldier turns into a revolutionary agitator. And now we see the wildfire spreading. A superhuman frenzy seizes the dried-up, half-crazed brains. Like a "*dies ira, dies illa*," there wells up and streams from house to house, from village to village, a mighty song of despair and revenge. It is as though the elements themselves had risen in their chaotic power, as though the days of giant struggles had returned. As a matter of fact, it is the death struggle of the proletariat. A few violent convulsions, a few mad onslaughts with stone and pickaxe, then the sound of marching battalions, of musketry volleys, a last rattle in the throat, and all is quiet.

Here, indeed, we have, from beginning to end, a picture of merciless ruin and disintegration. But is the drama, on that account, to be condemned as a work of art? Is not death the most important event of life? Is it not the surest pledge of eternity? In the whole history of art, is there a single poem or painting which preaches more emphatically the imperishableness of reason and justice than Holbein's Dance of Death? Here there

has indeed risen a new Holbein. Here we see Death, not as an abstract allegory, not in the livery of a well-paid, featureless undertaker; we see Death himself, the angel of wrath, the angel of God, the great fulfiller and redeemer; we see a whole generation sinking into the abyss. Can we be so dull as not to feel that what we have been witnessing is, in reality, not destruction, but the planting of the seeds of a new society?

It seems almost frivolous to mention in the same breath with such earnest and thoughtful works of art as *Heimat* and *Die Weber* a malicious though skillful satire which soon will have been forgotten. Only the circumstances which have produced it, and the stir which it at present is creating, give it an undeniable symptomatic importance, and make it a part of the new Storm and Stress.

Some months ago, Professor L. Quidde, one of the most talented of the younger German historians, a former Fellow of the Royal Prussian Institute for History at Rome, editor in chief of the highly respected *Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft*, published in a monthly of avowedly radical tendencies an article purporting to be an analysis of the character and life of Caligula, the successor of Tiberius. The sub-title of the essay, *A Study on Imperial Insanity*, did not necessarily suggest anything startling or unheard of; for it is a fact now almost universally accepted by historians that the atrocities and crimes of the Julian dynasty are largely attributable to hereditary madness. Nor was the tone of republican indignation at the frivolity and emptiness of court life which pervaded the article to be wondered at; for it is hard to see how any one could tell the story of Caligula's life without republican indignation. What gave such a violent shock to the German reader, what at once exhausted the edition of the reprint, and has since necessitated edition after edition, was the discovery which forced itself from the very first page even upon

the most unsuspecting, that the subject of this essay was not Caligula, but the reigning Emperor William II. of Germany.

Nothing could be cleverer than the way in which, at the very outset, we are flooded with a mass of facts, meaningless in themselves, but so curiously corresponding with recent events in the Hohenzollern family that we are henceforth prepared to accept any new analogy as additional evidence of the correctness of the preceding ones, until the closing paragraph, with its hypocritical eulogy of our own time, in which such monsters as Caligula would be absolutely impossible, appears to us as the most hollow mockery.

"Gaius Cæsar, better known by his surname Caligula," — thus the story begins, — "was still very young, not yet fully matured, when he was unexpectedly called to the throne. Gloomy and uncanny were the circumstances of his succession, strange the earlier history of his house. Far from home, his father had succumbed to a cruel fate in the flower of his years; and there were many rumors afloat about the mysterious circumstances of his death. The people did not refrain from the most serious incriminations, and suspicion dared to approach even the immediate friends and advisers of the old Emperor. With Caligula's father the nation had lost its favorite. With the army he had been united through many campaigns, in which he had borne the hardships of war together with the common soldier. His happy family life, blessed by a large number of children, his affable manner, his fondness for a harmless joke, had endeared him to the citizen as well. To be sure, so long as the old Emperor lived he had been doomed to inactivity in the most important questions of internal policy; but if he ever had come to the throne, freer and happier days would have followed, and the feeling of dull oppression which was weighing on the empire would have been taken from it. Thus the hope

of a whole generation had sunk into the grave with Germanicus.

"From this idol of the nation there fell a reflex of popularity upon the son, who, however, grew up entirely dissimilar to his father, — perhaps more like his proud, impassioned mother, — and at the same time favored by the old Emperor, probably just because the latter saw in him the direct opposite of his father, with whom he had never been on friendly terms."

Now there follows an account of the events which marked the accession to the throne of the young Emperor. The sudden dismissal of the "leading statesman;" the liberal beginnings of the new course; the early tokens of restlessness and arbitrariness in the Emperor; his vanity; his passion for theatrical display; his fondness for speechifying, in season and out; his tampering with social reforms; the gradually increasing symptoms of insanity; the extravagance of his yachts and palaces; the sudden mobilizations of certain regiments; the attempt at "rejuvenating the army;" his fantastic desire of creating a large navy and gaining control of the sea; his self-apotheosis; finally, open madness and bestiality, — these are the leading facts in the career of Professor Quidde's Caligula. The whole satire is so transparent and direct that we should be at a loss to understand why the author so carefully wraps himself up in his scholarly domino, if we did not remember that, some years ago, the librarian of a public reading-room at Aachen was prosecuted on the charge of lese majesty because he had failed to remove from his shelves a number of the New York Puck containing a pictorial contribution to recent German history.

If Quidde's pamphlet should have the effect not simply of exciting a morbid and cowardly curiosity, but of helping to arouse public opinion to such a pitch that similar prosecutions would henceforth be impossible; if it should help to

sweep away the whole system of lese majesty indictments, one of the worst relics of Roman imperialism, it would have done a good service, its spiteful temper notwithstanding.

And what is to be the outcome of this whole movement? Will it, like the Storm and Stress of the eighteenth century, exhaust itself in a peaceful struggle for intellectual and moral freedom,

or will it lead to a violent disruption of society? Let us hope that, if the latter should come to pass, literature will not forget that the ideal traditions of the past no less than the ideal demands of the future have been entrusted to her keeping, and that it is for her to give voice to the inner and abiding harmony which underlies the transient clamor and strife of the day.

Kuno Francke.

BOOKS ILLUSTRATED AND DECORATED.

AMONG some recent specimens, which call for comment, of the essentially modern art of book illustration, it may be well, perhaps, to notice first the latest comer, Mrs. Celia Thaxter's *Island Garden*,¹ illustrated by Mr. Childe Hassam. Like several recent publications of the kind, it is so well done that, in criticising it, one has rather to consider the general fitness of the work than the independent achievement of designer and bookmaker. It is a daintily bound and printed parlor or piazza edition of a book made up of glowing descriptions of the beauty of flowers and the delights of gardening, illustrated by color-prints. As such it undoubtedly represents a grade of success in make-up and reproduction which must be placed very high even when judged by an international standard. Many doubts have been raised as to the artistic quality of this standard, and it is now almost unnecessary to say that our modern color-prints, glossy in texture and ambitious in range of coloring, have not one fraction of the charm of a simple Japanese print. It is more to the point to venture the assertion that they have a charm of their own, which may be turned to artistic purpose. It is of the world worldly, suggesting the boulevards, and the Avenue de

l'Opéra, and the *frou-frou* of silk skirts, and other things perhaps not entirely in keeping with Mrs. Thaxter's picture of an altogether ideal life, combining the enjoyment of flowers, nature, music, conversation, and unconventionality.

Mr. Childe Hassam would seem to be an artist eminently fitted for the task, from his sympathy with elegant worldliness and his love of flowers, and there is no doubt that he enjoyed his part of the work almost as much as Mrs. Thaxter did hers. But he has given us pictures bound up with the text, not illustrations. The difference between the two, though very simple, is so often lost sight of that it becomes necessary to maintain that there is after all such a difference. A picture is a pictorial representation which has no connection with anything outside of it, which should appeal frankly, simply, directly, through the medium of our eyes to our æsthetic sense, to our memory of things enjoyed, to our imagination and what lies beyond our imagination. Pictures with written explanations weaken this appeal, and hence miss their mark; while pictures that replace it by a momentary titillation of curiosity as to whether the lady, for instance, is going to accept the lover or not, are, properly speaking,

¹ *An Island Garden.* By CELIA THAXTER. With Pictures and Illustrations by CHILDE

HASSAM. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

not pictures at all. An illustration, on the other hand, exists only in connection with the work it illustrates, while one has a right to assume that the book, if it is worth illustrating, is worth reading. Now, every book that has any literary value creates around itself, aided by our imagination, an imaginative atmosphere of its own, as we all know from our experience of the charm of living "under the spell" of certain books. As the spell of this atmosphere largely depends upon the coöperation of our imagination with that of the writer, suggestive illustrations that stimulate the bright, vague picture-weaving activity of our brain are more welcome to us than definite realizations that check it. The illustrator should not obtrude his vision on ours. Why is it that vignettes and headpieces have so much more charm than full-page illustrations, in the book under consideration and elsewhere? Just because they have this vague, suggestive, eminently stimulating quality that leaves our imagination free to roam. To take the *Island Garden*, the series of portraits of Mrs. Thaxter's house and garden are no doubt welcome to her friends. To an outsider, the only portraits that have any interest as portraits are those of her parlor. The subtle charm of the island garden would have been much more impressively rendered by more text engravings of such things as blue tapers of larkspurs and splendid pyramids of hollyhocks, or glimpses of water visible beyond a rich tangle of flowers, and one or two of the simpler and broader full-page pictures, such as that pretty one of poppies, rocks, and sea, where the simplicity of effect has moreover allowed a comparatively successful reproductive rendering. As a rule, these pictures — all, or nearly all, reproductions of water-colors that have been seen at recent exhibitions — are too impressionist (that is,

spotty) in treatment, too much calculated on distance in a gallery, to bear reduction well. Spottiness depends for effect on the purity and vigor of each spot of color, and is lost in this glossy medium, which, on the other hand, gives a certain tone which might be very happily used in combination with the clean, delicate, and vivid tints which the process now has at command. Of this there are several instances in the book, notably among the charming headpieces of loose flowers scattered over or among the text; nearly all these are so attractive that they only make us regret that the artist has not had the opportunity offered him to bend his talent to the real requirements of illustration.

The next book on our list¹ is entirely different in scope and aim. It is Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*, illustrated by Mr. A. Beardsley in black and white, in a free transcription of late fifteenth, early sixteenth century work. There is much in this book which seems to give us the very essence of illustration, which should be an accompaniment to the text, not a rival, running along by its side, and striking certain suggestive notes that help to attune the imagination of the reader to that of the author. Mr. Beardsley's work consists of headpieces, initial letters, and full-page pictures inclosed in borders or scrolls that help to preserve the decorative unity. These scrolls and borders are superb, full of freshness and originality in treatment, with a decorative feeling that might almost be called intense, if intensity, in connection with English work, did not carry with it a suspicion of impressive awkwardness which may have a deep effect on the imagination, but which is not pleasing to the senses. Mr. Beardsley — here and in all that is said we are speaking of his work solely in the *Morte Darthur* — is nothing if not full of grace, sweet-

¹ *Le Morte Darthur*. By Sir THOMAS MALORY. With an Introduction by Professor RHYS, and embellished with many Original Designs

by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. In two volumes. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1893.

ness, and charm. When he tries to be grand and passionate, as in some of the larger pictures, he is apt to fail utterly; he is not himself; he clothes spurious passion in the conventional garb of the modern English preraphaelite tradition, which does not suit him. Nor is he, as a rule, happy in the small figures, generally nude, which he introduces into his initial pictures. They have neither style, which perhaps may be defined as expression of character, nor truth, nor charm. Yet he is a personality and an artist full of surprises; one or two of these smaller figures, notably a walking lady against a black ground with white flowers, are full of distinction, while the large picture of the loving-cup is, in spite of its exaggerations of treatment, full of weird, subtle poetry. Mr. Beardsley is, in his way, a master, with limitations, in the use of black and white. The limitations we should take to be those of his personality, which is idyllic and poetic, not grand or fierce. So his attempts at obtaining strong effects by contrasting large, flat surfaces of black and white do not impress us as successful. In many other respects he has a rare mastery in the use of his instrument; this is, indeed, harmony of black and white, in combinations so subtle that they almost seem to have the power of music. We would call especial attention to the title-page, with all its delicate line work and happy gradations, to the bright, clear floral designs of the initials, and to some of the exquisite landscape backgrounds.

Another work in black and white,¹ of high merit, is the American Prayer Book, illustrated by Mr. Bertram Goodhue under the supervision of Mr. Berkeley Updike, to whom the praise is due for the reverent, thoughtful, and artistic conception of the decoration as a whole. The scheme chosen has been that of

"decorative borders in black and white of trees, flowers, and plants, chosen generally with reference to their symbolism." This symbolism is based on an application of the canticle, "Benedicite, omnia opera Domini;" the conception has at once a unity and a thoughtful variety which command our attention and study, and the symbolism, simple and poetic throughout, has the rare merit of unobtrusiveness. To those who look for it, these flower borders are full of symbolic significance; to those who do not, they are merely a quiet ornamental offset to the pages. The artistic treatment is on the whole satisfactory, in some instances highly so. In a work of this kind, it was not to be expected that all the symbols chosen should have the same decorative qualities. Hence some of the narrow borders have less interest than the others. In the wide borders with black backgrounds the artist has been more happily inspired throughout, and it has been our good fortune to see some of his borders for a new Altar Book, which seem really remarkable for quiet piety, reverent love of flower nature, and grasp of the capabilities of black and white.

The Century Gallery² is too noteworthy and typical to be left without notice, though it is a very different kind of publication from the work reviewed above. It is a "gallery," a portfolio of specimens of the art represented by The Century, and therefore rightly containing more reproductions of masterpieces or popular pictures than illustrations. The illustrations as such, not the fine art of wood engraving, are, however, our main theme in this notice, so that we can only render tribute in passing to the marvelous art of Mr. Cole, and to the high level of craftsmanship throughout; regretting, nevertheless, the tendency to over-refinement which seems gaining ground. The

¹ *The Book of Common Prayer, . . . according to the Use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.* New York. 1893.

² *The Century Gallery.* Selected Proofs from The Century Magazine and St. Nicholas. New York: The Century Co. 1893.

illustrations fall into three groups, the uninteresting ones, the ambitious ones, and the fine ones. By the fine ones we mean those that at once convince us that they are conceived in the right spirit, presenting simple types or landscape scenes that help to give life to the story without fettering the imagination, or situations that are taken in at a glance. What the artists call movement is what tells in illustration, not difficult facial expression, such as that essayed, for example, in *The Opera Box*. As instances of these "convincing" illustrations, we would mention Mr. Day's *Indeed*, full of pertness and sparkle, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's *Looking for Camp*, Mr. Remington's spirited Western scenes in their spirited rendering by Mr. Joe Evans.

We have left ourselves but little space to notice what is in some respects a very important publication,¹ but the truth is that to do it justice one would have to write a whole essay on French illustrators. There are so many principles involved, so many things to say, both for and against. Besides, the work is a bastard publication of the album type, and therefore difficult to cope with; yet there is much to learn, from our point of view, even at a cursory glance. For one thing, there is much to be avoided in French contemporary illustration, notably a certain posing sentimentality, which, to the

despair of lovers of Paris, is supposed to be eminently Parisian, but which has little in common with the true French spirit, which is nothing if not penetrative and full of fire and movement. Of this true spirit there is abundant evidence in the pages before us, especially in the title-page in colors by Chéret, who is truly remarkable for the freshness and spontaneity which he always brings to his task, — if it is a task; it always seems to have been the most intense of pleasures. This teaches us, too, how to treat colors in illustration, broadly, effectively, but above all with feeling. All the title-pages are indeed more or less good specimens of well-treated color and living decorative feeling. The omnipresence of this decorative sense is one of the great merits of the book. The pictures cannot rightly be criticised, except in connection with the works they illustrate, without embarking on long and tedious explanations. The decorative character of the work appeals to us at once by the way in which right principles are understood and carried out. The book is a patchwork, but the relation of black to white, of type to illustration, of sober square pictures to light gray marginal butterflies of sportive imagination, is at least made the basis of what may be called a decorative scheme, full of the precious qualities of balance, taste, ingenuity, and fancy.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. Pan Michael, an Historical Novel of Poland, the Ukraine, and Turkey, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) Sienkiewicz's great epical romance, which began in *With Fire and Sword*, and was continued in *The Deluge*, reaches its end

¹ *French Illustrators*. By LOUIS MORIN. With a Preface by JULES CLARETIE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

in Pan Michael. Few readers of the English version will be able to speak with even a show of authority in the matter, but there is an instinctive feeling that the translation must be an admirable one, reproducing so far as may be the very manner and atmosphere of the original. There can be no question as to the extraordinary power and interest of the work, though in neither respect is the closing volume quite the

equal of its predecessors. The governing class of seventeenth-century Poland, — there was but one, the traders being Jews or aliens, the tillers of the soil, serfs, — living again in these pages, often seems as far removed from us as the personages of legend and myth. The heroes have the large simplicity of nature, the immense valor of those of the youth of the world, and also their barbarism. These books, written "for the strengthening of hearts," and certainly with patriotic intent, will have the undesigned effect of helping to explain to readers of another race, whose knowledge, or rather ignorance, of Polish history is chiefly sentimental, the decadence and final catastrophe which should come in the next hundred years. — The Raiders, Being Some Passages in the Life of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, by S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan.) Though this story may in some sort owe its existence to the influence of the author of Kidnapped, it has a very distinct and vigorous individuality of its own. Mr. Crockett has proved himself by right the story-teller of Galloway, and the strange and wild adventures of the young Laird of Rathen during the lawless days "after the Great Killing, when the saints of God had disappeared from the hills" to give place to murderous gangs of outlaws of every kind, are set forth with unflinching spirit and convincing realism. The aspects of nature, though never unduly insisted on, are most sensitively felt and vividly indicated, giving an impressive background to the action of the tale. Clever and forcible as the book is, some readers will prefer the writer's short studies of the tamer life of to-day, but even they will find in certain episodes of The Raiders as excellent work as the author has yet done; as, for instance, in the brief sketch, at once pathetic and powerful, of the child-martyr Willie and his mother. — Katherine Lauderdale (Macmillan) is more in the analytic manner of Henry James, for example, than anything which Mr. Crawford has hitherto attempted. On this account the book is not always altogether readable. For if psychological analysis is to be interesting, it must be both subtle and true, and it must be phrased in an engaging manner. Mr. Crawford's analysis, however, is crude; and his style, though clever enough at times, and facile, — dangerously facile, — is

diluted and colorless. Now, if analysis did not clog the action, this story of a clandestine marriage in New York would be interesting enough; and if, in the other related novels of New York society life which Mr. Crawford has promised, he would return to the direct, the almost dramatic manner of Marion Darche, he would give himself a better chance of doing his best. — Ardis Claverden, by Frank R. Stockton (Scribners), comes to us, attractively bound, as one of a new uniform edition of this author's works. Like the rest of Mr. Stockton's stories, this tale of Virginia life depends for much of its interest and humor upon its surprises. Here, as elsewhere, the unexpected is given at all costs, even at the sacrifice of literary art. And it is because this sacrifice is greater here than elsewhere that Ardis Claverden falls short let us say, of The Late Mrs. Null. — An Interloper, by Frances Mary Peard. (Harpers.) This novel, like those in which the author first won recognition, is a story of French provincial life. In a tale by Miss Peard we have learned to look for graceful writing, refinement of tone, and delicate discrimination in the studies of character; and all these good qualities are to be found in An Interloper, as well as the assured skill of an experienced *raconteur*. The writer is quite unaffected by the eccentricities of taste and temper which have become an essential part of so much contemporary feminine fiction, and the history of the charming and weak Baron de Beaudrillart and his true-hearted and strong *bourgeoise* wife, whose fortune restores his squandered patrimony, and whose good sense, courage, and devotion save him in a catastrophe which well-nigh wrecks his life, is easily and pleasingly readable. Incidentally, in the sketches of the Demoiselles de Beaudrillart, some interesting glimpses are given of the narrow, dull life of the ordinary French country gentlewoman. — The Two-Legged Wolf, by Karazin (Rand, McNally & Co.), is nothing more formidable than the romance of a Sister of Mercy attached to a Russian military expedition against the Khan of Khiva. It begins, however, as if it were going to be the tale of a picturesque warrior; and it is a pity that it does not turn out to be a story of this two-legged wolf. The book does not keep the promise of its first chapter; the

romance of the gentle Sister is commonplace, old, and worn, — not one of those new, surprising products of the half-barbaric, half-civilized strength of Russia. Nevertheless, it does show something of the strong Russian sense for realistic detail, combined with rather more than the ordinary Russian disregard for unity and proportion. — On the Offensive, an Army Story, by George I. Putnam. (Scribners.) Some of the military experiences of a young officer, who, after much debate with himself, finally decides to resign from the army, and devote himself to literature. In a clear, straightforward, and unaffected style, Mr. Putnam sketches the life of the frontier post, its isolation and monotony, the years of weary waiting for promotion, and the natural results, — fitful or ineffective industry for the few, unprofitable killing of time for the many. But the other side is also shown, — the danger always imminent, and so bravely and manfully met, and usually, alas, so slightly regarded and rewarded. By far the best thing in the volume is the vivid but unexaggerated account of an Indian uprising. The weakness of the book is that the characters are too often used merely as the mouthpieces of the author; there is much discussion and little action, producing the effect of a series of studies of army life connected by a thin thread of story. — The Shen's Pigtail, and Other Cues of Anglo-China Life, by Mr. M——. (Putnams.) This first volume of the Incognito Library contains half a dozen fragmentary sketches, the longest and most important being a not very skillfully told Chinese detective story. This, and the desultory character studies to which the rest of the book is largely devoted, impress the reader as being excerpts from some larger work. They are written in an easy-going, colloquial style, and doubtless show a familiar knowledge of certain aspects of foreign life in China, but are almost without any real literary quality. — Cadet Days, by Captain Charles King (Harpers), is an interesting and valuable piece of advice for new men at West Point; but, as a story, it is artistically crude. Like most of Captain King's work, however, it is wholesome in tone. It particularly commends those manly traits which army life often develops. — Out of Bohemia, by Gertrude C. Fosdick (George H. Richmond &

Co.), is surely not worth the reader's while as a story of student life in Paris; and as a novel of any sort, it is so extremely weak that its two or three well-conceived situations cannot save it. — Recent books in paper covers are: The Red House, by "The Duchess" (Rand, McNally & Co.); The Husband of One Wife, by Mrs. Venn (Harpers); For My Own Sake, by Marie Bernhard (International News Co.); and A Modern Love Story, by Harriet E. Orcutt (Charles H. Kerr & Co.). Among other paper-bound books, we should mention Goethe's *The Sorrows of Werther*, because of its large type and well-proportioned page. (The Mascot Publishing Co., New York.) *The Women's Conquest of New York* (Harpers) is yet another, and satirizes the popular movement looking to woman suffrage. It is a paper wad, not a bullet that will dent anything.

Textbooks and Education. A History of the Roman Empire from its Foundation to the Death of Marcus Aurelius, by J. B. Bury, M. A. The Student's Series. (Harpers.) This volume fills the gap in the series to which it belongs between Liddell's Roman Republic and The Student's Gibbon; and as there has been no handbook of the kind in English, dealing with the first two centuries of the Empire, it is a welcome and valuable addition to the higher class of historical textbooks. Allowing for the limitations in treatment and space imposed by the plan of the book, this summary of the history of a most important epoch is admirably done. It is clear and concise in style, temperate and judicious in tone, well proportioned, excellent in arrangement, and comprehensive in scope. The author can use wisely both ancient and modern authorities; his work throughout shows a careful study of the results of the elaborate investigations of recent years, and is instinct with the spirit of the latest and most enlightened scholarship. — *Analytics of Literature, a Manual for the Objective Study of English Prose and Poetry*, by L. A. Sherman. (Ginn.) Say rather the *Objectionable Study of English Prose and Poetry*, for here is another of the books which insist upon treating literature like therapeutics or geodetic surveys. It is the author's contention that by means of his method students without a native perception of literary art can be "spiritually quickened" to a mar-

velous degree. This end, apparently, is to be gained in part by mastering tables of percentages in "Literary Sentence-Length in English Prose," and the "Decrease of Predication from Chaucer to Bartol." Much joy may they have of such learning! Let them rejoice, too, in Mr. Sherman's improvement upon Sir John Denham's famous lines, written, he modestly says, "as a Tennyson or a Browning would have phrased it . . . somewhat perhaps as thus :—

Would that my thought Thames-like might flow
Out to the world, its sea."

For our own part, we prefer Denham's way of putting it. — *Mental Life and Culture, Essays and Sketches, Educational and Literary*, by Julia Duhring. (Lippincott.) The papers in this book have been collected and arranged, since the writer's death, by her brother. For teachers they have many suggestions for the development of the minds and characters of pupils; and for individual men and women, concerned mainly with their own mental and spiritual growth, there are many earnestly intended words. Throughout the book, moral good is held before the reader as the true end of all thought and work. — In Magill's *Modern French Series*, the second and third numbers are, *Sur la Pente*, by Mme. de Witt, the daughter of Guizot, and *La Fille de Clémentine*, by Anatole France. Dr. Magill, the accomplished editor, has prefixed brief biographical sketches and added a body of notes. (Christopher Sower Co., Philadelphia.) — Longfellow's *Evangeline*, with biography of author, critical opinions, and explanatory notes, has been published by Maynard, Merrill & Co. Among the critical opinions is one by E. P. "Whipple." — Professor John F. Genung's *Outlines of Rhetoric* (Ginn), like its author's other work, is eminently practical. In one hundred and twenty-five concise and specific rules, amply illustrated by concrete examples, it gives at least enough rhetorical theory; and in a course of practical exercises of new and sterling merit, the book aims to develop a young writer's constructive faculty rather than merely his critical sense. These rules and exercises, taken one by one, are altogether admirable, but taken together they do not seem to rest upon a well-subordinated system of principle. They do not follow one another in the order that seems to us most naturally and effectively progres-

sive. Even if thus fundamentally defective, the book must still be regarded as a notable contribution to the literature of practical rhetoric; for, above all, it is positive in tone; it is pitched in the key of *Do*, and not of *Don't*. — Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1890-91. In two volumes. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) A vast tract of statistics, relieved by occasional green oases of special studies, like an interesting though perhaps superabundant paper on Education in South-western Virginia, by Rev. A. D. Mayo.

Literature and Art. The *Complete Plays* of Richard Steele, edited by G. A. Aitken. (Imported by Scribners.) This volume differs from all but two of the seventeen that have preceded it, in the *Mermaid Series*, in being the complete instead of the best plays of the writer to whom it is devoted, as Steele's dramatic works include but four comedies and the fragments of two left unfinished at his death. The plays serve to mark the revolt from the sway of the unspeakable drama of the Restoration; and though they are more distinguished for a humorous perception of character than for dramatic power, three of them had sufficient theatric vitality to keep a place in the acting drama for a hundred years. They had the good fortune to be first presented by a group of comedians never excelled in the history of the English stage, and whom the dramatist, in his greater rôle of essayist, was to do so much to immortalize. The influence of the plays on later great writers of the century is shown by the fact that we find in a single one of them the direct prototypes of Tony Lumpkin and Lydia Languish, besides suggestions of Squire Western. The editorial work is of course admirably done. Mr. Aitken furnishes a brief biography, which, with the appendix, gives a reasonably full account of Steele's connection with the theatre, and the book is throughout carefully annotated. — Nearly at the same time with Mr. Hamlin Garland's *Crumbling Idols* (Stone & Kimball), and dedicated "To the Men and Women of America who have the Courage to be Artists," we receive a less aggressive work, *Art for America*, by William Ordway Partridge (Roberts). Though written with less cleverness, the basis of its hope for American art seems to us firmer than Mr. Garland's. Both books recognize the elements of life in America which must

and should make its art a different thing from that of other lands. Out of these elements Mr. Partridge would select the things of nobility and beauty. Mr. Garland, on the other hand, chooses the things of propinquity. Whatever is within reach, he virtually says, is the artist's truest material, be it hideous or lovely. Indeed, beauty does not enter into the question; truth is the only consideration; for, in the new terminology, they are not, as Keats misguidedly thought, one and the same thing; and truth, moreover, is the higher quality of the two. For ourselves, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Garland's advocacy of "freedom" has something slavish—God save the mark!—about it, or something which does not leave him free to see the excellence of anything with a suspicion of precedent in its foundation. Why must the love of Ibsen exclude all allegiance to Shakespeare? Perhaps it is just as well that the whole future of American art is not to be left in any one pair of hands; but the hands of Partridge, it seems to us, would be surer guides, if necessity called for them, than the hands of Garland. — Tennyson, his Art and Relation to Modern Life, by Stopford Brooke. (Putnams.) As a critic, Stopford Brooke follows Matthew Arnold. That is, he is first of all neither the scholar nor the mere lover of literary art; he is the serious man, with a serious interest in the influence of literature upon life. Such a man would naturally find, if he could, something more than the mere artist in Tennyson, something little short of the prophet. And this is what Mr. Brooke, despite his frank recognition of Tennyson's limitations, has found in the poet. If his criticism be prevalently moralistic, and the treatment, as in the discussion of Tennyson's relations to Christianity and Social Politics, be large and outreaching, the criticism is none the less also æsthetic, and the treatment minutely specific. Indeed, the book strikes us, from any point of view, as the most adequate consideration of Tennyson which has yet been published. — Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers, selected from the Spectator by Richard Holt Hutton. (Macmillan.) Two volumes of Mr. Hutton's contributions, extending over the past twenty years, and passing in review Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow, Dickens, Leslie

Stephen, Matthew Arnold, Comte, Mozley, Martineau, Stanley, Tennyson, Church, Newman, Sir John Lubbock, and others. It is curious to see how by changing *we* to *I* one does not yet perceive a strong personal flavor of Mr. Hutton in these criticisms. They remain subtle, a little overfine, but grave, thoughtful, and, within their limits, suggestive comments. Though one misses sometimes the really penetrative criticism, they are not hasty or commonplace. — Art in Theory, by Professor G. L. Raymond (Putnams), is a rather severe introduction to the study of comparative æsthetics. As such, it undertakes, of course, to define beauty. In carrying out this undertaking, the book is most comprehensive, systematic, and thoroughgoing. And yet it seems to us to fail at the last, not because its author is not profound, or at least learned enough, but because beauty is, we believe, in its very nature elemental, and therefore undefinable. As a discussion, however, of the essential nature of art, of the art impulse, and of beauty, the book will prove interesting to the purely scientific taste,—the only taste, be it said with emphasis, to which it is addressed; but it must seem futile to those who believe, with Walter Pater, that "to define beauty not in the most abstract, but in the most concrete terms possible, to find not a universal formula for it, but the formula which expresses most adequately this or that special manifestation of it, is the aim of the true student of æsthetics." — My Farm of Edgewood, and Wet Days at Edgewood, by Donald G. Mitchell (Scribners), do not appear, in their new bindings, so companionable as they really are. If the reader have a real liking for country life and the poetry of it, the unfitting covers should not keep him from the pages within. There he will find a man after his own heart,—a man, perhaps, of rather more literary taste than talent, but one, at all events, who is first and last a man of sentiment. — Two more numbers of the Temple Shakespeare (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York) continue the even excellence of the edition: they are Measure for Measure and Comedy of Errors. Pretty little etchings of the Stratford Bust and the Stratford Guild Chapel and Grammar School are used as frontispieces. Mr. Gollancz's editorial apparatus is reserved and intelligent, and the only ob-

jection one feels disposed to press is the mechanical one of not sufficiently opaque paper.

Sociology. The Jewish Question and the Mission of the Jews. (Harpers.) The anonymous writer of this book appeals to history to support him in his thesis that there is no Jewish question, that there can be no classification of the Jews as a unit, and that the contribution which the Judaic race makes to humanity should be the ground of our respect, and the reason for putting away blind prejudice. His book is a temperate and interesting one, but we question if he takes sufficiently into account the force of religion. The Jew had and has a genius for religion, as the Greek for art and the Roman for law. — The Conquest of Death, by Abbot Kinney. (The Author, New York.) Under this somewhat obscure title, Mr. Kinney takes up the fact of a decline in the birthrate of the native-born Americans, and sounds the alarm of a submergence of this element under the more productive foreign constituent. He addresses himself to the task of so presenting the physiological laws of reproduction as to enforce the associated laws of health and morality. There is a good deal that is beside the mark, but the effect of brooding over this theme always seems to be that the writer loses his sense of proportion. — Man and Woman, a Study of Human Secondary Sexual Characters, by Havelock Ellis. (Imported by Scribners.) Mr. Ellis's researches, for this volume of the Contemporary Science Series, have carried him far into the study of differences between men and women, and the conclusion of the whole matter is that science is not yet far enough advanced to justify the generalizations the scientist would like to make. One that Mr. Ellis ventures to state is that, through civilization, woman, in her physical attributes, is approaching more nearly to the child, and man more nearly to the woman. The women and men of modern fiction do not seem in all respects to be pursuing this course, and to the contemporary novelist we commend this work, which will put him upon the true scientific scent. — The Dawn of a New Era in America, by Bushrod W. James. (Porter & Coates.) A somewhat magniloquent consideration of the political, commercial, and international questions at issue in the United States, with scarcely a

word concerning the serious problems involved in the manifold labor question; but it is of little consequence, since what is said on the other subjects is hardly more than loose generalization. — Social Evolution, by Benjamin Kidd. (Macmillan.) Mr. Kidd's contention is that in the evolution of society in what he calls western civilization the new force is ethical. In his apparent wish to avoid calling it Christianity, he resorts to various terms, — humanitarianism, the religious spirit, sympathy; and in his desire to be scientific, he confuses the Christian life with natural religion. Nevertheless, the book has much that is suggestive, and there is an independence of thought in the working out of the author's thesis which is quite refreshing. One of the most striking passages is that in which he shows how, in the conflict going on between the Haves and the Have-nots, the positions gained by the Have-nots are largely due to the sympathy which the Haves possess with them. — The Labour Movement, by L. T. Hobhouse, M. A., with a Preface by R. B. Haldane, M. P. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) The volume is one of a series going under the name of The Reformer's Book-Shelf. The author discusses the achievements and hopes of Trade Unionism and Coöperation, and urges beside these the better distribution of wealth through the public holding of property. The writing and the ideas are those of a Socialist who is also a thoughtful scholar, and the result is a book which shows the strength of its position more than usually well.

Travel and Nature. On Sunny Shores, by Clinton Scollard (Webster), is a reminiscence of wanderings that began upon the English Wye, and ended in a garden of Damascus. Especially, in the first part, it suggests, by its rather bare and abrupt style, a traveler's wayside notebook, yet the book is by no means without literary quality. It reflects its author's mood, his literary self-consciousness, — not altogether unpleasant despite some palpable affectation, — and his delight in historical and sentimental association; in a way, it has an atmosphere, — an atmosphere of quiet and increasing charm. — Travels in a Treetop, by Charles Conrad Abbott. (Lippincott.) The initial paper, which gives the title to this volume of essays, shows Dr. Abbott at his best. His observation is keen, he in-

terests himself in a great variety of minute aspects of nature, and when he is telling a straightforward tale he writes simply and intelligibly. This book strikes us as the best he has given us. — *Our Home Pets, how to Keep Them Well and Happy*, by Olive Thorne Miller. (Harpers.) A series of twenty-six brief chapters on birds, dogs, cats, monkeys, and, as they say in election returns, "scattered" pets. Mrs. Miller is not only humane, she is a thoroughly well-informed writer, and all that she says about the care and treatment of pets should be heeded, for she knows these humble friends of man by long and affectionate acquaintance. — *Mineral Resources of the United States, Calendar Year 1893*, by David T. Day. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) This volume of the United States Geological Survey fills us with amazement. What! covering 1893, and published in 1894! To what is such promptness due? Here you may learn where to find coal, manganese, petroleum, various kinds of stone, copper, asphaltum, etc.; and though the United States is the general field for these useful things, there are indirect references to the sources in other countries.

Philosophy and Religion. Secularism, its Progress and its Morals, by John M. Bonham. (Putnams.) The author maintains that science imposes an obligation on its votaries to break down sacred authority and theological ideals. "The sentiment of reverence" he calls the signal infirmity of the human mind. He condemns the "advanced" or "liberal" clergy because they do not go far enough, but are still influenced by ideals which science does not warrant. He finds fault with Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Herbert Spencer because they still leave a place for religion in admitting the sentiment of reverence for the Unknowable. All ethics inspired by the religious principle are doomed to disappear, while secularism or industrialism will construct its own code by the light of scientific observation of life. In a word, Mr. Bonham pursues the "policy of thorough." He has a great horror of inconsistency or contradiction, the escape from which is presented as the ruling idea of science. His commonplace appeals to history do not conceal his ignorance of the content and significance of the real life of humanity as revealed in its records, whose scientific study would justly lead to other conclusions.

— *Survivals in Christianity, Studies in the Theology of Divine Immanence*, by Charles James Wood. (Macmillan.) The writer is concerned largely with exposing the manner in which pagan beliefs were grafted upon the tenets of Christianity, and now have made it a less beautiful thing than it might have been. With a wide searching and citing of authorities, he fortifies himself in this position with regard to several important points of belief. The lay mind will find it hard to realize the extent of the harm that has been done by natural development in the human knowledge of eternal things. The book, none the less, has historical and speculative interest, and must have served well its original purpose in the form of lectures to students of theology at Cambridge. — *The Historic Episcopate, an Essay on the Four Articles of Church Unity Proposed by the American House of Bishops and the Lambeth Conference*, by Charles Woodruff Shields. (Scribners.) Excellent in purpose and substance is this discussion, by a Presbyterian scholar, of the propositions of the Anglican Church looking towards a new union of Christendom. The first step could not have been easy to decide upon, but still more difficult must be the course of other communions in interpreting and responding to the message of the bishops. Dr. Shields shows what may and may not be expected of the Protestant denominations, and throughout his essay reveals a spirit of liberality and concession which Anglicans will do well to emulate. — *Studies in Oriental Social Life, and Gleams from the East on the Sacred Page*, by H. Clay Trumbull. (John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia.) Mr. Trumbull carried to the East not only a familiarity with the Bible, but also a very clear knowledge of what incidents and scenes in the Bible especially interest the intelligent reader. Hence, in bringing back the results of his observation and experience, he has been singularly successful in telling readers what they want to know. It is a pity that, in aiming at a handsome book, his publishers should have succeeded in producing an unhandy one; for it is both readable and illuminating, and will prove of genuine service to Sunday-school teachers and scholars. — *Introduction to the Talmud*, by M. Mielziner. (The Bloch Printing Co., Cincinnati.) This introduction treats of

both the historical and literary import of the Talmud; it discusses legal hermeneutics, Talmudic terminology and methodology, and offers outlines of Talmudic ethics. It appeals chiefly to those conversant with the Hebrew language, but the general student can pick up from it some little notion of the scope and character of the Talmud.

History and Biography. History of Modern Times, from the Fall of Constantinople to the French Revolution, by Victor Duruy. Translated and revised, with Notes, by Edwin A. Grosvenor. (Holt.) This book would be serviceable, if for no other reason, as a corrective of a too insular habit of treating modern history. It is interesting to read of England, for instance, from a Frenchman's point of view, and to see England and France changing places in relative significance. Even a Frenchman, however, was bound to see something of the significance of England's colonial empire, just beginning to expand as the work comes to a close. Naturally, M. Duruy gives the French aid in American independence its highest importance. The value of the book rests largely in its clearness, good proportions, and animated manner. — The third volume of Professor H. Graetz's History of the Jews (Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia) extends from the Revolt against the Zendik in 511 to the Capture of St. Jean d'Acre by the Mahometans in 1291. These dates are C. E., for the scrupulous Jew can scarcely be expected to say A. D. It is interesting to see the attitude taken by an educated Jew toward Mahomet, and there is a good presentation of Maimonides. In general, the moderation and clear, judicial temper of this excellent history make it a desirable addition to the historical shelf. — Hendrick Paunebecker, Surveyor of Lands for the Penns, 1674–1754, by Samuel W. Pennypacker. (The Author, 209 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.) Judge Pennypacker has, in this handsome volume, not only traced the

history of the first of his family in America, but given the historic setting and thrown light upon Pennsylvania origins. The book, by its thoroughness and its diligent use of private and public documents and records, takes an honorable place in the small group of family memorials which are the foundation stones of the republic's history. — Tenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1888–1889, by J. W. Powell. (Government Printing Office.) Surely, if government turns its attention at all to archæology, there is a fitness in giving its best effort to elucidate the problem of the history of the American Indian; and the Picture Writing of the American Indians, which forms the substance of this portly volume, is by the highest authority on the subject, Colonel Garrick Mallery. The abundant illustrations add greatly to the value and attractiveness of the work.

Books of Reference. Dictionary of Quotations from Ancient and Modern English and Foreign Sources. Including Phrases, Mottoes, Maxims, Proverbs, Definitions, Aphorisms, and Sayings of Wise Men, in their Bearing on Life, Literature, Speculation, Science, Art, Religion, and Morals, especially in the Modern Aspects of them. Selected and compiled by the Rev. James Wood. (Frederick Warne & Co.) A conveniently arranged book, since the quotations, which rarely exceed two or three lines, are entered under a strict alphabetical order, even to those beginning with the articles "a" and "the," and a copious index of a topical character enables one to hunt down quotations appropriate to this or that subject. The authority for the quotation is almost always given. Such an arrangement as that of the body of the book is not perhaps so generally serviceable as a topical one, yet there are so many possible variations in a topical collection that the student is not much disposed to object to the alphabetical order.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Impressions
of the Thea-
tre.

I WENT to see a play, the other night, which originated in New York, and which has been immensely popular not only there, but also in the "provinces," as the New York critics say when they mean little towns like Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. It struck me as being exceedingly *fin de siècle*; as being, in fact, the very rag-and-tag end of theatrical endeavor; as the sort of thing which would appeal to a community that had become — in the polite language of our English cousins — "rotten before they were ripe." Its worst feature was that it showed a very considerable expenditure of pains, of money, and even of talent upon most unworthy objects. Many of the audience, perhaps most of them, must have been New-England-bred people, — people whose ancestors never went to the theatre, and who, if they had gone at all, would have sought out a tragedy, or if not that, then a good, roaring, wholesome farce. But this play seemed to be designed for an audience who had left their intellects and their hearts at home. What it should be called I do not know, but it consisted chiefly of practical jokes, of songs and dances, of spectacular scenes, and of evolutions by a chorus and a large body of "supes." But what struck me most in the affair was the recitations, half sung, half spoken, of a young woman dressed as a girl of twelve or fourteen. She wore a rather short gown, an apron bedecked with ribbons, a wig with a "bang" to it, and she carried in her hand a large flat hat trimmed with flowers. This hat she twirled and waved with great effect, and with no little grace. Her rôle was that of a kind of feminine gamin, and her songs were very knowing and cynical. Every attitude was full of art, — awkward like that of a half-grown girl, but still not ungracefully awkward. Her enunciation, whether she spoke or sang, was perfect, — clear and well defined. When she came to the word "maiden," for example, the two syllables "mai-den" must have dropped like pearls in the remotest corner of the upper gallery. In fact, her whole performance showed long and careful training, besides some real talent to start with, and a strong

sense of humor. And from the money point of view, the pains bestowed upon this young, this feminine Mephistopheles had not been thrown away. The audience, a representative, tax-paying, respectable audience, laughed and applauded, and took her wickedest jokes with a relish. One of her songs was a distinctly modern version of that familiar pastoral, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" In this case the maid was a New York young person, thoroughly "fly," and the proposal addressed to her was one of marriage, or something remotely of that nature. Her answer to it, far from being an indignant rejection, took the form of an inquiry as to the financial status of her admirer, and was expressed as follows: —

"How are you fixed, *sor*?" she said."

The cynical frankness with which this line was delivered, and the wink by which it was accompanied, were portentous. That wink expressed all the accumulated wisdom and experience of the gutter. And this weird young person, half gamin, half girl, old beyond her years, shrewd, good humored, unprincipled, and mercenary, might stand as a type of that *fin de siècle* civilization which produced and applauded the play of which she formed a part.

"How are you fixed, *sor*?" she said."

The Discom- — Mr. Frederic Harrison, in a
forts of Lux-
ury: A Spec-
ulation. caustic little paper on The *Æs-*
thete, has taken occasion to say
some severely truthful things anent the
dreary grandeur of rich men's houses, where
each individual object is charming in itself,
and out of harmony with all the rest. "I
believe," he observes sadly, "that the camel
will have passed through the eye of the
needle before the rich man shall have found
his way to enter the Kingdom of Beauty.
It is a hard thing for him to enjoy art at
all. The habits of the age convert him into
a patron, and the assiduity of the dealers
deprive him of peace."

Is it, then, the mere desire to be obliging which induces a millionaire to surround himself with things which he does not want, which nobody else wants, and which are perpetually in the way of comfort and pleasure? Does he build and furnish his house

to support the dealers, to dazzle his friends, or to increase his own earthly happiness and well-being? The serious fashion in which he goes to work admits of no backsliding, no merciful deviations from a relentless luxury. I have seen ghastly summer palaces, erected presumably for rest and recreation, where the miserable visitor was conducted from a Japanese room to a Dutch room, and thence to something Early English or Florentine; and such a jumble of costly incongruities, of carved scrolls and blue tiles and bronzes, screens and stained glass, was actually dubbed a home. A home! The guest, surfeited with an afternoon's possession, could escape to simpler scenes; but the master of the house was chained to all that tiresome splendor for five months of the year, and the sole compensation he appeared to derive from it was the saturnine delight of pointing out to small processions of captive friends every detail which they would have preferred to overlook. It is a painful thing, at best, to live up to one's bricabrac, if one has any; but to live up to the bricabrac of many lands and of many centuries is a strain which no wise man would dream of inflicting upon his constitution.

Perhaps the most unlovely circumstance about the "palatial residences" of our country is that everything in them appears to have been bought at once. Everything is equally new, and equally innocent of any imprint of the owner's personality. He has not lived among his possessions long enough to mould them to his own likeness, and very often he has not even selected them himself. I have known whole libraries purchased in a week, and placed *en masse* upon their destined shelves; whole rooms furnished at one fell swoop with all things needful, from the chandelier in the ceiling to the Dresden figures in the cabinet. I have known people who either mistrusted their own tastes, or who had no tastes to mistrust, and so surrendered their houses to upholsterers and decorators, giving them *carte blanche* to do their best or worst. A room which has been the unresisting prey of an upholsterer is, on the whole, the saddest thing that money ever bought; yet its deplorable completeness calls forth rapturous commendations from those who can understand no natural line of demarcation between a dwelling-place and a shop. The same curious delight in handsome things,

apart from any beauty or fitness, has resulted in our over-ornamented Pullman cars, with their cumbrous and stuffy hangings; and in the aggressive luxury of our ocean steamers, where paint and gilding run riot, and every scrap of wall space bears its burden of inappropriate decoration. To those for whom a sea voyage is but a penitential pilgrimage, the fat frescoed Cupids and pink roses of the saloons offer no adequate compensation for their sufferings; whitewash and hangings of sackcloth would harmonize more closely with their sentiments. Yet these ornate embellishments pursue them now even to the solitude of their staterooms, and the newest steamers boast of cabins where the wretched traveler, too ill to arise from his berth, may be solaced by Cupids of his own frisking nakedly over the wash-bowl, and by pink roses in profusion festooning his narrow cell. If he can look at them without loathing, he is to be envied his unequaled serenity of mind.

It is strange that the authors who have written so much about luxury, whether they praise it satirically, like Mandeville, or condemn it very seriously, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, or merely inquire into its history and traditions, like that careful scholar M. Baudrillart, should never have been struck with the amount of discomfort it entails. In modern as in ancient times, the same zealous pursuit of prodigality results in the same heavy burden of undesirable possessions. The youthful daughter of Marie Antoinette was allowed, we are told, four pairs of shoes a week; and M. Taine, inveighing bitterly against the extravagances of the French court, has no word of sympathy to spare for the unfortunate little princess, condemned by this ruthless edict always to wear new shoes. Louis XVI. had thirty doctors of his own; but surely no one will be found to envy him this royal superfluity. He also had a hundred and fifty pages, who were probably a terrible nuisance; and two chair-carriers, who were paid twenty thousand livres a year to inspect his Majesty's chairs, which duty they solemnly performed twice a day, whether they were wanted or not. The Cardinal de Rohan had all his kitchen utensils of solid silver, which must have given as much satisfaction to his cooks as did Nero's golden fishing-hooks to the fish he caught with them. M. Baudrillart describes the feasts

of Elagabalus as if their only fault was their excess ; but the impartial reader, scanning each unpalatable detail, comes to a different conclusion. Thrushes' brains and parrots' heads, peas mashed with grains of gold, beans fricasseed with morsels of amber, and rice mixed with pearls do not tempt one's fancy as either nourishing or appetizing diet ; while the crowning point of discomfort was reached when revolving roofs threw down upon the guests such vast quantities of roses that they were well-nigh smothered. Better a dish of herbs, indeed, than all this dubious splendor. Nothing less enjoyable could have been invented in the interests of hospitality, save only that mysterious banquet given by Solomon the mighty, where all the beasts of the earth and all the demons of the air were summoned by his resistless talisman to do honor to the terrified and miserable banqueters.

"Le Superflu, chose très-nécessaire," to quote Voltaire's delightful phrase, is a difficult thing to handle with propriety and grace. Where the advantages of early training and inherited habits of indulgence are lacking, men who endeavor to spend a great deal of money show a pitiful incapacity for the task. They spend it, to be sure, but only in augmenting their own and their neighbors' discomfort ; and even this they do in a blundering, unimaginative fashion, almost painful to contemplate. The history of Law's Bubble, with its long train of fabulous and fleeting fortunes, illustrates the helplessness of men to cope with suddenly acquired wealth. The Parisian nabob who warmed up a ragout with burning bank notes, that he might boast of how much it cost him, was sadly stupid for a Frenchman ; but he was kinder to himself, after all, than the house-painter who, bewildered with the wealth of Fortunatus, could think of nothing better to do with it than to hire ninety supercilious domestics for his own misusage and oppression. Since the days of Darius, who required thirty attendants to make his royal bed, there probably never were people more hopelessly in one another's way than that little army of ninety servants awaiting orders from an artisan. The only creature capable of reveling in such an establishment was the author of *Coningsby* and *Lothair*, to whom long rows of powdered footmen, "glowing in crimson liveries," were a spectacle as ex-

hilarating as is a troop of Horse Guards to persons of a more martial cast of mind. Readers of *Lothair* will remember the home-coming of that young gentleman to Muriel Towers, where the house steward, and the chief butler, and the head gardener, and the lord of the kitchen, and the head forester, and the grooms of the stud and of the chambers stand in modest welcome behind the distinguished housekeeper, "who curtsied like the old court ;" while the underlings await at a more "respectful distance" the arrival of their youthful master, whose sterling insignificance must have been painfully enhanced by all this solemn anticipation. "Even the mountains fear a rich man," says that ominous Turkish proverb which breathes the corruption of a nation ; but it would have been a chicken-hearted molehill that trembled before such a homunculus as *Lothair*.

The finer adaptability of women makes them a little less uncomfortable amid such oppressive surroundings, and their tamer natures revolt from ridiculous excess. They listen, indeed, with favor to the counsel of Polonius, and their habit is occasionally costlier than their purses can buy ; witness that famous milliner's bill for fifteen thousand pounds which was disputed in the French courts during the gilded reign of Napoleon III. But, as a rule, the punishment of their extravagances falls on themselves or on their husbands. They do not, as is the fashion with men, make their belongings a burden to their friends. It is seldom the mistress of a curio-laden house who insists with tireless perseverance on your looking at everything she owns ; though it was a woman, and a provincial actress at that, raised by two brilliant marriages to the pinnacle of fame and fortune, who came to Abbotsford accompanied by a whole retinue of servants and several private physicians, to the mingled amusement and despair of Sir Walter. And it was a flower girl of Paris who spent her suddenly acquired wealth in the most sumptuous entertainments ever known even to that city of costly caprice. But for stupid and meaningless luxury we must look, after all, to men : to Caligula, whose horse wore a collar of pearls, and drank out of an ivory trough ; to Condé, who spent three thousand crowns for jonquils to deck his palace at Chantilly ; to the Duke of Albuquerque,

who had forty silver ladders among his utterly undesirable possessions. Even in the matter of dress and fashion they have exceeded the folly of women. It is against the gallants of Spain, and not against their wives, that the good old gossip James Howell inveighs with caustic humor. The Spaniard, it would seem, "tho' perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet must he have a toting huge swelling ruff around his neck," for the starching of which exquisitely uncomfortable article he paid the then enormous sum of twenty shillings. It was found necessary to issue a royal edict against these preposterous decorations, which grew larger and stiffer every year, even children of tender age wearing their miniature instruments of torture. "Poverty is a most odious calling," sighs Burton with melancholy candor; but it is not without some small compensations of its own. To realize them, we might compare one of Murillo's dirty, smiling, half-naked beggar boys with an Infanta by Velasquez, or with Moreelzee's charming and unhappy little Princess, who, in spreading ruff and stiff pearl-trimmed stomacher, gazes at us with childish dignity from the wall of Amsterdam's museum. Or we might remember the pretty story of Meyerbeer's little daughter, who, after watching for a long time the gambols of some ragged children in the street, turned sadly from the window, and said, with pathetic resignation, "It is a great misfortune to have genteel parents."

—In the days of the Second Restaurant Empire, when the city of Paris was not only the Mecca of the artists, but the purveyor of every refined luxury which could make the gold of all the world flow into her unreturning hands, there was to be found a quiet, modest hostelry devoted to the American people. A few cards of the kind known among us as business cards had been put into circulation among the artist folk, as the probable constituents of such a place, announcing the claim of a *restaurant Américain* with *specialité de pumpkin pie*. On another line, lower down, as if the idea were an afterthought, we of the American colony were informed that the address given—namely, Rue Godot de Mauroi—was near the Church of the Madeleine, as though there must be something about the proximity of a church which would appeal to a hungry American. Although so near the great

thoroughfares, this street was as narrow, as clean, and as hard to find as some of the byways of a country town; and when our delegation from the American colony concluded, on a certain Thanksgiving Day, to visit this refuge for transatlantic homesickness, it was with some difficulty and many turnings that we reached a small, unpretending, but exceedingly neat refectory. On a large window was painted in quaint yellow letters the statement already announced on cardboard. To this announcement was added the legend *bifstek*, while below, a separate line contained the admission, *English spoken a little*.

We found the place presided over by a bustling little Frenchwoman, of stocky build and kindly face, whose hospitality was not all to be bought, as future testimony will confirm. The good lady was herself purveyor and cook. The waiter, cashier, butler, and maid of all work was her only son, a bright and pleasant youth of twenty-two years, whose dexterity in serving a roomful of clattering people, without keeping any one waiting, suggested the marvels of sleight of hand.

Here were gathered, especially on cold, dark winter evenings, many Americans who had lived for near a generation in France, to whom Paris was now home, yet who still loved to cultivate such patriotic sentiment as might be evoked by the national viands purveyed by worthy Madame Busque. Others there were who frankly acknowledged their hope of finding among her patrons "some civilized language;" being tired of pointing at the bill of fare and shouting aloud, with many grimaces, as was yet the fashion with those who spoke only the President's American. As for Madame Busque and her son, the announcement in the window, modest as it was, proved an exaggeration, for they spoke no English at all, save such small linguistic achievements as the expressions, "bifstek," "punkin pie," "Tanksgiven," "bokveet kak." The patronage of the place, it may be added, was not exclusively American. The Russians came frequently for a dish common to their nation and to ours, the "bokveet kak," which tempting morsel was in those days almost the only tie between two countries whose affinity has since become a political anomaly.

But our unlanguageed compatriots, if disappointed in the English of their hostess,

found ample amends in the multitudinous dialects of their own tongue as spoken by her guests. Here could be heard the sonorous nasal of our Northern latitudes, the softer intonation of our Southwestern, or the still softer vocality of the Gulf States, with the breezy utterance of the Northwest. Here were discussed not only American affairs, then seething with the ferment which was to burst into war a few months later, but also French politics, with a freedom not dared elsewhere, as the Emperor was believed to be most friendly to Americans on the one hand, and on the other pleasantly indifferent to their criticisms.

On this very Thanksgiving evening it was related that, on the preceding Fourth of July, a party of patriotic celebrants, having gathered at Madame Busque's, took carriages for a drive through the Champs and Bois. Imbued with the hilarity deemed proper to the occasion, and with the alcoholic *insouciance* derivable from the cereal products of our beloved country, these gentlemen were moved to stick their feet out of the carriage windows, and to shout, "Vive la République !" — demonstrations which brought them to the notice of the police, by whom they were promptly arrested. But the moment that the commissary saw the young enthusiasts and heard their French they were discharged, as evident aliens and harmless to the empire. Sooth to say, the sedition breathed at these simple repasts amounted to little more than an avowed preference for our own institutions, with an occasional boastful sentiment seasoned with French wine.

On our entrance we had found the place already full, whereat Madame Busque, with a theatrical waving of her hands and with sincere anguish in her voice, exclaimed, "Messieurs, je suis désolé." Then followed a sputter of what a Kentuckian present called "gibberish," interlarded with stray "American" words, such as "punkin pie," "bokveet kak ;" American national viands struggling with French apologies to the accompaniment of voluble gestures.

Looking around, I observed that the walls were not without ornament, showing many grades of decorative art, the contributions, doubtless, of artists who had dined, but could not pay (save "in trade," as they called it), — rude, half-finished sketches, some of them evincing real talent, others pictorial desper-

ation. In addition to these, the walls displayed sundry hints of a commercial pictography familiar to us Americans : humorous allusions to ruin wrought through dubious credit, couched in all the uncouthness of literal translation from the Yankee ; "Le pauvre Trust est mort," with accompanying illustration, the legend of his taking-off informing us that Bad Pay had slain him.

While awaiting our turn at one of the reluctantly yielded tables, we learned from the conversation about us that there had been a wedding in the household of Madame Busque that very day. The factotum of the house, the son of our hostess, having arrived at an age which, in France, is deemed marriageable, with parental consent, she had taken the matter into her own vigorous hands, and had selected from among her friends of the *bourgeoisie* that paragon of every virtue which alone can satisfy the fond mother of an only son. The mother of the lady so selected having given her consent, the two young people were brought together, and a most systematic courtship was pursued under the fond maternal eye. In due time mayor and priest had done their office. The happy pair, with two delighted mothers, had made their wedding journey in a carriage to a neighboring park, where they drank some sugar and water without alighting. They had returned the same afternoon, man and wife, the wedding journey over ; the two new-made mothers-in-law accompanying in full canonicals. Such a bridal seemed strange enough to the denizens of this establishment, and many were the comments offered and conjectures hazarded concerning the probable outcome of a union so much at variance with the views of our people. Yet, so far as I have heard, the happy couple proved to be models of conjugal as well as filial devotion.

"How came this place to be so distinctively republican, right in the heart of the Second Empire ?" queried an Englishman who was there with American friends.

"Oh, a mere accident," replied a journalist long resident as Paris correspondent. "A young American artist was taken very ill one day at this place, and confided to the madame that he had no home, no friends, no money. She took him to her house (he was about the age of her son, you know), nursed him through a long illness, paying

every expense herself ; and when he came to die, she at once assumed all the offices and expenses of the funeral, even to the extent of buying for him a resting-place at Père la Chaise. It was to meet these expenses that it became necessary to delay the marriage a considerable time, for so upright a woman would not allow herself the luxury of those long-contemplated nuptials until the last sou of her debts was paid. This very morning I saw a receipted bill for the little railing around the burial plot, — paid just before starting for the mayor. Yes, and these are the people who, according to English literature, have no heart," continued the newspaper man, looking askance at the Briton.

"Two Stools." — That a man may fall between two stools we have often seen exemplified ; yet perhaps no more often than that he may rise between two stools, although, for some reason, proverbial philosophy has failed to emphasize or put verbal seal to this latter fact.

Our own country has long been the cherished abode of Jack-of-all-trades. In proof we have but to open the biography of almost any man distinguished in the earlier pages of our national history. Therein we find no characteristic more prevalent than that of versatility, — indeed, a necessary characteristic and precursor of greatness in a country whose forests were yet to be felled, and whose mails were dragged over primitive stumps in an ox-cart at the rate of five miles a day. But it is not versatility *per se* that so much gives us pause as it is the deft use of that versatility which enables a man possessing many attributes to put his best foot foremost through the employment of any one of these attributes. Our great orators, when "stumping" the State in their own behalf, often felt themselves compelled to that exhibition of modern strategy which is generally characterized as "being all things to all men." Many of these (we are loath to admit) passed from log house to log house, exhorting the godly, swearing with the prayerless, drinking with the convivial, and delivering temperance lectures wherever, in their phrase, such efforts would "do most good." This mental and moral agility was often exemplified by an aptness of pose which secured them consideration far beyond any award which even they might claim for themselves. That great emotional orator,

Henry Clay, invariably referred to himself, when "stumping" the Eastern States, as a rough backwoodsman. On the other hand, his exhortations to the Hoosiers were besprinkled with classical allusions. To them he was the scholar and the gentleman. To such a strategist failure could arrive only through momentary forgetfulness of the rôle assumed with reference to a special occasion or audience. A man is usually one of many parts because he likes to be so, and is restrained from exhibiting his manifold qualities only at cost of much self-sacrifice. We all know the extreme difficulty experienced in segregating a presidential candidate, lest he should expose his real or pretended accomplishments, to his inevitable discomfiture. Lowell speaks jocosely of an instance of such segregation, where the unfortunate candidate was closely confined, without writing materials, in some lonely place ; outlying sharpshooters being detailed to cut off any stray goose which might possibly let fall a quill wherewith the candidate would be sure to write something destined to bring confusion upon his party.

But to return. Among the men of versatility who, in another than the political field, have achieved a reputation, or at least have greatly enhanced it, by the above-described methods of reversal, might be named a poet who, about two decades ago, made his somewhat meteoric début in this country. Metropolitan society received him with the hospitable gladness it usually accords to lions from unknown regions. In the abodes of fashion where he was entertained he was wont to masquerade as a frontiersman, bearded and red-shirted. Knowing that within these precincts he was likely to meet many rivals in verse, he set his pretensions in the opposite direction, in effect announcing, "No, I don't know much about literature, and I don't pretend to write poetry, but I *do* know how to ride a horse, and I can sling the lariat with the best of them." A jaunty consciousness of marksmanship, a presumable readiness with pistol or with knife, a serene delight in recounting such fictitious exploits of himself as came to abound in his poetry, built up for him the reputation of a superb athlete of the plains who dabbled in melodious verse. When sundry sunburnt and bearded officers from our occident lightly derided his nomadic pretensions, and intimated that among Kit

Carson's gang this rough rider was known as an Eastern dude of vast but modest scholarship, such critics were set down as envious calumniators.

A few years ago, there exhibited in the music halls of our leading cities a person who was called the "cowboy pianist." A wild-looking youth, with long red hair and neglected finger-nails, pounded the piano with a "perfect looseness," to use his own phrase. The music as music was not remarkable; as cowboy music it was startling, — the performance as of an untutored centaur, equally lacking instruction and practice. His tumultuous splashing among the ivory keys seemed an eighth wonder; but alas! wayfarers from the far West were ready with a tale that the cowboy pianist was merely a third-rate German music teacher from a country town in Texas. What remained was make-up, — unkempt hair, long finger-nails, and all. Briefly, as a Buffalo Bill or as a Paderewski he would have been a conspicuous failure; poised on the two stools, he had a season of immoderate success.

Many a literary man has salved a dubious reputation by a pretended affiliation with one of the professions. He is known among lawyers as one who writes; among writers, as a dull journalist, but a brilliant jurist; the mystery of the unknown in this case proving efficacious. Even churchmen have been observed to set aside their claim to piety to mingle in the tumult of politics, to tempt theatrical perils of oratory. There have been eminent preachers who were viewed askance by theologians, but applauded among their compeers for a political prowess which politicians regarded as worse than useless for their purposes, yet commendable enough in a pious clergyman. But we need not multiply instances. Let us have a new proverb with reference to the "two stools."

It Goes without Saying. — That unpleasing and un-English phrase, "It goes without saying," is rapidly invading not only the columns of our best magazines, but the pages, also, of many of our most highly appreciated books. Authors of quite good reputation, men and women, who pride themselves on the purity and grace of their style, and whose work is really able, think nothing, nowadays, of introducing a paragraph with the uncouth line. This offense against good English — this mortal sin, I

feel tempted to call it — has grown to be the fashion within the last few years, and now one can hardly take up a newspaper or a magazine without being confronted by it.

Cela va sans dire, of course, we can all understand. In French it is not meaningless, nor is it inelegant. As the French use it, it has a widely different meaning from the English version. There is no genuine equivalent for it in any language out of France, where it originated. Dumas uses it with good effect in *La Comtesse de Charny*, and other writers have followed him. The literal translation, as we have it, is not effective, it grates on the ear, and there is nothing strong or helpful about it. To my mind, it rather tends to weaken the force of the text. Why not say at once, and be done with it, "it is an evident fact," "it is a natural conclusion," "it is a truism," "nobody disputes it," "it is admitted"? But what "goes" without saying? Can anybody tell?

Statistics could be produced to show how popular the objectionable phrase has become. In a single number of one of our most largely circulated magazines I have noticed it three times, and twice in one article. In the ordinary newspaper one meets it much more frequently, the editor in chief, the local reporter, the foreign correspondent, and the advertiser contributing the line in question constantly. It has taken such a hold that even the purely literary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, do not scruple to disfigure their pages with it. That it ought to be expunged from the letterpress of at least our best writers certainly "goes without saying."

Italian — By familiarity, we lose the Grace. Notes. figures of speech and poetic thought imbedded in our mother tongue, and perceive them only in languages which have not yet become trite to us; so I suppose the Tuscan peasantry are unconscious of the glamour which their soft idiom casts over homely people and things.

I remember being told by a woman near Lucca that her brother was so *invaghita* of my cook Graziosa that it was impossible to draw him away from her, though she was not suited to him at all, and was "much too fat to work in the fields." The word told its tale of the realm of fancy in which the youth dwelt, deeming his love *vaga*; that is, lovely with a nameless grace, beautiful in

a subtle, indescribable way. To the world outside she was a stout, slatternly young woman ; within that fairy ring she was gracious and beguiling, like her name.

In talking with a deft little Lucchese maid about getting a place, she said to me, " Ah, I should like to go into a family where they would keep me all the year round, for I am *ambiziosa di far carriera*" (ambitious to make a career). Do you wonder that a damsel who so dignified sweeping and dusting was always in demand ?

Returning once, with a party, from Ninfia, the vine-entangled Pompeii of the Middle Ages, our donkey man remarked, waving his hand towards a fleet-footed English girl who was well on in front, " How swift she is ! *She flies like the thought of man.*"

As I finish a piece of work, my loyal Phyllis exclaims, " Ah, God bless you ! *You have hands of gold !*" And when I inquire if the shops are open on a certain feast day, she replies, smiling, " Eh no ! Even the birds do not turn over their eggs on Ascension Day."

I asked my washerwoman whether she was a Roman, and she answered, with a deprecatory shrug, " A Sabine, but it is just the same ; the Romans stole our women." (As if it were a little matter of yesterday !)

An Italian never says to the obtuse foreigner, " You do not understand," but prefers the softer phrase, " I have not made myself clear," or, " I expressed myself ill."

The little words *Prego* and *Anzi* (like the German *Bitte*), as a response to thanks, seem to lift and disperse the weight of obligation in a gentle way which is lacking in English. It would take too long to try to enumerate the graceful, courteous little formulas of Italy.

A shabby coat is described as one that " wept upon the wearer," and in some parts of Tuscany the beggars appeal to the passer with the touching expression, "*Little brother* [or, little sister], do charity."

Most grace notes lose their delicate music in being translated, but many possess the charm of a veiled thought, and there are few more delightful books to the student than Abbate Giuliani's *Moralità e Poesia del Vivente* Linguaggio della Toscana. He lingered long on the "olive-sandaled Apennine," garnering the honey of unlettered but graphic speech from the lips of

the peasants. Mentioning their common use of the word *abbandonarsi*, he says : " It is beautiful to observe how this people turn it into metaphor, convincing one more and more that figurative speech is really the natural and common speech. Cicero wondered that rustics should say *gemmare vites luxuriam esse in herbis lætas segetes*, but really it is they who produce similar figures to form their habitual language."

Hear a ploughman describing the beech-tree : " Under the cold, the beech *abandons* itself, becomes *mortified*, can stand out no longer, and grows black ; it seems as though the cold *broke its heart.*" See this in a reference to a careless farmer : " He who *abandons* the vineyard is abandoned by it." The use of the word *ammutilire* (to grow dumb) is also interesting : wheat *ammutilisce*, ceases to flourish. Sap and fire grow *dumb* when they cease to flow and to burn. Stagnant water is spoken of as " sleeping," and the culture of land as " taming the earth." Here are a few expressions gathered at random through the book : partings are a *file* to the heart ; I counted the days with drops of blood ; in leaving he wept like a severed vine ; how did that caprice *graft* itself in you ? when there is peace in the home, one *embraces* more willingly the cross which God sends ; where there is a cross God is near ; children are like flowers, — they wilt quickly, and quickly revive ; the bread of the poor costs sorrow and sweat ; my heart is *knotted up* when I think of it. Blindness is thus described : " It is growing dark, and the world flies before its time." A thief is referred to as " one who dries the pockets of others, and would steal the very cloak of St. Peter."

The charm of many of the peasant expressions lies in their rhythmic beauty of sound, as for instance : " *Vecchio, avea nel cuore l'ardenza della gioventù.*" (Old, he had in his heart the ardor of youth.) " At home," says another Pistoian, " is my grandfather, and I love him with my whole soul ; I have always found shelter under his shadow." Again : " If one reflects, it is true that life is a continued chain of love ; we come out from one love and enter into a greater when we marry." A mountain maiden, speaking of her love and jealousy for her sweetheart, says, " It makes my heart ache that even the air should look upon him ;" and a young rustic of Val di

Greve expresses himself, "In my work I think of my *dama*, I do not feel fatigue, everything pleases me; there is great delight when love illumines the day." There is a whiff of old Arcadia in the pretty Tuscan words *damo* and *dama* to denominate the country youth and his fair.

It is, I fear, a graceless task to tear out these petals of speech, but perhaps from the mutilated little specimens some may reconstruct the plant, and set it in imagination against its own background of sunny skies and vine-clad hills.

Silent Partner. — In the days of the American merchant marine, — years ago when there was a merchant marine, — it was the custom to send out a son or some young relative of one of the owners of a vessel, to "learn the business practically." The nautical *débutant* advanced in his profession so rapidly that his promotion was no small surprise to landsmen. As he strode serenely over the heads of briny "shell-backs" who had been at sea so long as to have forgotten everything about the land, the question naturally arose, How can the owners entrust a valuable vessel to such inexperience? But the problem had been met by the expedient of providing what was known as the "captain's nurse." In these cases of youthful commandership, there always went forth, as second in charge, a very shrewd and expert first mate, on whom, virtually, all responsibility rested. Hence, many an achievement recorded in marine lore as the feat of a young sea lion was, by those familiar with the facts, met with a significant shrug, and the remark, "He sailed with a 'nurse.'" Furthermore, when some deserving youth, who had risen to the quarter-deck by pure merit, made a voyage that brought reputation, cynics in sou'westers would inquire, "Who was his 'nurse'?" as if incredulous of all claim to independent action.

In that larger world which sailors call the "dull, tame shore," analogous instances are not wanting. There seems to be a quality in the minds of some men that leads intuitively to the rejection of the obvious as a first cause, and to the adoption of a remote or unrecognized factor. Such are not content to regard Franklin as the original kite-flier; they must needs go rummaging in obsolete newspapers and old archives for traces of earlier effort in that direction! There is, of course, much to

sustain their position in the gradual processes of evolution, which finally result in a great discovery, a great invention. Thus, the same summer saw enacted at Paris, at Glasgow, at Philadelphia, a trial similar to the one that succeeded on the Hudson River. Fulton's alone achieved the hoped-for results. Again, Dr. Jackson, of Boston, declared, and I believe proved, that long before Morse's famous discovery he himself had a telegraph in full operation at his own house in that city. The controversy as to precedence in the invention of the telephone is still extant; and it would seem that every important discovery ultimately took shape in a manner somewhat analogous to the composite photograph. The various electric lights were, to use a bookseller's phrase, "published simultaneously" in America and in every part of Europe. So, the class of critics herein arraigned find special delight in claiming for an unrecognized obscurity the glory which, by common consent, has been awarded to the living kings of invention. This tendency to acknowledge and applaud the silent forces which are supposed to impel great actions would appear altogether admirable in human nature, were it not that the accredited inventors have some rights as well as have those supposititious persons for whom the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico* is so readily applied. Even conquerors, whose results are deemed most explicit, are not exempt: no matter how well established on record their achievements may be, they are sure to be attributed by these critics to some unknown subordinate. "Kings are sometimes useful to their ministers," exclaims the wily Richelieu, one of the most accomplished exemplars of power behind the throne ever furnished by history.

Much of this tendency to go back of the records, in search of that modest genius who has done the work whereof others have reaped the benefit, is due to an egotism of perspicacity, a passion for originality, on the part of the critic. "Washington's only a figure-head," growled the malcontents of the Greene and Gates faction. "A fine Virginia gentleman, of commanding stature and awful presence, the hereditary lord of acres and negroes, he makes revolutions respectable. But when it comes to fighting" — and then would follow numerous allegations in favor of lesser magnates. It might be expected, as regards the victories

of a sovereign, whose varied tasks of king-craft and statesmanship would compel him to relegate military matters to his marshals, that he would find his Waterloos accredited to Wellington or Blücher, his Magentas to MacMahon, his Gravelottes to Von Moltke. But in the case of the great commanders themselves there is nearly always some popular underling who (with mysterious hints) is suspected of having shown his chief "how it was done." Take a modern instance. Sherman's victories in the West were, by certain critical commentators, deemed the result of the military scholarship of MacPherson, who, it may be observed, enjoyed the highest reputation among engineers. After MacPherson's death, the series of victories continuing unabated, some other secret source of power must be discovered; and discontent seized upon Thomas as the one whose conspiring hand had won the day. In due time Sherman separated from Thomas, and proceeded on his famous march to the sea with undiminished vigor and success; but had not the war come to a triumphant conclusion with the surrender of the forces before Sherman, no doubt hypercriticisms would have gone on discovering successors to Thomas!

In the field of letters. Here too we find ourselves confronted by the indefatigable searchers for "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." The mystery of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* has never been cleared up to the entire satisfaction of the reading public. To the partisans of the champions engaged, there has been no mystery at all. "Why, of course," says an Irishman, "it was Maginn who did it all. Don't you see that the wit is Irish under a thin veneering of Scotch

brogue?" "Wilson did it," contends an Edinburgh man. "No one in his senses can pretend that the Ettrick Shepherd could have been capable of the language ascribed to him by his admirers."

But what age has escaped? From the *Iliad* of Homer, by certain German philologists characterized as a collection of folk-songs antedating all stylus and papyrus, down to that sonorous but inoffensive ballad, *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, attributed in the past to Marshall, Wolfe, and others, there have not been wanting commentators who have insisted upon a yet unvindicated cause for all that is done. Indeed, I have often thought that if a *Chronique Scandaleuse* had been as sedulously kept in the old Hebraic dispensation as it was in the times of the Valois kings, we should find the psalms of the sweet singer of Israel attributed to some wild-eyed poetaster of King David's court, otherwise unknown to fame, and the proverbs of Solomon claiming as their author some bearded wiseacre of the weather-prophet order!

Theology itself has not been spared by this tendency of the human mind to seek in unknown darkness for that which bringeth great light. The following offers an excellent illustration. There have dwelt for centuries in Bohemia an order of zealots who devote themselves to the worship of Satan. According to their cultus, Satan was the rightful heir, but defeated antagonist, of God; in other words, was the Jefferson Davis of his Abraham Lincoln! Like the unreconstructed rebel, they cling tenaciously to their fallen deity; and their common form of greeting is, "May he who has been wronged salute thee!"

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 PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XXX.

WHEN Roger Carey awoke the next morning, he did not, for a moment, understand the void of dismay in his mind.

Then it all cleared, and his intolerable self-knowledge surged back upon him. Like some insulting hand, his shame struck him again and again in the face, while, with set teeth biting through a cigar which he had forgotten to light, he moved about the room, getting his things together for his departure.

For of course he was going away. There was nothing else for him to do, — nothing except to write the letter which must be sent up the hill. The brutality of such a course made him shiver; but what else could he do?

He looked at his watch to see how much time he had before the stage went, and discovered with dismay that it had gone. Under his breath he cursed his luck. To lose the stage meant that he could not leave Old Chester until afternoon, unless, by good fortune, he could hire a vehicle, and a driver willing to face the heavy rain which had begun to fall since dawn.

Here he was, in this primitive little tavern, pulled every moment by soft, invisible cords, in the midst of surroundings which stabbed him at every glance, with the steady rain shutting out the river and the hills, but revealing the dreary street, the drearier barnyard; how could he endure it until four o'clock?

Suppose he should see Lyssie? She did not mind the rain, he remembered.

"I'll walk before I stay here till four!" he said to himself; and then he drew a small, painted pine table up to the window, and sat down, a sheet of the tavern note paper and a bottle of watery ink before him.

He must write that letter even before he sought for means to escape from Old Chester.

He thrust his hands down into his pockets, and stretched his feet out under the table, and stared at the blue wool mat on the bureau. Then he lifted his pen, looked at it critically, and put it down with a fling. "My God!" he said.

It was hideously ludicrous, the incongruousness of the words she had heard him speak the night before with those which he was about to write on this thin bluish sheet ruled in pink lines, with a picture in the upper left-hand corner of a bird sitting on a fence rail.

He put his hands in his pockets again, and looked out at two dripping hens who had sought shelter under an empty cart. The rain fell with an increasing pour. The spout from the eaves above his window gurgled and chuckled, and there was a gush of water into the pebbly gutter below. "And of course I haven't an umbrella," he thought, absently. "Curse this rain!" He took up the pen and stabbed it into the ink bottle; then he looked out of the window again. He felt a sullen envy of

a hostler, who, his hands in his pockets, stood chewing a straw at the stable door; suddenly the man buttoned up his jacket, bent his head against the rain, and went running across the yard to the house, to sit for the rest of the idle morning, with steaming clothes, by the kitchen fire. If that red-faced, good-humored fellow caught one of the plump maidservants about the waist and gave her a smacking kiss, once in a while, it was as natural as eating, and just as unmoral. "What a row we make about nothing!" Roger thought, looking with savage resentment at the blank sheet of paper.

A dog, with a dripping coat, trotted across the overflowing wheel ruts of the road. A sulky came jogging down the street, and drew up before the tavern door.

The recollection of the last rainy day when he had seen Dr. Lavendar's sulky pierced Roger Carey's heart; he got up impetuously, nearly overturning the table, and flung himself away from the window. So it happened that he did not see the old clergyman emerge from under the streaming rubber apron, or hear him say, "What, upstairs? I'll just come in, then, for a minute."

But that stab of memory, that vision of the fresh and wholesome past, — the rainy day, the old clergyman and his little blind horse, and — and Lyssie, — made the sheet of thin paper, and the words of renunciation which he was arranging in his mind, seem melodramatic and disgusting. After all, he had been a fool; that was the amount of it. "There's no use palavering!" he told himself. He pulled out one of his cards, and wrote on it, with that fierce haste which fears to be overtaken by a change of mind, "I must not see you again. Forgive me if you can. But I will never see you again."

He loathed himself; he said between his teeth that he was a brute and a coward; but he slipped the card into an envelope and sealed it, pounding it with his

fist until the little table shook. He did not hear Dr. Lavendar's step upon the stairs, and leaped back, as though detected in some shameful deed, when, under a thundering rap, the door flew open with such suddenness that the old clergyman pitched forward into the room.

"Dear me!" said Dr. Lavendar, "I thought that door was shut! Well, sir, this is first rate." His face beamed with pleasure. "Van Horn told me you were up here, and I thought he'd lost his wits. But I never heard better news, sir. Come, now! the boy's writing a sonnet to her eyebrow. Well, that's right, that's right. Young things will have their quarrels, being young. But they make up, when they're good for anything. They kiss and are friends, as the children say. Well, sir, have you kissed?"

"It's very good in you to hunt me up," Roger stammered. "I'm just packing, just leaving. I" —

"What!" interrupted Dr. Lavendar, sobering. "You don't mean that little Lyssie would n't?" He unbuttoned his great-coat, on which the mist stood in fine drops, and sat down on one of the lean, unsteady chairs. "She's a most superior young woman, sir!"

Roger murmured an assent. He looked desperately about the room for means of escape.

"Most superior; and therefore, if she would n't kiss, it's because you did n't go about it in the right way. Now, I tell you, young man, it don't do to be proud. Tell her you were a fool! Of course you were?"

"Oh yes, yes."

"And ask her to forgive you, like a man, sir!"

"You're very good, I'm sure," Roger said hurriedly, "but I came down here on business. I have not seen — Miss Drayton. Mrs. Philip Shore wished some advice; legal advice." His voice shrank, and fell; but Dr. Lavendar did not notice it.

"Oh, is that all? Not but what I'm glad for you to try and bring those two mad people to their senses; but I hoped — I would n't have spoken if I had n't supposed you had come down on — another matter."

"Do you think I can hire anybody to drive me over to Mercer in this storm, Dr. Lavendar?" Roger said, shutting his portmanteau with a snap, his back to his guest.

"Oh, don't hurry," commanded the other. "Now you're here, stay over till the afternoon. Perhaps you can make it worth your while!" he insisted with vast significance, his eyes twinkling very much, and feeling himself to be exceedingly subtle.

"I'm obliged to be back in town tomorrow, thank you," Roger answered stiffly.

Dr. Lavendar sighed. "Well; tell me about Philip, then. Could you persuade Cecil to go back to him?"

"I hope she will," answered Roger Carey; behind his shut teeth he was swearing softly. "I'm afraid I'll have to leave you now, sir. I've got to go down and see Van Horn, and get him to hunt up some sort of conveyance for me."

Dr. Lavendar was silent. He got up from his chair and tramped over to the window, and stood staring out at the steady downpour; then he turned around. "Look here, my boy. *Don't.*"

"Don't what?"

"Go away without seeing her."

"My dear Dr. Lavendar, it's perfectly impossible! You don't understand. It was all my fault."

"Why, then go and tell her it was your fault!" The old sentimentalist came and put his hand on the young man's shoulder. "My dear boy, you are young. I'm an old fellow, but I was young once, too. And I was a fool — just like you. We fell out, and I could n't make up my mind to eat humble pie. Well, she married somebody else. And

every tear that girl shed — and she shed enough of 'em! — was my fault. Don't you see? It was just because my wicked pride kept me from telling her I'd been a fool. Now don't you do that, Carey; don't you do it, boy!"

"Good Lord!" Roger burst out, and then begged pardon. "You are very kind, sir, but I must not intrude upon Miss Drayton."

"Well;" said the old man, and sighed. "I suppose you know your own business. I won't say anything more. I hope I have n't offended you? But you're wrong, you're wrong."

"Yes, I'm wrong."

Dr. Lavendar looked as though he would like to make one more plea; but he closed his lips, and silently followed Roger downstairs. He heard him arrange for a carriage, and watched him give a note to the landlord, with instructions to have it sent at once to Mrs. Shore. "These lawyers have no feelings," he thought indignantly, for Roger stood staring at the note, even after it was in Van Horn's hands, as though he could think of nothing else. "Absorbed in his everlasting legal quibbles, and that poor child crying her eyes out! Well, I don't know; I believe she's well rid of him!" He said good-bye to Roger rather coldly.

"Joey is not showing intelligence in his choice," he thought, as he climbed into his gig, "but I'd rather have him have some heart than be as intelligent as this young man."

Dr. Lavendar was distinctly gentler to his brother, when, in all the rain, Mr. Joseph arrived by the morning stage. At dinner he told him of his talk with that cold-blooded young jackanapes, Carey, and he declared that Lyssie Drayton was well rid of him.

"Most superior girl; really intelligent," he said.

Mr. Joseph nodded, and agreed; but there was a look of absent melancholy in his mild face. Joseph Lavendar had

had a blow ; he had learned, beyond any shadow of doubt, the particulars of the late Mr. Pendleton's will.

The information had come to him casually, but it was not the less deadly. Coming down from Mercer, a passenger on the coach announced himself as the man of business of a lady who resided in the charming village of Old Chester, — a Mrs. Pendleton. Did his fellow-traveler chance to know her ? He had to get her signature to some papers, he said, and he had come to Old Chester for that purpose. Then, with a generosity ill befitting a man of business, he gossiped most entertainingly about his employer. Mr. Lavendar, thirsting for one particular bit of information, tried, faintly, to stop him, but held his breath at the reference to "Pendleton" and his will. "If she marries, she loses every cent. But I guess she won't marry. That kind of thing works both ways : it keeps the widow from marrying a poor man, and it keeps a rich man from marrying her," and the man of business laughed very much.

Mr. Joseph felt sore and bewildered. He thought that it would be generous to tell James this melancholy news ; James would be so relieved to hear it. But he could not, just yet. He must think it over a little longer. He thought about it all that afternoon. It was in his mind when he climbed listlessly into the organ loft for the choir-practicing.

Feeling that blank which comes to a man deprived of an interest, — a blank which may easily be mistaken for grief, it was a relief to him that Mrs. Pendleton was not present. "She's afraid of the rain, I suppose," said Susan Carr, with a curl of her lip. It seemed to Mr. Lavendar that Susan Carr's voice, of late so unsympathetic, was kinder ; so he could not help being kinder himself, and resolving to overlook that officiousness which had so annoyed him. He told her, while they picked out the voluntary, several bits of news, and he asked her advice

about a new chant with all his old simple friendliness.

Miss Susan answered politely, but somewhat at random ; in fact, they were both preoccupied. "James will be glad," Mr. Lavendar was saying to himself, sadly ; and Susan Carr, her cheeks hot, her eyes happy, was thinking that Mr. Joseph would walk home with her, as Mrs. Pendleton was not there. "I ought to have arranged something so that he should n't have such an opportunity," Susan Carr said to herself, severely, her eyes shining with content.

The practicing had never seemed so long. When it was over, Lyssie hurried out into the rain, and Mr. Tommy ran after her, to beg to hold his umbrella over her head ; but Miss Susan found several things to detain her.

She picked up two Prayer Books from the floor, and said that it was a bad day. She wished that she knew how to say to Joseph that she was sorry she had been disagreeable ; then, if he *should* press it again — At that a sudden fear touched her like a cold finger : suppose he should not press it ? Suppose her systematic snubbing had discouraged him so that he was not able to recognize her contrition ? Susan Carr drew in her breath and set her white teeth on her lip, and said to herself that she was not a silly girl, but a middle-aged woman ; she and Joseph had known each other all their lives, and if he did not understand, if he should be afraid to speak, why, then, she must just say — something friendly !

"I wish it was n't raining so hard," she announced, in a fluttered voice, listening to the persistent sweep of the rain on the roof.

Mr. Joseph agreed absently. The trouble in his face brought a remorseful mist into Susan Carr's eyes. Oh, how unhappy she had made him ! Well, it should stop now ; yes, if she had to say plump out, "Joseph, I was a fool. I did n't know my own mind. But I do now. And — and " —

Miss Susan beat the two Prayer Books together, and said, tremulously, that they were shamefully dusty. "I think your touch grows finer every year, Mr. Joseph," she continued, with much agitation for so simple a remark.

"You're very good to say so, ma'am," he answered, with a melancholy air, shaking some loose sheets of music evenly together on his brown broadcloth knees.

"I don't know what St. John's would do without you. I've often been afraid you would have an offer from some great city church." She bent down to put on her overshoes, and her voice was muffled and breathless.

Mr. Lavendar shook his head. "You're very good. I don't know; sometimes I've thought it might be well to stay away for a while."

"Oh no!" she burst out, stamping down into her rubbers, her face scarlet; "no, indeed, Mr. Joseph."

Mr. Joseph did not insist; he sighed, and peered over the rail of the loft down into the church.

"How early it gets dark now! It seems to me that when I was a boy it did n't get dark so early in the afternoon in November." Then he opened the loft door politely, and Miss Susan started down the narrow circular flight of stairs. Her breath came fast; she stopped abruptly by the narrow window, where, through the mat of ivy stems, the gray light struggled in.

"We'd better shut this," she said, pulling at the cord of the little swinging sash. It was quite dark here on the stairs, and Joseph was behind her.

"Mr. Joseph, I've been wanting to say to you — I've been wanting to tell you, that I've thought over — what you tried to tell me. Oh — you know?" she ended faintly, tying down the window cord in a series of bewildering knots.

She could say no more. The tears were in her eyes from the effort of her words. Joseph Lavendar was quick to

feel the frankness of her repentance for her hardness.

"You are just as kind as you can be, Miss Susan," he said, looking down at the top of her bonnet from his height of three stairs above her, "but I had n't any right to trouble you in the first place."

"Oh yes, yes, you had! and I did appreciate it. I felt it was a great honor; only, I had never thought of such a thing, and — and it did n't seem right."

"I quite understand, ma'am," he said, the wrinkles deepening on his high forehead. He felt no bitterness, even though Susan Carr put into words his own scruple. Her sincere friendliness was too apparent for offense. "No, it was n't right; and you were kind to try to hold me back. And I realize myself that I'm a poor man. I've only my small earnings. I had no right to ask" —

She turned around quickly and looked up at him; even in the dusk he could see that her straightforward eyes were full of tears, and there was a deeper color on her cheeks. She made a quick gesture. "Oh, how could you think such a thing? I never thought about money! It was — Donald. And I did n't know my own mind. But I do — now." Then, with great energy, she tied another knot in the window cord, and went on down the little dark winding stairs.

Joseph Lavendar, with his mouth open, looked after her. He grew pale, and then red. He said something under his breath, violently, and turned, with two skipping steps, as though to flee for shelter back to the organ loft. Then he stood still, palpitating.

"Miss Susan!" he called faintly, and went stumbling after her. "Miss Susan, I'm afraid you — I'm afraid there's some misunderstanding; you are so kind — I'm afraid" —

"No," she said boldly, smiling, but with her eyes full of tears, "no; it's only that I know my own mind now. I did n't let you speak because I thought

I could n't return it. But now I know my own mind. And so — I've told you. It is n't as if we were young things. We are such matter-of-fact, middle-aged people, not two young things — I thought I could tell you?"

Joseph Lavendar gasped; he rubbed his hands together, and opened and closed his lips.

All Susan Carr's strength and force had melted into shyness. "I hope you did n't think I was forward," she murmured.

Mr. Lavendar swallowed once; then his face grew very gentle and noble. "Take my arm, my dear Susan," he said. "I hope I may be worthy of the honor you have done me."

XXXI.

All that day the rain fell steadily. Roger Carey, his face bent against the wind, driving in an open wagon across the hills, was following in his mind, with deadly humiliation, his letter to his friend's wife. In imagination, he saw John receiving it at the door; carrying it upstairs on his tray; fingering it, perhaps, with the supercilious curiosity of his kind, but handing it to his mistress with his usual immobility. Probably she would be in that very room where — Roger's hands tightened upon the reins, and his teeth set.

Well, she would take it; open it, perhaps with that silver dagger on her desk; read it! He reached forward for the whip, and struck the horse viciously. "This confounded beast never goes out of a walk," he told the boy on the seat beside him.

Yes; she would read it; he tried to remember what he had said: —

"*I must not see you again. Forgive me if you can. But I will never*" — Was it "will never" or "must never," in that last sentence? Why had he not made some excuse? "Unexpectedly

summoned to town — will write" — Anything, rather than that confession of fright, and shame, and remorse. For the moment, all his self-loathing was concentrated on his *gaucherie*: —

"*I must not see you again. Forgive*" — "Good Lord!" groaned the young man; and the boy beside him said, "Sur?"

"I could walk faster than this brute!" his fare told him, angrily.

But the note did not reach its destination quite as early as it should have done. Van Horn said it was a shame to send a "human critter" out in such a rain just for a letter; he would wait till he saw some one driving up that way. He waited until nearly noon; then John came down to the post office for the morning mail, and stopped at the tavern for a chat, and there was Van Horn's opportunity. Mr. Carey's dollar for immediate delivery went towards paying for the extra oil which that young man had burned. "Fer I give you my word," said Van Horn in confidence to John, "that young feller burned the lamp all night; it was burning there this morning when my wife went in to red up after him."

So it happened that when Cecil Shore read Roger's card, twelve hours had passed since, with that terror-stricken look, he had left her; twelve hours of reality. When she heard the door bang behind him, it was like some frightful awakening; she stood, gasping, staring about the empty room; then sank down, cowering, and hiding her face. She shut her eyes, quivering and crouching, as though she still felt the storm of his presence. He loved her! And he had gone — at such a moment! Her heart rose in passionate exultation at his strength. But he loved her. "When I am free! When I am free!" she repeated in a whisper.

She got up, and walked hurriedly up and down, her breath broken, the tears wet upon her face.

"I love him!" she said to herself, and covered her face with her hands; then, standing still, swaying back and forth, she burst suddenly into dreadful crying.

"*I love him,*" she said again.

As she spoke, her eyes fell on some little scraps of paper which he had torn with nervous fingers as he talked to her; and she stooped over and brushed them into her hand and kissed them, — once, twice. Then she stood still, trembling for a moment, before, with violent haste, she went to the window and flung it open. As she leaned out, the cold air struck on her neck and face, and the spasm in her throat stopped; it had seemed as if she could not breathe. Touched, for the first time in her life, by the great Human Experience, her whole body answered to the summons of the soul.

But she had no consciousness of morality, she had no thought of self; she had forgotten that she was Philip's wife; or that Roger had been Alicia's lover.

A great experience transcends morality, because it bursts the shell of personality; and in the empty moment which follows it identity seems lost, swept out on the surge of those eternal currents we call Life. At such a moment a soul knows all things but itself; it apprehends the knowledge of beasts, it feels the thrill of the stars shining; it understands the color of crimson in the sun; it is acquainted with grief; maternity belongs to it, and death. It is a moment of terror and magnificence; it is the moment of Moses on Sinai; but whether it be for good or evil, only that discarded personality can say.

When Cecil drew back and shut the window, her face had curiously changed. Living was stamped upon it. Eagerness, fear, desire, all those emotions from which her satisfied life had shut her out, began to dawn and deepen in it. She paced up and down, her lips tightened upon each other; but her eyes softening, and glowing, and dimming. She had

decided swiftly not to see him in the morning; she, too, would be strong. No; they must both wait: "and he must have nothing to do with the case," she thought; "we must not speak, we must not look, until I am free! He said, 'when you are free!' Oh, how few men could have turned back when he did!" An adoring tenderness shone in her eyes; she smiled, her lip quivering, as she stood looking over at the spot where he had repulsed her.

She watched the dawn come cold over the hills; the candles in the sconces sputtered and guttered, and went out, and the lamps burned with a sickly light. She walked softly about her room: "He stood there. He looked at that picture. He touched this book." But over and over she came back to that one moment of renunciation when he had left her, — when it seemed as though he dragged her heart out of her body. She wanted to protest, to demand, to compel; but instead, she exulted.

And so the morning broke, gray with sweeping rain; the wind rumbled sometimes in the chimney, and a chill crept into the room, for the fire had burned out.

"He will be here soon," she thought, a deep color burning in her face, and her breath quickening. She would hear his voice asking for her; hear him being sent away. Well, thank Heaven, he would understand; he would even care more for her because she would not see him; because she would meet him on his own level! For, with this first appreciation of anything but herself, such mere decency of life seemed high to this poor soul.

She had had her coffee, and put on a charming gown of some soft silk; her face was full of delicate color. Though she did not mean to see him, she felt the impulse to be beautiful just because he would come and stand in the doorway downstairs, even though it was only to be told that he must go away.

And so she waited.

The day darkened as the morning passed; the rain shut her in upon the passionate centre of herself.

But it was curious that he did not come.

Somehow or other, the morning wore on. Molly clamored at the door, and came in to play with her paper dolls on the rug before the fire. The cook wanted instructions for dinner; Cecil gave them carefully, speculating a little as to whether a certain white soup could be made with this sort of stock or that; she stopped once abruptly, as she was speaking, and listened. Then she said dully, "Yes, try it, Jane; but don't put in too much wine;" and listened again.

By noon she had begun to pace up and down, up and down. She sent Molly away, telling her sharply that she was a perfect nuisance with her dolls. She stood with her hands behind her at the window; her mouth rigid, her eyes troubled and wandering.

Very likely he had gone back to town at once. How like him! how superb in him! But he ought to have sent a line; and, though he might have known she would not see him, it would only have been civil to come — under the circumstances.

At noon his note came. She grew white as she read it, and sat down, trembling. Then she dashed it from her, and flew to the door, bolting it and clinging to the doorknob, her teeth grinding down upon her lip, her eyes furious.

"So: it was an insult."

The color surged into her face, and left it white again. She raged back and forth across her room, breathing hard.

"How dared he!" Her hands gripped and twisted upon each other as though they would tear the life from the throat of the man who had kissed them, and kissed them.

He had *dared* — and then gone!

"The insult, the insult, the insult!"

She was suffocated by hate. Standing

with clenched hands, she ground her heel into the floor. "I wish it were his face!" she whispered, quivering all over. The card was lying where she had thrown it on the rug before the fire. "I despise him!" she said, and stooped to pick it up, crumpling it furiously in her hand.

Then, suddenly, she carried it to her lips, and burst into tears.

"Oh, why do I love him, when I hate him so?"

.

It was late in the afternoon that, very curiously, she went and looked in the glass. She sat before her dressing-table for a long time, leaning forward, staring into the mirror with miserable, hopeless eyes. It was as though her soul looked out of the windows of its prison. Yet it was only now that she had recognized that it was a prison, this ruthless body of hers that dragged her into all its dreadful delights; this body, with its love of sloth, its sensual droop of the lip, its cruel indifference to anything but itself.

"No; I shall never be good," she said aloud. "I'll get over this in a week, and I shall see how amusing it is."

The consciousness of this ultimateness of the environment of the body is very horrible. Some time in our lives every man and woman of us, putting out our hands towards the stars, touches on either side our prison walls, the immutable limitations of temperament. "I can never be good," she said hopelessly, watching her heavy, tear-stained face in the mirror; "and perhaps I should n't like it if I were. No, I'll get over this, and then I'll want to *kill* him! — I know."

But she was wrong. Cecil Shore's was not one of those fluid souls which slip, quicksilver-like, between the fingers of circumstances, returning always to the unimpressionable sphere of self. This experience was moulding her as molten steel is moulded. She would never think of it with amusement; she would always be a better woman, no matter how bad

she might become, because of this one shuddering glimpse of righteousness.

She held the crumpled card in her hand, and looked at it now and then. "*I must not see you again. Forgive me if you can. I will never see you again.*"

"He does n't care," she said to herself; "it was n't love. What must he think of me?" Her face scorched under the slow tears; she could not bear the shame of it; and yet — and yet —

"I'm not good enough for him," she thought piteously. "I was wicked. He belonged to Lyssie. I was wicked." She groaned as she spoke. The soul is not born without agony; this beginning of the moral consciousness knew the throes of birth.

He had told her that she was not good enough to take care of her own child. Well, he was right. She saw herself in Europe, living the lazy, easy, suffocating life that she loved. He was right; such a life would be dreadful for Molly; it meant meanness, selfishness, unrestrained impulses, sloth; it meant all that intellectual enjoyment of materialism which is a sensuality of the mind. But it could not be helped, unless — unless she gave Molly up.

"If I have her, she will be as bad as I am," she thought dully. She wished passionately that she were dead, so that Molly would be safe.

"Oh, she ought not to be with me," she said, with a wail. "I'm no woman to be trusted with a child; he said so. He was right. He knows what my life is."

Molly ought not to know such a life; Molly ought to be good.

"Not like me! Not like me!" she said, dropping her head down on her arms crossed upon the dressing-table.

It was nearly a week later that she wrote to him: —

"Of course I did not take you seriously; nor you me, I hope. So go back to Lyssie — some time. For me, I'm go-

ing away. Perhaps you are right about Molly. Anyhow, I shall leave her with her father. I hope he will give an occasional thought to her soul, in intervals of saving his own. Will you tell him so from me? I will never see him again; nor you. Well, this is the end; is n't it all queer? C."

XXXII.

"Shore, are you at liberty? I want to see you."

Philip put down his pen, and stretched out his hand. "Why, hello, Carey! Look out, don't tumble over that waste basket. It's so dark in here, I did n't know you for a minute."

The afternoon dusk was rising like a tide in the small office, and the pale sunshine was climbing the wall to escape it; climbing the wall, creeping across the papers on Philip Shore's desk, breaking into rippling shadows on the ceiling, as a flag on an opposite building blew taut and strong, or swerved and clung to its mast, and then whipped out again in the high wind.

"You are just the man I wanted to see," Philip said. "I did n't know you were in town."

"I'm not. At least, I only came this moment. I was in Old Chester last week; and I've come now to see you."

"Ah," said Philip. "Well?" His caller, it appeared, was his wife's legal adviser, rather than his old friend or Lyssie's lover, — he had not heard of the broken engagement; so with some formality he offered Roger a chair, and braced himself for a conflict of words about the situation. He had expected a fierce and friendly remonstrance, such as this which he thought he saw in Roger's eyes, before Carey should assume his professional character, and betake himself to the attorney in whose hands Philip had placed his affairs; or rather, to whom he had stated his position and his wishes about Molly. For Philip, having given

up the management of his wife's money, had in fact no "affairs" of his own. Indeed, when Roger entered, he had been engaged in adding up columns of figures, and subtracting the smallest possible living expenses from the sum total of his probable assets, and he was aware of that curious mixture of poignant anxiety and absurd humor which can be felt only by the man who, never having known the necessity of work, finds suddenly that if he does not work, neither may he eat.

"I can't even be a brick-layer. I've had no experience," he thought, morosely amused. He had meant to consult Roger Carey, for the fact that Cecil had put her business matters in his hands had no bearing, in Philip's mind, upon their friendship. But in the younger man's set face, as he stood beside his desk, Philip instantly read the impossibility of this.

"Well?" he said, curtly, again.

"I've come to see you on — Mrs. Shore's behalf."

"So I supposed. I knew that she had asked you to look after her affairs. I'm very glad of it, Carey."

Roger sat down, bending his stick across his knees in a fierce, unconscious grip; his face was pale, and had in it a suggestion of struggle, — a struggle which had burned something out of it, and left it strangely refined, but almost haggard.

Philip said, impulsively, "Are you under the weather, old man?"

Roger did not even notice the question; his hands tightened upon his stick until the knuckles whitened.

"I'm not here in any professional way" —

"My dear fellow, that is the reason that I appreciate the professional part of it," Philip began warmly. "I know what your friendship is, and" —

"Yes. Well, never mind that; I've come to ask you to go back to her."

"What!"

"I want you to go back to your wife."

"Did she send you here with that message?" said Philip.

"She send me! Don't you know her better than that? No, I'm here on my own account. This plan of yours is so incredible to me that I — I can't believe it! You cannot be aware of what you are doing."

Philip sighed, and seemed to draw himself together. "We don't agree on this subject of divorce and separation, so what is the use of discussing it? Although I appreciate your motive in wishing to discuss it."

"You do, do you?"

A thread of anger in his voice made Philip look at him, but Roger went on, calmly: —

"No; of course there is no use in discussing your theories. I don't believe in divorce. I think I told you that some time ago. I — I still don't believe in it."

"So far as I am concerned, there should be no question of divorce in this matter," Philip said.

"I know; you want to separate. And I believe you put it on the ground of morality!"

"Absolutely," the other answered, with a surprised look. "Why, Carey, look here; put the personal equation out of this for a moment. What makes marriage? A priest's gibberish, or a legal decree, or the tyranny of public opinion, which holds a man and woman together who are separated in every thought and impulse and belief? They are husband and wife by a Law that transcends all these things; or else — they are not husband and wife!"

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not go into that kind of thing," Roger said.

"The duties of a citizen, I can understand; but when you come to 'higher laws,' I'm all off. Common law's good enough for me. But what I'm here for is not to discuss the abstract; it is to ask you to go back to your wife."

"Apparently you are not speaking for Mrs. Shore," Philip answered, frowning; "and as we don't agree as to the

principle, what's the use of talking about it?"

Roger was silent for a moment; then he said quietly, "I have a message for you, Philip, from — your wife. She is going abroad (unless I can persuade you to prevent it), and she has decided to leave Molly with you."

Philip Shore half rose. "Leave Molly?" he repeated, in a dazed way.

"Yes."

"I don't understand. She told Woodhouse — I thought she meant to bring suit, and get possession of the child? Carey, what do you mean?"

"What I say. If this theory of yours is carried out, and she goes away, she proposes to leave Molly with you. She has also given me certain instructions as to money matters in relation to Molly. But I don't want to go into that now. I hope it may never be necessary to go into it. I hope you will go back to her."

Philip's face was sunk in his hands; he was silent for several moments. Then, in a low voice, "What are Mrs. Shore's reasons for this decision?"

"Do you think," answered the other, "that you have any right to ask Mrs. Shore's reasons?"

Philip got up and went over to the fireplace; he leaned his forehead upon his arm along the mantelpiece, and looked down at a little fire that was shrinking and creeping back into the narrow grate. Roger watched him silently.

"No; I've no right to ask her reasons."

"I suppose," said the younger man, in a hard voice, "that you are perfectly willing to let your wife make this sacrifice?"

Philip turned upon him savagely. "Is this a time to say whether it is agreeable to me to accept a sacrifice? I've got to think of Molly! You know she ought not to be with her mother."

"So you'll accept the sacrifice?" Roger insisted, with contempt that was like a blow.

"I accept my child!" said Philip

Shore hoarsely. "You can't understand this thing, Carey" —

"You're right. I can't."

—"But the humiliation to me of letting Cecil give up is not to be considered. Good God, do you suppose, if it were just *myself*, that I would let her do it?"

"I can't say, I'm sure. You're letting her do a good deal."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You are letting her take advantage of a theory which you consider essential to your personal integrity, whether it is for her welfare or not."

"It is for her welfare."

"Is that why you are doing it? I wonder if it has ever occurred to you that salvation can cost too dear!"

"I don't understand you," Philip answered impatiently.

"I mean that the pursuit of righteousness for personal ends is just a yielding to a spiritual appetite; and it may be as demoralizing and debauching as — as the yielding to a physical appetite!"

Roger Carey's stick broke suddenly across his knee; his hands trembled.

"Race regeneration begins with the individual," Philip began.

But Roger broke in with a sort of groan: "Who is going to be regenerated, in this case — beside yourself? That part of the race included in your immediate family? Your — your wife, for instance?"

Again in the darkening room a note in his voice made Philip stare at him.

"Let's look at the value of this sort of regeneration: suppose every man who got tired of his bargain" —

"Carey, you go too far!"

—"every man who thought the preservation of his own precious integrity depended on it, should throw over his wife" —

"What the devil is the matter with you?"

"I want to make an illustration," Roger said between his teeth. "Suppose he left his wife, feeling that the

honor of marriage and the salvation of his own soul depended on it, — you see, I am granting absolute integrity of purpose.”

The blood came up into Philip Shore's face as if at the touch of a whip lash.

“Of course,” Roger went on, “it is conceivable that the woman being left, some other man might be attracted; and — but I need n't go into all that. You see what possibilities it opens up?”

“Yes,” Philip agreed; “and why not?”

“Why not?” Roger stammered, recoiling. “Why, because public morals are to be considered!”

“Public morals will not suffer by private virtue,” Philip said contemptuously. “I maintain that a loveless marriage is n't a marriage. The question of absolute divorce is n't a question of re-marriage, but of marrying at all. The first relationship is n't marriage, it is legalized prostitution; but we are not ready, yet, to make the results of such a mistake permanent, so the right to marry righteously, decently, is necessary. It's a concession to human nature, I grant, but it's perfectly reasonable and proper, even though one may repudiate it for one's self.”

Roger said something under his breath, looking at Cecil Shore's husband with a sort of terror.

“Of course,” Philip went on, “I realize the possible abuses of freer divorce, but I do not believe such abuses are inherent in divorce. And beside, other people's weakness or wickedness does not affect individual duty.”

“There's no duty that makes other people either weak or wicked,” Roger burst out. “‘If meat cause my brother to offend, then will I eat no meat.’”

“My brother's offending is his own business. Beside, meat-eating is not a necessity. Purity, honor, decency even, are necessities.”

“Shore,” the other answered, his voice trembling, “hell might be a necessity, if

you went there to keep somebody else out; it's the old idea, to lose one's life for somebody else's sake is to find it. I can't talk religion, but that's the way it seems to me.”

He was profoundly agitated. He got up and walked over to the window, and stood looking through the glass grimed with the smoke from innumerable chimneys below; far off, beyond the crowding, huddling roofs covered with streaked and dirty snow, he could see a yellow line of sunset; his anger and his shame fighting for words left him silent. He came back and sat down again by Philip's desk.

“Shore, I'll take your motives for granted. I will believe that you believe in them; but go back, go back!”

Philip was silent for a moment; he watched Roger closely; then he said quietly, “There's no use prolonging this. You don't understand the situation. Mrs. Shore wishes to leave me.”

Then the rein broke. “You know the proposition was yours. For God's sake don't be a Jesuit; it's bad enough to be a saint! And you are willing to accept your freedom at any cost to her? You'd go over dead bodies or dead souls to save yourself! damn you, you're not worth saving!”

“You're mad, or else you're drunk. There's the door.”

“You'll listen to what I have to say first. The Lord knows I'm not anxious to talk to you, but you've got to listen, — and I've got to speak! What about your wife, if you leave her? and what about the fellow you dig a pit for when you send her out into the world?”

“Your words are an offense. You will speak with respect of Mrs. Shore in my presence or I'll put you out of it!”

The two men were standing. Philip was trembling with rage. Roger's hand was clenched on the edge of the desk; there was a solemn frown in his face which made it almost beautiful and strangely devoid of self. The sunset,

loitering and lifting on the wall, had been swallowed by the rising tide of gray, and the room was quite dark.

"You've got to hear, Philip," Roger said. Then, lifted far above self-consciousness, using, as it were, his own sin as an instrument of salvation, he leaned forward and touched him on the shoulder.

"*I love her.*"

There was no answer.

"Well, what's the matter? 'Why not?' as you said yourself. I love her. How do you like that? I held her in my arms. I held your wife in my arms. I — Keep back, keep back! You've no right to resent one word I've said! You throw her over, I take her" —

Philip's hands leaped at his throat. There was no resistance. Flung neck and crop like a dog out into the narrow entry, Roger Carey leaned, breathless and ghastly, against the whitewashed wall. His face was full of exultation; it was as though some mighty hand of justice and insolence and insult had wiped shame out of it.

XXXIII.

The grimy sunshine, lifting and lifting in Philip Shore's office in the city, resting on crowded roofs, gilding with sudden pallid glory the edge of a chimney, or striking a red shine on smoky windows, was lying in an ebbing tide of placid light on the white hills around Old Chester. It crept across Cecil Shore's leafless garden, and up the west front of the house, touching the closed shutters, and peering for a fading instant into the open doorway of the hall, where everything was confusion and haste.

"The stage and baggage wagon will be here at five," said Mrs. Shore, fastening her long glove as she came slowly downstairs. "Just see that everything is put on, John; then tell Jonas to drive down to the rectory for me. Come, Polly, come along with mamma."

"Will Eric come with John? Can't

he come to say good-by to Dr. Laven-dar, too? Shall we say good-by to aunt Lyssie and grandmamma over again?" Molly chattered, as they went down the steps.

"Come, hurry," Cecil said crossly. "What did you bring that dog for? He'll fight Danny." She looked down at the child running to keep up with her, and drew in her breath in a sob. Molly was full of questions: Where was father? What made the moon so thin? Had the sun bitten a piece out of it? Should they see father to-morrow in town?

"Do you want to see your father?" Cecil asked, her voice strained and harsh.

"I don't mind," Molly answered cheerfully. "I'd like to see Mr. Carey. He loves Eric."

"Is that why you like Mr. Carey?"

Molly shook her head, and took two little skipping steps. "I don't like him *very* much. He laughed at my tooth. I like father better. Don't you like father better? Mamma, when shall we go on the ship?"

They had come to the iron gates at the bottom of the garden, and Cecil lifted the great rusted latch; but when they closed behind her with a clang, she stopped, shivering, and looked back at the garden, leaning her forehead against the bars.

"I'd better say good-by to her here;" and she called the child, who had run on a little distance ahead. Yet when, with laggard obedience, Molly came, her mother only said, with a curious breathlessness, "Take mamma's hand. Don't run ahead that way. (No, I can't yet; I can't yet!)" she told herself.

As they walked down the lane in the gray twilight, she kept putting off those last words; she talked constantly, but so entirely at random that once Molly said, in a puzzled way, "But, mamma, you told me 'yes,' and now you tell me 'no.' I don't know *what* to do!"

"Molly, you will be a good girl?"

Cecil said feverishly, as though insisting upon something to herself. "You must be good. That's the main thing. Promise mamma you'll be good?"

Her voice frightened the child, whose face puckered into a sort of whimper. "I'm *not* a naughty girl!"

"Oh, I know, darling, I know! But promise mamma you'll try and be good. (I'll wait until I get to the rectory,") she thought, gripping the child's hand until Molly cried out, and pulled it away from her.

They came along the narrow path to the sunken door of the rectory. The shades were not down, and they had a glimpse of Dr. Lavendar sitting in his shabby dressing-gown by the hearth. The little dusky room was full of lurching firelight, brightening and fading, and brightening again. This was his free hour, and he was sitting by himself, his pipe between his lips, thinking of many things. With one hand he rubbed Danny's gray head, and the other was fumbling in the pocket of his dressing-gown with some uncut topazes. Once he pulled out a handful of them, and held them close to his eyes, gloating over them with the greatest satisfaction; then he thrust them deep down into his pocket again. He was trying to decide a matter of taste: was it better to preach on the New Jerusalem descending out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband, her walls of chalcedony, jacinth, amethyst, and jasper, the Sunday before Joey and Susan were married, or the Sunday after?

"That match," he was saying to himself, "was about as good a thing as I ever accomplished in my life!"

As they drew near the house, Cecil stopped and looked in at the tranquil scene. "I'll wait till I have spoken to Dr. Lavendar," she thought, shivering. "Molly," she said hoarsely, "give me a kiss before we go in." The street was deserted and nearly dark; no one saw her crush the child against her breast,

kissing her until Molly, out of breath, laughed and struggled, and tried to wriggle out of her arms.

("I'll say it the last thing; the last thing.) Oh, Molly, you will be good? That is all I want. Promise me you will be good! Come, we must go in."

Then she pushed the door open and went down the little narrow hall to the library.

She came in, wrapped in her great crimson cloak, and smiling, in the firelit dusk; yet for an instant, until she spoke, the old clergyman felt the grip of actual terror upon his heart.

"I came to say good-by, Dr. Lavendar" — She stopped and caught her breath. "The stage is to come here for me. I felt that I must have the blessing of the Church before I left the home of my childhood for good!"

"Left for good?" he stammered, but she interrupted him.

"It may be for bad. But it's leaving, anyhow. May I sit down? Polly, don't drag at mamma's cloak. Dr. Lavendar, I want you to do something for me."

"Sit down, Cecilla, sit down," he said, waving his pipe at her. "I am glad to see you: I've something to say to you. I've been four times to your door, Cecilla, but was not admitted."

"Oh, not really?" she said absently, her eyes fastened upon Molly.

"The person who opened the door," proceeded the old man, "said you were not at home. *But I heard your voice, Cecilla!*"

"Really?" Cecil answered, vaguely; and then suddenly laughed, as if at first she had not heard him.

"I fear he is an untruthful person; but that was not why I wished to speak to you, though I do feel that you are responsible for the morals of your servants" —

"My dear Dr. Lavendar, my own morals are more than I can attend to properly," she said, smiling, "and I

have only five minutes ; the stage will be here, and I must speak to you."

"Send the child away, for I must speak to you," he began, sternly ; but Cecil shook her head.

"Oh no, please don't. In fact, you can't, before Molly," she reminded him maliciously. "Beside, it's no use ; everything is settled. But I've come (I'm so glad *you* are at home) to ask you to give Philip a message from me."

"Mamma, are we going to see father to-morrow?" Molly asked fretfully.

"You will, Kitty, in a day or two. There! don't you want to go and play with Danny? Dr. Lavendar, I am going away. I am going to sail for Europe on Saturday."

His bushy eyebrows twitched with angry anxiety ; "I can't believe that you will do any such wicked thing! I went to implore you not to, those four times that I called. My child, you can't do such a thing! I have written to Philip—I think you are both beside yourselves," he ended incoherently.

Cecil sighed impatiently. "Dr. Lavendar"—But he interrupted her.

"Lyssie, poor child, is heart-broken about it ; she sat here yesterday and cried until she could n't see!"

Cecil started, frowning. "If I've given Lyssie any grief, the sooner I get away the better. Yes, she'll be happier when I'm gone. That's one reason I'm going. Oh, please don't talk to me ; there's no use. Listen to what I want to say: I'm going away, and I'm going to enjoy life. I want that distinctly understood. I'm going to enjoy life. Only, I've thought it all over, and I won't take Molly. She would be—she would be in the way. But I want you to tell Philip Shore one thing: say, 'Cecil says, *You saved yourself, so you could not save any one else.*' Possibly he will understand. Yes, I think he will understand. 'You saved yourself, so you could not save any one else.' Will you remember? You might add

that, having saved his life, he may lose it ; but no ; he'll find that out for himself, perhaps." She rose and pulled the crimson cloak about her, shivering a little.

"I know what you mean," he said tremulously, "but Cecilla, my dear child, just let me make one plea ; not for yourself, not even for the child. Listen to me, my dear. There is nothing in the world so awful as the knowledge that you have injured a soul. If you go away, Philip will understand that. Yes, you will grow harder to reach, Cecilla, and it will be his fault. He will have injured your soul ; there is no anguish so dreadful as such a realization! *Can't you spare him?* Are n't you generous enough to spare him?"

It was a high appeal.

She turned and looked at him, and laughed, drawing in her breath between her shut teeth.

"I hope the thought of it may take him down to hell. I should be willing to go there, if it would make him suffer!"

As she spoke there was a trampling at the gate, and the rattle of harness chains, and the scraping of a wheel against the gatepost. "Here's the stage," she said lightly, her face white to the lips. "I've arranged that Molly is to go to Lyssie, until her father comes for her. Come, Polly, you are to stay all night with aunt Lyssie ; shall you like that?"

"And Eric, too?" clamored Molly.

"I told Lyssie I would send her over by Rosa at half past five ; I did n't want to make my adieus under Mrs. Drayton's windows. Good-by, Dr. Lavendar." She held out her hand carelessly, as she went into the hall ; the front door was open, and the stage loomed up in the dusk, with its lamps glimmering through the evening fog.

"Molly! Come here!" Cecil said, sharply.

Dr. Lavendar had followed them into the hall ; Rosa was standing in the doorway ; the stage driver was leaning down

from his seat, tapping the wheel with his whip; John had come up the path to ask some question. Cecil looked about her like a hunted creature.

"Jonas is in a hurry, ma'am," John ventured.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," Cecil said breathlessly. "Have you got everything, John? Is Rosa here? Rosa, take Molly right over to Miss Lyssie's" —

"Mamma!" Molly began, half frightened.

Cecil looked at her, and then suddenly knelt down in front of her. "Kiss me! Kiss me!" she whispered, and hid her face in the child's bosom; then she rose, brushing past the little girl as though she did not see her.

"I'll miss the train at Mercer if I don't hurry. Dr. Lavendar, congratulate Mr. Joseph for me. At least his choice has not been impulsive; they have known each other all their lives, have n't they?"

Then, smiling out of the coach, she kissed her hand to Molly. "There, Kitty, don't cry; you are going over to grandmamma's to stay all night." She pulled the stage door in with a bang. "Tell them to start," she said hoarsely. "Why don't they start? Oh, hurry, hurry! Good heavens, are they never going to start?"

XXXIV.

In April, in southern Pennsylvania, there comes one day when the brown fields dim suddenly with green, as though a warm breath passed over them. The full, white clouds hang low, but part now and then, and bursts of sunshine move swiftly over the meadows and up the hillsides; the little runs brim and bubble in their narrow beds, and the larger streams whirl against the big stones in their paths, and hurry on, streaked with foam and chattering loudly. In the orchards threads of water gush out from

under tussocks of winter-bleached grass, or spurt up under a footstep, and when those sunbursts travel swiftly over the countryside, all the fields are agleam with these innumerable springs. The air has been warmed through and through by the sunshine behind the clouds, yet it has a cool edge that comes from its touch upon patches of melting snow up in the northern hollows of the hills. The buds have hardly begun to open, but it seems as if there were a faint green smoke in the woods; and the stems of the willows are reddening as though some mysterious wine were rising in them.

Such a day is full of peace and promise; one feels a springing joy that reason does not explain. No doubt the grief of the world is just the same; the grave is still new in the churchyard, perhaps; faiths have been broken; the soul has earned its own inviolable solitude; nay, the sordid anxieties of life and living are all unchanged; — yet on such an April day of sunshine moving over brown fields, of brimming brooks, of greening hillsides, the heart rises, the feet dance, and a song comes bubbling to the lips.

Alicia Drayton felt this unreasoning joy as she walked slowly up the long hill on her way back from the upper village. Far down the road, behind her, the stage came tugging along. She had meant to hail it at the cross-roads, and spare herself a half hour's walk; but she had not waited for it, and had walked on absently, yet with this April joyousness nestling warmly at her heart. Once she stopped to look back at the stage crawling up the long slope, and saw a great stretch of sunshine flood all the valley, and move swiftly up the hill. The fields looked greener for its touch, Lysie thought. She drew a long breath and trudged on, saying to herself that it was pleasant to be alive.

This was a new feeling to little Lysie. It had been a hard winter for her.

First there had been the bewildering

grief about Philip and Cecil; then the interest and beauty of life had seemed to go out on the day that Roger Carey slammed the door behind him and went off into the rain; and, while that pain was still new, the filial instinct had been killed in her: Alicia Drayton had learned to know her mother.

With such knowing had come the tenderest love and pity; but the reverence of the child for the parent, that noble reverence which makes life deep and beautiful, was dead.

This grief had come to the girl in midwinter. A letter had arrived from Mr. Drayton announcing his immediate and final return to Old Chester; and there was a dreadful scene when his wife, in the miserable fright of a selfish woman, had had no decent reserves before Lyssie. The dignity and sacredness of marriage were insulted before the child's eyes: her mother had cried and screamed with disappointment and passion; she had revealed her hatred of her husband, and her fear of his interference with her comfort. Afterwards, there was the simpering smile to her little public; her upraised eyes; her "heartfelt gratitude for her heavenly Father's goodness in thus blessing her by her dear William's restoration to health."

It turned Alicia sick. The instinct of the child for the mother agonized and died; and with it went the divine and beautiful believing of youth. But she went on loving. Other knowledge had come to Lyssie in connection with this same experience: Mr. William Drayton had come back looking very broken; his health was just the same, he said curtly; he had returned because he had lost a — a friend by death, so he did not care to live abroad any longer.

"At least it must be a comfort to feel that he is at rest in heaven," Mrs. Drayton said. "Who was he, dear William?"

"You would n't be any wiser if I mentioned the name," he said slowly; "and I don't care to talk about it, please."

Perhaps the look in his face suddenly instructed Alicia Drayton as to what that friendship was. She grew deadly pale, shamed to her very soul. The somewhat conventional affection with which she had welcomed him went out in swift indignation. For a long time it was an effort to speak to him; she shrank from his touch, and his commonplace questions and comments were answered almost curtly. But that did not last: she knew her mother. So pity, in spite of shame, began to take the place of anger. At first she was sorry for him, then, after a while, came a sort of friendliness. That she could make excuses for him was a sad commentary on the child's loss of youth. She thought about him now, as she walked up the hill in the scudding sunshine, and noticed, with a pang of joy, a bluebird balancing on a rail, and the sharp greenness of the grass in the sheltered triangle of the zigzag fence. "If only he had come sooner," she said to herself, "I need n't have said three years; and it would all be different now, perhaps."

Mr. Drayton had been told of the broken engagement, and had called Lyssie to him one day, and said quietly, "Tell me why it was, child." She had told him, simply enough. He had listened, and nodded, and looked at the end of his cigar, and told her to bring him another light. That was all; but he had pulled her ears at tea-time, and called her his little monkey; and it was after that, that this silent friendship grew up. There were no explanations; they were sorry for each other, and understood; and one forgave.

"But if he had been here, it would have been different," she thought, and stopped to look back at the stage; she did not reproach her father, even in her mind.

Alicia had had a swift hope that his return would mean some way out of the distress and grief and shame that had come to Philip and Cecil. But such hope had quickly died. Mr. Drayton

showed no inclination to interfere. He listened to the story, drowsing through Mrs. Drayton's excited and pious embellishments of it, and then he took his cigar from between his lips and knocked off the ashes.

"They know their own business," he said, in his slow, dull voice. "I'm glad there was no scandal. I'm glad everything was done decently and in order;" there was a flicker of humor in his half-shut eyes at Mrs. Drayton's disappointment at his indifference. "And on the whole, I think they were very sensible; it's better to be open and above-board."

"I do not know what you mean, dear William," said Mrs. Drayton.

Her husband smoked on, stolidly. "No, I don't suppose you do."

"But," sighed Lyssie to herself, beginning to go down the hill into the village, "it was too late, anyhow; nothing could have been done; Cecil would never have gone back to Philip."

She was quite right. The tragedy of human selfishness destroys the fabric of life beyond repair. Yet Lyssie had tried to repair it. When Philip, with passionate haste, came down to Old Chester, only to be confronted by the dark silence of the empty house, — Alicia had done her best.

"Oh, Philip, did you mean to come back? Philip, Philip, hurry! go after her; you may catch her before she sails! Oh, perhaps she will forgive you!"

He was very gentle with her, but he silenced her.

He had come to accept Molly from her mother's hands; to let gratitude overcome his humiliation; to defer to Cecil in every possible way, — but that was all. The citadel of his spirituality, where Self had entrenched herself, was absolutely fast.

"If Philip and Cecil would not listen to — Roger, there was no use for me to talk," she thought, as she stopped a moment on the bridge, and looked down into the water. And then the stage drew up

behind her, and some one got down, and came and stood beside her.

"Lyssie, will you please — speak to me?"

And she turned and saw him; older, graver, his face quivering, his eyes imploring her.

There was not much explanation; to talk over a quarrel, with its inevitable accompaniment of self-justification, is too much like handling cobwebs to be very successful. Roger said "Forgive me," and Lyssie said "Forgive me," and that was about all there was to it. Of course Roger had to shake hands with Mr. Drayton, and be forgiven by Mrs. Drayton, and dine with the family, and feel exceedingly like a whipped puppy; which, after all, was perfectly right and just.

Late in the afternoon, they went out to walk; and somehow Roger fell silent, and Lyssie did all the talking. She said, softly, "Cecil will be glad. I will write and tell her."

Roger stared down the road.

"Do you hear from Mrs. Shore often?"

"Not as often as I should like to," she answered sadly; "she is so busy; she is very gay. But, oh, Roger, she is n't happy; though she does n't seem to miss Molly much, she hardly speaks of her. Only, I know she is n't really contented; and I am so happy! — it does n't seem fair. Did you see her before she went away?"

Roger shook his head.

"Well, then, you don't know how dreadful things were. I heard afterwards that you came down, just before the end of it all, to try to reconcile them. It must have seemed strange to be here, and not see me. Did you think of me, Roger?"

He pulled a budded maple twig, and twisted it between his fingers.

"Yes. I — thought of you."

"What did you think?"

"I'll tell you — another time."

"Philip came down for Molly," Lyssie went on, telling her little story, "and I said everything I could. But it was n't any use. But there was one thing that happened I want you to know about. Just as he was going away, he came back and took my hands, and he said — oh, Roger, he said, 'Lyssie, if he comes back, forgive him. He is a good man.' He meant you, Roger. (Of course, Philip did n't understand, or he would n't have said 'forgive.'")

The twig snapped between the young man's fingers, and he looked away from her.

"What did you say?" she asked him softly.

"Nothing; nothing. Do you forgive me, Lyssie?"

Her look told him.

"Oh, I don't deserve it," he said brokenly. It was growing cold as the twilight fell upon the river road; they stood quite silently, with a little sadness in their joy which they had never known when they had loved each other less.

"You ought n't to be standing here," he told her suddenly, "but I've got to say something; I've got something to confess, Lyssie." They were standing under a little dogwood tree, its shelving branches white with blossoms; it was very still in the soft spring dusk. Roger looked up and down the deserted road; then he said, "Will you kiss me just once, first? Perhaps you won't forgive me when I've told you."

There was something in his voice that sent the color out of her face. "There is nothing you could tell me that is not forgiven already; so — don't tell me."

"Yes, I must tell you," he said; but turned away from her, and stood staring into the dusk for a little while. "Lys-

sie, I do love you. I've loved you more every minute since we" —

"Yes, I understand," she murmured, "since we" — But neither of them spoke the cruel word.

"I've loved you all the time. But once — you will never understand! but I've got to tell you; once I thought I loved — your sister."

She started and shivered, her hands tightening on each other; but she did not speak.

"It was that Friday night I came down. I" —

But she stopped him, tenderly, though truly with no understanding of what he meant; with only love — love — love. She took both his hands and pressed them against her bosom in ineffable tenderness.

"Oh, Lyssie, do you forgive me?"

"There is no talk of forgiveness between us."

And then he said passionately, "*I love you!*" and dared not kiss her, even.

Afterwards they talked of other things, and Roger, square with his conscience, was able to forget that he had had cause to be forgiven, but Alicia was a little absent; until she said, suddenly, tremulously, "I just want to ask you one thing, and then we'll not think of it again: I want to know if — if *she* cared?"

There was no pause between her question and Roger's instant and generous lie; but her lover was quiet for a while afterwards. It was a pity that she had asked him; but a woman in love rarely knows the value of ignorance.

After a while, as they walked home, Roger began, timidly, to say that he would wait as long — as long as she wished. But she interrupted him.

"There is n't any need to — wait — very long."

Margaret Deland.

RETROSPECT OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

THE poet tells us, "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate;" and he includes among "all creatures," human beings and lambs, who sport till death ends their little day. But many things at the disposal of Fate, hidden from lambs, are disclosed, even if through veils, to human beings. True, there is only one positive certainty known as to any and every human life begun on the earth; that is, that it will have its close, "the one event," "the inevitable hour." But the length, the tenor, the experience, of life, though so varied in their conditions, are seemingly gathered under conceivable limitations of possibility. We may find, especially in elegiac poetry, both of youth and age, laments and benisons running through the whole scale of sentiment, on an early release from life and on protracted age. The poetry of life covers all the moods of rapture and of wailing. From the *Lycidas* to the *In Memoriam* we have all the strains of pathos and grief over shortened careers. Is lengthened life, with that "which accompanies" it, a privilege to be desired? There is not in all literature a passage that will match the exquisite symbolism and the tender pathos of that delineation of old age drawn in the book of *Ecclesiastes*, xi. 1-7. So richly wrought in its figures of speech and in its emblems is that passage that many readers fail of the key to its interpretation.

It is accorded, however, as a privilege, to those who have had the full term of years, that they have seen in it the complete possibilities of life and experience. They have the whole before them. They have followed the play on the stage, with its "seven ages," through a thousand dramas. As what I here write is necessarily and pardonably egoistic, I will venture the avowal that I have found the last quarter of my present term, the Indian

summer of my life; though intervals of it have been clouded and saddened, solitariness is not loneliness. I prefer, like the Sun Dial, to number only the hours that are bright. Other people's children are around me, and I love to observe in them the earliest ventures in the experiment. *Carpe diem.*

Like so many who lived before me, and have lived with me, amid the same scenes, surroundings, and privileges coming from birth and education in Boston, while my calling for more than half my life has been a professional one, my occupations and mental proclivities have extended beyond professional bounds. In that I have followed honored traditions and honored precedents. From the earliest days of Massachusetts, its clergymen, so called, — or ministers, as they called themselves, — have also been the chroniclers of its history and the promoters of all literary culture. It has never been a ground for censure, as for a neglect of sacred duty, that ministers have sought likewise to be scholars, helpers in any service to which education and a love of good learning prompt them. So I may say that my term of life has, in nearly equal parts, been professional and literary in its occupations. As is the bounden duty of every educated Bostonian, I have delivered "orations." On uncounted and unremembered occasions, of celebrations, commemorations, conventions, and dinners, I have answered to the call to "offer a few remarks." One "oration," however, I have evaded, that of the Fourth of July in Boston, though proffered to me by my esteemed friend Mayor Green. Even on this point I recall that I compromised; for when I was a trustee of the Asylum for the Insane at Somerville, I did consent to address the majority of the patients there gathered one Fourth of July for a garden party. I have many

times emptied the inkstand, which I have used for more than fifty years, in painting with its contents countless sheets of fair paper. Close and critical study in books and manuscripts, research for certified information as to facts and opinions, and the varied interpretations of life, truth, and duty, have given me diligent and grateful employment in special fields. This employment of early years would find its full reward if only in resulting in an intense love and craving for reading, the richest resource and solace of age. But I confess that, increasing with my years, is a preference for miscellaneous and discursive reading, with wide tolerance for all the Babel utterances of our confused generation, — a confusion not merely of speech, as was that among the builders of the Tower, but of ideas, beliefs, and purposes. Wide and miscellaneous reading, especially in history and biography, offers the best compensation for the brevity of human life. It helps indefinitely to extend our term and enlarge our experience, by presenting to us those elements and impressions of thought and feeling we should have had if we had repeated our own existence in thousands of human lives for thousands of years.

One full year of life and travel in Europe has satisfied my inclinations in that direction. There has indeed been nothing in my lot or condition for a quarter of a century to hinder my making even an annual voyage. But I dislike to live in a trunk, a bureau, or a closet, and to sleep on a shelf. I also agree with the poet, that when one is favored in resources and daily companionships, "wisdom and pleasure dwell at home." But that one year abroad, while including the common privileges of roamers, had some special days and favors. Not many of my contemporaries have seen that most gorgeous of English observances, a royal coronation, with all its outside pageantry of parade, procession, equipages, representatives of place and dignity, and the

inner old-time ceremonial of anointing with the holy oil in this case a girl of eighteen years as queen of the earth's proudest nation. The scene in that whole week of shows, festivities, and merrymakings, which most pleasantly impressed me was that when, a few days after her coronation, the queen was driving in the park in an open carriage with her mother, some little children in the charge of their maids raised the cry "God bless the queen!" she stood up in the carriage, and lovingly kissed her hand to them.

A fruitful theme for the fancies of essayists has offered itself in discussing the question as to what period in the history of the earth it would have been most exciting and interesting to have known through a span of eighty years. As we read history, neither its greatest epochs and crises nor its giants and heroes have been evenly distributed over the eras and cycles of time. Periods marked by startling convulsive and revolutionary events are interchanged with periods of comparative uniformity and calm. We assign certain eras as the occasions and opportunities for the appearance and activity of great men, either singly or in groups. It may be that the sun has photographed every scene and event on the earth on which it has ever looked, and has preserved the negatives for a future reckoning. But no one who has lived through the last eighty years can lack any of his full share in the weightiest and most momentous movements in a cycle of ages.

There is no need of a summary here of this race in progress and triumphs, nor of the successive goals which it has reached and passed. The common air is impregnated with the boast, including even the microbes and the bacilli. I count into my share of experience in this development the privilege of having personally witnessed, in the course of eight successive years, the initiation, the actual birth, of three of the most memorable feats of our age. I saw the first sun-pictures of Daguerre himself in his

own camera in Paris, and in the same city the exhibition by Professor Morse of his magnetic telegraph before Louis Philippe and his cabinet; and I was present at the first successful trial of anæsthetics in the Massachusetts General Hospital in this grateful city.

To have lived through the period of a full manhood during the throes and horrors of our civil war, whether as a privilege or a discipline; to have marked the mutterings of threat and dread which prepared it; to have shared the anxieties and distresses of its course; and then to have watched the tentative measures for restoration and recuperation after the nation's victory and salvation, was an experience which, though one might not have asked or wished for it, was burdened with an intense solemnity. The issue was not, as so many viewed it and proclaimed it, the simple alternative whether the Union should be peacefully severed or forcibly maintained. For the severance, however peacefully secured on political and civil terms, would have involved the most direful and protracted elements of a forcible struggle to maintain it. The severance would not have been as when one with a sharp diamond-point draws a straight line through a sheet of glass, but as when the plate is shivered by a blow at the centre, with fractures, angles, and points of ruin covering its whole field. Where would have been the border line? And what a pandemonium, what a hell upon earth, would have been the regions on either side of it! It was open and truthful for any Northerner to say, as many generously did say, that he would sustain the army for the Union if only to save the South from the follies and miseries of a fatal success. So while some, in the breathings of friendliness, said, "Erring sisters, go in peace," others, with the resoluteness of remonstrance, said to the South, "Friend, do thyself no harm!"

All the marvelous development, strides, and triumphs, insuring what we call the

steady advances of progress won by positive science in the years of this century, are altogether of secondary moment when viewed in comparison with the ventures of free and bold speculation, and the spirit of inquisitive, critical dealing with subjects that had been jealously reserved as sacred against the intrusions of free thought.

The conflict between the so-called "scientific spirit" and the "theologic spirit" has by no means first presented itself in our own time, for we trace its active workings in times long past. But as a matter of course it has been quickened into an earnest and vigorous strife by the secured triumphs of science in the present age. The scientific spirit assumes an air of boldness and confidence from its splendid achievements. It affirms not only that there is no subject of high concern to men on which it may not engage its methods and tests for the certification of truth, but also that an attempt to forbid the application of those methods and tests in any direction or on any subject of transcendent interest is a token of timidity, distrust, and of a shrinking from the searching scrutiny of the light. The scientific spirit is identified with the skeptical spirit. The conflict which has run through the ages between the physical, or "natural," and the "spiritual," as holding the secret of the universe for man, has been invigorated and vitalized by the triumphs of modern science. So the scientific spirit assumes a tone of boldness and confidence. But is there not a trace in the vivacious Essays of Huxley, especially, of a triumphant and even of a defiant and taunting tone against those who jealously guard what he and others call the theological field and realm and method? He seems to say to them, "We men of science are now making reprisals on your own field for the ban which you have so long attached to free speculative inquiry about subjects over which you have claimed a ghostly guardian-

ship." The inference which he leaves us to draw as to his own personal attitude of mind is this: that most, if not all, the dogmatic beliefs of men, especially those drawn from Revelation, won their stupendous influence, and now hold their sway, under conditions very unlike those which guide the inquiries and assure the convictions of men; that they were the outgrowth of ignorance and superstition, received by an easy credulity without the scrutiny of testimony, and have been fondly and reverently passed down the ages enshrined in tender affections and associations. The intimation is that the severe processes of science are to undo and reverse the "theologic" process; slowly, it may be, and against protests and struggles, but none the less in the end effectively. The conclusion in view is hardly a dubious one: that either in frank avowal, or in the implications of reserve and silence, a large number, in proportion unknown, of modern thinkers and writers, whose tone is boldest and freest, have committed themselves in full pupilage solely to the revealings of nature, observation, and experience, and have cast in their lot for time and eternity with that of our whole race, the votaries of all religions, philosophers, and sages, and the children of savagery and barbarism. This, in our day, is the full, bold challenge of science to the beliefs and reverences which have so long been the inheritance of Christendom. The panic which followed its first announcement has subsided. There is no question as to its effect in winnowing the chaff of ignorance and superstition that has mingled with the believings of men. But who can doubt that there is a limitation in the field and the subjects, within which the scientific spirit can wisely employ its methods? The theologic spirit rightly maintains its prerogatives and its realm. The august mystery of existence, its beginnings and its consummation, are still veiled to us.

A span of eighty years of life is often said to be as brief in the retrospect as it is long in the prospect. But that depends upon the office of memory, its fidelity of impression and its activity in recalling. When memory is set to its full task and performs it, it makes the retrospect of the longest life elastic, and fills in the space of years with their full contents. There is a difference, however, between remembering and recollecting. It may be that by a scientific process, with instruments of ingenuity, precision, and consummate skill, there might be traced on the most traveled stone or brick thoroughfare the impression left by every footprint made upon it. So in the crowded chambers of the brain memory has stored its gatherings, and they are all there, subject to a recalling, however baffling may be the effort at any moment to recollect a special matter from its vast repository. Memory works more actively and faithfully by its own spontaneous recallings than in answer to our questionings of it. I once agreed with Dr. Holmes that we would not admit that we forgot anything, but had only more to remember with each passing year. If the office of a future retribution should be committed solely to the judicial workings of memory, its pangs and pleasures, its satisfactions and regrets, would be fairly awarded.

The wonder — sometimes, even, the awe — with which young persons look upon the aged would be increased rather than lessened, if the young could form any adequate conception of that long and infinitely varied succession of risks and perils which attend upon life from infancy onward, through diseases and accidents in every shape and form. Our way is through them, our lot is subject to them, and to survive them is indeed a marvel. It is observable, none the less, that of nearly all these risks and perils we are wholly unconscious, thoughtless, or unobservant. Our most vivid sense of perils is of those to which we have purposely or heedlessly exposed ourselves.

Some special perils of self-exposure, not of "providential" necessity, which I recall as if I had not even now outlived them, I will here mention.

On a visit in the morning to the Giant's Causeway, on the coast of Ireland, on a breezy day, I had in view, as I was bound for Scotland, to intercept in the afternoon a steamer that daily came out from Londonderry to go up the Clyde. The signal for leaving the Causeway was the sight of the steamer's smoke over a point of land. I had engaged four wild Irishmen, in a rickety boat, to row me into the caves of the Causeway, and then to the steamer. The distance mentioned was a little more than half a mile, and the fee was to be four shillings. I was alone, my trunk with me, and no one known to me knew of my whereabouts. As the breeze increased and the sea was roughened, the "boss" of the boatmen, on the plea that they would have to row out farther, demanded successive shillings in further payment, and I assented up to eight, but no more. One shilling down was asked as a pledge. On receiving this the boss disappeared, and soon returned with a bottle of "the crathur," preparing to pass it to his mates for a swig. Being already uncomfortably anxious in view of the risk before me, I snatched it from him, saying that not a drop should be had from it till they had left me on the steamer. So I embarked, holding my umbrella, with a white handkerchief attached as a signal, in one hand, and the bottle in the other. As it was, the boat was nearly swamped, and I was drenched through under the paddle wheel of the steamer.

I recall, still with shudderings, another rash venture, when, during a sharp eruption of Vesuvius, I, with two young companions, against the warnings of our guide, crept up, through heated stones, scoria, and ashes, to the third, the innermost ridge around the mouth of the crater, and looked for a moment into its belching fires. The penalty was riding

shoeless on my donkey all the way back to Naples. Again, when, after miles of subterraneous progress in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, I found myself in a boat to cross an underground stream by the light of the guide's lantern, I felt that I had willfully taken myself out of the protection of Providence. And something of the same dread came over me from anxious experiences in Washington, at the close of Buchanan's administration.

From the crowding memories of some more pleasurable scenes and incidents connected with memorable persons I select a few. Many of the contemporaries of Mr. Webster who happened never to have heard or seen him, though they might have done so, first realized the fullness of their deprivation in the exaltations of his grandeur after his death. It is generally admitted that he appeared in the complete grace and glory of his port and eloquence when he stood, himself monumental, to dedicate the shaft on Breed's Hill. The completed monument was then the substitute for Lafayette's presence at Webster's address at the laying of the corner-stone. As I was at the time the minister of one of the churches in Charlestown, I was made chaplain for the superb occasion, enjoying many privileges and opportunities. President Tyler and his cabinet had come to Boston as guests, at the invitation of the city. Military, civic, Masonic, and other organizations, in mighty throngs, made a procession, for nearly three hours, in fine weather, through the streets with bannered and bedecked buildings. Mr. Webster modestly had place in the procession for only a part of the route, in order that the chief courtesies might centre undivided on the President. I was favored with a seat in an open carriage, with the President, Mr. Webster, and Secretary Upshur of the navy. Vivid impressions of the whole scene remain to me. Mr. Webster was elate, cheery, and even humorous in his full spirits. Tyler

seemed still and reserved in his dignity. Among the variety of topics of chance remark, the President had referred to much public discussion then current as to disputing claimants to some discovery or invention. Mr. Webster, with much gravity, referred to and named some of the well-known cases of like rivalry. Then, still grave in look and tone, he specified the homeopathic theory of Hahnemann, — of “like curing like,” — then warmly agitated in the community; adding, “Now, Hahnemann has appropriated the honor which properly belongs to quite another, — even the poet of my childhood, Mother Goose” — repeating in full the lines, —

“There was a man in our town, and he was
wondrous wise;

He jumped into a bramble bush, and
scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out, with all
his might and main,

He jumped into another bush, and scratched
them in again.”

I have just been looking at a fine full-length engraving of Mr. Webster as he stood upon the platform raised on the slope of the hill back of the monument, — a superb specimen, in majesty, grace, and dignity, in symmetry and poise, of our humanity. His garb was unique, and seemed to be left unimitated by others, as if fitting only to him. He spoke his strength and wisdom, his glowing patriotism and noble counsels, for two hours.

The procession, on its return, made rapid way to Faneuil Hall, where a rich banquet awaited the exhausted guests. And here, to explain an incident characteristic of Mr. Webster, I must state the condition enjoined by the city authorities that the banquet should be sumptuous, as it was, but without stimulants. A friend, a few days before, had suggested to me that Mr. Webster, before mounting the platform on the hill, and on leaving it, would need “to be set up.” Precisely what was meant by that suggestion, and the means by which I complied with it, I leave to the reader. But he was “set

up.” My place at the platform table was between Webster and Upshur; and as soon as we were seated, the latter, who had not been “set up,” after looking anxiously over the table for certain objects which he missed, asked me, “What are we to have to drink?” I replied, “Coffee, lemonade, and water.” Leaning in front of me, Upshur said, “Webster, they are not going to give us anything to drink.” Webster, though “set up” himself, taking in the situation, produced a bill, which he handed to a waiter, saying, “Get me a bottle of brandy.” The waiter soon returned with it, and the cork drawn, Webster smelling at it pronounced it “right,” courteously handing it first to me. Though wearied, empty, and exhausted, I would have welcomed a few drops from it, I felt bound to decline. Upshur, on receiving the bottle, which he held under the table cover, mixed a glass with water, which he drank, and then, mixing another, set it upon the table, curling around it his bill of fare. Webster also mixed a glass, setting the bottle plainly on the table. Glancing at his side, and seeing Upshur’s disguised glass, he with thumb and finger snapped down the covering, saying, “Upshur, show your colors.”

The next year the secretary was among the victims of the explosion of the trial gun in a steamer excursion on the Potomac. And Webster! In all the line of statesmen of the highest distinction for splendid patriotic service to our country, there has not been one who received from those to whose welfare he devoted his life such extremely contrasted returns of idolatrous homage yielding to obloquy and contempt. Let it not be forgotten that his course involved a question of *motive*, whether of ambition or of patriotism. That is only for “the all-judging eye of Jove” to interpret.

I have referred to the first trial of anæsthetics in the Massachusetts General Hospital. It may be that I am the only one who can relate an interesting inci-

dent in connection with that memorable event. The late Mr. Thomas Lee, of Boston, an eminent and prosperous merchant, was known, in his advanced and retired years, as of a most generous public spirit, a lover of flowers, and appreciative of various forms of benevolence; marked, however, by idiosyncrasies and preferences. His recognition of the inestimable and transcendent sum of blessings in relief and mercy for the human race from the new boon did not fall short of a tender devoutness in gratitude. He was proud that the glory of the triumphal test accrued to this city. He was moved to provide a fit memorial of it. I was privileged by a homelike intimacy with him, in friendship, kindnesses, and hospitality. He often gave expression to his intense appreciation of the appliance for stilling the throb of anguish. I recall one day when, after I had dined at his table with him alone, he took up and opened a portfolio containing many etchings and written sheets, which his friends, at his request, had sent to him, including sketches, suggestions, and inscriptions for his projected memorial. He asked me for another; but, thinking there were already enough of them, I silently concluded not to add to the number. He afterwards told me that he had sent the whole collection for examination, advice, and choice to that honored, learned, and versatile sage, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, who returned them with some selection and device of his own. This Mr. Lee next sent to that severely critical classical scholar, Mr. Charles Folsom, who, in his turn, found fault with the whole and all the parts. Mr. Lee used the vernacular strongly in expressing his impatience and vexation at the result, with a fling at scholarship, and said, "I will choose for myself, in design and inscription." The result is the symbol of the Good Samaritan, in the Public Garden, and the inscription, Neither shall there be any more pain. (Revelation.)

I had met, when in Florence, the ven-

erated Dr. Charles Lowell with his wife and a daughter. I regarded him as the saintliest person whom I had known in Boston. He was then an invalid, and under a depression of spirits. Some weeks after I had reached Rome, he joined me there, about the middle of December, 1838. Two incidents in our intercourse, not without an amusing element in them, come to my memory. On the previous Sundays of Advent, I had attended the elaborate and stately observances in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, where the cardinals, an impressive company in dignity, mien, and array, with their pages, pay obeisance to the Pope. There are three sections of the chapel: the innermost one being the place for the holy service; then, divided by an iron screen, one open only to men; the outermost one being appropriated to women. I invited Dr. Lowell to accompany me there the first Sunday after his arrival. He did so, and was denied admission to the middle apartment. This was because of an oversight on my part. Missing his presence, I immediately went to his lodgings, and learned the reason: I had neglected to inform him of the strict requisition of *full dress*. He said the officer at the door took hold rebukingly of one of the skirts of his "frock coat." And the amusing part of the affair was in the good doctor's telling me that it was the first and only garment of the kind he had ever had. Gentlemen in Boston had not as yet appeared in that garb. Clergymen especially would have objected to it. The doctor accounted for the offending garment thus. He had met in Nice his intimate Cambridge friends, Professor John and Mrs. Farrar. Coming to need a new article of outer clothing for approaching cold weather, he consulted the professor as to a tailor. His friend advised him to have, as he had done for the first time, a "frock coat," explaining that, in driving, much warmth would come from drawing the skirts over the knees.

The other incident had to do with his more famous son. I was in Holland on Commencement Day at Harvard in 1838. My regret at my absence was deepened because my brother, the late Dr. Rufus Ellis, was to carry the highest honors of his class. James Russell Lowell was of the class, but under discipline for neglect of studies, and forbidden to read in Cambridge a class poem which he had prepared. On one day of my time in Rome with Dr. Lowell, the mail had forwarded to me quite a number of letters from home, while the doctor had not one, adding to his usual depression. "You must read me some of yours," he said, which to some extent, from those known to both of us, I did. Among them was one from my brother, which, on glancing at its contents, I felt would greatly please my revered friend. It gave a full account of Commencement, and stated that the disappointed young poet had been invited to read his pages at a dinner of some of his classmates away from Cambridge. My brother had borrowed the manuscript and copied some of the pungent passages, which I read. Anything but gratified with the hearing, the doctor's gravity deepened, and with a nervous earnestness he said:—

"I do not like that. James promised me, before I left home, that he would give up his poetry and keep to his books."

Being in Rome, it was natural that I should wish to be privileged with a personal interview with the Pope, then Gregory XVI., holding what still remained to him as Pontiff, more than to his present successor, of a sway and power which once bound together the monarchs and realms of Christendom. That power was then still mighty, trespassing by temporal sovereignty upon a province denied to his ministers by the Head of the Church, and now stripped wholly away from his assumed earthly vicegerent. Our consul, George W. Green, on application, procured the privilege of an interview for myself and three other young men, my

traveling companions from England and New York. A day was assigned for it, which was December 15, 1838. It proved to be a costly enterprise, — the court costume, the handsome equipage, the fee to the consul in uniform, with chapeau and plume, and tips to some servitors. I find pages about the affair in my journal, but I cannot here transcribe them. The Pope, then seventy-three years of age, had filled his pontificate seven years. He had the repute of being profoundly ignorant of common worldly affairs. An English gentleman told me that his favorite topic of conversation with the English was railroads, then a novelty, and that he insisted that great rapidity of motion must injure respiration. He had strong prejudices against England, and a hearty regard for the United States, with whose citizens his favorite topic of discussion was the Canadas. He asked why the States did not interfere, free them, and take them into the confederacy; seemingly oblivious of the two facts that the States had no right to intermeddle, and did not then think the Canadas worth taking.

My journal deals largely with description of five halls, or rooms, through which we successively passed to reach the Pope's private apartment, and of the groups of attendants and officers of various functions and grades, servants, guards, priests, and nobles, rising in the richness and splendor of their array in robes and decorations till they reached the presence of his Holiness. I find that my attention was much engrossed by noting the singular combination and contrast of formalities, of etiquette, symbols, ornaments, and observances here brought together, a part of them distinctive of a court and military sovereignty, and a part of the spiritualities of ecclesiasticism. Indeed, the combination befitted the papal claims in both worlds. Crucifixes, paintings of saints and martyrdoms, crosses, breviaries, and rosaries put themselves beside knightly and military symbols and weapons.

The richly robed ecclesiastic and the caparisoned soldier were side by side. Laces, silks, epaulets, the plumed hat, the boot and spur and the sandal, the embroidered coat and sash, gold chains, gewgaws, and various trappings, strangely mingled the elements of humility and pride, the concomitants of worship and of courtly social display. At one moment you were saluted by a presentation of firearms, and the next by a muttered benediction. The private room of his Holiness had a canopied throne, a crucifix, and rich furniture. Our consul had drilled us as to the *congees* expected of us. We were to make three reverences, or bows, — one on entering the door, another midway in advance, and a very profound one as we faced the Pope. But the formalities seemed not to be needed, as they were anticipated by the simple demeanor and courtesy of the Pontiff, who came close to us as we formed a line, with the consul on the right. The conversation was in French, with each of us singly, for perhaps half an hour. The Pope was dressed in a white woolen robe bound with satin, with a small cape and sleeves, buttoned down to his feet, and a silk skullcap. And truth to say, he presented a most untidy appearance. His face, hands, and breast, and his robe all the way to his feet, were filthily stained with snuff, with which he plied himself during the interview. His nose was large, red, and swollen by disease. He was most easy and affable in his manners, a good-looking old gentleman, strong, stout, and benignant. He spoke most warmly of the United States, and appeared greatly pleased with the equal footing on which the Roman Catholics — then becoming numerous by immigration — stood with all religious communions, the way for progress and strength being thus left free to that fellowship which had the lead in zeal and piety.

For a brief interval I was placed in a somewhat embarrassing position. The

Pope having asked each of us as to his home, and it appearing that I alone came from Boston, he rather sharply put me to the question about something which seemed exceptional to his satisfaction as to his co-religionists in the States. He had been informed, of course imperfectly, of the destruction, by fire and a mob, of the Ursuline convent in Charlestown, four years before. He thought it was in Boston, and asked of me an explanation, while I thought my companions were enjoying my discomfiture. I told his Holiness that the occasion by no means indicated a general hostility of Boston Protestants to his communion. On the contrary, some of the liberal Protestants had generously aided in building the first Roman Catholic church in the town. There had been some grievance expressed that, in the planting of the Ursuline convent in the neighborhood, the name of one of the saints in his calendar had been substituted for the name which the hill had borne as one of the historic sites of the Revolutionary War; but that the school of the convent had many daughters of Protestant parents among its pupils, and that they esteemed it highly. The disaster began in the rumor that one or more of the Sisters had rushed out complaining of ill treatment in the convent. These rumors inflamed a mob-spirit, and as the civil authorities of the town failed in their duty or ability to deal with it, the outrage was madly perpetrated. The Pope listened kindly, and thanked me. He asked us how we enjoyed the sights of Rome, told us of a new planisphere in construction for him, related a strange story about the devil, and then, with a polite bow, closed the interview. By turning his back upon us as he went to his table, he relieved us of all anxiety about our own "backing out," to which we had been instructed. So we followed our noses, as nature seems to have designed for us, and faced our way out, attended by obsequious menials. A few days

later, one of the papal officials called at our lodgings, as was the usage, to collect — was it a gratuity or a due? There was but one drawback for me to the pleasure of this incident. It was midwinter, and snow was visible on the surrounding hills. The only provision for warmth in the Pope's apartment was by a bronze tripod, or brazier, filled with ignited charcoal, the fumes of which had been burned off in the Vatican gardens. For the first and the only time in my life I wore smallclothes, long silk stockings, and light pumps. Being chilled through, I got as near as possible to the tripod, and ventured to stir the contents with the bronze rake provided.

It was about the middle of March that I saw, in his own camera, some of the first sun-pictures caught and exhibited by M. Daguerre, who thus gave his name to the results of the earliest experiments, the subsequent improvements on which have provided for us valued and marvelous treasures.

I was in Paris at nearly the same time with Professor Morse, when he exhibited and illustrated his magnetic telegraph for Louis Philippe and his cabinet for the purpose of procuring patronage for it. The telegraphic system then in use in France was the semaphoric, by fortified towers in sight of each other; there being two lines, one to Strasburg, the other to Marseilles. They served for military and police purposes, but of course, at night and in fogs, were unavailable. The fact comes back to me that, strangely enough, the French monarch seemed to have no thought of the uses of the wonderful invention for civil, peaceful, and commercial purposes; for, while expressing his admiration of the appliances to Professor Morse, he added that they would be of no service to him, because wherever the wire passed, above or below ground, it might be so easily severed.

I have no space for any further reminiscences of experiences on the other side of the ocean. On this side of it they

come to me in floods, filling the retrospect of years with incidents and events, surprises and catastrophes, known to me as of closer concern to others than to myself. I will recall one both of personal and of public interest.

I am moved to mention the fact that, on the fiftieth anniversary, in 1883, of my graduating from the college, when I was invited, as representing my class, to make a speech at the Commencement dinner, I had a most felicitous text for the occasion. My maternal ancestor in this country — and the late Francis Parkman had the same progenitor — was the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, of Ipswich, Mass., who, coming here in 1636, brought with him a young boy, who graduated from Harvard, among the stumps of the wilderness, in 1649, in his twentieth year. That boy was John Rogers. He became, in 1683, just two hundred years before I was speaking, the fifth president of the college, being the first of its graduates to become its head. The text which carried me through my speech was a charge of the bursar, or treasurer, of the college, as follows: "Sir Rogers, Debitor by a pastor [pasture] for his Cow befor her appisall, 2s." The explanation of which is that, in those days of small things in the wilderness, of frugality, not really of poverty, but of barter of commodities and "country pay" without coin, the student drove a cow from his father's farm, thirty-five miles distant, to cover his dues, being charged for her pasturage till he could be credited for her hide and carcass. Two hundred years had wrought vast changes in the college grounds, halls, and mode of life. In the same speech I was privileged to make the announcement of the intention of Mr. S. J. Bridge, my friend for nearly half a century, who died last year in his eighty-fifth year, to present to the college a bronze statue of its founder. He had already given to the city of Cambridge a statue of his ancestor, John Bridge, one of the earliest settlers and worthies of the town. The

generous donor was a man of great business ability, honored for his probity and fidelity in important public trusts. Harvard had given him an honorary A. M. in 1880. This good man, munificent and public-spirited, with his self-acquired means, had been a wide traveler, compassing the globe more than once. He had marked eccentricities, among which, in his long wanderings and voyagings, and having no woman to attend to his apparel, was untidiness, and even extreme shabbiness and seediness in his garb, from head gear even to his feet. He was a frequent visitor of mine, especially on the matter of the Harvard statue. About a fortnight before its unveiling, in 1884, when I was to deliver an address in Sanders Theatre, he presented himself before me, from mere carelessness in the matter, in such a dilapidated guise as to induce me to run a bold venture with him, founded on our long intimacy. Knowing that, on the occasion to which he was ardently looking forward, he would be a conspicuous object on the platform and the lawn for cheers and "rahs" from a grand concourse, I mildly made a suggestion. "Sam, you have been such a wanderer, without female oversight, that you have become neglectful of appearances, and you will be under sharp inspection. Let me take you up town for a wholly new rig." He pleasantly replied, "It would be a good thing." And it was.

Not melancholy to me, as so many report it to be to them, are the retrospections of a lengthened life. Vastly predominant over its sadnesses and disappointments have been its multiplied and varied satisfactions. I have been privileged, personally, professionally, and socially, with the favored fellowship of the wise and the excellent, the distinguished and the honored, of this century. In twilight reveries, alone by my winter's hearth, I musingly recall them as they pass illumined in shadowy outlines. More faithfully even than do the tablets

on which the acidulated sunbeams have stamped their lineaments in photography does memory keep the impress of their full vitality, and even the intoning and cheer of their speech. Nor does any one appear in that shadowy procession whom I am not glad to see.

The longest retrospect closes with the opening of another prospect. I must not sermonize, but I may think aloud. It is natural that, with the extension of a life to what we call its completeness in lengthened years and the sum of its possibilities, the question should come how the aged, as a rule, — allowing largely for all individualities of experience, feeling, opinion, conviction, and belief, — gaze into the future, with desire, hope, belief, or doubt, as to a continued or renewed conscious existence. That acute and free-minded essayist, W. R. Greg, in his *Enigmas of Life*, deals delicately with the theme as to the varying phases of desire and expectation of "immortality" at different stages of human life. He pronounces the desire strongest in youth, with its keen and vivacious hope, its relished pleasures, with a thirst for felicity and knowledge to be slaked at no earthly fountain. The cares and turmoils of middle life, with its struggles and engrossing aims, preoccupy the whole activity of mind and heart, while the future is curtained off from thought. Then in the languor, exhaustion, and placidity of age there is less of confidence and desire thrown into the future. Tired, satiated, with loosening ties, and the shadings and limitations even of the highest successes and pleasures, there is a yearning for peace and rest. The condition most suggestive of these is *Sleep*.

I must not trespass here on the field reserved for the sanctities and assurances, the "sure and certain hope," the "comfortable faith" for those of a peaceful trust and a sweet serenity of spirit; though even among those most devout and saintly in life whom I have known, whose belief in "the glory yet to be re-

vealed" is most strong and radiant so as to yield "open visions," I recall none who would not have welcomed some assuring confirmation. The earnest questionings and credences of "Spiritualism" attest the wide craving for something beyond the affirmations of Holy Writ. Confining myself to the natural realm of experiences and belief among a class who have vastly increased in number and in free and frank utterance in recent years, I may say that, after much of confidential intimacy with aged persons in their infirmities and decay, I have inferred that the desire for and the belief in a future life are by no means so universally strong or clear as is the generally affirmed opinion. Rather is there an equilibrium of the mind and an acquiescence of spirit between the alternatives. Familiar enough to us are the cases in which the full belief is reduced, suspended, clouded, and even wholly yielded with disinclinations and disavowals. There rise in my professional recallings "last utterances" of three aged persons in their lingerings in life, varying in their furnishings, lot, and culture. All

of them had been blameless, useful, and esteemed, each with his full share in the good and ill of existence, all serene and patient. "I am waiting for what comes next," said one of them. The words of the second were, "As to life here or anywhere, I have seen enough of it. I want no more." The third, whose life work as a mechanic master-builder may be inferred from his reference to uses of the spirit-level and the plummet, said, as he lay on his last bed, "Life seems very different as you look at it perpendicularly or horizontally," — which means whether you are standing and moving in the world's concourse and affairs, or alone, still and prostrate, for contemplation. I inferred that, for himself, he expected the "horizontal position" to be the permanent one for him. For myself, I may say that I still enjoy, in their turn, both the perpendicular and the horizontal position. I utterly repudiate the second sentiment, for I wish to see, and know, and have much more of life; and I, in hearty accord with the first sentiment, am waiting to see — what comes next.

George E. Ellis.

HIS HONOR.

TWILIGHT was eclipsing the vivid glories of a prairie sunset as Dick Norman's solitary ride came to an end, and he overtook Wyatt's column during the cheery bustle of its supper-getting.

Wyatt, a tall, well-built man, whose dark beauty rendered picturesque even the undress to which stress of July weather had reduced all ranks, met him with evident misgiving.

"By Jove, Dick, I'm not glad to see you!" he cried. "I'm afraid of any one from headquarters!"

Dick slipped lightly out of the saddle, throwing the bridle to a waiting soldier.

"It is as you fear, Don," he began, in a hesitating voice, which grew firmer as he continued, after an unorthodox exclamation from Wyatt. "There is no use growling. The colonel is almost as disappointed as you are."

"The colonel is an old woman, who ought to be in charge of a kindergarten instead of commanding a regiment," Wyatt muttered, and a light that did not mean yielding flashed into his handsome eyes.

"Suppose you hear what I have to tell before you call names?"

"Go ahead," Don agreed, dropping

down on the sunburned grass at a little distance from the various groups of troopers, while Dick proceeded to deliver the tidings which were nearly as bitter to his utterance as to the other's listening.

Donald Wyatt had distinguished himself a couple of years before in the conduct of several expeditions, entrusted to him by a more audacious chief than his present colonel, and he had been deeply galled during this campaign by two recalls when he believed the achievement confided to him to be on the verge of success. Therefore great had his rejoicing been when, on the previous day, he was sent out with a command of sixty men to cut off Bald Eagle, a much redoubted warrior, who, with a scanty escort, was reported to be trying to join the main body of Indians. Within twenty-four hours, however, the colonel had received news that Bald Eagle was, with the allied tribes, in sufficient force to annihilate Wyatt should he attempt an attack; and old "Slow-and-Sure," as the regiment called him, had chosen Dick to carry the order of recall, believing that Wyatt's disappointment would be less keen from the lips of his closest comrade than from the usual written instructions sent by a scout, — a bit of soldierly sympathy from his somewhat formal colonel which had converted Dick's unwillingness to bear this humiliation to Don into an urgent desire to convince him both of its necessity and its kindness. He spoke with clearness and positiveness, but Don's dark brows drew together obstinately.

"Is that all?" he asked when Dick ended.

"More than enough, I should say."

"I say differently. Hold on!" he interjected, with a vigorous grasp on the nearest of Dick's impatiently shrugged shoulders. "It is a case of one scout's testimony against another's. Long Jim, who has often done us good service, swears to me that Bald Eagle will camp to-night with only thirty or forty braves

among those hills, where we can wipe him out or take him prisoner as circumstances may direct. It is the kind of safe thing old Slow-and-Sure would bless, if he knew the truth about it. Too easy for my liking or for yours, if he had n't frightened you blue."

"Your commanding officer" — Dick exclaimed hotly, but Wyatt interrupted.

"I am in command here, and I shall use my own judgment to limit my obedience to a superior whom I know to be misinformed as to the facts upon which his change of plans is based."

And to this ultimatum he adhered, in spite of such energetic remonstrance or fiery reproach as Dick's anxiety could urge, until, at length, the latter sprang angrily to his feet; yet, even as he did so, there swept between his eyes and the darkening prairie a vision of pretty "quarters" at Fort Wallace, and of two beloved women who waited for news of them.

"Think of your wife, Don!" cried Dick. "If you will not consider your reputation or the safety of these men, remember that her happiness" —

Don laughed, — a laugh through whose defiance thrilled a proud tenderness.

"Esther would not thank you for ranking her happiness as dearer to me than my honor," he said, adding, as Dick turned away, "I'm sorry that you are vexed, old fellow, but this thing must be done to-night, and the chief will understand that I could not wait to send him Long Jim's report."

Dick was more uneasy than vexed while he ate his supper and watched Wyatt arranging the details of the night's work with a couple of young second lieutenants, who were the only other officers, and Long Jim, the half-breed scout. He was uneasy both as to the result of the raid and as to the colonel's acquiescence in the verdict of a possible victory; though with regard to his own course, having no orders on that point, he resolved to ride with Don.

The start was fixed for moonset, and in the mean time two hours' sleep was imposed upon the column. But sleep will not come by command, and crowding memories kept Dick long awake, — memories which, beginning at his first meeting with Don in their "plebe" days at West Point, speedily journeyed to Wallace, and which, welded together by ancient comradeship, were glorified by the brightness of laughing eyes, sweet eyes of a girl who had arrived at the post last spring, in anticipation of the lonely suspense the summer's campaign must prove to her sister, Don's wife.

This gay Theo, however, was not like her sister. Esther's strong, serene nature possessed no quicksands, while Theo perpetually engulfed the unwary in dangerous, delightful pitfalls.

"So it is to be sink or swim together?" Don was saying, with his caressing smile, when Dick woke after what seemed a few moments' slumber. "This is going to be a splendid thing, and you will thank your lucky star that you were with us," he added, as they clasped each other's hands.

The moon was almost gone as they mounted, but there remained enough light to guide the rapid half-hour ride of the command toward the foothills among which lay the ravine where Long Jim asserted that Bald Eagle had camped. The entrance was a dismal-looking place when they reached it, just after the moon had dropped softly beyond the far edge of the prairie horizon, and there the troopers dismounted, leaving their horses under a strong guard.

Very cheery and alert was Wyatt, with a glance for everything and a word for every one; the kind of officer, his men said then — ay and afterward — whom they would follow blindfold wherever he chose to lead them.

A dry channel, worn by spring torrents, made their path along the rocky bottom of the ravine, whose rough sides

towered to gloomier heights with every step as they advanced. The sky, which had seemed dark from the moon's setting when they entered, grew bright in comparison with the Cimmerian depths through which they plunged, as Dick looked over his shoulder to judge of their progress by the gradual narrowing of that glimpse of starry blue. Silence had been enjoined, and was unbroken except for the occasional stumble of a careless foot upon a loose stone, and the soldiers, though necessarily scattered by the increasing steepness, kept as much as possible to the double file in which they had started, until, from somewhere over the middle of the column, a boulder thundered down, and those beside whom it fell sprang out of the way with involuntary exclamations. Then the darkness and stillness above and about them palpitated with a hundred flashes of flame and a hundred sharp reports, broken into as many more by the bewildering echo, — a sudden storm of sound, through which Dick yet heard the self-accusing anguish in a voice beside him.

"God forgive me!" Donald Wyatt cried. "I've brought them into a trap!"

It was not confusion that followed, though their enemies swarmed around them, forbidding any regular formation. It was the undismayed obedience of brave men to the clear orders which rang sternly out over the fire and counter fire and the hideous yelling of the savages, — orders whose object, from the first moment of attack, was the withdrawal of the command to the entrance of the ravine, and which was gained in a *mêlée* incredible to soldiers who know only civilized warfare; the troopers face to face, hand to hand, with supple, sinewy foes, who arose in uncounted numbers, like a flight of bats, from the dark depths that were familiar to them.

Already the guard left with the horses had been surrounded, but in the comparative liberty of space and light the men made a determined rally, and suc-

ceeded — some of them — in reaching and mounting their horses, — some of them! Then it was that Dick realized that he should not be one of them! He had scarcely felt his wound until he stumbled blindly, the pistol slipped from his fingers, and he knew that to gain the nearest horse had become as impossible as to defend himself against the howling Indian springing toward him. Out of swaying shadows a strong arm upheld him, and a pistol cracked sharply close beside his sinking head.

"There is an end of that devil!" Don's voice cried dauntlessly. "Your foot in my stirrup — so! Hold on here before me, while I see our chaps well off!"

Through feverish hauntings of a dim despair, Dick Norman faltered back to consciousness.

"It's no use, Don!" he murmured. "Let me be! Save yourself!"

Instead of the fearless assurance which had last reached his failing senses, and for which he vaguely listened, he heard a hoarse sob, a sternly whispered "Hush!"

Then followed a silence, in which he suffered bodily from the jolting of wheels, and mentally from a torture of bewilderment. Slowly he opened his eyes, and looked up, not into the fierce tenderness of Wyatt's face, but into the grave countenance of the post surgeon.

"You were not with us! Where is Don?" he gasped.

"Hush!" the surgeon repeated, taking with a cool, firm clasp Dick's free hand, — the other was a helplessly bound prisoner. "We came up after the fight" —

"Long Jim betrayed us! We tried to reach the horses, and Don" — Dick panted. Good God! with what a ghastly throng memory was returning! "Where is Don?"

"He is well," the surgeon began gently.

But Dick struggled to his elbow among the pillows of the ambulance cot.

"He took me up before him — he waited for the others. Tell me the truth! I shall know if you don't!"

"He is dead," the surgeon said hurriedly. "He rallied his command in the little wood where we found them, but he dropped out of the saddle when they took you from his arms, and died before we — Help me here, orderly; the lieutenant has fainted."

A month later the campaign was ended, — a campaign which had been uneventful except in that disastrous night when Wyatt's column was so nearly cut to pieces. Conferences, not fighting, had characterized it, and such success as crowned it had been won by promises, not swords. The Indians, sullenly submissive, were again within their Reservations, and the — Cavalry was once more at Wallace, in a mood of deep discontent that the lives ensnared by Long Jim were unavenged, and that the blot of a disobedience, or of a mistake, must stain the escutcheon of a regiment hitherto equally renowned for its victories and its discipline.

A court-martial had been summoned to meet so soon as Dick Norman should be sufficiently recovered from his wound to stand his trial, and the quota of officers were daily expected to arrive from neighboring posts. Little else was discussed in barracks or in mess-room, for Donald Wyatt had been adored by his men, admired as much as liked by his comrades, and considered by his superiors the most brilliant young cavalry officer in the service. According to rumor, Dick Norman blamed himself for that night's catastrophe; declaring that he had given the colonel's message to Wyatt as a warning, not as a command, and that Wyatt, betrayed by his scout's false reports, had felt justified in disregarding the warning and in following his seemingly well-arranged plan for the

capture of Bald Eagle. This rumor was corroborated among Dick's special set by their remembrance of his keen sympathy with Wyatt's previous disappointments, and of his vexation when he had been chosen by the colonel to carry that third recall to his friend; so that, though in their intimate assemblings much compassion was expressed for him, there was no doubt of his responsibility, nor of the verdict of the court-martial, except — exception which would have astonished nobody more than Dick — in the mind of the colonel. Very vivid to the recollection of old "Slow-and-Sure" was the gratitude shining in the young fellow's eyes when he understood the kindness intended by the trust confided to him. Very profound was his conviction that there had been no paltering with the delivery of that trust.

"Bald and stout as I am, I can yet feel how impossible that boy finds the public accusation of the comrade who died in saving his life!" he had told himself, staring rather dimly at Dick's sword, when the adjutant had brought it to him, on the day that Dick was ordered under arrest in his quarters. "If he were in a state to hear reason, I should see him at once; but whichever way the fault lies, there must be a court-martial. And I'm not afraid that the judge advocate will fail to discover so inexperienced a liar as young Norman with half a dozen questions!"

By the surgeon's commands, Dick's convalescence was spent in a solitude upon which neither sympathy nor blame intruded, and August had dragged itself out before a day was appointed for the meeting of the court. But on a radiant morning in early September, the adjutant appeared in Dick's little sitting-room with two announcements: the court-martial would begin on the morrow, and on the following day Mrs. Wyatt, with her sister and child, would leave Wallace for the East, — a departure in accordance with "army regulations," which thrust

the bustle of packing and planning upon the first stupor of bereavement. The adjutant further informed Dick that Mrs. Wyatt's going away necessitated immediate opening of a military chest which Dick and Wyatt had shared during an expedition of the early spring, when they had been detailed to escort supplies from the nearest river town to Wallace. The schedule of these supplies had never been demanded, because the outbreak of Indian hostilities had since then engrossed the attention of headquarters, and the chest which contained these papers still remained in Don Wyatt's "den," where Dick was now desired to search for them.

Mechanically Dick marched along the parade beside the adjutant, who was much more conscious than he of the various greetings, kindly or curious, bestowed upon this first public appearance of the subject of to-morrow's trial. They were going away: Esther, whose friendship he had ranked next to her husband's, and Theo! Oddly enough their enforced departure had not before added itself to his miseries. Yet, he reflected bitterly, the distance of half the world could not increase the estrangement which their utter silence during his illness had already proved to him, and which it was only natural that the widow and sister should feel toward the man whose presumptuous disobedience was held responsible for Don's death!

Here was the door he had always hitherto entered with a gay welcome from lips that would nevermore be gay! Here was Don's den, whose walls were eloquent with the echo of his laugh, and the boyish mischief which he had never outgrown!

Dick was so white and spent as he dropped down on one of the packing cases — there were packing cases everywhere — that the adjutant glanced nervously at him.

"Perhaps this is too much for you?" he exclaimed. "We might have the chest sent to your quarters?"

"No, no!" Dick stammered. "I'm all right. We had duplicate keys. Here are mine."

Very heterogeneous were the contents of that chest, which had been packed by Wyatt's hands, always more vigorous than orderly! His properties and Dick's mingled as thoroughly, and in as homely a fashion, as their affection.

The adjutant found a package of accounts, and hurriedly looked over them to make sure of their completeness, while Dick gave himself entirely to a listening, which until now had divided his attention with the search. The sound of a light step, the tones of a soft voice — God! was it only three months since he used to lie in wait here to intercept Theo on her way to some garrison merry-making?

The half-open door was pushed wider. Could all that blackness be Theo, — Theo, who was wont to be as brilliant in color as a cactus flower?

Dick did not move, though the adjutant sprang to his feet.

"I should like to speak to Mr. Norman for a moment, alone."

Vaguely Dick heard the words, and was aware of the adjutant's hasty retreat. Then a trembling hand touched his, and a wistful little face, which had once been gay with dimples, bent over him.

"Did you mean to let us go without a word?" she asked.

"I thought that you must hate me!" he muttered.

"Hate you? Poor Dick! Don't I know that you have broken your own heart almost as utterly as Esther's!"

"How is she?"

"As though she had gone part of the way with Don! The surgeon says she will come back. She may, perhaps, because of baby! But sometimes I feel as if I had lost her, too — besides Don — and you" —

"And me?" he murmured. "Have you wanted me?"

Theo had suffered much and bravely within six weeks — grief for Wyatt, sympathy, which knew itself helpless before her sister's trance of desolation; a longing, made of everything tenderest in her nature, to reach and comfort Dick, whom she believed she could console. Now, while each glance of Dick's eyes, each tone of his voice, assured her power, its limitations yet more than its extent overwhelmed her. Even her touch could never heal the blasted future, which stretched away miserably through the years that look so long to youth! With a sudden storm of tears, she sank down on the packing case from which he had risen.

He stepped toward her, but drew back instantly. How dared he claim her sweet compassion, and that sweeter something to which his pulses thrilled, — he whom the certain sentence of to-morrow's court-martial must estrange from all Donald Wyatt's kin forever!

Army quarters are not constructed for living to one's self. Small sounds penetrate contract-built partitions, and Theo's revolt against the bitterness of life and the cruelty of death reached and roused the stunned sympathies of her sister.

Esther Wyatt stood in the doorway, turning her gray eyes, with their dazed look as of one coming out of blindness to sight, from Theo's bowed figure to Dick rigid with silence. And upon her remembrance, dulled to all but her husband, there flashed the love story that Don and she had watched together. How vexed he had been with Theo's gay caprices! How eager to trust Esther's superior feminine intuition, which was confident that Dick's wooing would end well! Ah, dearer yet to her awakening memory came somebody's account of Don's dying determination to save his friend. She held out her hand to Dick.

"This poor little girl is tired out," she said softly. "She has thought and planned and packed for both of us. But you will help her, now that you are so nearly well again?"

He could only touch that fragile hand speechlessly, and turn away.

"Say that you don't blame him, Esther!" Theo sobbed.

"I blame Dick? Why should I?"

"Because — dear Don — the court-martial to-morrow" —

"A court-martial for whom? Dick is not to blame! Don wrote me that night."

Dick lifted his face, wet with suddenly forgotten tears.

"He wrote you that night?"

"Only part of a letter. He said — could he have said that you and he had quarreled?" Esther hesitated, with a half recollection of words whose one meaning, when she read them, had been that the hand which had written them would never write again. "Surely you made it up before" —

"Yes! yes!" Dick exclaimed vehemently. "Has nobody told you how he saved me?"

But Esther could not listen now to the story even of her husband's last exploit. Dick was trying to avoid the subject of that quarrel. Could some doubt of Don's forgiveness stab the grief which she knew was next her own? Yet Don had blamed himself.

"Here is his letter" — she began.

"Don't read it!" Dick interrupted nervously. "I — I cannot bear it!"

"Just a line or two, to show you" —

She broke off abruptly, and for one long moment stood motionless, staring down at the boldly written page. Then she stepped toward Dick, lifting her shining eyes, — eyes whose loveliest gaze pierced beyond the barriers of tender human building, and beheld, as her soldier's freed soul might behold, the Truth beautiful exceedingly!

"Forgive me!" she panted. "All this terrible time I have only understood that he is gone. Nothing else, — not even what he wrote me! The fault that night was his, and you have suffered the blame, to spare him!"

"He was betrayed. He got the troop out of it again magnificently!" Dick stammered eagerly.

An orderly knocked at the half-open door.

"The commanding officer's compliments, and he is waiting to know whether Mrs. Wyatt can see him," he announced.

The color rushed over Esther's pale face, and vanished as quickly, while Dick sprang to his feet.

"Sit down!" she exclaimed, touching his shoulder. "Brown, ask the colonel to come in here."

"Wait! Think!" Dick implored. "His honor" —

"Is mine," she answered, with soft vehemence. "Oh, Dick, remember our generous, fearless Don! Never would he permit another to bear blame for his mistake, and neither can I."

Erect and gorgeous with the full panoply of war, to do deference to this farewell visit to the widow of an officer killed upon the field of battle, the colonel entered the room. But something deeper than his esteem for the forms of his profession stirred his heart as he glanced from Dick's bent head and Theo's startled eyes to the transfigured woman who came to meet him.

"Colonel," she said steadfastly, "in my selfish grief I have allowed you to go very near the doing of a great injustice."

An inarticulate ejaculation was all he could achieve as she paused.

"Before my husband went into that fight he wrote me. Will you hear what he said?"

"Let me spare you the reading," the colonel muttered.

Esther looked down at the big sheet of headquarters official paper which held her soldier's last "love-making," and a smile that was more tender than tears flickered over her drooping face.

"Unless it is necessary for you to see the letter I would rather read it," she said, faltered an instant, and began: —

. . . "The chief has another chill of prudence, and Dick has just brought me an order of recall, — an order which I have, however, decided to disregard, as my scout's report of Bald Eagle's position makes his capture a certainty. "Obedience is the first duty of a soldier," yet a soldier who is also a commanding officer must act according to his own judgment, under circumstances which he knows will justify him to his superior when they can be communicated; and old "Slow-and-Sure" is too successful in his career to grudge me another feather in my cap, even though I shall win it rather irregularly. But Dick is furious. He has exhausted eloquence in trying to convince me that I shall ride straight to ruin, breaking every rule in the army regulations on the way.'"

The low voice, wondrously steadied to its task, ceased, and there was silence, — silence in which there floated, through an open window, the clear tones of an officer's commands to a newly joined squad

at drill upon the parade, and the tiny, chuckling laugh of Don's child in his cradle on the veranda.

"Madam" — the colonel commenced, with dignity, hesitated, then bent until his gray mustache swept Esther's fingers. "God bless you," he ended abruptly.

Swiftly she turned from him to Dick, leaning his head against his folded arms on the chimney ledge.

"Truest friend! bravest friend!" she cried. "You have acted as his friend should. But I am his wife. I must act as himself."

There was no court-martial on the morrow, because its function had been anticipated by an informal meeting of officers at the colonel's quarters, — a meeting where a brilliant young soldier's fault was tenderly condoned, and where every man enshrined in his memory an ideal of a soldier's wife.

And the colonel brought Dick's sword back to him.

Ellen Mackubin.

FROM THE REPORTS OF THE PLATO CLUB.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

THE PARMENIDES. (January 16.)

THIS evening Hillbrook read from the Parmenides. Then the Dominie: "A question I should like to ask is this: How can a man get so excited about such an abstract proposition as that 'One is'? Why does it make so many men fanatics, like the Moslem iconoclasts, and why do they take such pleasure and satisfaction in affirming oneness? Parmenides did not have to refute atheism, for he lived before the days of nihilistic theories and agnostic screeds, yet he must affirm 'The One is.' So, too, Spinoza with his pantheism was called 'God-in-

toxicated.' How are we to account for this enthusiasm?"

Red Cap. "Is it not because nothing is reasonable until we get a single principle?"

The Dominie. "Yes, perhaps so; but is there not something more? A man wants to have a ramrod down his back and feel that there is something there. It is a great satisfaction to feel and make an affirmation, and I think Carlyle is right when he says that it makes a man larger to have something fixed to formulate. But then, why in the world do people take so very much pleasure in this particular statement, 'Being is'? Is it not

perhaps that it gives more pleasure to be a *positif*, as the French call it, than a *negatif*, more pleasure to affirm than to deny or to doubt, and the most general affirmation you can make is that *being* is? Then, too, it is. Here is another affirmation."

Hesperus. "Is not this pleasure of asserting that *being* is analogous to one's delight when he discovers a new relation in the world and cries out 'Eureka'?"

The Theologian. "This desire to posit something, to make an assertion, is universal. Even Mr. Huxley fell a victim to it when he invented the word 'agnostic.' Every one else was an *ist* or an *ic* or an *er*, and he wanted a tail, too."

Red Cap. "Is there not a moral feeling at the bottom of this pleasure in finding unity? One's disquiet in the presence of duality is like the disquiet that some people feel before they have experienced what they call conversion. They are at war with themselves because their will has not yet established unity by a definite act of choice."

The Pilgrim. "Is not the object of the whole dialogue to show that abstract reasoning and quibbling, if carried too far, leave simply nothing, and does not this dialogue at its conclusion leave us hanging in mid-air?"

The Parson. "Is it not a lesson against prolixity and looseness of terms?"

The Dominie. "But Hegel says that the Parmenides marks the highest point of Plato's thought. My own idea is that unity is a great thing to have, and that it is rather the mark of a high mind. Think how pleased Newton was, trembling so that he could not make his calculations: a stray idea had been captured. This attempt to unify is also an impulse of sanity. The people who are only sprinkled with facts are neither sane nor interesting. And so it is with the impulse to stand for something and be a *positif*. This is the impulse of youth, and the converted man, too, gets a unity that he did not have before. But do

we confer any greater reality on reality by these attempts to *prove* it? If it is really real, why not simply recognize its reality? By trying to prove it, do we not rather loosen the belief? You can't prove first principles, and very few of us can prove even fourth or fifth principles."

THE REPUBLIC, I.-IV. (January 23.)

The Pilgrim read from the first four books of the Republic, and then suggested innumerable questions arising from what he had read.

The Dominie. "But we can't choose a fishpole in a forest of saplings, so we shall have to ask you to pick one out for us, and tell us which of all these subjects you prefer to discuss."

The Pilgrim. "Well, then, let us have the religious question. Here is Socrates trying to work a religious reformation by bringing forward all the bad parts of the old Homeric tales, until his hearers have to say that these stories won't do. So nowadays the Jonah story and Elisha's floating axe are brought forward to confuse old-fashioned orthodox believers. But is this the best way to teach the new truth? Does it not do a great deal more harm than good, and would it not be much better to leave these stories alone altogether, and teach something that we do believe?"

The Prophet. "I think you are quite right. There is too much flinging of new discoveries into people's faces. But you can't use the same methods in all cases. I should not talk to my grandmother as I would to a theological student. The great danger is in going to extremes. Some churches are so afraid of superstition that they throw away every ceremony, even baptism and the communion, though these have a real value, however we understand their significance; while others are so overgrown with it that one can hardly find any truth in them. But the mean is hard to follow."

Hesperus. "Plato thought the best religion was the one that produced the best

lives. His object was to lift people up. But then his state was an ideal one. He supposed it to be freshly started; consequently he had no settled beliefs to reckon with, and his problem was not the same as ours."

The Theologian. "I have not much to say on this subject; but the one thing I do want to protest against is the use of ridicule. It is a very poor way of converting people to your views, and it often only makes them stubborn."

Red Cap. "And yet it is said that in France ridicule is the strongest weapon that can be used. Whether we use it or not, we often do a great deal of good by coming out as Luther did, and saying what we do *not* believe. If, by showing the weak points of religious beliefs, you can get them revised, I think it is good. As to the Bible, people have been in the habit of taking it as though it were of the same value all through. But why not let them see the difference, so that they will not feel that they need to believe the things in it that are against conscience? — and there are things in the Old Testament that are against conscience."

The Pilgrim. "But is there not a better way of going about the work than simply to knock things down? Don't take a child to the window and show it the flaws in the glass instead of the beautiful landscape. We don't get much good from looking at flaws; that is a vile way of getting at the beauty of life. But if you people think it a good way, what are you going to do about it?"

The Dominie. "For my part, I am not going to do anything. I don't see much use in negative propaganda now, however it may have been in the past. If my mother had told me to believe that the moon was made of green cheese, and that belief had been pricked into me like a tattoo, what right have you to come along and get it out? There is a sphere for individuality in these matters, and it seems like an offense against the individual to interfere with them. A great

many ridiculous things have somehow or other got into our fundamental beliefs, like gnats in the amber; but don't cut a person to pieces to get them out. The way is to state positive things, and then these theories will drop off of themselves; but to take them away before they are ready to drop is like pulling the tail off a tadpole. Feed him and let him grow, and the tail will take care of itself. But this is not all. This picking open of flaws is an assault upon the person. Take the story of Jonah and the whale; I know how difficult it is, — I measured a whale's throat once, — but I rather hate to have a man attack that story. I don't know why it is so, but it makes a very unpleasant impression to have somebody annihilate it. But why does Plato want to weed out such stories as that, and yet give us a whole lot of myths a great deal harder to believe? He wants us to believe that the world went round the other way, and shook up everything when it changed, and then he wants to teach that we all grew out of the earth, which nobody can believe. But take these miracles. I don't know what to say about them; I don't believe them, and yet I do believe them, — perhaps the heart believes them, and the head does not, — and I don't want to force myself to give a verdict about these things. It may be only a matter of taste, but I always feel as though a person did some gross or indecorous thing to attack these beliefs that we have been brought up to regard as sacred."

The Timekeeper. "I don't know about that Jonah story. Somebody tells of a fish in the Mediterranean that did swallow a sailor, and they fired a cannon over it, and the man was thrown out and saved. We ought to know for sure before we say that things are not true."

The Deacon. "It is very beautiful for everybody, learned and unlearned, to repeat the same creed, each giving it his own interpretation, and each allowing his neighbor to do the same; but is there not

danger of our crying 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace? Those of us who do not accept the old stories in their literal sense may still feel the deep spiritual truth which they embody, and when we have grasped the soul of truth we may love to linger on the beautiful form in which it has been clothed. But what is to happen to those who have been brought up to think that they must believe everything just as it is written? Whether we tell them so or not, they are going to learn sooner or later that some of these things are not what they have been taught to believe that they are; and the question is whether we shall teach them sympathetically, or somebody else shall do it unsympathetically. I have seen many young people who are at sea and have nothing whatever to anchor to, because they have been taught that they must take these things literally, and they can't."

Red Cap. "A whole generation is arising to whom it is said: Here is the Bible; you must take the whole of it, or none at all. The state of France, at this time, is the result of just this kind of teaching in the Roman Catholic Church. People were told that they must believe everything, without any discrimination; so most of them believe nothing. In this country as elsewhere, Christian orthodoxy is forcing upon young men views that can be held no longer. In two years' experience in a religious association of young men, I have seen enough doubt and torment arising from these teachings to make my blood boil when I hear them. The question is not one of tearing down, but of uncovering the truth for the sake of the young people who are driven away from religion by myths and legends which they cannot accept as revelations of God. Veneration for antique beliefs is no doubt a worthy sentiment, but shall we allow the living to go astray out of respect for the dead?"

The Parson. "Our Saviour set us a good example. He said, I came not to destroy, but to fulfill; yet he was accused

of destroying. That there has been a change in our way of dealing with these questions is shown in the different attitude of our missionaries. At first they attacked the religions of their hearers; but now they recognize all that is good in them, and try to build upon it, and they are far more successful. As to the Bible, I have long believed that some parts of it are more interesting than others; but whether any parts are more important than others, I doubt, — though there is often a question of exegesis."

REPUBLIC, VIII.—X. (February 13.)

When the Theologian had read from the last three books of the Republic, he said: "The selections are bristling with points; but I should like most to ask what is to be done when wealth gets into the possession of the few, and progress and poverty go hand in hand. Should we pass Mosaic laws against the alienation of property? From the ethical point of view, which is the better way to deal with people, to *make* them act wisely, as Henry George would do, or to follow Spencer's advice and let them learn from experience? Is it good to fence people about, so that they can't lose anything if they want to?"

The Dominie. "Would not such a scheme make a revolution to start with, and afterwards take all the spring out of life? Ambition wants the open sea before it."

The Pilgrim. "The Greeks talked a great deal about presumptuous pride; but was not Plato guilty of a double portion of it, when he attempted to lay down a static system according to which the world should always be governed?"

The Deacon. "It sometimes appeals to me quite uncomfortably, when I see a conflict, which I have not yet found out how to reconcile, between Christianity, or at any rate what passes nowadays for Christianity, and the teachings of science. Take the questions of lunatic asylums and prohibitory laws: Christianity seems to

be in favor of them, but if there is anything in the law of the survival of the fittest, the ditch the drunken man falls into is just the place Nature meant him to be in, and we have no right to pick him out and help him to bring up dipsomaniac children. I think I should vote for a prohibitory law; yet prohibition is loathsome to me. As somebody asks, what right have A and B, who do not want to drink, to pass a law to prevent C drinking, though he can do it in moderation, for the benefit of D, a weakling whom Nature is trying to kill for the benefit of the race?"

The Timekeeper. "But if anybody at all survives, it is because Nature helps him; why should we not follow her example, and help people, also? The laws are all against the poor man's son, and we ought to give him a start, at least."

The Pilgrim. "I don't think we should allow people from the lunatic asylums and almshouses to have children, and I think we ought to get rid of prohibition when it won't fit; but the talk we hear about personal liberty is all nonsense. The Western judge who would not let witnesses carry their guns into court was accused of infringing on personal liberties. The fact of the matter is that we have a right to interfere with the saloons, because the saloons interfere with us. If my son can't go down town without being tempted to drink, and my wife can't go out in the evening, or even in broad daylight, without being insulted or offended by the vile language of some drunken fellow, I propose to do all I can to put a stop to it."

The Dominic. "That is the way I look at the question, too. I believe in prohibition, though it is very rough and barbaric. It is a question of the balance between good and evil, and I think the preponderance of good is on the side of prohibition. It is an evil to be chased by a drunken man, as I was the other day, till I recognized the ridiculousness of my position, and turned on him sharply; and it is another evil not to be able

to get brandy for a sick friend without being beckoned into a back room for it, like some common law-breaker; but mass work is always rough work, whether in legislation or in education. As to saving these poor people, it is a very different question; for here they have something to do with it themselves. Aristotle treats pity as a disease, and he is right. It is the disease which makes so many women carry around poodle dogs and coddle them as though they were babies. These are the people who go into hysterics when you speak of vivisection. Think of the vast amount of money given to improve the condition of miserable offscourings who have been shown to be very largely responsible for their own state! Ninety-nine people out of every hundred think it a much more pious thing to leave their money to some charitable institution than to a university; and so they help the worst people in the community instead of the best, and shiver with imaginary paupers who can't keep warm. It is simply a disease; and it is a commentary on our civilization to see these magnificent institutions for the care of the insane and paupers and criminals. I don't think they should be treated better than the majority of honest working people. After all, is not money a pretty good anthropometer? It does not measure morality, by any means, but it does seem to me that the rich man who acquires his own money must be a person of tremendous energy and vital force."

The Pilgrim. "The worst thing about the whole situation to-day is this lamentation in the pulpits about the material condition of the poor workingman."

ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS. (March 6.)

This evening the Theologian read for the second time from the Ethics of Aristotle. He then said: "The remarkable thing about Aristotle's view of virtue is that it is just the reverse of our modern view, putting reasoning before character. But is there not something in such

advocacy of pure reason which leads to sterility in the end? Can we have an ethical philosophy, and can we keep an interest in the good, without seasoning it with something beyond pure thought? In Aristotle's estimation of friendship as superior to love we have the doctrine of the mean in every-day life. It reminds us of the Biblical injunction, 'Let your moderation be known unto all men.'"

The Parson. "Every attempt to make education purely intellectual has failed, and therefore our books on sermonizing teach us to avoid purely intellectual preaching. The intellect is only a means."

Red Cap. "The mean is generally virtuous; but how are you to find the mean, if not by reason? Is it not just the province of reason to find it? Then, evidently, you must place reason in the first place, in the search for virtue."

The Theologian. "As a matter of fact, do we do anything just because we have found it out by reasoning?"

Red Cap. "Perhaps not. We feel that we have the mean by a sort of moral pleasure."

The Dominie. "Then what would you say to the view held by the Herbarians, that the emotions measure the degree of disturbance, and must therefore be eliminated?"

The Deacon. "It seems to me that Aristotle's doctrine of the mean is just as artificial as his doctrine of the syllogism. Nobody ever uses the syllogism in a real argument, and fallacies are discovered, not by the rules of the syllogism, but by the conflict between one's conclusions and established facts. In the same way, the doctrine of the mean does not enable us to find what is right; but when we have found out by our own experience or that of the race that a certain trait of character is good, it is very easy to find something bad which we can put on either side of it and call an extreme. In the case of bodily appetites Aristotle's scheme works pretty well, but

there are many other cases in which what we consider right is an extreme rather than the mean. The ten commandments speak of total abstinence from certain acts, not of moderation. Aristotle's own examples are often arbitrary enough. He makes magnificence the mean between meanness and vulgarity. But could we not just as well contrast meanness with carelessness about money, and vulgarity with modesty?"

The Dominie. "And yet, after all, has not Aristotle's system a good pedagogic value? It is the best and most complete system I know. The syllogism may be artificial, but does it not sharpen a student's wits, all the same? Do you not think that the doctrine of the mean will serve a similar end? Another doctrine of Aristotle's worth noting is that exercise makes faculty. F. W. Robertson's sermons are full of this; and it is supported by the best teachings of the theory of evolution. There is still another point I should like to speak of; and that is the happiness of the contemplative life. Is that a fact, in the first place? and in the second, if it be so, is there reason to believe that it is natural, that it was intended that we speculate? Is that the end of life? I don't believe it. If a man has great trouble to bear, there is nothing that sustains him like the reading of these great systems. And that is a good thing; but it seems to me that it is a better thing to be guided by them in your life. That is where Christianity takes a great step in advance."

The Parson. "Our church books regard the contemplative life as too introspective."

The Dominie. "Do you not suppose that the doctrine of the mean applies to matters of speculation? Would n't the Greeks have condemned excess even in this? And is it not possible that a part of what is usually ascribed to ignorance in Plato may have been due to his temperance? 'The way to be dull is to tell everything.' Now Plato was a great deal

more brilliant than Aristotle, and a great deal more of an artist. May he not have voluntarily restrained himself? The other day I read a volume of about eighty pages in which the whole universe is explained. It is a very cheap kind of intellect that explains the whole universe; but doubtless the author of this book would have sneered at Plato, and said that he did not know his own mind."

The Pilgrim. "What is the use of discussing such questions as what the mean may be, and what is the harm? What does not get into a man by reasoning cannot be taken out of him by it. That is what Lincoln meant when he said, 'You can't fool all the people all the time.' They don't reason very much, but their great heart is right."

Red Cap. "What would be the good of saying to a child that virtue is the mean? Does he not already have an idea of virtue that is much better? To call it the mean makes it a kind of *mean* thing, the average, something low."

Hesperus. "Is it possible to find the mean without an experience of deviation from it?"

The Dominie. "That may have been a question in the Garden. Some people are so made that they can accept testimony, but others cannot."

Hesperus. "But should we say to a child, 'Do not do this'? It is a maxim among teachers *not* to say, 'This is the right spelling, and that is the wrong,' for this teaches the wrong way quite as much as the right one."

The Dominie. "I do not think the two cases are parallel, because in the first place there is a push to do the thing, and in the second place in nine cases out of ten the child knows the right way perfectly well. And now, once more, what is the function of this knowing faculty in making us good? Hegel repeats this idea of knowing, and Schopenhauer makes pure contemplation the only happiness; but when intellectualism is made the end, it shows its bankrupt nature.

If this whole question about knowledge were only torn away from the question as to whether knowledge is real or not! The question is not whether knowledge is real, but what is its use, how is it made a means of moral improvement? Is not a man morally infirm who has to do evil in order to know it? Ought not instinctive knowledge to save us from the experimental? Perhaps all ethical knowledge is anticipatory experience, — the rude sight which the creature is beginning to develop from its sense of touch, and which saves it from running its head against an object before it knows it is there. Discursive knowledge is a fall; fine native instinct does not need it, and he who has this instinct still keeps the divinest thing in him; he is unfallen; he keeps the mean instinctively, and he has the keenest kind of satisfaction in doing so. But we are fallen creatures, and we must walk by sight, and not by faith."

THE STOICS. (May 15.)

The Parson has a theory that the whole moral and spiritual life of man is simply a question of weather, and he can quote statistics to prove that profanity varies in quantity and quality with the height of the thermometer and the square of the barometric pressure. However this may be, it is quite certain that even the Plato Club did not escape the influence of these spring days. We no longer rushed headlong to our rendezvous, eager to discover the nature of The Good or of The One, or to adjust the claims of The One and The Many, but we sauntered to the house very slowly, and when some of us met outside, we stopped a little to talk about the grass and the trees, and some one said to the Parson that it was impossible to discuss philosophy by daylight. But the Parson did not answer; he was picking up a magnolia blossom that the wind had blown on the grass.

When Red Cap read from Epictetus, some of us, at least, felt greatly charmed by the peaceful spirit of the extract, and

were therefore a little surprised when he stopped, and began to criticise his author.

"I must say," he began, "that I have been much disappointed with Epictetus. I had always supposed he was a very great man; but when I read his discourses I found him to be a very narrow man indeed, with only one idea, which he applies to everything. 'Is that in your power? Does this pain concern you?' This is his whole philosophy; and the key to it is found when one knows that he was a slave. 'Avoid pain; avoid suffering.' 'This is a philosophy of contempt for life, possible only to a disheartened pessimist or a slave. If our life depends upon feeling, and you take the feeling out, as Epictetus would have you, then you take the life and the growth out also. Contrast this egoistic philosophy, whose whole aim is to escape personal suffering, with the Christian philosophy of love; the antithesis could not be stronger."

The Pilgrim. "The only difference between the Stoics and ourselves is that they spun it out longer. The old patriarchs lived a thousand years or so, and with the Stoics the adolescent storm and stress lasted a whole lifetime."

The Dominie. "Red Cap, you object to Epictetus because he tries to overcome pain by philosophy. What else would you have us do when we meet with misfortune, when our will is thwarted and we can do nothing, when we feel ourselves wholly in the hands of fate? Those are the times that try men's souls, and those are the times when a man needs philosophy or religion."

Red Cap. "But this philosophy is only for the mitigation of pain."

The Dominie. "And pain is what kills men. Christianity appealed to the weak and disheartened. It came as a comforter. It was to do just what you say, — to mitigate pain; because if pain goes too far it is death. There are times when you must look a great calamity right

in the face and live it down; sympathy of others will not help, but only makes it worse. Then it is that you must 'glory in death,' that you must 'accept the inevitable with joy.' And you can't do that if you have not faith. It may be expressed, or it may not; but if men did not believe that there is a Power that makes for righteousness, how would it be possible? This Stoic philosophy is a valuable narcotic to carry round with one in case of sudden pain. You say the philosophy of Epictetus is selfish. But it is not possible to draw an immovable line between egoism and altruism. How can we help others unless we live ourselves?"

Red Cap. "Christianity mitigated pain by teaching men to forget themselves for the sake of others. It taught them to give full play to their feelings in order to act vigorously for the sake of all. Epictetus teaches the reverse; with a very strong will, he learned never to use it."

The Pilgrim. "He magnified self until he eliminated personality. It seems to me utterly demoralizing to preach such a doctrine, for we live in connection with the universe, and by such doctrines we throw ourselves out of connection. It is simply, 'Grit your teeth and shut your mouth, and don't say anything.' That may be a good enough doctrine to die by, but you can't live by it. If you've got it, hurry up and die, and don't give it to other people. Stoicism is inaction. If one keeps his attention fixed long enough, death ensues. The spirit of Christianity is, 'Absorb your experience; use it as an aid to a better life; be made perfect by suffering.' It means growth."

The Deacon. "But stoicism is not a doctrine to die by. It is a doctrine by which we try to keep from dying. To be sure, it contains no Christian hope for a future life, but there are times in most lives when any hope or any belief is impossible; when we cannot even act, because we cannot tell whether our action will do good or harm. When we are in

such a state, it is a great comfort to think that our little joys and sorrows are inevitable, and that they are of no great importance after all. It may be weakness or cowardice or what you will to get into such a state, but that is no reason why we should abuse the only philosophy that makes life tolerable when we are in it."

The Prophet. "Is there, after all, such an antithesis between stoicism and Christianity? Do not the two work together? Take Job, for example: he has to face the mystery of pain, but he says, 'I will stand it, and it will come out right in the end.' Job's comforters say his pain is the result of personal guilt; Epictetus says it is a blessing in disguise."

Red Cap. "But, excuse me, does he say so?"

The Parson. "Epictetus is under a great disadvantage, not being present to explain himself. But when Red Cap was reading, I noticed a great many things that we have in Christianity. Take, for example, what he says about guiding conversation. Every Christian, especially a minister, ought to do that. Then where he says, 'Don't speak, but show what you believe:' that is a very important point. And then his distinction between the body and what happens to it and the soul. Then, too, what he says about shedding tears for others. The Bible tells us to weep with those that weep. As a Christian man, I have a pretty good opinion of Epictetus, and I don't see why we could not admit him into the church."

Red Cap. "The Bible does not tell us, as Epictetus does, to guide conversation for fear of having our dignity compromised, and it does not tell us to weep with others, and at the same time be careful not to weep inwardly."

The Pilgrim had tried to read from Marcus Aurelius earlier in the evening, so that we might talk about the emperor and the slave together, but he had been given no opportunity. Finally, however, he succeeded in getting our attention,

read at some length from the 'Meditations,' and continued the attack on the Stoics.

"This philosophy makes man a mere asteroid circling around nature; and as it regards the soul as the breath, it gives very little hope for immortality. I cannot find a word anywhere about improvement; but the whole aim of life is tranquillity, to be gained by looking within. 'Cease your complaint,' he says, 'and you are not hurt.' Marcus Aurelius was a subjective idealist. Like a silkworm, he spun it all out of himself. These two men, Aurelius and Epictetus, in a large way make up the typical philosopher. They don't fuss and worry, but where is their life? Is it the idea that the philosopher is unmoved by the ordinary affairs of life that makes philosophy so unpopular? Matthew Arnold, for example, chills the life out of you. The sooner we get rid of this demoralizing idea that there is something in stoicism the better."

The Dominie. "Now, gentlemen, what are we going to do? Are we to submit to the conspiracy of these two gentlemen against the Stoics?"

Red Cap. "It was not a conspiracy, and I object to the Pilgrim's putting Marcus Aurelius upon the same level with Epictetus. He strikes me as a vastly superior man in every way."

The Parson. "I think we shall have to take him into membership, also."

The Dominie. "Here are two people, in troublous times, who cultivated the art of keeping cool. 'Above all, keep cool and possess your soul in patience.' That is a standpoint that I cannot but have the highest respect for, even from no higher point of view than that of psychiatry. The loss of self-possession, of the faculty of keeping cool, is the first step towards every mental disease there is,—epilepsy, hysteria, melancholia, and all the others. But these Stoics were pretty noble men. They were not people whose philosophy changed with the cosmic weather; and I do instinctively

admire a man who is not upset when adversity comes. Ataraxia is a pretty good thing to have, and it is a good thing to hand down to one's children to make a sturdy stock."

SENECA. (May 22.)

We continued the study of the Stoics at the next meeting, when the Parson read from Seneca, and then gave a short account of his life. "Here was a man," he said, "who was worth twelve million dollars, and yet praised poverty. He wrote about virtue, yet was banished for his intrigue with Julia, assisted Nero in the murder of his mother, wrote the letter in which the Emperor tried to excuse himself for the act to the Senate, and was at last ordered to commit suicide for conspiring against the state. Seneca's writings were studied in the Christian Church up to the beginning of this century, but then something more was found out about him and he was dropped. It is strange that we don't appreciate a beautiful thought when a bad man utters it."

Red Cap. "Is there any way to reconcile the two men that we see in Seneca, the great vices that he was accused of, with his writings?"

The Deacon. "What about the doctrine of double personality? Is it not possible for a person, when he gets away from the worry and excitement of life, to sit down in another mood and express thoughts much better than those which control him when he acts? Was not Rousseau another example of this? He did the most abominable things, and yet his writings are full of beautiful thoughts."

The Dominie. "Rousseau was a sentimentalist. He cannot be compared with Seneca. His writings have a hollow, falsetto tone all through. But Seneca does not make such an impression at all. He writes less in his moods than either Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. I don't believe that a man can be a good moralist and live a bad life. The charges of immorality against Seneca were made by

a jealous woman, and nobody believes them now. We know that he was temperate and that he was honest. In spite of his great wealth, he was not accused of any crookedness in his personal dealings, but, like every man who stands high in office, he was a common target for envious tongues. The most serious charge is that of supporting the government in its policy; but nobody can read Roman law without seeing that it was a fundamental point that it is right to do wrong if good is going to come of it. In dealing with the state, one has to balance vast goods and vast evils. In getting rid of Nero's mother, we don't know what the ends involved were. I should like to see in this country the spectacle of a man with twelve million dollars, who was secretary of state and wrote on philosophy, and then lost his money and was banished, but still wrote on philosophy, and was willing finally to put himself to a painful death at the command of the government. This age does not produce that kind of man. It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but I think this man has come as near to it as most of them; perhaps because he lost his riches. The thing that strikes me most about Seneca is that he dares to be rather commonplace; he is a man strong enough to avoid an extreme when the truth lies unadorned in the middle. In Augustine, every once in a while we come across a strident, artificial note, worked up by an act of will to carry the thing a little too far. We find the same thing in Rousseau, in Byron, in Burr, and in Alexander Hamilton. There is a sort of ungenuine ring in the bad men who write about goodness, but we find none of this in Seneca."

Red Cap. "The same tendency exists in recent French writers. Their ideals are much higher than they can reach, and so they overstate intellectually what they cannot do morally."

The Dominie. "The letter in which Seneca tries to comfort his mother in his

banishment is pretty strong evidence in his favor. A bad man can talk taffy, but he cannot show such genuine sympathy as is found in this letter."

The Parson. "I have been thinking that we might take him in on probation, but that is about all we can do in his case."

Herbert Austin Aikins.

A RUSSIAN HOLY CITY.

It was close on midnight when we left Yásnaya Polyána. A large and merry party of Count Tolstóy's children and relatives escorted us: some in the baggage cart, perched on our luggage; some in the jaunting-car-like *linéika* with us, on our moonlight drive to the little station where we were to join the train and continue our journey southward.

We should have preferred to travel by daylight, as we were possessed of the genuine tourist greed for seeing "everything;" but in this case, as in many others in Russia, the trains were not arranged so that we could manage it.

There is very little variety along the road through central Russia, but the monotony is of a different character from that of the harsh soil and the birch and pine forests of the north. The vast plains of this *tchernozyom* — the celebrated "black earth zone" — swell in long, low billows of herbage and grain, diversified only at distant intervals by tracts of woodland. But the wood is too scarce to meet the demands for fuel, and the manure of the cattle, well dried, serves to eke it out, a traveling native in our compartment told us, instead of being used, as it should be, to enrich the land, which is growing poor. Now and then, substantial brick cottages shone out amidst the gray and yellow of the thatched log huts in the hamlets. We heard of one landed proprietor who encouraged his peasant neighbors to avoid the scourge of frequent conflagrations by building with brick, and he offered a prize to every individual who should comply with the con-

ditions. The prize consisted of a horse from the proprietor's stables, and of the proprietor's presence, in full uniform and all his orders, at the house-warming. The advantages of brick soon became so apparent to the peasants that they continued to employ it, even after their patron had been forced to abolish the reward, lest his horses and his time should be utterly exhausted.

Minor incidents were not lacking to enliven our long journey. In the course of one of the usual long halts at a county town, a beggar came to the window of our carriage. He was a tall, slender young fellow, about seven-and-twenty years of age. Though he used the customary forms, — "Give me something, *sudárynya*,¹ if only a few kopeks, *Khrísti radi!*"² — there was something about him, despite his rags, there was an elegance of accent in his language, to which I was not accustomed in the "poor brethren" generally.

I pretended ignorance of Russian and the sign language, but watched him as I continued my conversation in English. Thereupon my man repeated his demands in excellent French, with a good accent. I turned on him.

"This is unusual," I said in Russian, by way of hinting that I belonged to the category of the willfully deaf. "Accept my compliments on your knowledge of French and of Russian. But be so good as to explain to me this mystery before I contribute."

"Madam," he retorted, "I'd have you

¹ Madam.

² For Christ's sake.

know that I am a gentleman, — a gentleman of education.”

“Then pray solve the other mystery, — why you, strong, young, healthy, handsome, are a professional beggar.”

He stalked off in a huff. Evidently he was one of that class of “decayed nobles” of whom I had heard many curious tales in Moscow; only, he had decayed at a rather earlier age than the average.

As we proceeded southward, pretty Little Russian girls took the place of the plainer-featured Great Russian maidens. Familiar plants caught our eyes. Mulleins — “imperial sceptre” is the pretty Russian name — began to do sentinel duty along the roadside; sumach appeared in the thickets of the forests, where the graceful cut-leaved birch of the north was rare. The Lombardy poplar, the favorite of the Little Russian poets, reared its dark columns in solitary state. At last, Kieff, the Holy City, loomed before us in the distance.

I know no town in Russia which makes so picturesque and characteristic an impression on the traveler as Kieff. From the boundless plain over which we were speeding, we gazed up at wooded heights crowned and dotted with churches. At the foot of the slope, where golden domes and crosses, snowy white monasteries and battlemented walls, gleamed among masses of foliage punctuated with poplars, swept the broad Dnyépr. It did not seem difficult then to enter into the feelings of Prince Oleg when he reached the infant town, on his expedition from unfertile Nóvgorod the Great, of the north, against Byzantium, and, coveting its rich beauty, slew its rulers and entered into possession, saying, “This shall be the Mother of all Russian Cities.” We could understand the sentiments of the pilgrims who flock to the Holy City by the million.

The agreeable sensation of approach being over, our expectations, which had been waxing as the train threaded its way through a ravine to the station, received

a shock. It was the shock to which we were continually being subjected whenever we made pious pilgrimages to places of historic renown. On each occasion of this sort we were moved to reflect deeply on the proverbial blessings of ignorance. It makes a vast difference in one’s mental comfort, I find, whether he accepts the present unquestioningly, with enthusiasm, and reconstructs the historic past as an agreeable duty, or whether he already bears the past, in its various aspects, in his mind, in involuntary but irrational expectation of meeting it, and is forced to accept the present as a painful task! Which of these courses to pursue in the future was the subject of my disappointed meditations, as we drove through the too Europeanized streets, and landed at a hotel of the same pattern. It is easy to forgive St. Petersburg, in its giddy youth of one hundred and seventy-five winters, for its Western features and comforts; but that Kieff, in its venerable maturity of a thousand summers, should be so spick and span with newness and reformation seemed at first utterly unpardonable. The inhabitants think otherwise, no doubt, and deplore the mediæval hygienic conditions which render the town the most unhealthy in Europe, in the matter of the death-rate from infectious diseases.

Our comfortable hotel possessed not a single characteristic feature, except a line on the printed placard of regulations posted in each room. The line said, “The price of this room is four rubles [or whatever it was] a day, except in Contract Time.” “Contract Time,” I found, meant the Annual Fair, in February, when the normal population of about 166,000 is swelled by “arrivers” — as travelers are commonly designated on the signboards of the lower-class hotels — from all the country round about. When, prompted by this remarkable warning, I inquired the prices during the fair, the clerk replied sweetly, — no other word will do justice to his manner, — “All we

can get!" Such frankness is what the French call "brutal."

The principal street of the town, the Krestchátik, formerly the bed of a stream, in front of our windows, was in the throes of sewer-building. More civilization! Sewage from the higher land had lodged there in temporary pools. The weather was very hot. The fine large yellow bricks, furnished by the local clay-beds, of which the buildings and sidewalks were made, were dazzling with heat. It is only when one leaves the low-lying new town, and ascends the hills, on which the old dwellers wisely built, or reaches the suburbs, that one begins thoroughly to comprehend the enthusiastic praises of many Russians who regard Kieff as the most beautiful town in the empire.

The glare of the yellow brick melts softly into the verdure of the residence quarter, and is tempered into inoffensiveness in the Old Town by the admixture of older and plainer structures, which refresh the eye. But the chief charm, un-failing, inexhaustible as the sight of the ocean, is the view from the cliffs. Beyond the silver sweep of the river at their feet, animated with steamers and small boats, stretches the illimitable steppe, where the purple and emerald shadows of the sea depths and shallows are enriched with hues of golden or velvet brown and misty blue. The steppe is no longer an unbroken expanse of waving plume-grass and flowers, wherein riders and horses are lost to sight as, in Gógol's celebrated tale, were Taras Bulba and his sons, fresh from the famous Academy of Kieff, which lies at our feet, below the cliffs. Increasing population has converted this virgin soil into vast grain-fields, less picturesque near at hand than the wild growth, but still deserving, from afar, of Gógol's enraptured apostrophe: "Devil take you, steppe, how beautiful you are!"

Naturally, our first pilgrimage was to the famous Kíevo-Pestchérskaya Lávra, that is, the First-Class Monastery of the

Kieff Catacombs, the chief monastic institution and goal of pilgrims in all the country, of which we had caught a glimpse from the opposite shore of the river, as we approached the town. Buildings have not extended so densely in this direction but that a semblance of ascetic retirement is still preserved. Between the monastery and the city lies the city park, which is not much patronized by the citizens, and for good reasons. To the rich wildness of nature is added the wildness of man. Hordes of desperadoes, "the barefoot brigade," the dregs of the local population, have taken up their residence there every spring, of late years, in the ravines and the caves which they have excavated, in humble imitation of the holy men of the monastery of old. From time to time the police make a skirmish there, but an unpleasant element of danger is still connected with a visit to this section of the city's heart, which deters most people from making the attempt.

Beyond this lie the heights, on which stand the fortress and the Catacombs Monastery. Opposite the arsenal opens the "Holy Gate;" all Russian monasteries seem to have a holy gate. "The wall, fourteen feet in height, and more in some places, surrounding the principal court, was built by Hetman Mazepa," says the local guidebook. Thus promptly did we come upon traces of that dashing Kazák chieftain, who would seem, judging from the solid silver tombs for saints, the churches, academy, and many other offerings of that nature in Kieff alone, to have spent the intervals between his deeds of outrageous treachery and immorality in acts of ostentatious piety. In fact, his piety had an object, as piety of that rampant variety usually has. He meditated betraying Little Russia into the power of Poland; and knowing well how heartily the Little Russians detested the Poles because of the submission to the Pope of Rome in those Greek churches designated as Uniates, he sought to soothe their suspicions and allay their fears by

this display of attachment to the national church. His vaingloriousness was shown by his habit of having his coat of arms placed on bells, *ikonostási*,¹ and windows of the churches he built. In one case, he caused his portrait to be inserted in the holy door of the *ikonostás*, — a very improper procedure, — where it remained until the middle of the last century. Highly colored frescoes of the special monastery saints and of historical incidents adorned the wall outside the holy gate. Inside, we found a monk presiding over a table, on which stood the image of the saint of the day, a platter covered with a cross-adorned cloth, for offerings, and various objects of piety for sale.

The first thing which struck us, as we entered the great court, was the peculiar South Russian taste for filling in the line of roof between the numerous domes with curving pediments and tapering turned-wood spirelets surmounted by golden stars and winged seraphs' heads surrounded by rays. The effect of so many points of gold against the white of the walls, combined with the gold of the crosses, the high tints of the external frescoes, and the gold of the cupolas, is very brilliant, no doubt; but it is confusing, and constitutes what, for want of a better word, I must call a Byzantine-rococo style of architecture. The domes, under Western influence, during the many centuries when Kieff was divorced from Russia, under Polish and Lithuanian rule, assumed forms which lack the purity and grace of those in Russia proper. Octagonal cupolas supported on thick, sloping bases involuntarily remind one of the cup-and-ball game. Not content with this degenerate beginning, they pursue their errors heavenward. Instead of terminating directly in a cross, they are surmounted by a lantern frescoed with saints, a second octagonal dome, a ball, and a cross. These octagons constitute a feature in all South Russian churches.

Along the sides of the court leading

¹ Image screens.

to the great Assumption Cathedral stood long, plain one and two story buildings, the cells of the monks. Rugs of fine coloring and design were airing on the railings in front of them. I examined their texture, found it thick and silky, but could not class it with any manufacture of my acquaintance. I looked about for some one to question. A monk was approaching. His long, abundant hair flowed in waves from beneath the black veil which hung from his tall, cylindrical *klobúk*, resembling a rimless silk hat. His artistically cut black robe fell in graceful folds. I should describe him as dandified, did I dare apply such an adjective to an ecclesiastical recluse. I asked him where such rugs were to be found. He answered that they were of peasant manufacture, and that I could probably find them in Podól, the market below the cliffs. These specimens had been presented to the monastery by "zealous benefactors."

Then he took his turn at questioning. I presume that my accent was not perfect, or that I had omitted some point of etiquette in which an Orthodox Russian would have been drilled, such as asking his blessing and kissing his hand in gratitude, by way of saying "good-morning," or something of that sort. His manner was that of a man of the world, artistically tinged with monastic conventionality, and I wondered whether he were not an ex-officer of the guards who had wearied of court and gayeties. He offered to show us about, and took us to the printing-house, founded in the sixteenth century. It is still one of the best and most extensive in the country, with a department of chromo-lithography attached for the preparation of cheap pictures of saints. One of the finest views in town is from the balcony at the rear of this building, and the monk explained all the points to us.

There was an air of authority about our impromptu guide, and the profound reverences bestowed upon him and upon us by the workmen in the printing-house,

as well as by all the monks whom we met, prompted me to inquire, as we parted from him, to whom we were indebted for such interesting guidance and explanations.

"I am *otétz kaznatchéi*," he replied, with a smile, as he not only offered his hand, but grasped mine and shook it, with an expression of his cordial good wishes, instead of bestowing upon me a mechanical cross in the air, and permitting me to kiss his plump little fingers in return, as he would undoubtedly have done had I been a Russian. I understood the respect paid, and our reflected importance, when I discovered that the "Father Treasurer" occupies the highest rank next to the permanent head of the monastery officially, and the most important post of all practically.

Shortly after, the question fever having attacked me again, I accosted another monk, equal in stateliness of aspect to the Father Treasurer. He informed me that from seven hundred to one thousand persons lived in the monastery. Not all of them were monks, some being only lay brethren. Each monk, however, had his own apartments, with a little garden attached, and the beautiful rugs which I had seen formed part of the furnishings of their cells. A man cannot enter the monastery without money, but fifty rubles (about twenty-five dollars) are sufficient to gain him admittance. Some men leave the monastery after a brief trial, without receiving the habit. "In such a throng one comes to know many faces," he said, "but not all persons."

I inquired whether it were not a monotonous, tiresome life.

"It seems so to you," he replied. When he had recovered from his amazement, and when I mentioned the liturgy which is peculiar to the monastery cathedral, and famed throughout Russia as "the Kieff-Catacombs singing," all he found to say was, "It is very long."

He took advantage of the chance presented by a trip to his cell to get us

some water, to remove his tall klobúk. He must have read in our glances admiration of his beauty mingled with a doubt as to whether it were not partly due to this becoming cowl and veil, and determined to convince us that it was nature, not adventitious circumstances, in his case. I think he must have been content with the expression of our faces, as he showed us the way to the most ancient of all the churches in Kieff, — in Russia, in fact, — built by Prince-Saint Vladímir immediately after his return from the crusade in search of baptism.

The church door was locked. The wife of the deacon in charge was paddling about barefooted, in pursuit of her fowls, in the long grass of the dooryard. She abandoned the chickens and hunted up her husband, who took a peep at us, and then kept us waiting while he donned his best cassock before escorting us.

It is a very small, very plain church which adjoined Prince Vladímir's summer palace, long since destroyed, and still preserves its gallery for women and servants, and a box for the ladies of the household. Everything about it is nine hundred years old, except the roof and the upper portion of the walls. The archaic frescoes of angels in the chancel, which date from the same period, and are the best in Kieff, were the only objects which the deacon could find to expound, to enhance the "tea-money" value of his services in putting on his best gown and unlocking the door, and he performed his duty meekly, but firmly. We did ours by him, and betook ourselves to the principal church, the Cathedral of the Assumption, where less is left to the imagination.

There, very few of the frescoes are more than a hundred and sixty years old, the majority dating back less than sixty years, and being in a style to suit the rococo gilt carving, and the silver-gilt Imperial Gate to the altar. In the *pápert*, or corridor-vestibule, a monk who was presiding over a Book of Eternal Re-

membrane invited us to enter our subscriptions for general prayers to be said on our behalf, or for special prayers to be said before the "wonder-working image" of the Assumption as long as the monastery shall exist.

"We are not *pravoslávny*" (Orthodox Christians), I said. But, instead of being depressed by this tacit refusal, he brightened up and plied us with a series of questions, until he really seemed to take a temporary interest in life, in place of his permanent official interest in death alone, or chiefly.

Service was in progress, in accordance with the canons of the Stúdieff monastery, adopted by St. Fedósý in the eleventh century. The singers, placed in an unusual position, in the centre of the church, were as remarkable for their hair as for their voices and execution. The russet-brown and golden locks of some of them fell in heavy waves to their waists. In fact, long, waving hair seemed to be a specialty with the monks of this monastery, and they wore it in braids when off duty. I had seen priests in St. Petersburg who so utterly beyond a doubt frizzed their scanty hair on days of grand festivals, that the three tufts pertaining to the three too slender hairpins on which they had been done up stood out in painfully isolated disagreement. What would they not have given for such splendid manes as these Kieff singers possessed!

We ascended to the gallery, to obtain a better view of the scene. Peasant men in sheepskins (*tulúpi*), — the temperature verged on 100° Fahrenheit, — in coats of dark brown homespun wool girt with sashes which had once been bright, female pilgrims in wadded coats girt into shapelessness over cotton gowns of brilliant hues, knelt in prayer all about the not very spacious floor. Their traveling-sacks on their backs, the tin tea-kettles and cooking paraphernalia at their belts, swayed into perilous positions as they rocked back and forth, striking the floor devoutly with their brows, rising only to

throw back their long hair, cross themselves rapidly, and resume the "ground salutations," until we were fairly dizzy at the sight. Some of them placed red, yellow, or green tapers — the first instance of such a taste in colors which we had observed — on the sharp points of the silver candelabra standing before the holy pictures on the ikonostás, already overcrowded. A monk was incessantly engaged in removing the tapers when only half consumed, to make way for the ever-swelling flood of fresh tapers. Another monk was as incessantly engaged in receiving the *prosforí*. A *prosforá* is leavened bread in the shape of a tiny double loaf, which is sold at the doors of churches, and bears on its upper surface certain symbolic signs, as a rule. The communion is prepared from similar loaves by the priest, who removes certain portions with a spear-shaped knife, and places them in the wine of the chalice. The wine and bread are administered with a spoon to communicants. From the loaves bought at the door pieces are cut in memory of dead friends, whose souls are to be prayed for, or of living friends, whose health is prayed for by the priest at a certain point of the service, in accordance with the indications sent up to the altar with the loaves on slips of paper, such as, "For the soul of Iván Vasilievitch," "For the health of Tatiána Pavlovna." Thus is preserved the memory of early Christian times, when the Christians brought wine and oil and bread for their worship; and the best having been selected for sacred use, portions were taken from the remainder in memory of those who sent or brought them, after which these portions were used to refresh the congregation during a pause in the all-night service between vespers and matins. After the service, in our modern times, the *prosforí* are given back to the owners, who cross themselves and eat the bread reverently on the spot or elsewhere, as blessed but not sacramental. At this monastery, the *prosforí* prepared

for memorial use had a group of the local saints stamped on top, instead of the usual cross and characters. It is considered a delicate attention on the part of a person who has been on a pilgrimage to any of the holy places to bring back a *prosforá* for a friend. It is very good when sliced and eaten with tea, omitting the bottom crust, which may have been dated in ink by the pilgrim. Some of the peasants at this monastery church sent in to be blessed huge packages of *prosfori* tied up in gay cotton kerchiefs.

The service ended, and the chief treasure of the monastery, the miraculous image of the Assumption of the Virgin, — the *Falling Asleep of the Virgin* is the Russian name, — was let slowly down on its silken cords from above the Imperial Gate, where a twelfold silver lamp, with glass cups of different colors, has burned unquenched since 1812, in commemoration of Russia's deliverance from "the twelve tribes," as the French invasion is termed. The congregation pressed forward eagerly to salute the venerated image. Tradition asserts that it was brought from Constantinople to Kieff in the year 1073, with the Virgin's special blessing for the monastery. By reason of age and the smoke from conflagrations in which the monastery has suffered, the image is so darkened that one is cast back upon one's imagination and the copies for comprehension of this treasure's outlines. What is perfectly comprehensible, however, is the galaxy of diamonds, brilliants, and gems thickly set in the golden garments which cover all but the hands and feet of the personages in the picture, and illuminate it with flashes of many-hued light. After a few minutes, the image was drawn up again to its place, — a most unusual position for a valued holy image, though certainly safe, and one not occupied, so far as I am aware, by any other in the country.

It occurred to us that it might prove an interesting experiment to try the monastery inn for breakfast, and even to so-

jour there for a day or two, and abandon the open sewers and other traces of advanced civilization in the town. Our way thither led past the free lodgings for poor pilgrims, which were swarming with the devout of both sexes, although it was not the busiest season for shrine-visiting. That comes in the spring, before the harvest, at all monasteries, and, in this particular monastery, on the feast of the Assumption, August 15 (Russian style), 27 (European style). But there was a sufficient contingent of the annual one million pilgrims present to give us a very fair idea of the reverence in which this, the chief of all Russian monasteries, is held, and of the throngs which it attracts. But, as usual in Russia, sight alone convinced us of their existence; they were chatting quietly, sitting and lying about with enviable calmness, or eating the sour black bread and boiled buckwheat groats provided by the monastery. I talked with several of them, and found them quite unconscious that they were not comfortably, even luxuriously, housed and fed.

The inn for travelers of means was a large, plain, airy building, with no lodgers, apparently. The monks seemed frightened at the sight of us. That was a novelty. But they escorted us over the house in procession. We looked at a very clean, very plain room, containing four beds. It appeared, from their explanations, that pilgrims have gregarious tastes, and that this was their nearest approach to a single room. I inquired the price. "According to your zeal," was the reply. How much more effective than "What you please" in luring the silver from lukewarm pockets! The good monks never found out how warm our zeal was, after all, for the reason that their table was never furnished with anything but fish and "fasting food," they said, though there was no fast in progress. The reason why, I could not discover; but we knew our own minds thoroughly on the subject of "fasting

food," from mushroom soup, fish fried in sunflower oil, and coffee without milk to that most insipid of dessert dishes, *kisél*, made of potato flour, sweetened, and slightly soured with fruit juice. They told us that we might have meat sent out from town, if we wished; but as the town lay several versts distant, that did not seem a very practical way of coquetting with the Evil One under their roof. Accordingly, we withdrew; to their relief, I am sure. As we had already lived in a monastery inn, it had not occurred to us that there could be any impropriety in doing so, but that must have been the cause of their looks of alarm. I believe that one can remain for a fortnight at this inn without payment, unless conscience interferes; and people who had stayed there told me that meat had been served to them from the monastery kitchen; so that puzzle still remains a puzzle to me.

We went to see the brethren dine in the refectory, an ancient, vaulted building of stone, near the cathedral. Under a white stone slab near the entrance lie the bodies of Kotchubey and Iskra, who were unjustly executed by Peter the Great for their loyal denunciation of Mazeppa's meditated treachery. Within, the walls of the antechamber were decorated with dizzy perspective views of Jerusalem, the saints, and pious elders of the monastery. At the end of the long dining-hall, beyond an ikonostás, was a church, as is customary in these refectories. Judging from the number of servitors whom we had met hurrying towards the cells with sets of porcelain dinner-trays, not many monks intended to join the common table, and it did not chance to be one of the four days in the year when the metropolitan of Kieff and other dignitaries dine there in full vestments.

At last, a score of monks entered, chanted a prayer at a signal from a small bell, and seated themselves on benches affixed to the wall which ran round three sides of the room. The nap-

kins on the tables which stood before the benches consisted of long towels, each of which lay across four or five of the pewter platters from which they ate, as the table was set in preparation. If it had been a festal day, there would have been several courses, with beer, mead, and even wine to wash them down. As it was, the monks ate their black bread and boiled buckwheat groats, served in huge dishes, with their wooden spoons, and drank *kvas*, brewed from sour black bread, at a signal from the bell, after the first dish only, as the rule requires. While they ate, a monk, stationed at a desk near by, read aloud the extracts from the Lives of the Saints appointed for the day. This was one of the "sights," but we found it curious and melancholy to see strong, healthy men turned into monks and content with that meagre fare. Frugality and dominion over the flesh are good, of course, but minds from west of the Atlantic Ocean never seem quite to get into sympathy with the monastic idea; and we always felt, when we met monks, as though they ought all to be off at work somewhere, — I will not say "earning money," for they do that as it is in such great monasteries as that of Kieff, but lightening the burden of the peasants, impossible as that is under present conditions, or making themselves of some commonplace, practical use in the world.

The strongest point of the Lávra, even equal to the ancient and venerated *ikóna* of the Assumption in the great cathedral, is the catacombs, from which the convent takes its name.

In the days of the early princes of Kieff, the heights now occupied by the Lávra were covered with a dense growth of birch forest, and entirely uninhabited. Later on, one of the hills was occupied by the village of Beróstovo, and a palace was built adjoining the tiny ancient Church of the Saviour in the Birch Forest, which I have already mentioned. It was the favorite residence of Prince-

Saint Vladímir, and of his son, Prince Yarosláff, after him. During the reign of the latter, early in the eleventh century, the priest of this little church, named Ilarion, excavated for himself a tiny cave, and there passed his time in devout meditation and solitary prayer. He abandoned his cave to become Metropolitan of Kieff. In the year 1051, the monk Antóny, a native of the neighboring government of Tchernígoft, came to Kieff from Mount Athos, being dissatisfied with the life led in the then existing monasteries. After long wanderings over the hills of Kieff, he took possession of Ilarion's cave, and spent his days and nights in pious exercises. The fame of his devout life soon spread abroad, and attracted to him, for his blessing, not only the common people, but persons of distinction. Monks and worldlings flocked thither to join him in his life of prayer. Among the first of these to arrive was a youth of the neighborhood, named Fedósy. Antóny hesitated, but at last accepted the enthusiastic recruit.

The dimensions of holy Antóny's cave were gradually enlarged; new cells, and even a tiny church, were constructed near it. Then Antóny, who disliked communal life, retreated to the height opposite, separated from his first residence by a deep ravine, and dug himself another cave, where no one interfered with him. This was the origin of the caves of Fedósy, known at the present day as the "near catacombs," and of the caves of Antóny, called the "far catacombs." The number of the monks continued to increase, and they soon erected a small wooden church aboveground, in the name of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, as well as cells for those who could not be contained in the caverns. At the request of holy Antóny, the prince gave the whole of the heights where the catacombs are situated to the brethren, and in 1062 a large new monastery, surrounded by a stockade, was erected on the spot where the Cathedral of the

Assumption now stands. Thus was monastic life introduced into Russia.

The venerated monastery shared all the vicissitudes of the "Mother of all Russian Cities" in the wars of the grand princes and the incursions of external enemies, such as Poles and Tatárs. But after each disaster it waxed greater and more flourishing. Restored, after a disastrous fire in 1718, by the zeal of Peter the Great and his successors, enriched by the gifts of all classes, the Lávra now consists of six monasteries, — like a university of colleges, — four situated within the inclosure, while two are at a distance of several versts, and serve as retreats and as places of burial for the brethren.

The catacombs, abandoned as residences on the construction of the cells aboveground, have not escaped disasters by caving in. Drains to carry off the percolating water and stone arches to support the soil have been constructed, and a flourishing orchard has been planted above them to aid in holding the soil together. Earthquakes in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries permanently closed many of them, and when the Tatárs attacked the town, in the thirteenth century, the monks boarded up all the niches and filled in the entrances with earth. Some of these boards were removed about a hundred years ago; some are still in place. The original extent of the caves cannot now be determined.

The entrance to the near catacombs of St. Antóny is through a long wooden gallery supported on stone posts, at a sharp slope, as they are situated twenty-four fathoms below the level of the cathedral, and twenty-two fathoms above the level of the Dnyépr.

A fat merchant, with glowing black eyes and flowing, crisp, black beard, his tall, wrinkled boots barely visible beneath his long, full-skirted coat of dark blue cloth, hooked closely across his breast, descended the gallery with us. Roused to curiosity, probably, by our foreign

tongue, he inquired, on the chance of our understanding Russian, whence we came.

I had already arrived at the conclusion that the people of Kieff, especially the monks and any one who breathed the atmosphere within their walls, were of an enterprising, inquisitive disposition. My last encounter had been with the brother detailed, for his good looks and fascinating manners, to preside over the chief image shop of the monastery.

"Where do you come from?" he had opened fire, with his most bewitching glance.

"From the best country on earth."

"Is it Germany?"

The general idea among the untraveled classes in Russia is, that all of the earth which does not belong to their own emperor belongs to Germany, just as *nye-métzky* means "German" or "foreign," indifferently.

"No; guess again," I said.

"France?"

"No; further away."

"England, then?"

"No."

"Hungary?"

Evidently that man's geography was somewhat mixed, so I told him.

"America!" he exclaimed, with great vivacity. "Yes, indeed, it is the best land of all. It is the richest!"

So that is the monastic as well as the secular standard of worth! This experience, repeated frequently and nearly word for word, had begun to weary me. Consequently I led the fat merchant a verbal chase, and baffled him until he capitulated with, "Excuse me. Take no offense, I beg, *sudárynya*. I only asked so, by chance." Then I told him with the same result.

This was not the last time, by many, that I was put through my national catechism in Kieff. Every Kievlyáin to whom I spoke quizzed me. Of course I was on a grand quizzing tour myself, but that was different, in some way.

Over the entrance to these catacombs

stands a church. The walls of the vestibule where my mother, the merchant, and I waited for a sufficient party to assemble were covered with frescoes representing the passage of the soul through the various stages of purgatory. Beginning with the death scene (which greatly resembled the *ikóna* of the Assumption in the cathedral) in the lower left-hand corner, the white-robed soul, escorted by two angels, passed through all the halting-places for the various sins, each represented by the appointed devil, duly labeled. But the artist's fancy had not been very fruitful on this fascinating theme. The devils were so exactly alike that the only moral one could draw was, that he might as well commit the biggest and most profitable sin on the list, and make something out of it in this life, as to confine himself to the petty peccadilloes which profit not here, and get well punished hereafter. The series ended with the presentation of the soul before the judgment seat, on the fortieth day after death. Round the corner, Lazarus reclining in Abraham's bosom and the rich man in the flames were conversing, their remarks crossing each other in mid-air, in a novel fashion.

When the guide was ready, each of us bought a taper, and the procession set out through the iron grating, down a narrow, winding stair, from which low, dark passages opened out at various angles. On each side of these narrow passages, along which we were led, reposed the "incorruptible" bodies of St. Antóný and his comrades, in open coffins lacquered or covered with sheets of silver. The bodies seemed very small, and all of one size, and they were wrapped in hideous prints or plaid silks. At the head of each saint flickered a tiny shrine-lamp, before a holy picture (*ikóna*) of the occupant of the coffin. It was a surprise to find the giant Ilyá of Múrom, who figures as the chief of the *bogatýri* (heroes) in the Russian epic songs, ensconced here among the saints,

and no larger than they. Next to the silk-enveloped head of St. John the Great Sufferer, which still projects as in life, when he buried himself to the neck in the earth, — as though he were not sufficiently underground already, — in order to preserve his purity, the most gruesome sight which we beheld in those dim catacombs was a group of chrism-exuding skulls of unknown saints, under glass bells.

On emerging from this gloomy retreat, we postponed meditating upon the special pleasure which the Lord was supposed to have taken in seeing beings made to live above ground turning into troglodytes, and set out for the Fedósy, or far catacombs, in the hope that they might assist us in solving that problem.

We chose the most difficult way, descending into the intervening ravine by innumerable steps to view the two sacred wells, only to have our raging thirst and our curiosity effectually quenched by the sight of a pilgrim thrusting his head, covered with long, matted hair, into one of them. The ascent of more innumerable steps brought us to the cradle of the monastery, Ilarion's caverns.

In the antechamber we found a phenomenally stupid monk presiding over the sale of the indispensable tapers, and the offerings which the devout are expected to deposit, on emerging, as a memento of their visit. These offerings lay like mountains of copper before him. The guide had taken himself off somewhere, and the monk ordered us, and the five Russians who were also waiting, to go in alone and "call to the monk in the cave." We flatly declined to take his word that there was any monk, or to venture into the dangerous labyrinth alone, and we demanded that he should accompany us.

"No guide — no candles, no coppers," we said.

That seemed to him a valid argument. Loath to leave his money at the mercy of chance comers, he climbed up

and closed the iron shutters of the grated window, — the cliff descended, sheer, one hundred and two feet to the Dnyépr at that point, — double-locked the great iron doors, and there we were in a bank vault, with all possible customers excluded. Luckily, the saints in these caverns, which differed very little from those in the former, were labeled in plain letters, since the monk was too dull-witted to understand the simplest questions from any of us. At intervals we were permitted a hasty glimpse of a cell, about seven feet square, furnished only with a stone bench, and a holy picture, with a shrine-lamp suspended before it. Ugh! There were several sets of chrism-dripping saintly skulls in these catacombs, also, — fifteen of the ghastly things in one group. I braced my stomach to the task, and scrutinized them all attentively; but not a single one of them winked or nodded at me in approval, as a nun from Kolómna, whom I had met in Moscow, asserted that they had at her. I really wished to see how an eyeless skull could manage a wink, and hoped I might be favored.

After traversing long distances of this subterranean maze, and peering into the "cradle of the monastery," St. Antóný's cell, the procession came to a halt in a tiny church. There stood a monk, actually, though we might have wandered all day and come out on the banks of the Dnyépr without finding him, had we gone in without a guide. Beside him, denuded of its glass bell, stood one of the miraculous skulls. The first Russian approached, knelt, crossed himself devoutly, and received from the priest the sign of the cross on his brow, administered with a soft, small brush dipped in the oil from the skull. Then he kissed the priest's hand, crossed himself again, and kissed the skull. When we beheld this, we modestly stood aside, and allowed our companions, the other four Russian men, to receive anointment in like manner, and pass on after the

monk, who was in haste to return to his bank vault. As I approached the priest, he raised his brush.

"We are not Orthodox Christians, bátiushka,"¹ I said. "But pray give us your blessing."

He smiled, and, dropping his brush, made the sign of the cross over us. I was perfectly willing to kiss his pretty, plump hand, — I had become very skillful at that sort of thing, — but I confess that I shrank from the obligatory salute to the skull, and from that special chrism. Nevertheless, I wished the Russians to think that I had gone through with the whole ceremony, if they should chance to look back. I felt sure that I could trust the priest to be liberal, but I was not so certain that our lay companions, who were petty traders and peasants, might not be sufficiently fanatical to construe our refusal into disrespect for their church, and resent it in some way.

Though we returned to the monastery more than once after that, we were never attracted to the catacombs again, not even to witness the mass at seven o'clock in the morning in that subterranean church. The beautiful services in the cathedral, the stately monks, the picturesque pilgrims, with their gentle manners, ingenuous questions, and simple tales of their journeys and beliefs, furnished us with abundant interest in the cheerful sunlight above ground.

Next to the Catacombs Monastery, the other most famous and interesting sight of Kieff is the Cathedral of St. Sophia. Built on the highest point of the ancient city, with nine apses turned to the east, crowned by one large dome and fourteen smaller domes, — all gilded, some terminating in crosses, some in sunbursts, — surrounded by turf and trees within a white wall, with entrance under a lofty belfry, it produces an imposing but reposeful effect. The ancient walls, dating from the year 1020, are of

red brick intermixed with stone, stuccoed and washed with white. It has undergone changes, external and internal, since that day, and its domes and spires are of the usual degenerate South Russian type, without a doubt of comparatively recent construction. So many of its windows have been blocked up by additions, and so cut up is its space by large frescoed pillars, into sixteen sections, that one steps from brilliant sunshine into deep twilight when he enters the cathedral. It is a sort of church which possesses in a high degree that indefinable charm of sacred atmosphere that tempts one to linger on and on indefinitely within its precincts. Not that it is so magnificent; many churches in the two capitals and elsewhere in Russia are far richer. It is simply one of those indescribable buildings which console one for disappointments in historical places, as a rule, by making one believe, through sensations unconsciously influenced, not through any effort of the reason, that ancient deeds and memories do, in truth, linger about their birthplace.

Ancient frescoes, discovered about forty years ago, some remaining in their original state, others touched up with more or less skill and knowledge, mingle harmoniously with those of more recent date. Very singular are the best preserved, representing hunting parties and banquets of the grand princes, and scenes from the earthly life of Christ. But they are on the staircase leading to the old-fashioned gallery, and do not disturb the devotional character of the decoration in the church itself.

From the wall of the apse behind the chief of the ten altars gazes down the striking image of the Virgin, executed in ancient mosaic, with her hands raised in prayer, whom the people reverently call "The Indestructible Wall." This, with other mosaics and the frescoes on the staircase, dates from the eleventh century.

I stood among the pillars, a little

¹ Little father.

removed from the principal aisle, one afternoon near sunset, listening to the melodious intoning of the priest, and the soft chanting of the small week-day choir at vespers, and wondering, for the thousandth time, why Protestants who wish to intone do not take lessons from those incomparable masters in the art, the Russian deacons. My meditations were interrupted by the approach of a young man, who asked me to be his godmother! He explained that he was a Jew from Minsk, who had never studied "his own religion," and was now come to Kieff for the express purpose of getting himself baptized by the name of Vladímir, the tenth-century prince and patron saint of the town. As he had no acquaintances in the place, he was in a strait for god-parents, who were indispensable.

"I cannot be your godmother," I answered. "I am neither *pravoslúvnaya* nor Russian. Cannot the priest find sponsors for you?"

"That is not the priest's place. His business is merely to baptize. But perhaps he might be persuaded to manage that also, if I had better clothes."

He wore a light print shirt, tolerably clean, belted outside his dark trousers, and his shoes and cap were respectable enough.

I recalled instances which I had heard from the best authority — a priest — of priests finding sponsors for Jews, and receiving medals or orders in reward for their conversion. I recalled an instance related to me by a Russian friend who had acted, at the priest's request, as godmother to a Jewess so fat that she stuck fast in the receptacle used for the baptism by immersion; and I questioned the man a little. He said that he had a sister living in New York, and gave me her name and address in a manner which convinced me that he knew what he was saying. He had no complaint to make of his treatment by either Russians or Jews; and when I asked him

why he did not join his sister in America, he replied, —

"Why should I? I am well enough off here."

Perhaps I ought to state that he was a plumber by trade. On the other hand, justice demands the explanation that Russian plumbing, in general, is not of a very complicated character, and in Minsk it must be of a very simple kind, I think.

He intended to return to Minsk as soon as he was baptized. How he expected to attend the Russian Church in Minsk when he had found it inexpedient to be baptized there, was one of the points which he omitted to explain.

I was at last obliged to bid him a decisive "good-day," and leave the church. He followed, and passed me in the garden, his cap cocked jauntily over his tight bronze curls, and his hips swaying from side to side in harmony. Under the long arch of the belfry-tower gate hung a picture, adapted to use as an *ikóna*, which set forth how a mother had accidentally dropped her baby overboard from a boat on the Dnyépr, and coming, disconsolate, to pray before the image of St. Nicholas, the patron of travelers, she had found her child lying there safe and sound; whence this holy picture is known by the name of St. Nicholas the Wet.

Before this *ikóna* my Jew pulled off his cap, and crossed himself rapidly and repeatedly, watching me out of the corner of his eye, meanwhile, to see how his piety impressed me. It produced no particular effect upon me, except to make me engage a smart-looking cabby to take me to my hotel, close by, by a roundabout route. Whether this Jew returned to Minsk as Vladímir or as Isaac I do not know; but I made a point of mentioning the incident to several Russian friends, including a priest, and learned, to my surprise, that I could, legally, have stood godmother, though I was not a member of the Russian Church, to a man, though I could not have done

so to a woman; and that a godmother could have been dispensed with. Men who are not members of the Russian Church can, in like manner, stand as godfathers to women, but not to men. Moreover, every one seemed to doubt the probability of a Jew quitting his own religion in earnest, and they thought that his object had been to obtain from me a suit of clothes, practical gifts to the godchild being the custom in such cases. I had been too dull to take the hint!

A few months later, a St. Petersburg newspaper related a notorious instance of a Jew who had been sufficiently clever to get himself baptized a number of times, securing on each occasion wealthy and generous sponsors. Why the man from Minsk should have selected me, in my plain serge traveling gown, I cannot tell, unless it was because he saw that I did not wear the garb of the Russian merchant class, or look like them, and observation or report had taught him that the aristocratic classes above the merchants are most susceptible to the pleasure of patronizing converts; though to do them justice, Russians make no attempt at converting people to their church. I have been assured by a Russian Jew that his co-religionists never do, really, change their faith. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how they can even be supposed to do so, in the face of their strong traditions, in which they are so thoroughly drilled. Therefore, if Russians stand sponsors to Jews, while expressing skepticism as to conversion in general, they cannot complain if unscrupulous persons take advantage of their inconsistency. I should probably have refused to act as godmother, even had I known that I was legally entitled to do so.

Our searches in the lower town, Podól, for rugs like those in the monastery resulted in nothing but amusement. Those rugs had been made in the old days of serfdom, on private estates, and are not to be bought.

By dint of loitering about in the churches, monasteries, catacombs, markets, listening to that Little Russian dialect which is so sweet on the lips of the natives, though it looks so uncouth when one sees their ballads in print, and by gazing out over the ever beautiful river and steppe, I came at last to pardon Kieff for its progress. I got my historical and mythological bearings. I felt the spirit of the epic songs stealing over me. I settled in my own mind the site of Fair-Sun Prince Vladimir's palace of white stone, the scene of great feasts, where he and his mighty heroes quaffed the green wine by the bucketful, and made their great brags, which resulted so tragically or so ludicrously. I was sure I recognized the church where Diuk Stepanovitch "did not so much pray as gaze about," and indulged in mental comments upon clothes and manners at the Easter mass, after a fashion which is not yet obsolete. I imagined that I descried in the blue dusk of the distant steppe Ilyá of Múrom approaching on his good steed Cloudfall, armed with a damp oak uprooted from Damp Mother Earth, and dragging at his saddle-bow fierce, hissing Nightingale the Robber, with one eye still fixed on Kieff, one on Tchernógoff, after his special and puzzling habit, and whom Little Russian tradition declares was chopped up into poppy seeds, whence spring the sweet-voiced nightingales of the present day.

The "atmosphere" of the cradle of the Epic Songs and of the cradle of Pravoslávnyaya Russia laid its spell upon me on those heights, and even the sight of the cobweb suspension bridge in all its modernness did not disturb me, since with it is connected one of the most charming modern traditions, a classic in the language, which only a perfect artist could have planned and executed.

The thermometer stood at 120° Fahrenheit when we took our last look at Kieff, the Holy City.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

"AND GHOSTS BREAK UP THEIR GRAVES."

SWIFT round and round yon yellow mound,
With grasses rank and pale,
Race stiffened leaves ; a waking sound
Is on the autumn gale.

The night winds blow till heard below,
The graves unquiet be ;
Now here, now there, shapes to and fro
Are moving silently.

The dead are up ; they take the gale
That rakes the yellow mound.
Hark ! laughter there ! or was it wail ?
Life does not know that sound.

The trees lean close, the owlets cry,
They wait the midnight swoon ;
See ! it is like a dead man's eye,
The dim, the flying moon.

John Vance Cheney.

RECOLLECTIONS OF STANTON UNDER JOHNSON.

ALL that one can recollect of the personal and public life of Stanton during the three years which followed the death of Lincoln is so interlaced with the vagaries of Andrew Johnson, whom he was striving to serve as he had served Johnson's great predecessor, that it is difficult in the extreme to separate those things which spring out of the free will of the war minister from the distortions of the unbalanced mind of the President. The task is as unpleasant as it is difficult, and, if it were possible to blot out altogether the record of this administration, much more of our good name would be saved than lost. But this can never be, and therefore the duty is more incumbent that we should cull with sedulous care and preserve all that can be found which will save the period

from unqualified condemnation. It will appear, when the history of the unfortunate administration shall be clarified of prejudice and doubt, that Mr. Stanton, during the three years he was part of it, spent his strength in the vain effort to stay its reckless course. The little of permanent good that can be traced to the time of his service in it was, in large measure, wrenched from its purposes by his nerve and will. The country is more indebted to him for what he prevented than for what he accomplished during that critical period.

The terrible agony which began on the night of the 14th of April, 1865, was over at seven on the morning of the 15th, when Lincoln breathed his last, and the great office he had magnified more than any who had gone before him devolved

upon one who had none of his illustrious qualities or powers.

Mr. Johnson took the oath of office shortly after the closing scene at Mr. Lincoln's death-bed. There was necessity in the peril of the hour that there should be no needless delay, for the government was without executive head, and no one knew the ground on which he stood. Few were present beyond the members of the Cabinet, all of whom, except Mr. Seward, whom the murderous blow of another conspirator had brought to the very verge of death, had gathered in a small room at the public house which was the home of the Vice-President, to be witnesses of the sad ceremony. There was hardly more formality than is observed in swearing a witness in court. Thick clouds were darkening the heavens outside, for there had been a tempest during the night and its shadows still lingered, but darker shadows settled on the brows of those present, for they could see no light in front of them nor feel assurance of anything in the future. The silence was almost oppressive; little else was heard except the request of the new President that the Cabinet should continue at their posts. Mr. Stanton had been at his, from the moment of the fatal shot all through the night, dividing his whole thought and energy between the bedside of his dying chief and efforts to allay the panic which had seized upon the people, and which threatened at one time to pass beyond control. Mr. Johnson was at first overwhelmed with the terrible weight of responsibility thus suddenly thrown upon him, and he cast about for support from any source within his reach, like one dazed by some great blow. Opportunity was given the next morning at a room in the Treasury Department for those connected with public affairs, and happening to be in Washington in the absence of Congress, to pay their respects to the new President and tender him their support.

This was a strange meeting. I had seen before many gatherings of public men to do honor to the chief magistrate of the nation, but none like this. In the East Room of the White House, within full sight of the room where this meeting was held, lay one President, murdered for the work he had done and the cause he had represented. Here was another President, not twenty-four hours in the office which through this murder had devolved upon him. Those least satisfied with the moderation and deliberation which characterized the policy of Lincoln as to the future of the insurrectionary States now laying down their arms were the earliest there, and were the first and freest in their tender not only of support, but of advice upon the policy of a new administration. Nor was there any hesitancy in the responses made to these inopportune suggestions. The policy of the departed President, and the necessity of a radical departure from it, were discussed with the new chief in a manner little in keeping with the proprieties of such an occasion. I had called in company with a Senator with whom I had returned to Washington on the evening of the tragedy, from a visit to the smoking ruins of Richmond and the deserted fortifications around Petersburg. This Senator was one of those who had been a long time out of patience with the slow movements of President Lincoln, and had longed for the day of retributive justice. The week we had spent among the desolations and waste places left behind by the fleeing rebel army had not much tempered his wrath. President Johnson had also returned only five days before from the same scenes, and in much the same mood. "I thank God you are here," were the first words with which the Senator greeted the new President. "Lincoln had too much of the milk of human kindness in *his* heart for this hour, and Providence has removed him to give place to one who will mete out justice to the guilty authors of this

war." The President replied in like temper, "Treason is a crime and must be made odious," and "bloody handed rebels must suffer the extreme penalty for their crimes. . . . I saw," he said, "last week a judge, who had left his seat in the Supreme Court that he might aid Jeff Davis to overthrow the government. He was walking the streets of Richmond unmolested, when he ought to have been hanging at the nearest lamp-post." We came away from this interview, the Senator feeling that at last his heart's desire and prayer was to be answered right speedily, and his companion quite unable to penetrate the thick darkness which shrouded the present and shut out the future.

This was the President into whose Cabinet Mr. Stanton carried the habits of reserve and cautious deliberation which prevailed in that of Mr. Lincoln. He encountered at the outset, and for many weeks was taxed to his utmost in the endeavor to hold in check, the spirit which had found such free utterance on this first day under the new government. It was a fierce, angry cry for "condign punishment," reaching beyond the perpetrators of the immediate tragedy to every leader in the rebellion. There was a determination to open wide the doors of the courts, and proceed at once with judge and jury to visit upon all on whom hands could be laid, the punishment their crimes had merited. To those imbued with the spirit which had governed the Lincoln administration, this undue zeal to proceed against those prominent in the rebellion seemed too vindictive and revengeful.

Andrew Johnson, though himself a Southerner, was nevertheless of quite another type from those who had involved the country in war. He had risen from the ranks of the "poor whites," a class as distinct and isolated as the blacks themselves. He had fought himself up to position and power through the most bitter opposition at every step

from the very men now under the ban, and powerless at his feet. The original antagonism and hatred had been intensified beyond measure by the stern and uncompromising opposition he had from the beginning raised against all their treasonable plots. In the Senate he had denounced the ringleaders to their face as traitors worthy of the gallows, and they, in turn, in their rage had threatened him with personal violence in his seat, and promised him the doom of a "recrunt false to his people and section." He had triumphed at last, and they had failed and were at his mercy. He was neither great enough nor good enough to forego his opportunity, and he chafed under the least restraint. In addition to all this, the assassination of Lincoln had greatly inflamed the public mind, and the cry for punishment came back from the people to intensify still further his determination to "make treason odious," which was the phrase most frequent in his many passionate utterances at that period. Jefferson Davis, the leader of them all, whom more than all others, because most guilty of all, he would have liked to see first on the gibbet, had been captured, and was now under close guard in Fortress Monroe. Nothing hindered Davis's trial for treason but the restraining influence exerted over the President in his own Cabinet, and by the more moderate of the leaders of that political party of which he had become the official head.

It fell to Stanton more than to any other to be the exponent of the counter feeling of restraint and moderation. He had in this but little aid in the Cabinet itself. Seward was disabled, and Welles alone had held place during the four years of the late administration. All the others had come in later, and most of them had seen altogether but a few months' service. Moreover, the War Department and its tireless head had most to do with the management and direction of public affairs in the trying times of

the early weeks of the new administration. Mr. Stanton had, because there was none other, taken up the reins as they fell from the hands of Mr. Lincoln, and had brought order out of chaos. He had set on foot the pursuit of the assassins. He had ordered the funeral ceremonies of the dead President, and under the conduct of the War Department, the funeral cortège had taken its slow march to Springfield. This department had hunted down the conspirators, and was trying them by court-martial. It was the army which had brought in Jefferson Davis, and he was still a prisoner of war, awaiting the purposes of the Administration. It could hardly be said that even in the most trying moments of the war did graver responsibilities, or more exacting duties, rest upon the head of the War Department than during the first weeks of President Johnson's administration. Nothing of all that a sense of public duty required of him at that time was so difficult of performance as the prevention of rash and unseemly proceedings against the chief men of the rebellion who had surrendered, and were in our power.

Mr. Stanton was not well fitted by natural temperament or by experience for the task that thus fell to him. The consequences were so grave, and the necessity pressed so hard upon him, that he was forced to interpose between the President and the victims of his wrath. The situation was rendered still more serious by other complications. Mr. Johnson made no discrimination in the men of the rebellion against whom he was pressing proceedings, unless it was that the more conspicuous of the leaders with whom he had come in personal contact were to be first arraigned. Proceedings had already been commenced against Jefferson Davis, and attention was turned next to General Lee, and the officers of the army which surrendered with him at Appomattox. But when it came to the knowledge of General Grant, that it was contemplated to disregard the pledge

given by him to General Lee on his surrender that "each officer and man will be allowed to return to their home, *not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they preserve their parole and the laws in force where they reside*," he interposed with an indignant protest, couched in such terms as made the President, though his constitutional superior, hesitate and at last recede from his purpose. Those who saw General Grant when he raised his voice against this attempted breach of the plighted faith of the nation, tendered and accepted in the most trying hour of its existence, will never forget the fire in his eye and the fixed determination written in every lineament of his countenance as he faced the man whom the constitution had put over him, and declared that if the faith and honor of the nation were not to be held sacred and secure in the keeping of the President, he would himself appeal to the people themselves for their preservation; that while he held a commission under this government, its sacred pledge given by him on the battlefield should be maintained at all hazards. The President struggled with the situation for several days, and the anxiety was most intense in the breasts of those who had knowledge of this conflict between the head of the state and the head of the army, so long as there was doubt as to the result. Mr. Stanton was the chief obstacle in the Cabinet in the way of these vindictive schemes of the President, and, in the controversy with General Grant over his pledge to General Lee at Appomattox, he was compelled to go so far in maintenance of the inviolability of the pledge, that the relations between the President and Secretary became from that time painfully strained.

The trial of Jefferson Davis for treason was found to be impracticable and was abandoned, and that of General Lee or any of the officers who laid down their arms with him was impossible without

national dishonor. Johnston and his army had surrendered to Sherman on the same conditions, and were entitled to the same immunity. Talk in executive circles of other prosecutions began from this time to be less frequent, and soon ceased altogether. But it was only to give place to other causes for anxiety and alarm of quite an opposite character. There were unmistakable signs of a change in the temper of the Executive, and in his attitude towards those for whose condign punishment he had but yesterday been striving. So rapid was this change that, in less than two months after his accession to office with the cry upon his lips that "treason was a crime and must be made odious," he issued a free pardon to all who had participated in the rebellion, a few only excepted, and these mostly officials in the civil service of the Confederacy, to all of whom he also offered pardon on the most liberal terms, "if personally applied for."

The Secretary, whose position in the Cabinet was becoming every hour more and more uncomfortable and uncertain, found no relief in this change of ground on the part of the President, although compelled by it to a change of base on his own part. He saw all too plainly that quite new influences were dominating the course, and, he feared, the purpose also of the President in reference not only to those who had participated in the rebellion, but towards the insurrectionary States themselves. Congress had differed quite seriously with President Lincoln during its last session upon the question of reconstruction, each claiming exclusive jurisdiction of all questions pertaining to the restoration of those States to their proper relations to the Union. The last session had closed less than six weeks before his death with a pocket veto by Mr. Lincoln of a bill, which had passed both Houses, prescribing fixed and definite conditions applicable alike to all the States, on compliance with which alone they were to

be recognized as a part of the Union; until such compliance, they were to be governed substantially as military provinces. This difference was largely on constitutional grounds, and was persisted in with great tenacity and some bitterness in certain quarters. Nothing but the unbounded confidence, even of those who had differed most with him, in the purity of motive and high purposes of the President had prevented an open rupture.

President Johnson seemed to have become intoxicated with the power which, in the strange vicissitude of the war, he now found himself to possess over those who had fought him so relentlessly all his life. He had been thwarted in his attempt to display that power in the personal punishment of their leaders, but the Tempter held up before him another way which might lead to a triumph not only over them, but also over those later friends whom his recent shortcomings, personal as well as political, had alienated. He was the constitutional head of the nation. What hindered his so exercising his constitutional powers as to bring all the States back into full communion, and to make his friends and supporters ready to secure by their suffrages his future hold upon an office which now was his only because of a foul crime? This was the way into which he turned, and, seizing upon Mr. Lincoln's claim that reconstruction was the constitutional prerogative of the Executive and not of Congress, he proceeded at once to carry out this plan, but upon a basis so widely different from that of his predecessor as to cause the gravest apprehension not only among those who claimed this power for Congress alone, but even among those who had always maintained that reconstruction was a prerogative of the Executive. They saw in the methods and conditions of reconstruction laid down by the President indications of a disposition to draw back from the results of the war, especially in its making secure what

had been already gained for those lately in bondage. They had never doubted Lincoln on this point, however much they had differed with him as to the best way of reaching an end for which they were sure he was striving no less than they were. But in his successor there was never from the beginning any such confidence. He could not differ without quarreling, and in all his quarrels he arraigned the motives of those with whom he differed, and begot in turn distrust of his own, which he seemed to take pains to intensify. With full knowledge of the attitude of Congress at its adjournment in March upon the question of reconstruction, he nevertheless attempted to take the matter entirely into his own hands, and to proceed with it at once in all the insurrectionary States with a rapidity which indicated a design of putting it beyond the power of Congress to interfere when it should meet in December.

The distrust of his sincerity was not long in ripening into conviction of betrayal, in some cases amounting to a belief in his disloyalty. Stanton had, in President Lincoln's Cabinet, sustained his policy as against that of Congress, sure that all which had been gained by the war would be secured by the carrying out of his chief's plans. He was now, however, in the Cabinet of an Executive in whose purposes he had no such confidence, whom indeed he distrusted quite as much as those most pronounced in their denunciation. He was therefore compelled to withhold coöperation in the policy and plans of his superior in office. It was not in his nature, however, to maintain long a position of neutrality on any question, and it was as little in that of the President to tolerate such neutrality on the part of any subordinate. From the outset of his public career, he that was not for him had been accounted as against him, and generally as his personal enemy. When, in the early days of his administration, he was animated with the relentless purpose of a public

prosecutor, he required unquestioned support from all holding official position under him. Equally exacting was he, a few weeks later, when he was ready to forgive all who had participated in the rebellion, whatever may have been the degree of their guilt. This change of front was too sudden and altogether the wrong way for a man of the character and convictions of the Secretary. The experience and education of the Lincoln administration and the war itself inclined him to a policy differing from either of the extremes — that of indiscriminate condemnation and that of an equally indiscriminate pardon — taken by the President in the short space of three months. The President was persistent and the Secretary unyielding. Differences between two such men were sure to engender mutual distrust. In this case they led early to discord and recrimination. The public judgment was against Johnson and on the side of Stanton. This had the effect of widening the difference, and of intensifying the bitterness with which each maintained his position.

This difference of opinion on essential questions of public policy between a President and a member of his Cabinet gave rise to another condition which called for serious consideration and determination by the Secretary himself. Could he, consistently with his own self-respect and his obligations both to the President and the country, continue a member of a Cabinet committed by its chief to a policy believed by him to be unwise and unsafe? The public began to call upon him to resign, and abusive epithets were being hurled at him for remaining longer in official connection with the President and those who, with him, were aiding and abetting measures of reconstruction fraught, as they believed, with the gravest evils. To these attacks he was exceedingly sensitive, and he smarted grievously under the imputation that he was holding on to office for the sake of office, and that he was sinister in his retention of

place. Although as yet the estrangement between the President and himself had not passed the limit that, in ordinary times, would call for his dismissal or require his withdrawal, still he could not fail to see that, sooner or later, if present measures were persisted in, one or the other of these contingencies was sure to be forced upon him. He was compelled in advance of any such contingency to answer for himself, in the light of a higher obligation to his country, the question, Can I voluntarily abandon, to be filled by any one of uncertain or doubtful affiliations, a post by the retention of which I may avert impending danger? There were other than mere personal questions to be considered. The policy of the President, not yet fully developed or apparent in all its relations, was still a debatable question, and by those hesitating to visit it with unqualified condemnation a withdrawal from his Cabinet, even by one of such stern loyalty as that of Stanton, would not be justified. Those who even then were not slow to denounce the President as false to his trust were loudest in calling upon the Secretary to remain at his post and fight on for the right, regardless of precedents or personal considerations. To those whose friendship and confidence he most enjoyed he sometimes unbosomed himself, and revealed the struggles and trials of his inner life as well as the motives controlling his public course. He grieved sorely over the imputation that love of place or selfish considerations of any kind were influencing him to remain in the Cabinet of a President whose policy was at variance with all that he deemed just and right and safe. The incessant labor had told upon his strength and had sapped the source of his vitality, while yet in Lincoln's Cabinet, to such a degree as to induce him, on the reflection of the President, to accept the result as an assurance of an end of the war, and to avow to his chief his determination to withdraw from a work in which he was

no longer needed. Accordingly, on the first news of the surrender of Lee, he placed his resignation in the hands of Mr. Lincoln. This resignation the personal appeal of his chief, declaring to him, with his arms about his neck, "Stanton, it is not for you to say when you will no longer be needed here," had forced him to recall. This he thought should have protected him from the insinuation that he was sacrificing duty to lust of office. Further on in the unhappy controversy this feeling broke out with greater intensity, and called forth from the Secretary, then weak in body and depressed in spirit, complaints of its blind injustice which should have silenced all his accusers.

When the Congress met in December, there was at once open war between the executive and the legislative branch of the government over the question of reconstruction, each claiming exclusive jurisdiction, and each bent on thwarting every attempt at interference. President Johnson had already carried forward his own policy as far and as fast as was possible for him. He had by proclamations revoked all of the executive orders, and removed, as far as he was able, all other restrictions and prohibitions imposed during the war not required by positive law and beyond his reach. He had also issued a proclamation to all of the insurrectionary States, putting them under military governors of his own appointment, and prescribing terms of his own, upon conformity to which alone they could be restored to their proper place and function in the Union. It had been the effort of Mr. Stanton, during the preparation of these terms, to secure in them all that was possible of what had been won by the war, especially in regard to the future of the freedmen. He felt, however, that his influence was on the wane, that an open rupture could not long be avoided, and that his post must soon, unless extraordinary legislative measures interposed, be surrendered into a custody in whose

loyalty even he was fast losing confidence. Congress saw things as he did, and took up the glove. They challenged all that the President had done, and passed an act taking the whole matter out of his hands, prescribing their own terms of reconstruction and making unlawful all other methods. This act became a law over a veto, and fell, for execution, into the hands of a hostile Executive, who denounced it as both unjust and unconstitutional. Many of its provisions were to be executed through the War Department, in which Congress had most confidence. These provisions were especially odious to Mr. Johnson, and aroused in him increased hostility to Mr. Stanton. It soon became evident that he contemplated relief from the restraints which the presence of this officer in the Cabinet imposed upon his actions, either by a voluntary or an enforced retirement of the obnoxious Secretary.

In this emergency Stanton took counsel of his friends as well as of his own conscience. The situation, as he saw it, was laid before them in frequent interviews and their advice sought. Those who knew him in the dark days of the war saw again an anxious and troubled spirit, ready still for any sacrifice and any duty which could be made plain to him. He laid before these friends the evidence of dangerous movements that had come to his knowledge, and took no step they did not sanction. Congress, alive to this new danger, took the side of the loyal and fighting Secretary, and insisted upon his standing by his post. They undertook to throw over him the shield of law, so that he should be secure in his office while discharging the duties required of him by the Reconstruction Act, placed upon the statute book in spite of President Johnson, and for the very purpose of subverting his policy. In carrying out this design they enacted laws which could find no other justification than a pending exigency, assumed to be so pressing and perilous as to justify

legislation for an occasion and not for permanent rule. In the Tenure of Office Act they took away from the President the power to remove, without the consent of the Senate, any officer whose appointment had been confirmed by that body, and enacted that no Cabinet officer should be removed, without the consent of the Senate, till one month after the expiration of the term of the President under whom he held that position. And as if it were not a sufficient humiliation of the President to take away from him the power to say who should be his advisers, they boldly attacked his constitutional prerogative of commander-in-chief of the army and navy by the enactment into law of a most extraordinary army regulation, that all orders and instructions in relation to military operations issued by the President or Secretary of War should be issued through the general of the army, whose headquarters should be in Washington, and who should not be removed or suspended or assigned to duty elsewhere, except at his own request, without the approval of the Senate; and that all orders not thus issued should be null and void, their issue a crime, and their execution by any officer of the army a penitentiary offense. That there might not be a moment when the President would be without a Congress to watch or check him, it was also enacted that each new Congress should meet on the 4th day of March, immediately on the expiration of the preceding term.

It is difficult at this distance of time to find justification for these extraordinary legislative measures adopted to hedge about a President and strip him of power, because the conditions which called for them have passed out of sight, and we strive in vain to realize the passions and perils which then beset the public service. Perhaps it does not become one, who voted for them all, to indulge in much severity of language in their condemnation. Moreover, we have

to do, at this time, not with the laws themselves, but with Stanton forced to continue in the service by those who enacted them, and with President Johnson chafing under their restraints and bent on neutralizing their effect. No one could have felt more keenly than did Stanton the painful anomaly of the position in which this legislation had placed him. Never before had it been known in our history that a President had been forced to retain, as a Cabinet adviser, one opposed to his policy of administration and holding place to thwart that policy. Never before had a Cabinet officer permitted himself to remain for a moment as a confidential adviser to a President whose whole policy he disapproved, and in whom personally he had lost confidence. Inclination and duty were in conflict. Stanton longed for rest, but feared to take it. Who would succeed him, or what would be done by another in harmony with presidential views, if he retired, he could not answer, and he dared not risk the results possible on his resignation. Meantime the public outside of Congress, blind to the serious contingencies which hung upon the maintenance in Cabinet circles of as much as possible of the old loyal and persistent spirit which had carried us successfully to the end of the war, raised again, and louder than ever before, the call for him to leave the Cabinet, and rid the Republican party of all further responsibility for an administration false to all the principles which had brought it into power. He made no public response to these demands, but to intimate friends he talked without reserve. He would gladly leave the service, and seek rest and restoration of health now so broken and shattered as to cause grave apprehensions of serious results. But he believed the President to be led by bad passions and the counsels of unscrupulous and dangerous men, and no one could tell what course he would pursue under such influences. Duty out-

weighed all personal considerations. "If that be faithfully performed," he said, "it matters little when or how we die. I will remain at my post, and die, if it need be, with harness on." Turning to the criticisms of impatient men, which had reached him through the public press, he exclaimed, "These men will some time see that I am right, and appreciate my motives and vindicate my action." Of the situation, and as justification for the sacrifice he was making of his own health and the present approval of friends, he remarked that at no time during the war had he felt more anxious about public affairs and the condition of the country than he did at that moment. Then he had known on whom to depend, but not now.

Antagonisms in and out of the Cabinet only intensified the President's persistency in his own methods of solving the problem of reconstruction. He brought into the controversy the feeling that Congress had attempted to degrade him in his office. They had, he said, put him under bonds, and it was due to the high office he held, and its constitutional prerogatives, that he should burst these bonds asunder. Thus it became a trial of strength. He made formal request for the resignation of Secretary Stanton, and, failing in that, suspended him from office under the Tenure of Office Act. That act required the approval of the Senate before the suspension worked a removal. The disapproval of that body restored him to his place. Then the President, defying the law as unconstitutional, dismissed him, and ordered him to leave the War Department. He refused to vacate the office or yield the discharge of its duties to the new appointee. An ineffectual attempt was made to force him out of it, but he held possession by main strength, abiding in it constantly for more than forty days, and until the contest over it had ended. The spectacle of the Secretary encamped in the War Office with sentinels on guard

was one which will fail to find its like in history. Never before or since has the government of a great nation found itself engaged in such a struggle. It attracted a very wide attention, even beyond our own borders, and was the subject of comment in the foreign as well as domestic press. The enthusiastic and zealous who had taken strong ground against the President in the controversy now commended the Secretary and urged upon him an unflinching resistance. He was visited in his barricade by his intimate friends, who contributed in all possible ways to both his personal comfort and his determination to hold the place. Mr. Sumner wrote him from the Senate Chamber the famous letter, "*Stick. C. S.*," which after his death was sold for a large sum in New York.

This attempt by the President to remove the Secretary, in violation of the provisions of the Tenure of Office Act, formed the basis of articles of impeachment against him, which the House of Representatives immediately presented to the Senate, and prosecuted before that body with great zeal and earnestness. The President, after a long and exciting trial, continuing for eighty-two days, was acquitted, the prosecution failing of the necessary two thirds by the lack of a single vote. This failure to convict, though a large majority, falling only one short of two thirds, had condemned the President, was deemed by Mr. Stanton a failure to justify him in a further struggle to retain the office, and he accordingly retired. Although it was only a technical adverse record against a large majority commending his course, yet he took seriously to heart the result thus forced upon him, and went into private life sore and sick, his constitution undermined by overwork, and with an incurable disease sapping his strength. Congress thanked him on his retirement for "the great ability, purity, and fidelity with which he had discharged his public duties," and the Senate accom-

panied the confirmation of his successor with the declaration that he was not legally removed, but had resigned his office.

This was the close of a public service rendered with signal ability in the most critical period in our history, and under difficulties which confronted no other public servant. He had entered Buchanan's Cabinet eight years before, when the Republic was in the first throes of the rebellion, and had been called into that of Lincoln when the tide of war seemed about to overwhelm us, and he had at the end struggled for three long years under Johnson to make secure the legitimate fruits of that war. It was eight years of perpetual warfare with the enemies of the Republic and their misguided followers, — years of patriotic devotion of all his faculties to the public welfare. He laid off his armor only when opportunity and strength had failed him.

It is one of the anomalies of public life that two such men as President Johnson and Secretary Stanton, of such sharp contrast in all the elements which make up character, should have fallen at a most critical juncture of public affairs into a common service, in which unity in method and spirit and purpose were indispensable to success. That a great cause, fraught with the weal of a race and the fate of the government, was not for this reason wrecked at the very end of a long and doubtful struggle is one of the many wonders which the historian of the period will have to record. I cannot look back over those scenes, and the work concerning which these men so widely differed, I cannot recall the incidents which from day to day startled earnest and anxious men around the Capitol, without repeating an exclamation uttered by Stanton himself when light began to break through the clouds, "Surely God is on our side, for we have done what we could to ruin ourselves, and yet we have failed to do it."

Mr. Stanton retired to private life an old, wornout man, although not yet fifty-four years of age. The asthma, which had seized upon him in the midst of his work, was developing its fatal hold. He was bent and wrinkled and gray, and his voice was husky and feeble, as of one who had already passed his three-score years and ten. He had a sunny house in Franklin Square, and he strove hard to win to it the cheer and attractions of former days, but they were slow in coming. Old friends had been cut off by the war, and new ones were plunging into the active life around them. All, old and new, however, honored him for the fight he had made, and loved him for what he had suffered for their sake. He longed, however, for the companionship in which he was wont to walk the streets arm in arm, or beguile the evening hours in the free talk of the library. Altogether, the life of an invalid, in the new conditions which surrounded him, was dispiriting. I chanced to be his neighbor in these latter days, as I was when, in the beginning of his public life, he entered Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet at the outbreak of the war, and I saw him often at his home, and in my own family circle. When he was free from asthma, and his spirits had fair play, he was intensely interesting in conversation and charming in manner. On some of these occasions, he would hold one spell-bound till the late hours of the night with thrilling war experiences which have never found place in the public records. When Johnson and the influences with which he was surrounded left Washington in March, 1869, and were succeeded by Grant and quite another atmosphere, Stanton seemed more himself, and for a while looked forward to a resumption of old-time activities and associations. But the clouds

soon gathered anew over his house, and were never again dispelled. He was forced more and more into seclusion by the relentless progress of his most distressing malady. Old friends, old comrades, and old admirers kept him ever fresh in mind, though they no longer saw him in the street. Friendly messages and kind words helped him to feel that he still held his own place in their hearts. They told General Grant of his struggles with disease, and of his waning hopes, and the great warrior remembered him as became the commander of victorious armies for whose leadership he had been indebted to the indomitable energy and will of a war minister now stricken and wasted. When a vacancy occurred in the Supreme Court, the President tendered him the judgeship, a place to which his early ambition had aspired. The nomination gratified him extremely, and healed many a sore, but it came too late. He was confirmed December 20, 1869, and five days later he died.

Thus passed into his place in history one of the great men of his time. I have heretofore written of his personal characteristics, and of his unsurpassed public labors while under Lincoln. These present observations have been confined to his troubles in the Cabinet of Johnson. From whatever side or by whatever standard he may be measured, he will still remain among the great men of a period which called for and tested great men as none other in our history. Not for what he was, but for what he did, will he be longest remembered. So long as free institutions shall be upheld among men, the record of his labor and sacrifice in their defense will be preserved in the memory of a grateful people.

Henry L. Dawes.

HEARTSEASE.

"For as for heartsease, it groweth in a single night."

"WHAT be you doin' of, Mis' Lamson?" asked Mrs. Pettis, coming in from the kitchen, where she had been holding a long conversation with young Mrs. Lamson on the possibility of doing over sugar barberry. Mrs. Pettis was a heavy woman, bent almost double with rheumatism, and she carried a baggy umbrella for a cane. She was always sighing over the difficulty of "gettin' round the house," but nevertheless she made more calls than any one else in the neighborhood. It kind o' limbered her up, she said, to take a walk after she had been bendin' over the dishpan.

Mrs. Lamson looked up with an alert, bright glance. She was a little creature, and something still girlish lingered in her straight, slender figure and the poise of her head. "Old Lady Lamson" was over eighty, and she dressed with due deference to custom, but everything about her gained, in the wearing, an air of youth. Her aggressively brown front was rumpled a little, as if it had tried to crimp itself, only to be detected before the operation was well begun, and the purple ribbons of her cap flared rakishly aloft.

"I jest took up a garter," she said, with some apology in her tone. "Kind o' fiddlin' work, ain't it?"

"Last time I was here you was knittin' mittins," continued Mrs. Pettis, seating herself laboriously on the lounge, and leaning forward upon the umbrella clutched steadily in two fat hands. "You're dretful forehanded. I remember I said so then. Samwel ain't got a mittin to his name, I says, nor he won't have 'fore November."

"Well, I guess David's pretty well on 't for everything now," answered Mrs. Lamson, with some pride. "He's got five pair o' new mittins, an' my little

blue chist full o' stockin's. I knit 'em two-an'-two, an' two-an'-one, an' toed some on 'em off with white, an' some with red, so 's to keep 'em in pairs. But Mary said I better not knit any more, for fear the moths 'd get into 'em, an' so I stopped an' took up this garter. But 't is dretful fiddlin' work!"

A brief silence fell upon the two, while the sweet summer scents stole in at the window,—the breath of the cinnamon rose, of growing grass and good brown earth. Mrs. Pettis pondered, looking vacantly before her, and Old Lady Lamson knit hastily on. Her needles clicked together, and she turned her work with a jerk in beginning a row. But neither was oppressed by lack of speech. They understood each other, and no more thought of "making talk" than of pulling up a seed to learn whether it had germinated. It was Mrs. Pettis who, after a natural interval, felt moved to speak.

"Mary's master thoughtful of you, ain't she? 'T ain't many sons' wives would be so tender of anybody, now is it?"

Mrs. Lamson looked up sharply, and then, with the same quick movement, bent her eyes on her work.

"Mary means to do jest what's right," she answered. "If she don't make out, it ain't for lack o' tryin'."

"So I says to Samwel this morning. Old Lady Lamson ain't one thing to concern herself with, says I, but to git dressed an' set by the winder. When dinner time comes, she's got nothin' to do but hitch up to the table; an' she don't have to touch her hand to a dish. Now ain't that so, Mis' Lamson?"

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Lamson, with a little sigh, instantly suppressed. "It's different from what I thought to myself 't would be, when Mary come

here. 'Tain't in natur' she 'll have the feelin' for me she would for her own, I says; but I believe she has, an' more too. When she come for good, I made up my mind I'd put up with everything, an' say 't was all in the day's work; but law! I never had to. She an' David both act as if I was sugar or salt, I dunno which."

"Don't ye never help round, washin'-days?"

"Law, no! Mary won't hear to 't. She'd ruther have the dishes wait till everything's on the line; an' if I stir a step to go into the garden, to pick a mess o' beans or kill a currant worm, she's right arter me. 'Mother, don't you fall!' she says, a dozen times a day. 'I dunno what David 'd do to me if I let anything happen to you.' An' David, he's ketched it, too. One night, 'long towards Thanksgivin' time, I kicked the soapstone out o' bed, an' he come runnin' up as if he was bewitched. 'Mother,' says he, 'did you fall? You ain't had a stroke, have you?'"

Old Lady Lamson laughed huskily; her black eyes shone, and her cap ribbons nodded and danced, but there was an ironical ring to her merriment.

"Do tell!" responded Mrs. Pettis, in her ruminating voice. "Well, things were different when we was young married folks, an' used to do our own spinnin' an' weavin'."

"I guess so!" Mrs. Lamson dropped her busy hands in her lap, and leaned back a moment in eager retrospect. "Do you recollect that Friday we spun from four o'clock in the mornin' till six next evenin', because the menfolks had gone in the ma'sh, an' all we had to do was to stop an' feed the critters? An' Hiram Peasley come along with tin ware, an' you says, 'If you're a mind to stop at my house, an' throw a colander an' a long-handled dipper over the fence, under the flowerin' currant, an' wait till next time for your pay, I 'll take 'em,' says you. 'But I ain't goin' to

leave off spinnin' for anything less'n Gabriel's trumpet,' says you. I remember your sayin' that as if 't was only yesterday; an' arter you said it, you kind o' drewed down your face an' looked scairt. An' I never thought on 't again till next Sabbath evenin', when Jim Bel-lows rose to speak, an' made some handle about the Day o' Judgment, an' then I tickled right out."

"How you do set by them days!" said Mrs. Pettis, striving to keep a steady face, though her heavy sides were shaking. "I guess you remember 'em better 'n your prayers!"

"Yes, I laughed out loud, an' you passed me a pep'mint over the pew, an' looked as if you was goin' to cry. 'Don't!' says you, an' it sort o' come over me you knew what I was laughin' at. Why, if there ain't John Freeman stoppin' here, — Mary's sister's brother-in-law, you know. Lives down to Bell P'int. Guess he's pullin' up to give the news."

Mrs. Pettis came slowly to her feet, and scanned the farmer who was hitching his horse to the fence. When he had gone round to the back door, she turned, and grasped her umbrella with a firmer hand.

"Well, I guess 't won't pay me to set down again," she announced. "I'm goin' to take it easy on the way home. I dunno but I 'll let down the bars, an' poke a little ways into the north pastur', an' see if I can't get a mite o' pennyr'yal. I 'll be in again to-morrow or next day."

"So do, so do!" returned Mrs. Lamson.

"'T ain't no use to ask you to come down, I s'pose? You don't get out so fur nowadays."

"No," said the other, still with that latent touch of sarcasm in her voice. "If I should fall, there'd be a great hurrah, boys — fire on the mountain, run, boys, run!"

Mrs. Pettis toiled out into the road, and Old Lady Lamson, laying her knit-

ting on the table, bent forward, not to watch her out of sight, but to make sure whether she really would stop at the north pasture.

"No, she's goin' by," she said aloud, with evident relief. "No, she ain't either. I'll be whipped if she ain't lettin' down the bars! 'T would smell kind o' good, I declare!"

She was still peering forward, one slender hand on the window-sill, when Mary, a pretty young woman with two nervous lines between her eyes, came hurrying in.

"Mother," she began, in that unnatural voice which is supposed to allay excitement in another, "I dunno what I'm goin' to do. Stella's sick."

"You don't say!" said Old Lady Lamson, turning away from the window. "What do they think 't is?"

"Fever, John says. An' she's so full-blooded, it'll be likely to go hard with her. They want me to go right down, an' David's got to carry me. John would, but he's gone to be referee in that land case, an' he won't be back for a day or two. It's a mercy David's just home from town, so he won't have to change his clo'es right through. Now, mother, if you should have little 'Liza Tolman come an' stay with you, do you think anything would happen s'posin' we left you alone just one night?"

A little flush rose in the old lady's withered cheek. Her eyes gleamed brightly through her glasses.

"Don't you worry one mite about me," she replied, in an even voice. "You change your dress, an' get off afore it's dark. I shall be all right."

"David's harnessin' now," said Mary, beginning to untie her apron. "I sent John down to the lower barn to call him. But, mother, if anything should happen to you" —

"Lord-a-massy! nothin' 's goin' to!" the old lady broke forth, in momentary impatience. "Don't stan' here talkin'. You better have your mind on Stella.

Fever's a quicker complaint than old age. It allers was, an' allers will be."

"Oh, I know it! I know it!" cried Mary, starting towards the door. "There ain't a thing for you to do. There's new bread and preserves on the dairy wheel, an' you have 'Liza Tolman pick you up some chips, an' build the fire for your tea; an' don't you wash the dishes, mother. Just leave 'em in the sink. And for mercy sake take a candle, an' not meddle with kerosene" —

"Come, come, ain't you ready?" came David's voice from the door. "I can't keep the horse stan'in' here till he's all eat up with flies."

Mary fled to her bedroom, unbuttoning her dress as she ran, and David came in, bringing an air of outdoor freshness into the little sitting-room, with his regal height, his broad shoulders, and tanned, fresh face.

"Well, mother," he said, putting a hand of clumsy kindness on her shoulder, "if anything happens to you while we're gone, I shall wish we'd let the whole caboodle of 'em die in their tracks. Don't s'pose anything will, do ye?"

"Law, no, David!" exclaimed the old lady, looking at him with beaming pride. "You come here an' let me pick that mite o' lint off your arm. I shall be tickled to death to get rid o' ye."

"Now, mother," counseled Mary, when she came out of the bedroom, hastily tying her bonnet strings, "you watch the schoolchildren, an' ask 'Liza Tolman to stay with you, an' if she can't, to get one of the Daltons; an' tell her we'll give her some Bartlett pears when they're ripe."

"Yes, yes, I hear," answered the old lady, rising, and setting back her chair in its accustomed corner. "Now, do go along, or ye won't be down to Grapevine Run afore five o'clock."

She watched them while they drove out of the yard, shading her eyes with one nervous hand.

"Mother," called Mary, "don't you

stan' there in that wind, with nothin' on your head!"

The old lady turned back into the house, and her face was alive with glee.

"Wind!" she ejaculated scornfully, and yet with the tolerance of one too happy for complaint. "Wind! I guess there would n't be so much, if some folks would save their breath to cool their porridge!"

She did not go back to the sitting-room and her peaceful knitting. She walked into the pantry, where she gave the shelves a critical survey, and then, returning to the kitchen, looked about her once more.

"If it's one day sence I've been down sullar," she said aloud, "it's two year." She was lighting a candle as she spoke. In a moment more she was taking sprightly steps down the stairs into the darkness below.

"Now, mother, don't you fall!" she chuckled, midway in the descent, and it was undeniable that the voice sounded much like Mary's in her anxious moods. "Now, ain't I a mean creatur' to stan' here laughin' at 'em!" she went on. "Well, if she don't keep things nice! 'Taters all sprouted, an' the preserve cupboard never looked better in my day. Mary's been well brought up, — I'll say that for her."

Old Lady Lamson must have spent at least half an hour in the cellar, for when she ascended it was after four o'clock, and the schoolchildren had passed the house on their way home. She heard their voices under the elms at the turn of the road.

"I ain't to blame if I can't ketch 'em," she remarked calmly, as she blew out her light. "I don't see's anybody could say I was to blame. An' I could n't walk up to the Tolmans' to ask 'Liza. I might fall!"

She set about her preparations for supper. It was a favorite maxim in the household that supper should be eaten early, "to get it out of the way," and

to-night this unaccustomed handmaid had additional reasons for haste. But the new bread and preserves were ignored. She built a rousing fire in the little kitchen stove; she brought out the moulding-board, and with trembling eagerness proceeded to mix cream-of-tar-tar biscuits. Not Cellini himself nor Jeanie Carlyle had awaited the results of passionate labor with a more strenuous eagerness; and when she drew out the painful of delicately browned biscuits, she set it down on the table, and looked at it in sheer delight.

"I'll be whipped if they ain't as good as if I'd made 'em every night for the last two year!" she cried. "I ain't got to get my hand in, an' that's truth an' fact!"

She brought out some "cold b'iled dish," made her strong green tea, and sat down to a meal such as they taste who have reached the Delectable Mountains. It held within it all the savor of a happy past; it satisfied her hungry soul.

After she had washed the supper dishes and scrupulously swept the hearth, she rested, for a moment's thought, in the old rocking-chair, and then took her way, candle in hand, to the attic. There was no further self-confidence on the stairs; she was too serious now. Her hours were going fast. The attic, in spite of the open windows, lay hot under summer's touch upon the shingles outside, and odorous of the dried herbs hanging in bunches here and there.

"Wormwood — thoroughwort — spear-mint," she mused, as she touched them, one after another, and inhaled their fragrance. "'Tain't so long ago I was out pickin' herbs an' dryin' 'em. Well, well, well!"

She made her way under the eaves, and pulled out a hair trunk studded with brass nails. A rush-bottomed chair stood near by, and, setting her candle in it, she knelt before the trunk and began lifting out its contents: a brocaded satin

waistcoat of a long-past day, a woolen comforter knit in stripes, a man's black broadcloth coat. She smoothed them as she laid them by, and there was a wondering note in her lowered voice.

"My Lord!" she whispered reverently, as if speaking to One who would hear and understand, "it's over fifty year!"

A pile of yellowed linen lay in the bottom of the trunk, redolent of camphor from contact with its perishable neighbors. She lifted one shirt after another, looking at them in silence. Then she laid back the other clothes, took up her candle and the shirts, and went downstairs again. In hot haste she rebuilt the kitchen fire, and set two large kettles of water on the stove. She dragged the washing-bench into the back kitchen from its corner in the shed, and on it placed her tubs; and when the water was heated, she put the garments into a tub, and rubbed with the vigor and ease of a woman well accustomed to such work. All the sounds of the night were loud about her, and the song of the whippoorwill came in at the open door. He was very near. His presence should have been a sign of approaching trouble, but Old Lady Lamson did not hear him. Her mind was reading the lettered scroll of a vanished year. Perhaps the touch of the warm water on her hands recalled her to the present.

"Seems good to feel the suds," she said happily, holding up one withered hand and letting the foam drip from its fingers. "I wish 't I could dry out-doors. But when mornin' come, they'd be all of a sop."

She washed and rinsed the garments, and, opening a clothes-horse, spread them out to dry. Then she drew a long breath, put out her candle, and wandered to the door. The garden lay before her, unreal in the beauty of moonlight. Every bush seemed an enchanted wood. The old lady went forth, lingering at first, as one too rich for choosing, then with a firmer step. She closed the little gate,

and walked out into the country road. She hurried along to the old signboard, and turned aside unerringly into a hollow there, where she stooped and filled her hands with tansy, pulling it up in great bunches, and pressing it eagerly to her face.

"Seventy-four year ago!" she told the unseen listener of the night with the same wonder in her voice. "Sir laid dead, an' they sent me down here to pick tansy to put round him. Seventy-four year ago!"

Still holding it, she rose and went through the bars into the dewy lane. Down the wandering path, trodden daily by the cows, she walked, and came out in the broad pasture, irregular with its little hillocks, where, as she had been told from her babyhood, the Indians used to plant their corn. She entered the woods by a cart-path hidden from the moon, and went on with a light step, gathering a bit of green here and there, — now hemlock, now a needle from the sticky pine, — and inhaling its balsam on her hands. A sharp descent, and she had reached the spot where the brook ran fast, and where lay "Peggy's b'ilin' spring," named for a great-aunt she had never seen, but whose gold beads she had inherited, and who had consequently seemed to her a person of opulence and ease.

"I wish 't I'd brought a cup," she said. "There ain't no such water within twenty mile."

She crouched beside the little black pool, where the moon glinted in mysterious, wavering symbols which beckoned the gaze upwards, and, making a cup of her hand, drank eagerly. There was a sound near by, as if some wood creature were stirring; she thought she heard a fox barking in the distance. Yet she was really conscious only of the wonder of time, the solemn record of the fleeting years.

When she made her way back through the woods, the moon was sinking and

the shadows had grown heavy. As she reached the bars again on her homeward track, she stopped suddenly, and her face broke into smiling at the pungent fragrance rising from the bruised herbage beneath her feet. She stooped and gathered one telltale, homely weed, mixed as it was with the pasture grass. "Pen-nyr'yal," she said happily, and felt the richness of being.

When Old Lady Lamson had ironed her shirts and put them away again, all hot and sweet from the fire, it was five o'clock, and the birds had long been trying to drag creation up from sleep to sing with them the wonders of the dawn. At six, she had her cup of tea, and when, at eight, her son drove into the yard, she

came placidly to the side door to meet him, her knitting in her hands.

"Well, if I ain't glad!" called David. "I could n't get it out o' my mind somethin' 'd happened to you. Stella's goin' to be all right, they think, but nothin' will do but Mary must stay a spell. Do you s'pose you an' I could keep house a week or so, if I do the heft o' the work?"

Old Lady Lamson's eyes took on the look which sometimes caused her son to inquire suspiciously, "Mother, what you laughin' at?"

"I guess we can, if we try hard enough," she said soberly, rolling up her yarn. "Now you come in, an' I'll get you a bite o' somethin' t' eat."

Alice Brown.

AT HAKATA.

I.

TRAVELING by *kuruma* one can only see and dream. The jolting makes reading too painful; the rattle of the wheels and the rush of the wind render conversation impossible, even when the road allows of a fellow-traveler's vehicle running beside your own. And after having become familiar with the characteristics of Japanese scenery, you are not apt to notice, during such travel, except at long intervals, anything novel enough to make a strong impression. Most often the way winds through a perpetual sameness of ricefields, vegetable farms, tiny thatched hamlets, and between interminable ranges of green or blue hills. Sometimes, indeed, there are startling spreads of color, as when you traverse a plain all burning yellow with the blossoming of the *na-tane*, or a valley all lilac with the flowering of the *gengebana*; but these are the passing splendors of very short seasons. As a rule, the vast green monotony appeals to no faculty: you sink into reverie,

or nod, perhaps, with the wind in your face, to be wakened again by some jolt of extra violence.

Even so, on my autumn way to Hakata, I gaze and dream and nod by turns. watch the flashing of the dragonflies, the infinite network of ricefield paths spreading out of sight on either hand, the slowly shifting lines of familiar peaks in the horizon glow, and the changing shapes of white afloat in the vivid blue above all, — asking myself how many times again must I view the same Kyūshū landscape, and deploring the absence of the wonderful.

Suddenly and very softly, the thought steals into my mind that the most wonderful of possible visions is really all about me in the mere common green of the world, in the ceaseless manifestation of Life.

Ever and everywhere, from beginnings invisible, green things are growing, — out of soft earth, out of hard rock, forms mul-

titudinous, dumb soundless races incalculably older than man. Of their visible history we know much ; names we have given them, and classification. The reason of the forms of their leaves, of the qualities of their fruits, of the colors of their flowers, we also know ; for we have learned not a little about the course of the eternal laws that give shape to all terrestrial things. But why they are, that we do not know. What is the ghostliness that seeks expression in this universal green, — the mystery of that which multiplies forever issuing out of that which multiplies not ? Or is the seeming lifeless itself life, — only a life more silent still, more hidden ?

But a stranger and quicker life moves upon the face of the earth, peoples wind and flood. This has the ghostlier power of separating itself from earth, yet is always at last recalled thereto, and condemned to feed that which it once fed upon. It feels ; it knows ; it crawls, swims, runs, flies, thinks. Countless the shapes of it. The green slower life seeks being only. But this forever struggles against non-being. We know the mechanism of its motion, the laws of its growth : the innermost mazes of its structure have been explored ; the territories of its sensation have been mapped and named. But the meaning of it, who will tell us ? Out of what ultimate came it ? Or, more simply, what is it ? Why should it know pain ? Why is it evolved by pain ?

And this life of pain is our own. Relatively, it sees, it knows. Absolutely, it is blind, and gropes, like the slow cold green life which supports it. But does it not also support a higher existence, nourish some invisible life infinitely more active and more complex ? Is there ghostliness orb'd in ghostliness, life-within-life without end ? Are there universes interpenetrating universes ?

For our era, at least, the boundaries of human knowledge have been irrevocably fixed ; and far beyond those limits

only exist the solutions of such questions. Yet what constitutes those limits of the possible ? Nothing more than human nature itself. Must that nature remain equally limited in those who shall come after us ? Will they never develop higher senses, vaster faculties, subtler perceptions ? What is the teaching of science ?

Perhaps it has been suggested in the profound saying of Clifford, that we were never made, but have made ourselves. This is, indeed, the deepest of all teachings of science. And wherefore has man made himself ? To escape suffering and death. Under the pressure of pain alone was our being shaped ; and even so long as pain lives, so long must continue the ceaseless toil of selfchange. Once in the ancient past, the necessities of life were physical ; they are not less moral than physical now. And of all future necessities, none seems likely to prove so merciless, so mighty, so tremendous, as that of trying to read the Universal Riddle.

The world's greatest thinker — he who has told us why the Riddle cannot be read — has told us also how the longing to solve it must endure, and grow with the growing of man.¹

And surely the mere recognition of this necessity contains within it the germ of a hope. May not the desire to know, as the possibly highest form of future pain, compel within men the natural evolution of powers to achieve the now impossible, of capacities to perceive the now invisible ? We of to-day are that which we are through longing so to be ; and may not the inheritors of our work yet make themselves that which we now would wish to become ?

II.

I am in Hakata, the Town of the Girdle - Weavers, which is a very tall town, with fantastic narrow ways full of amazing colors ; and I halt in the Street-of-Prayer-to-the-Gods because there is an

¹ First Principles (The Reconciliation).

enormous head of bronze, the head of a Buddha, smiling at me through a gateway. The gateway is of a temple of the Jōdō sect; and the head is beautiful.

But there is only the head. What supports it above the pavement of the court is hidden by thousands of metal mirrors heaped up to the chin of the great dreamy face. A placard beside the gateway explains the problem. The mirrors are contributions by women to a colossal seated figure of Buddha, to be thirty-five feet high, including the huge lotus on which it is to be enthroned. And the whole is to be made of bronze mirrors. Hundreds have been already used to cast the head; myriads will be needed to finish the work. Who can venture to assert, in presence of such an exhibition, that Buddhism is passing away?

Yet I cannot feel delighted at this display, which, although gratifying the artistic sense with the promise of a noble statue, shocks it still more by ocular evidence of the immense destruction that the project involves. For Japanese metal mirrors (now being superseded by atrocious cheap looking-glasses of Western manufacture) well deserve to be called things of beauty. Nobody unfamiliar with their gracious shapes can know the charm of the Oriental comparison of the moon to a mirror. One side only is polished. The other is adorned with designs in relief: trees or flowers, birds or animals or insects, landscapes, legends, symbols of good fortune, figures of gods. Such are even the commonest mirrors. But there are many kinds; and some among them are very wonderful, which we call "magic mirrors," because, when the reflection of one is thrown upon a screen or wall, you can see, in the disk of light, *luminous images of the designs upon the back*.¹

Whether there be any magic mirrors

in that heap of bronze ex-votos I cannot tell; but there certainly are many beautiful things. And there is no little pathos in the spectacle of all that wonderful quaint work thus cast away, and destined soon to vanish utterly. Probably within another decade the making of mirrors of silver and mirrors of bronze will have ceased forever. Seekers for them will then hear, with something more than regret, the story of the fate of these.

Nor is this the only pathos in the vision of all those domestic sacrifices thus exposed to rain and sun and trodden dust of streets. Surely the smiles of bride and babe and mother have been reflected in not a few; some gentle home life must have been imaged in nearly all. But a ghostlier value than memory can give also attaches to Japanese mirrors. An ancient proverb declares, "The Mirror is the Soul of the Woman;" and not merely, as might be supposed, in a figurative sense. For countless legends relate that a mirror feels all the joys or pains of its mistress, and reveals in its dimness or brightness some weird sympathy with her every emotion. Wherefore mirrors were of old employed — and some say are still employed — in those magical rites believed to influence life and death, and were buried with those to whom they belonged.

And the spectacle of all those mouldering bronzes thus makes queer fancies in the mind about wrecks of Souls, — or at least of soul-things. It is even difficult to assure one's self that, of all the moments and the faces those mirrors once reflected, absolutely nothing now haunts them. One cannot help imagining that whatever has been must continue to be somewhere; that by approaching the mirrors very stealthily, and turning a few of them suddenly face up to the light, you might be able to catch the past in

¹ See article entitled On the Magic Mirrors of Japan, by Professors Ayrtton and Perry, in vol. xxvii. of the Proceedings of the Royal So-

ciety; also an article treating the same subject by the same authors in vol. xxii. of The Philosophical Magazine.

the very act of shrinking and shuddering away.

Besides, I must observe that the pathos of this exhibition has been specially intensified for me by one memory which the sight of a Japanese mirror always evokes, — the memory of the old Japanese story Matsuyama no Kagami. Though related in the simplest manner and with the fewest possible words,¹ it might well be compared to those wonderful little tales by Goethe, of which the meanings expand according to the experience and capacity of the reader. Mrs. James has perhaps exhausted the psychological possibilities of the story in one direction; and whoever can read her little book without emotion should be driven from the society of mankind. Even to guess the Japanese idea of the tale, one should be able to *feel* the intimate sense of the delicious colored prints accompanying her text, — the interpretation of the last great artist of the Kañō school. (Foreigners, unfamiliar with Japanese home life, cannot fully perceive the exquisiteness of the drawings made for the Fairy-Tale Series; but the silk-dyers of Kyōtō and of Ōsaka prize them beyond measure, and reproduce them constantly upon the costliest textures.) But there are many versions; and, with the following outline, readers can readily create nineteenth-century versions for themselves.

III.

Long ago, at a place called Matsuyama in the province of Echigo, there lived a young samurai husband and wife whose names have been quite forgotten. They had a little daughter.

Once the husband went to Yedo, — probably as a retainer in the train of the Lord of Echigo. On his return he brought presents from the capital, — sweet cakes and a doll for the little girl

(at least so the artist tells us), and for his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. To the young mother that mirror seemed a very wonderful thing; for it was the first mirror ever brought to Matsuyama. She did not understand the use of it, and innocently asked whose was the pretty smiling face she saw inside it. When her husband answered her, laughing, "Why, it is your own face! How foolish you are!" she was ashamed to ask any more questions, but hastened to put her present away, still thinking it to be a very mysterious thing. And she kept it hidden many years, — the original story does not say why; perhaps for the simple reason that in all countries love makes even the most trifling gift too sacred to be shown.

But in the hours of her last sickness she gave the mirror to her daughter, saying, "After I am dead you must look into this mirror every morning and evening, and you will see me. Do not grieve." Then she died.

And the girl thereafter looked into the mirror every morning and evening, and did not know that the face in the mirror was her own shadow, but thought it to be that of her dead mother, whom she much resembled. So she would talk to the shadow, having the sensation, or, as the Japanese original more tenderly says, "*having the heart of meeting her mother*" day by day; and she prized the mirror above all things.

At last her father noticed this conduct, and thought it strange, and asked her the reason of it, whereupon she told him all. "Then," says the old Japanese narrator, "he thinking it to be a very piteous thing, his eyes grew dark with tears."

IV.

Such is the old story. . . . But was the artless error indeed so piteous a thing as it seemed to the parent? Or was his

¹ See, for Japanese text and translation, A Romanized Japanese Reader, by Professor B. H. Chamberlain. The beautiful version

for children, written by Mrs. F. H. James, belongs to the celebrated Japanese Fairy-Tale Series, published at Tōkyō.

emotion vain as my own regret for the destiny of all those mirrors with all their recollections?

I cannot help fancying that the innocence of the maiden was nearer to eternal truth than the feeling of the father. For in the cosmic order of things the present is the shadow of the past, and the future must be the shadow of the present. One are we all, even as Light is, though unspeakable the millions of the vibrations whereby it is made. One are we all, and yet many, because each is a world of ghosts. Surely that girl saw and spoke to her mother's very soul, while seeing the fair shadow of her own young lips and eyes, uttering love!

And, with this thought, the strange

display in the old temple court takes a new meaning, — becomes the symbolism of a sublime expectation. Each of us is truly a mirror, imaging something of the universe, — reflecting also the reflection of ourselves in that universe; and the destiny of each is to be molten by the perpetual image-maker, Death, into some great sweet passionless unity. How the vast work shall be wrought, only those to come after us may know. We of the present West do not know; we merely dream. But the ancient East believes. Here is the simple imagery of the faith. All forms must vanish at last to blend with the Being whose smile is immutable Rest, whose knowledge is Infinite Vision.

Lafcadio Hearn.

LAND OF MY DREAMS.

O SPACIOUS, splendid Land that no man knows,

Whose mystery as the tideless sea is deep,

Whose beauty haunts me in the courts of sleep!

What whispering wind from thy hid garden blows,

Sweet with the breath of Love's celestial rose?

What fields hast thou that mortal may not reap?

What soft enchantment do those meadows keep

Through which Life's bright, unfathomed river flows?

I can resist thy charm when noon is high;

Mine ears are deafened while earth's clamors rave;

But now the sun has set, the winds are low,

And night with her proud company draws nigh,

Thy spell prevails, thy mystic joys I crave —

Land of my Dreams, I will arise and go.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

A PLAYWRIGHT'S NOVITIATE.

IF not the last, at least one of the most inevitable infirmities of noble minds — that is, noble literary minds — seems to be the ambition to write a play. Who has not written a play, or tried to write one? Strange to say, authors do not seem to feel ashamed of having had their plays rejected. Indeed, they feel regarding it as people feel about their ignorance of American history or the Old Testament. They speak of it with the charming frankness that persons display in the confession of some of their favorite faults: pride, for instance, or self-indulgence. They never tell you that they are mean or inclined to take advantage of their fellows, or that they are jealous of their wives or husbands as the case may be. So no author ever tells you that the magazines reject his articles, or that he cannot find a publisher for his novel; but he is no more mortified in telling you that he has failed to get his play accepted than that he cannot tell you in which of our not very numerous wars the battle of the Brandywine was fought, or in which book of the Old Testament to find Ahasuerus.

This buoyant acknowledgment of failure probably proceeds from two causes, the knowledge of the universal prevalence of such failure, and the conviction that it does not require very high talent to succeed, — that it is rather good luck than good work that achieves success. We all feel sure that we could get ourselves up in American history or the Old Testament if we made a business of it, and that it would not be difficult to eradicate the vice of pride if we seriously found it was not justifiable; and by the same rule, that we could unquestionably write a play that would not fail if we really went at it with a will.

But is it as easy as American history and the Old Testament? It is said there are between two and three thou-

sand plays written annually in the United States, and we all know how few are produced, and that fewer succeed. Of all trades, the dramatist's needs the most assiduous apprenticeship. One may almost say, it takes three generations to produce a playwright. The very spirit of the theatre must animate you; its traditions, its unwritten law, fill your mind and mould your thoughts. You must see things with the *optique du théâtre*. Nobody can tell you what to read, how to "study up," if you approach this work unprofessionally as a lay person. The only advice you will get is, Read everything that appears in current literature about the stage, and go to see every play that is produced. Saturate yourself with the theatre, give your nights and days to the study of the French dramatists, and feel confident that if you have any dramatic talent, in the course of a decade or two you may write a play which, with a good deal of alteration, may be found worthy to be put upon the stage.

In point of fact, there is no more disagreeable business than that of writing for the stage, and none more difficult. The disappointments are manifold, the chances of success minute. There are many experiences entailed that are very vexatious; one is brought in contact with capricious managers, self-willed actors, personal spite, and envy inconceivable. One must have courage and not much pride. A novitiate of hard blows seems inevitable to the career. Some one was expressing to Boucicault sympathy for an author who had had five plays rejected. "Five plays?" said Boucicault. "I wrote seventeen before I had one accepted."

This being the case, why do people keep on writing plays? Certainly not for fame, for it is the actor who gets the glory, not the author. There are some admirable playwrights in this age, and

even some in this country, but of these the average play-goer knows scarcely the names. Of course "the profession" knows the rank and standing of each playwright, just as the publishers know the rank and standing of each story-writer; but the general public cares very little for the playwright, and very much for the actor who interprets him. Every shop-girl knows Ouida and the Duchess, because she sees their names on the covers of the books she reads; but she could not tell you whether Dumas or Sardou, Belasco or Bronson Howard, wrote the plays over which she has shed briny tears. One is not likely to write plays, therefore, for fame, if one can write anything else.

It is probably the hope of the pudding, and not the praise, that drives the three thousand pens over the paper annually. No doubt the reports of the remuneration are very much exaggerated, but it is certain that the profits of a successful play are vastly in excess of the profits of a successful novel. A play that makes a hit is a fortune to its writer. It may take two months to write a play, and, perhaps, two years to write a novel. The play, if decidedly successful, might bring one a hundred thousand dollars, and the novel would be doing brilliantly if it brought five thousand. I am told by a reputable publisher that twelve hundred dollars is the average profit to an author in good standing of a fairly successful novel. I am told by a well-known playwright that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has not unfrequently been received in royalties on a very popular play. There is therefore some excuse for the dramatic efforts of the three thousand; but their constant disappointments prove that there is no royal road to fortune. When the two months' scribbling brings in two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, there must be the preparation for the scribbling, the long apprenticeship, to be taken into account. But beside the positive pudding and the

possible praise, there is perhaps in the heart of the three thousand an inborn love of the drama. "Dramatic literature," says Lewes, "may be extinct, but the dramatic instinct is ineradicable."

The church seems always to have had a quarrel with the drama, ever since it passed from a religious ceremony into an art. Now, some one says, it is passing rapidly from an art into an amusement. And it is true that people do not go to the theatre to have a sermon preached to them; but preach it as Sardou preached it in *Fedora*, and they will listen. And you need not give them your text; they will know for themselves that it is, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Give them an object lesson like *The School for Scandal*, and they will not reproach you that they are being taught to hate hypocrisy and cant. The drama is such a mighty means of moving man, that no time and brains need be grudged in its service.

A play should be more than a sketch of character, the picture of an epoch, a vague airy vehicle for a piece of good acting. It ought to be the essence of something; it ought to have some one thought that will bear repetition, and give the thing strength, a sermon that will preach itself, a highly concentrated bit of life. Anything less than this seems an unjustifiable trespassing upon the time of the public. "The dramatic instinct is ineradicable;" we *must* have plays. Let us give of our best to make them good.

The art of the playwright, though he has no textbooks, and only chance masters, must still be learned in some way. There must be some rough general rules, by which one can hew one's marble out and make a beginning. The most elementary of these seems to be a concentration of mind on the construction of your play, and a noble disregard of your dialogue. Do not be betrayed into trying to get in some pretty incident or some clever *mot*.

"Rhymes the rudders are of verses,
By which, like ships, they steer their
courses."

If you allow yourself to be led unduly by incident or phrase, you will go upon the rocks. A play looks so easy to make; all you seem to need is a strong dramatic situation or two, and a terse, vigorous pen at dialogue. But the dialogue is the last of your requirements. Everything comes before it, — the motive, the action, the characters, and above all the construction. You must make a play that a deaf man could enjoy if he came to the theatre. Of course good dialogue is good, but it is the least important part of an acting play. Fine literary skill is said to be thrown away in the modern play, but everything else being there it would probably not hurt the piece. It might be something of a waste to have a drop curtain painted by Fortuny, but perhaps it would be a pleasanter thing to look at than those we generally contemplate during the entr'actes. However, scene-painting, in a certain sense, is what the playwright has to do. He needs freedom and breadth, and must do rather coarse work. He must exaggerate; he need not hope to have any but great actors catch his delicate touches, and bring out his *nuances*. He must remember that he is not going to have a company of Bernhardt's and Ellen Terrys and Salvini's to interpret him to the world. He must write a play that will go of itself, that will do to put upon the road, to produce in the provinces with third-rate actors; that is, if he is hoping to make a "popular success," and that, we have seen, is generally the only motive he has.

Correct construction requires one to have everything in definite form in one's mind before beginning to work. Most dramatists construct the last act, some of them write it out even to the minutest detail, before putting pen to paper on the others. This working up to an end, so indispensable to the dramatist, would be very hampering and very un-

necessary to the writer of a romance. While I cannot conceive of a story being patched up and pieced out and changed materially in the course of its construction, it is easy to see how many minor incidents may bloom out of the original stem and add to its graceful completeness. In writing a romance, the words slip off one's pen in some mysterious way; one seems to think from its nib. In writing a play, *au contraire*, one picks the thoughts out of the box of one's brain and sets them up with rigid precision. It is like the difference between an orator speaking and a lawyer preparing his brief. The orator thinks on his legs, with a sea of faces before him; the lawyer thinks in his study, with a pile of books upon his table. At the same time, it is not well to be without preparation in anything, "and to trust to the inspiration of the moment is like trusting to a shipwreck for one's first swimming lesson."

Say to yourself: "In my first act I must show my audience what I am going to do. In my second I must show them that I am doing it. In my third I must show them that I have done it." Each act, they tell you, must be wound up with a situation, a sort of pyrotechnic explosion; the third act to end with the strongest dynamite of all. The fourth act is generally a sort of smoothing out, straightening up, reconciliation, compensation, and all that, which does not interfere with the putting on of wraps and ordering of carriages. The act next the last should always be the strongest one, but the last must not be without its climax.

They say that in all writing the more left out the better. In writing for the stage it is eminently so. One never knows, until after trying to write a play, how many unnecessary words are used in the telling of an ordinary story; how one can condense and condense, and not lose the sense, but only make it stronger. Whatever you have learned to become a writer of novels you must unlearn if you are

to become a writer of plays. The methods are absolutely opposed. In the novel you have unbounded liberty, a most demoralizing freedom in the length of your conversations, in the amplitude of your descriptions; in your analysis of character you can "talk about it, goddess, and about it," and your reader can skip if he wants to, and cannot hiss you if he does not like it. But in the play you must not talk at all. You cannot describe anything, you cannot analyze anything. Action, action, action, — that is all that is allowed you. You must boil down your plot into a triple extract of explanation. It is very poor work that necessitates long histories, and most of all monologues. The story must be told, but the condensation must be very skillful; every least word must tell, every statement must carry a ton's weight of force. And as to analysis or description of character, it is totally *défendu*. The characters describe themselves; you analyze them in action, in a skillful ejaculation here or there, a moment of hesitation, an impulse of dissimulation, a glance of distrust. It is very poor work to label your characters before they appear: as, for instance, a bell rings; one of the servants (who generally occupy the stage for the first few minutes while the people are seating themselves) starts and exclaims, "Ah, there's master! He'll be in a temper. He always is in a temper." Let the master appear, and let him show his temper if he has one, but it is bad form to ticket him. You must drive home names and relationships and the few absolutely indispensable antecedent facts, but in the fewest words conceivable and the strongest.

And whereas in the novel you conceal your plot from your reader, and spring upon him surprise after surprise, in the play you take the audience into your confidence, you and the house must be *en rapport*. You may begot your characters as much as you like, set them by the ears, make them puzzle and torment

one another in every way known to science, but you must not so treat your audience. The audience you have buttonholed. You are whispering in its ear, and making clear to it all that is going forward on the stage. You must not, of course, make it all too plain to your hearer. You must give him *dénouements*, but you must prepare him for them. Dumas calls the first law of the theatre *l'art des préparations*. Legouvé says: "The public is a creature at once very exacting, very strange, and very *inconsequent*. It demands that, on the stage, everything should be, at one and the same time, carefully prepared and absolutely impromptu. If anything falls from the skies, it is shocked; if a fact is too much announced, it is bored. We must, to please it, take it at the same time as confidant and dupe; that is, we must let drop here and there a careless, suggestive word which will enter its ears without arresting its full attention, and which, when the *coup de théâtre* comes, will draw from it an exclamation of delight and wonder, as who should say, 'That's true. He told us as much. What fools not to have guessed at it!'"

While you are very much hampered by the rules for putting a play together, it is consoling to remember that there is no paucity of materials for its creation; that, in fact, the whole boundless universe is yours; that you can draw from all nature. If you cannot use one thing, you can another; and if you think long enough, it is marvelous how many situations, incidents, and devices will come to you.

The *mise en scène*, above all in comedy, is a modern art. It is not so very long ago that the actors of the Théâtre Français would stand side by side, before the prompter's box, reciting their tirades. The author wrote on his manuscript, "The scene takes place in a drawing-room," but in point of fact nothing took place as it does in a drawing-room. Legouvé says: "Scribe was one of the first to throw upon the scene all

the animation of real life. A manuscript of his contains but a part of his work, — the speaking part; the rest plays itself; the gestures complete the words, the silences form part of the dialogue, and dashes end the phrases. Scribe inaugurated the dash, — the *petit point*. In one monologue, a page long, in one of his plays, there are eighty-three dashes. To be sure, this monologue, full of abrupt reticences, he puts in the mouth of a young girl, and young girls, we know, never say more than half they think."

It certainly is a point gained, and not a small point, when the actors in a play speak the language of common life. But it must be an idealized common life; it must be lifted out of the rank of a photograph, and put on the plane of a picture. You must give it the flavor of the present, but you must have the fine art to take out of it the commonplace, the perishable. Your language must be easy, but not "free and easy." We have got to be "natural" nowadays; there is a loud cry for that; but to be natural does not mean to be prosaic and to be forbidden idealization. Realism is desirable, if one has the art of being typically real, and not in the usual manner of the stage business of the day. How many matches has one seen struck, how many cigars lighted, how many feet warmed at fenders, how many afternoon tea-tables laid!

These things are all very well in their way, but they are not the drama. "More belongs to riding than a pair of boots," the German proverb says, and more belongs to a play than the lighting of cigars and the drinking of teas. If your afternoon tea emphasizes anything, the hour, the intimacy of the people meeting, the presentness of the date, it is legitimate enough, though it is not novel. Stage business should grow naturally out of the play; the play must not grow out of the stage business.

Above all, have your *motif*, your central idea, and keep to it, and illustrate it, and rub it in pretty deeply. It is sur-

prising how much accentuation may help people's appreciation of a character. In a story, even, this is so; in a play very much more. In your story, if you give your heroine a *nez retroussé*, it is not enough to say so when you describe her, but you must insist upon it, and repeat it in various ways and on many occasions. By such means your reader gets the feature fixed in his mind, which perhaps he overlooked in the first description, and the picture is strengthened. An accomplished critic might object to the repetition; but one is not writing for the accomplished critic so much as for the average reader, who is in a hurry, and who is not studying the book to make an article about it.

The average play-goer is even more superficial in his estimate of the work before him. He catches little more than the salient points; therefore be careful to provide him with plenty of salient points to catch. Of course this playing to the gallery must be regulated by good taste and judgment; one cannot afford to be vulgar even to be successful, but it is a mistake to feel that everybody must know what you have in your mind as well as you know it yourself. As the art of story-telling consists largely in the power of making clear to your hearers what you have to tell, do not be afraid of making it too clear. The human mind resents unnecessary labor from which it might have been saved by the clearer thinking and better writing of the person who has assumed to amuse or instruct.

Another difference between story-writing and play-writing is the fact that two people can write a better play than one. To talk over the plot of a play will develop it wonderfully. I doubt if consultation over the writing of a story would help it materially. A story is a more personal emanation of the fancy; in all the delicacy of its shades, its intentions, its implications, it is uniquely yours, and if you change it to suit another you are not unlikely to spoil it.

But a play is of necessity a mechanically constructed thing. Your ideas must be poured into moulds. There is nothing between you and your reader, but between you and your audience there is that cumbrous stage to whose rules you must submit yourself. If you are able to keep the central thought of your play intact, you will be very fortunate. Everything else about it you must reconcile yourself to seeing torn to bits and pasted on here and there as stage rules require. If any two managers agreed about stage rules, it would be a comparatively easy thing to conform to them; but as it is, the Talmud is an easy study in comparison. It is almost a waste of time, for any purpose but that of improving one's style and sharpening one's wits, for a lay person to attempt to write a play alone; some one thoroughly familiar with the theatre is a necessary collaborator. The difficulty then is, that the person who could be of any use to you would not take the trouble, and the person who would take the trouble could not be of any use to you.

One wonders that any plays are written, since there are so many difficulties surrounding the process. Yet managers have hundreds of plays on their shelves unread. It is only through personal interest that they can be got to read a play by a new writer. They do not like to "exploit" new plays, the chances of failure and the expense of producing them are so great. They wait for something that has been tested abroad; and they are not to be blamed for their caution. A play is a lottery. The cleverest critics are unable to say how it is going to take. A playwright who has since made some success told me that after the last rehearsal of a play of his the manager (a noted one) said to him thoughtfully, "I have the greatest confidence in this play. It is the sort of play we want for our house, and it is going to be a hit." The next night it was produced, failed absolutely, and had to be withdrawn within a week.

With a play it is immediate success

or failure, there is no middle course; it is life or death, and no lingering on the confines. With a novel, on the contrary, it is a long time before the last returns are in. You are let down gently; you find gradually that you have not carried the world with you, but there is much egotistical sophistry possible, and hope tells a flattering tale for a good while. There are always, also, a certain number of people to whom you have appealed; even in your unpopularity you are popular with a sympathetic minority, and you try to make yourself believe that the minority are the true critics, and that the failure is only a seeming one. There are numberless things, in fact, that you can make yourself believe, and which save your feelings. But about a play there is no peradventure. If you have failed you have failed, and that is all there is about it. All your work is lost. There is absolutely nothing you can do with it; it is not worth the paper it is written upon; there is no sympathetic minority who can see it and keep your spirits up by their applause. It is dead and buried, and will not ever see the light again. It is perhaps quite fitting that the *début* of a play should be so dramatic, and its failure so tragic; nevertheless it must be a very unpleasant experience for the author, and the prospect does not recruit the ranks of the playwrights. And nobody can tell you why it has failed. There is something uncanny in the will and the won't of it. The best critics cannot predict with any certainty, the most astute managers may make the greatest mistakes. Take, for instance, such an unqualified money success as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Who would have prophesied for it anything but a goody-goody, Washington's Birthday, Saturday *matinée* sort of popularity? It was in the first place a dramatized story, which is said to be always a doubtful experiment, very few dramatized stories having succeeded. It has not a word of love in it, pure or impure; it is, begging its pardon, eminently unnatural, decided-

ly priggish, highly improbable, very sentimental; and yet it has been successful, and what is more, it is a pleasant and attractive little play. Why it is a pleasant and attractive little play will always be a puzzle. Why it was especially popular with the general public is perhaps that the public taste was just ripe for the infant phenomenon; and also it is possible that the human heart in this republic will always throb responsive to any touches of nature or art portraying the lifting of one of its citizens into the ranks of the aristocracy of other lands.

A practical point in the making of a play is the number of characters to be introduced. The old dinner rule, "never less than the Graces, nor more than the Muses," does not need much stretching to fit the case. From the charming little one-act comedy of three, like *Delicate Ground*, up to the fullest blown society play, the Graces and the Muses numerically suffice. A novice will be wise to content himself with eight or nine characters; to do them justice and keep them well in hand he will find quite enough for him. A greater number is confusing and unmanageable. It is well not to

drive four-in-hand till you have got all there is to be learned of the art of driving out of the gray pony before the village cart. In the choice of characters sharp contrasts are needed, and a range of eight or nine types is enough to illustrate a good deal of human nature.

The manager of a stock company sometimes says to an author, "Think of the members of my company, and write a play that will suit each one and give each one something to do." But that seems rather a mechanical process. It is like that "writing to cuts," which I am told is done in magazines: the editor sends the writer some pictures, out of which he is to construct a story which the pictures shall illustrate. Writing a play for an actor or actress who has delighted you would be a different matter and much more tolerable, but even that would be rather hampering to one's fancy. An actor naturally likes a part to be written for him, but requires that it fit him like a glove. It is conceivable that this process of fitting an actor with a play is not a sinecure. In fact, it appears that the path of the playwright is in no sense strewn with roses.

Miriam Coles Harris.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STERNE.

Of all the classic English writers, there is no other, perhaps, who fares so hardly in the present age as Sterne. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that his faults, both as man and author, are the very faults for which this age has the least charity, and that his virtues, both as man and author, are those which at present are least esteemed. Sterne is undeniably loose, sometimes even indecent, in his writings, and, viewed in the light of a parish priest, he falls infinitely below what is now required of a person in that position. The Rev. Laurence Sterne

probably never in his life presided at a mothers' meeting, or held a week-day service, or fasted for the sake of religion. Moreover, Sterne's reputation has received some savage thrusts from writers who were competent to do it great injury. Byron's epigrammatic sentence (paraphrased from Horace Walpole), that Sterne preferred "whining over a dead donkey to relieving the necessities of a living mother," was as cruel as it was unjust. Its injustice is shown in Fitzgerald's life of Sterne, and is particularly established by some recently discovered

evidence.¹ Thackeray's estimate of Sterne in his *English Humourists* is not so flagrantly unfair as his estimate of Dean Swift, but still it is very misleading, and doubtless it has misled many people who naturally but erroneously thought that Thackeray would treat real men as justly and discriminatingly as he treats the unique creations of his own mind.

Above all, Sterne failed to take either himself or the world seriously; and that, from our present point of view, is almost an unpardonable fault. If Sterne had formulated his paganism in a system, writing two or three dull, serious volumes about it; if, instead of flirting with every pretty woman who came in his way, he had simply broken two or three hearts for his own edification, after the manner of Goethe, — if such had been his course, we should find it easier to appreciate him.

For the same reason, — that is, the seriousness of the age, — even Sterne's style, beautiful as it is, hardly suffices to redeem him. We have had, to be sure, within the past fifty years, some great examples of style in literature, such as Cardinal Newman in England, and Hawthorne in this country; but, on the whole, style is a thing which writers have almost ceased to cultivate, and which readers do not much enjoy. If one considers the magazine and review literature of the present time, one is struck by the correctness and lucidity of the language employed, even by its conciseness, which is one element of a good style, but its dullness and uniformity are also striking. All the essays — with a few exceptions — might have been written by one man; the personal element is entirely left out of them; they have no spontaneity, and evince none of the joy of creation. I have a particular feeling for Sterne's writings, because it was from him that I first obtained the notion of style as a source of pleasure in reading. I can recall the very moment when, as I began to read

Tristram Shandy, it flashed across me that a written sentence might be a thing of beauty just as much as a painting, or a piece of sculpture, or a scene in nature. But in our day, neither Sterne's style, nor his humor, nor his pathos, nor his candor outweighs his faults. Thackeray called him "an old scamp." Carlyle, however, has these words about Sterne, and they fall like balm upon the wounded ears of his lovers.

Carlyle, after speaking of Swift, goes on: "Another man of much the same way of thinking, and very well deserving notice, was Laurence Sterne. In him also there was a great quantity of good struggling through the superficial evil. He terribly failed in the discharge of his duties; still, we must admire in him that sportive kind of geniality and affection, still a son of our common mother, not cased up in buckram formulas, as the other writers were, clinging to forms and not touching realities. And, much as has been said against him, we cannot help feeling his immense love for things around him; so that we may say of him as of Magdalen, 'much is forgiven him, because he loved much.' A good simple being after all."²

Was this "good, simple being" possessed of a philosophy? "It is one of the common mistakes to suppose that only learned people have a philosophy. If by philosophy we mean a theory of life, some sort of principle on which facts are arranged, then there is no one possessed of reason who has not a philosophy, no matter how unconscious of it he may be."³ In this sense Sterne had a philosophy, and a very real and consistent one. No man of genius, it must be admitted, was ever less given to abstract thinking than he; but in all that he did and in all that he wrote he was actuated by an underlying philosophic principle: this, namely, that the instincts of the human heart are good, and should be de-

¹ See the *Cornhill Magazine* for November, 1892.

² From *Lectures on Literature*.

³ J. O. S. Huntington.

ferred to and cultivated. Every novelist, in especial, has a philosophy. His theme is the conduct of human life and the relations of human beings one to another; and if he treats this theme with any kind of seriousness, some philosophic principle must emerge from his works, some consistent view of human nature or some fundamental rule of conduct. It would be an interesting study to trace such rules and principles in the writings of our great novelists. Sir Henry Sumner Maine once dropped some very suggestive remarks on this score. He said:—

“It does not seem to me a fantastic assertion that the ideas of one of the great novelists of the last generation may be traced to Bentham, and those of another to Rousseau. Dickens, who spent his early manhood among the politicians of 1832, trained in Bentham’s school, hardly ever wrote a novel without attacking an abuse. The procedure of the Court of Chancery and of the Ecclesiastical Courts, the delays of the Public Officer, the costliness of divorce, the state of the dwellings of the poor, and the condition of the cheap schools in the North of England furnished him with what he seemed to consider, in all sincerity, the true moral of a series of fictions. The opinions of Thackeray have a strong resemblance to those to which Rousseau gave popularity. It is a very just remark of Mill that the attractions which Nature and the State of Nature had for Rousseau may be partly accounted for as a reaction against the excessive admiration of civilization and progress which took possession of educated men in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Theoretically, at any rate, Thackeray hated the artificialities of civilization, and it must be owned that some of his favorite personages have about them something of Rousseau’s natural man as he would have shown himself in real life,—something, that is, of the violent blackguard.”

Sterne, far more than Thackeray,

hated “the artificialities of civilization,” and although his characters have nothing of “the violent blackguard” about them, his philosophy of human conduct is substantially the philosophy of Rousseau. The two writers were contemporary, Rousseau having been born in 1712, Sterne in 1713. There is no reason to believe that Sterne ever read a line of Rousseau, but it may be that the same reactionary feeling, spoken of by Maine, affected the English novelist as well as the French philosopher. At all events, we find in Sterne’s fiction the very embodiment and concrete working out of Rousseau’s theory of human conduct. Rousseau, as the reader will not need to be reminded, declared that in the “natural man” there is a true instinct of pity or benevolence which guides him aright; whereas in the civilized man this instinct tends to become overlaid and stifled. “Man has by nature,” he declares, “one virtue only, but that one is so obvious that the greatest traducer of the human race was unable to deny its existence. I speak of pity, a quality which must needs be found in a creature who is weak and subject to a thousand ills. Pity is universal and invaluable because it is independent of reason.”

Now, let it be observed how accurately this theory is carried out in the following passage from *The Sentimental Journey*, which is only one of fifty passages that I might cite to the same point:—

“Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise, and what mighty mischief could ensue? Every dirty passion and bad propensity in my nature took the alarm, as I stated the proposition. It will oblige you to have a third horse, said Avarice, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket. You know not what she is, said Caution, or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whispered Cowardice. Depend upon it, Yorick, said Discretion, ’t will be said you went off with a mistress, and

came by assignation to Calais for that purpose. You can never after, cried Hypocrisy aloud, show your face in the world — or rise, quoth Meanness, in the church, or be anything in it, said Pride, but a lousy prebendary. But 't is a civil thing, said I — and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose that I know of but to encompass the heart with adamant, I turned instantly about to the lady."

Here we have the whole sum and substance of Rousseau's doctrine of the natural impulses; and there is a great deal to be said for it. In fact, a great deal has been said for it. Darwin found in the instinct of pity the source of all morality; and thus was speculation justified by science.

"Mandeville," wrote Rousseau, "clearly saw that, with all their morality, men would never have been anything better than monsters, if nature had not given them pity in support of reason; but he did not perceive that from this quality alone spring all those social virtues which, he contends, are unnatural to man. What are generosity, mercy, and philanthropy, but pity in its practical application to the weak, to the culpable, to humanity in general!"

Thus Rousseau in 1760; and Darwin, a hundred years later, declared that "the moral sense is fundamentally identical with the social instincts, and that the social instincts are substantially the same in all animals."

It is true, of course, that this doctrine of pity, of intuitive sympathy, does not furnish a perfectly satisfactory guide to conduct. Sterne's own life is a sufficient proof of that. No man ever followed out his impulses with more fidelity, and those impulses were not always good. Pity will not keep a man out of mischief. Moreover, it is possible to disregard the voice of pity; and that, according to Rousseau, as we shall presently see, is just what the civilized man does.

Pity needs to be fortified by principle; and a character in which the instinct of pity is strong, and principle is weak, will be just such a character as Carlyle ascribed to Sterne. "The difficulty of this sort of character," wrote Mr. Bagehot, in his essay upon Sterne and Thackeray, "is the difficulty of keeping it; it does not last. There is a certain bloom of sensibility and feeling about it which in the course of nature is apt to fade soon, and which, when it has faded, there is nothing to replace. A character with the binding elements, with a firm will, a masculine understanding, and a persistent conscience, may retain and perhaps improve the early and original freshness; but a loose-set though pure character, the moment it is thrown into temptation, sacrifices its purity, loses its gloss, and gets (so to speak) out of form entirely."

Nevertheless, the most hardened among us can discover and obey, if he will, the instinct of pity, for there is no heart without it; and in an age like the present, from which the element of spontaneity has very nearly been eliminated, it is well to remind ourselves of this primeval impulse. Nor need we be ashamed because we share it with the dumb and, as we say, soulless animals. I have seen — and I trust that the reader will not despise the humbleness of my illustration — I have seen a tiny bull-terrier pup, barely old enough to toddle, run to comfort a fellow pup who cried out in distress from cold and loneliness. The instinct of pity moved this pup, and it was the same instinct that arrested the good Samaritan in his journey, and caused him to bind up the wounds of him who had fallen among thieves. Sterne's philosophy is the glorification of this instinct. It was no sense of duty that sent Uncle Toby in haste to the bedside of the dying Le Fevre. The impulse was as natural in him as ever were hunger and thirst, and even more irresistible. Nor was it without reason that Sterne represented this spontaneous benevolence

as existing in the breast of the simple-minded captain, and not in that of his clever and intellectual though somewhat fantastic brother. Here again Sterne was unconsciously illustrating the philosophy of Rousseau.

"It is only suffering in the abstract which disturbs the tranquil repose of the philosopher, or drags him at an untimely hour from his bed. You are perfectly safe in murdering your fellow-creature beneath his academic window, for he has but to reason a little, covering his ears with his hands, and behold he has stifled the natural impulse to identify himself with your victim. The savage lacks this admirable talent; being deficient in reason and sagacity, he stupidly gives himself over to sentiments of humanity. If a riot be impending in the streets, the populace assemble, but the prudent citizen takes himself off; it is the *canaille*, the fishwomen, who interfere, separate the combatants, and prevent the rogues from cutting each other's throats."

But this, of course, is only half true. It does not, as Rousseau implies, quite follow that the more ignorant a man is, the more he will be full of pity, the kinder and the more merciful. Nor do learning and refinement always make people selfish and cruel. However, the contradiction is only in appearance. Undoubtedly the animal instinct of pity is strongest among people who are close to nature; that is, generally speaking, among those who are least educated or civilized. It is proverbial that such people give of their poverty more freely than the rich give of their abundance. Undoubtedly, also, learning and refinement and civilization tend to paralyze the animal instinct of pity. But in the truly civilized man the instinct of pity will be fortified by principle. Thus extremes in human nature tend to meet. Between the highest and the lowest class in any communi-

ty there are many and substantial points of resemblance; whereas both these classes have much less in common with what we call the middling sort of people. It is among such people that the instinct of pity will be the weakest; it has lost its primeval strength, and it has not yet gained the strength of principle. A few years ago, a crowd of London shopkeepers, gathered in a London park, allowed a little child to drown before their eyes in the shallow waters of the Serpentine, rather than wade out to rescue it. It is safe to say that neither a patrician nor a peasant mob would have been so cold.¹

At all events, whatever the effect of civilization upon the animal instinct of pity, this instinct is the source and basis of all benevolence; and it behooves us not to lose sight of it, nor ignorantly to substitute for it some cold and impersonal theory of almsgiving. It is the existence of this instinct which explains the charm of certain natures, the attraction — to a stranger almost unaccountable — which they have for all persons who come in contact with them. Prosper Mérimée, for example, represented the very quintessence of civilization, and of what we call, in this country, "effete civilization." He had probed the world, and found it hollow. He was a cynic and a pessimist. Nevertheless, those who knew him loved him, and it was because, notwithstanding his sophistications, he stood close to nature. He had the primeval instinct of pity. "I do not like to do anything selfish or mean," he wrote in a private letter, "because I am bound to suffer a severe attack of remorse for it afterward." That paints a character in which principle has been transformed into a taste, an instinct, but an instinct fortified by principle and reason.

Schopenhauer, following Rousseau, has described such a character in a passage

that Londoners rely upon the police in all emergencies. While the people were calling for the police, the child was drowned.

¹ This remarkable incident was moralized upon at much length by The Spectator, which ascribed the inaction of the crowd to the fact

which I cannot forbear quoting, because it puts the matter so forcibly and thoroughly : —

“Suppose two young people, Caius and Titus, both passionately in love, and each with a different maiden. Let each one find in his way a rival, to whom external circumstances have given a very decided advantage. Both shall have made up their minds to put each his own rival out of the world, and both shall be secure against any discovery or even suspicion. But when each for himself sets about the preparations for the murder, both of them, after some inner conflict, shall give up the attempt. They shall render account to us plainly and truthfully of why they have thus decided. Now, what account Caius shall render the reader shall decide as he pleases. Let Caius be prevented by religious scruples, by the will of God, by the future punishment, by the coming judgment, or by anything of that sort. Or let him, with Kant, say, ‘I reflected that the maxim of my procedure, in this case, would not have been fit to serve as an universal rule for all possible rational beings, since I should have used my rival as Means, and not at the same time as End in himself.’ . . . Or let him say, after Adam Smith, ‘I foresaw that my deed, if I did it, would arouse no sympathy with me in the spectators of the act.’ . . . In short, let him say what he will. But Titus, whose account of himself I reserve for my choice, — let him say, ‘When I began to prepare, and so for the moment was busy no longer with my passion, but with my rival, then it became for the first time quite clear to me what now was really to be his fate. But just here pity and compassion overcame me. I grieved for him ; my heart would not be put down ; I could not do it.’

“I ask now every honest and unprejudiced reader, Which of the two is the better man ? To which of the two would he rather entrust his fate ? Which of them was restrained by the purer mo-

tive ? Where, therefore, lies the principle of moral action ? ” ¹

Every one, I think, must agree with Schopenhauer that Titus is the better man, though possibly Caius may deserve the more credit. That is, the struggle was harder with Caius ; he wrestled with himself more severely before bringing himself to surrender his own impulse in deference to the moral or intellectual principle in which he believed. But at best Caius is only on the road to the goal which Titus has reached already. Caius imposes a law upon his nature ; Titus follows out his own nature. Caius, I repeat, may be more deserving of reward, but Titus more nearly represents the ideal man. Titus has kept the natural instinct of pity, whereas in Caius it has perished.

In these days, Titus has almost been argued out of existence ; but Caius, good, exemplary man, devotes his whole life to associated charities, coöperative societies, and schemes of moral reform. Caius, if you be hungry and your breath does not smell of liquor, will give you a soup ticket. If you are sick and in want, he will come and investigate your “case.” If you are healthy and prosperous, he will take no interest in you. Caius neither loves much nor hates much, and therefore he excites in others neither violent love nor violent hatred. He is far from nature, and no strong impulse, good or bad, prompts him to action. He would not dash into the street to pluck you from under the wheels of a passing vehicle ; but after you had been run over, he would take measures to have you accommodated with a bed in a hospital.

Such is Caius ; and here we have Titus, as Sterne depicted him : —

“The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre’s and his afflicted son’s ; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids,

¹ This translation is quoted from Professor Royce’s work, *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy*.

and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down on the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him; and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. 'You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,' said my Uncle Toby, 'to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.'

"There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause*, of it—which let you at once

into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something, in his looks and voice and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that, before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had pressed up insensibly close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken."

It is hard to realize that Uncle Toby never existed,—that no kind impulse ever flushed his cheek, that no tear of pity ever glistened in his eye. He lived only in the imagination of one Parson Sterne, and he illustrates the philosophy held consciously or unconsciously by that "old scamp," as Thackeray called him.

Henry Childs Merwin.

OUR QUINZAINÉ AT LA SALETTE.

THE Alps of Dauphiné abound in picturesque scenery and scenes, but there is no single spot among them that possesses more of what one may call many-sided picturesqueness than that tiny shelf on the mountain-side, high up among the peaks and precipices of one of the wildest of rocky regions, that veritable oasis in the desert, which is the goal of the famous pilgrimage of Our Lady of La Salette.

The way thither from civilization is hardly less picturesque than the spot itself. Taking Grenoble for a starting-point, we first proceed by railway (twelve

miles) through the beautiful valley of the Drac, with mountains not only on each side, but behind and even before us, to St. George de Commiers, where we change for the line of La Mure, and if possible seat ourselves in an open or "observation" carriage.

Then immediately we begin to climb the mountain (eighteen hundred feet) through a series of loop and double-loop tunnels, which are more remarkable—because the area that incloses them is much more contracted—than those of the St. Gotthard. And when the line emerges from them at successive eleva-

tions, it follows the very edge of a giddy precipice, at times literally suspended at a height of from eight hundred to one thousand feet above the valley of the Drac, now narrowed to a mere gorge.

With every hundred feet, too, that we ascend, the surrounding mountains become more distinct and more interesting; for if we are already lovers of Dauphiné, each one of these peaks is a dear, familiar friend. Away to the north is the group of the Grande Chartreuse, the stately summits of the Dent de Crolles and the Clamechaude towering aloft precisely where they are needed to form an impressive background. Then toward the south is the huge obelisk of the Mont Aiguille, and at the west the long chain which stretches from the Moucherotte to the Moucherolle.

Soon we have passed the venerable château of La Motte, with its forests and healing waters, and, following the broad table-land, arrive at the station of La Mure, where huge breaks are waiting to help us forward on our way. First of all, we are conveyed to the Hôtel Pelloux, near by, for lunch. And then — but before we have had time either to do justice to Madame Pelloux's excellent cooking, or to seize the striking points of our fellow-travelers, who are chiefly "pious pilgrims," and from every part of the Old and New Worlds — the drivers call to us to take our seats again. If the time is July or August, we take them with the utmost alacrity, for during those months there are usually more passengers than places for them in the vehicles.

Then follows a four hours' drive through the upper valley of the Drac, — past several of those curious pyramidal mountains so characteristic of Dauphiné, which always seem as if they had been cast in Titanic moulds and then turned out upon the plain, — to Corps, or *Corpse*, as it is called by the inhabitants, a pronunciation which, by the way, is considered exceedingly pretty!

Here other breaks are waiting, and

into them we and our luggage are transferred, or rather *should be* transferred; for one must keep a sharp lookout upon one's belongings at this particular moment, otherwise half of them will be left for a more convenient season. But the wise and prudent among travelers do not go heavily laden to La Salette; they know by experience that on such a journey unnecessary articles are apt to become white elephants of the most elephantine proportions.

Now we are in a smaller break, and we set out with two most uninteresting-looking horses, which nevertheless arouse considerable interest on our part, because we cannot imagine how they are to drag us up any, even the most gradual, ascent. However, they do manage to get us out of Corps by something that is less a street than a cleft between two lines of houses, and then by a little road which follows the edge of the gorge, the very narrowest *route carrossable* I have ever driven over. Here the mountain is luxuriantly wooded, and all is very peaceful; there is no suggestion of what is to come, except that the road looks as if it may end abruptly against one of the precipitous shoulders which every turn brings nearer.

Just before reaching the village of La Salette (which we ignorantly had supposed to be identical with Nôtre Dame de La Salette), three additional horses are attached to our break; but we are so absorbed in looking at the "mountains of the pilgrimage," now immediately above us, the terrible face of the Gargas marked midway by horizontal lines (a whispér beside us says that one of them is our road), — we are so taken up by all this, that we do not reflect upon the significance of five horses attached to a small and very light vehicle until it is too late to get out; for being women, we cannot spring to the ground while the break is in motion.

Several of our fellow-travelers, wiser than ourselves, and more *dévo*t also, for

they are veritable pilgrims, decided some time ago to make the remainder of the way on foot ; the others, who are feeble, aged persons, unfit to walk, say their *chapelet* in the break. And this is the first service of our *quinzaine*.

Presently the road, or what is called so by courtesy, over which we have been driving from Corps comes to an end, as we had thought it might. Not, however, against any insuperable barrier of rock or precipice ; it ceases simply because it has not been laid out any further. But this fact does not arrest our progress. On the contrary, we go on faster than before ; for the horses, vehemently urged forward, dash up the steep hillside over something which is hardly wider than a mule-path, here encumbered with a quantity of loose stones, there passing over ledges of slate worn so smooth by the constant traffic that it seems as if no footing could be found upon them. Often the inner wheels of the break are high on the sloping ledge, while the outer ones are down in an uneven gully, and there is not a semblance of protection on the side nearest the precipice. Our driver's reins are attached to two only of the five horses, and, according to the custom of the country, a little boy runs on in front to whip and guide the others.

A very sharp turn is made, and then it is a relief to see that the horses are being brought to a standstill, for the driver tells us there is a steeper bit beyond, and "all the world" must walk for a time. I, for one, decide not to mount the vehicle again, preferring "nature's tandem," for such an absolutely unprotected road, to any Dauphiné arrangement of horses. And so, going on in advance, I ascend the steep bit, wind round with the windings of the gorge, skirt the nearly perpendicular grass slopes of the Côtebelle, follow the horizontal line (which we saw from below) cut in the rocky face of the Gargas and just now rendered really dangerous by the rolling down of great stones from the quarry above, and reach Our

Lady of La Salette nearly an hour before the break.

One ought to say here, for the benefit of those who do not know the place even by hearsay, that previous to 1846, the year of the reputed miracle which excited so much controversy in the ecclesiastical and religious world, what is now called the "holy mountain" was a totally uninhabited region. Only a sheep path led to it, and it was unvisited save by the shepherds and herdsmen, who at midsummer drove their flocks to its green pastures. But now, upon this little plateau, more than five thousand feet above the sea and close to the scene of the "*apparition*," as it is called, there is a group of substantial buildings, in the centre a really noble church ; on one side the seminary and school, with a hostelry for men ; and on the other that for women. When I add that of late years as many as eighty thousand persons have taken part in a single festival, some notion may be gained of the veneration with which the spot is regarded by "the people."

Its surroundings are very striking, almost majestic, in their wildness and utter solitariness. The eminence against which the buildings nestle is green, and so is the Col which they face ; but on neither of them is there a single tree or shrub, — only the rude cross which marks the summit of every elevation hereabouts, while the long line of peaks which form the horizon on the right are as gaunt and barren as the Gargas on the left. On every side are precipices so nearly perpendicular, so tremendous in their depth, that one has the horrible feeling of not being exactly on *terra firma*. I have known persons so oppressed by this feeling at La Salette that they were unable to rest at night, dreaming again and again that their beds were suspended over a frightful abyss, and not daring to move by even a hair's breadth, lest they should be precipitated into its depths.

Those are fortunate pilgrims who arrive, as we did, with the evening caravan,

for I think the mountain of Our Lady is never so impressive as at the first still hours of twilight, when the glow and color of sunset have just faded from the circle of peaks, and the mystery of night already broods over the valley. And then, immediately, while one is still awed by the aspect of the outer world, comes the evening service, which at La Salette is peculiarly striking, especially when it is the first that one attends.

The congregation itself is remarkable, made up as it is of the "missionaries," the sisters, the schoolboys (who lead the responses and do the greater part of the singing), the entire company of pilgrims, both men and women, the drivers who have brought one up from Corps, the masons who have been at work all day upon the buildings (now being enlarged), and even the men who are mending the road and quarrying the stone on the mountain-side.

Then the church is entirely without lights, except for the six lamps suspended before the high altar, and the tapers which burn, here and there, at some favorite shrine; for the service is the Evening Prayer (said in French) and the Litany of the Virgin, and as the worshipers know every word of both by heart, there is little need to look at books. Even the hymns seemed to be familiar to nearly every one present. All were in French, and sung to the most popular of tunes; indeed, I have never been in a Roman Church where the worship is so emphatically congregational.

At the close of the litany there is a single petition to "Notre Dame de La Salette, Réconciliatrice des pêcheurs," and then one of the fathers goes into the pulpit, carrying a lighted taper. This is in order that he may read the long lists of requests sent in that day for the prayers of the faithful: "Un prêtre et sa paroisse, une école laïcisée, la conversion d'un père de famille, les intentions de plusieurs personnes, une famille vivement éprouvée, une guérison," etc.

Afterwards come the usual petitions for the benefactors of the church, for the country and its rulers, the army and navy, the *séminaristes-soldats*, the Lord's Prayer and an Ave are said, the taper is blown out, and the sermon follows.

This is usually something very simple, and within the comprehension of the most ignorant person present, an exhortation founded on some part of the Virgin's message, "Si mon peuple ne veut pas se soumettre, je serai forcée de laisser tomber le bras de mon Fils," or one of her reproaches, "Je suis chargée de prier sans cesse, et vous autres vous ne faites pas ça." For one sees here Mariolatry at its height. Our Lord seems to have been removed to an infinite distance, and the Virgin Mother is the all-powerful mediatrix, through whom alone we may venture to approach him.

At nine o'clock service and sermon are ended, and as we reënter the hostelry candles are handed to us, and we are reminded that absolute quiet is now enjoined.

Day begins betimes at La Salette. At half past four the first bell is rung, for the sisters and most of the pilgrims attend the earliest mass, at five o'clock. Breakfast follows at half past seven, and as the refectory is open for one hour only, no one is tempted to be late. On great festivals, high mass is said at ten o'clock, otherwise there is a short respite from services. The schoolboys are then taken to walk by one of the fathers, or if there is work to be done, — hay-making or unloading of materials for the buildings, — it is they who do it, and a most healthy change it must be from their nearly unbroken round of religious duties.

This, too, is the time usually chosen by visitors for a close inspection of the church, whose fittings and ornaments, no less than its walls, are well worthy of notice. The beautiful carved pulpit which was a gift from Belgium; the high altar of Carrara marble, with exquisite bas-re-

liefs of the miracle; the jeweled *ostensoir* and chalice, into which are wrought the heirlooms of many families; the wonderful missal, whose binding alone cost the Comte de Pennalven nine hundred francs, and occupied one workman during three years,—not one of these should be passed over by persons who care for beautiful things.

A striking fact in connection with the church is that not one sou out of the three millions of francs thus far expended upon the mere fabric has been *asked for*. There are no *quêtes* at the service, and nothing under any circumstances is charged for seats; the entire sum has been made up from the free-will offerings of "the faithful."

At eleven o'clock, whenever the weather is favorable, an account of the miracle is given on the very spot of its supposed occurrence. Then the scene is most picturesque and curious. On the steep slopes on both sides of the ravine where Melanie and Maximin were resting when they saw the "White Lady," statues have been placed to represent the three scenes of the occurrence: the Virgin seated on a stone, her head bowed in her hands, in an agony of sorrow, as she first attracted the attention of the children; then, as she stood to deliver her message; and, again, at the highest point, where she bade them farewell, and, "august and beautiful," ascended into the clouds. And around these statues, which are exceedingly effective, the *Chemin de la croix* has been constructed.

When the hour for the narration of the occurrence sounds, there is usually a great concourse of pilgrims, who either seat themselves on the rude steps, or lean against the railings which protect the sacred spot. Among them are representatives of many nationalities, as well as of nearly every class and condition of life: priests, barefooted friars, officers in dazzling uniforms, ladies in dainty Parisian costumes, gayly attired peasants, and *religieuses* with their end-

less variety of coifs and *guimpes*. The priest stands below, close to the holy spring which is said never to have failed since the eventful day (September 19, 1846), and when the Lord's Prayer and one Hail Mary have been said, he begins his story, recounting the most minute details concerning the children, and dwelling upon the several points of the Virgin's message, after the manner of a last-century commentator.

Meanwhile, pilgrims who are going away by the noonday conveyance, and who probably have had no other moment of leisure, descend to the spring with jars and bottles in which to carry the water to the sick and dying at their own homes (the annals of La Salette are one long list of marvelous cures). They pass in and out among the listeners, stooping to fill their vessels, and then kneeling reverently before the weeping Virgin, in thankfulness for her bestowal of what they believe to be the water of life. The effect of this atmosphere so intensely devotional, so charged with faith in the miraculous, is very strange. One's ordinary mental experiences, even the affairs of every-day life, become unreal and intangible, so that it is with a sort of shock, as when one is wakened from a mesmeric sleep, that on reëntering the hostelry our London and Paris newspapers are handed to us, and we see the usual headlines concerning the Home Rule Bill and the French elections.

Sometimes the account of the "apparition" is followed by a procession, which winds round and round upon the mountain-side, the pilgrims carrying some of the exquisitely embroidered banners, of which there are so many in the church, and singing the Litany of the Virgin. I was never tired of watching these processions from my window, and though too far away to catch the words of the several petitions as sung by the priest, I could always hear the answering "*Ora pro nobis*;" and now and then, when a turning in the path made the singers face

me, could distinguish some of the more familiar ejaculations, — “*Virgo venerabilis, virgo fidelis,*” or the solemn “*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.*”

Our daily life, notwithstanding its austere simplicity, was full of a certain picturesque charm which was not that of novelty alone. We grew accustomed to our tiny bedrooms, with their white-washed walls and scanty furniture, and learned to keep them so tidy that they became almost attractive. It was no hardship to fill our own baths, for delicious spring water was to be had in every corridor, and immediately on our arrival we had persuaded the *sœur chambrère* to intrust us with two of the largest *brocs* that the house possessed.

In the beginning, our places were at the very end of the long table, among the most casual of the pilgrims, — simple folk, who were too busy to be absent many days from their farms and households. We liked hearing their stories of long journeys made, and obstacles overcome, to reach what to them was so sacred a place. I remember one family which had come up from the Valbonnais (on the other side of our Col, and some four thousand feet lower down) on a terrible evening, when the clouds suddenly descended and wrapped the whole chain of mountains in impenetrable mist.

These women had brought a guide with them as far as the Col; then, believing the way to be plain, had dismissed him. A few minutes later, they were in the clouds, and, as it seemed, hopelessly lost; for, instead of taking the downward path, which would have brought them in a short time to the hostelry, they had continued to ascend until they were upon one of the most dangerous slopes of the Gargas, and on this frightful incline — which I cannot even now think of without a shudder — they had wandered for hours, until, at last, getting into the bed of a torrent, they had wisely determined to descend with it; and so, near midnight, wet to

the skin and well-nigh exhausted, they reached La Salette.

For a few days we had opposite us a number of Auvergne peasants, undoubtedly well-to-do, or they would not have been at the *table d'hôte*, but having about them a distinct suggestion of hay-fields and farmyards. There was little that was objectionable in their manners, and they were always polite in handing the dishes and in carving (for the carving and dressing of salad was done at the table, and by any one kind enough to undertake it), but they did not go as far as a sweet, simple-minded woman beside me, who was so much annoyed because my plate was not changed for each course — they are changed only three times at a meal — that she frequently carried it away and changed it herself.

Later on, we were moved to the upper end of the room, in the midst of the “*eeg-leef*,” as we called it, according to that extraordinary pronunciation of *high life*, which I then heard for the first time. There we found ourselves among ladies of rank who were making their *neuvaines*, and gentle, high-bred sisters whose pilgrimage is their only respite from the weary round of hospital or schoolroom duties. The most attractive of them all was a *Sœur de Saint Joseph*, who, with her serene, mediæval face and straight coif, looked as if she had just stepped down from one of Cimabue’s canvases. We did not hear her name, but one felt that it must be Scholastique or Polycarpe. For some inexplicable reason the kind creature attached herself to me, and not only looked after all my wants at the table, but when she found me, one day, attempting to brush my mountain-boots, — a labor which visitors are expected to perform for themselves, — insisted upon taking them away and brushing them herself.

One morning, having asked a question of the *sœur portière* in regard to the lodging of the poorer pilgrims, we were given permission to inspect the whole hos-

tely as we liked. So we made our way to the upper story of all, which we found entirely given up to dormitories; some holding a dozen beds, others only two or three. All were wonderfully clean and airy, with water brought into the rooms themselves, and not, as in our part of the building, into the corridors. Occupants of these dormitories pay but half a franc daily for their lodging, and may order what food they like from the kitchen, paying for each portion as they take it from the *guichet*. As they usually come provided with butter and bread and cheese and sausages, their pilgrimage cannot be very costly.

Indeed, our own *pension* was but five francs, and we could have any extra we wished — such as a *mazagrاند* (black coffee) after dinner — by paying a small *supplement*, generally of twenty-five centimes. An amusing thing was that a pillow in one's bedroom was considered an extra, and charged twenty-five centimes per week. These supplements must be paid when the things are ordered; a wise provision, by the way, which saves the sisters from all the complications of book-keeping.

Now and then, when the weather was unpropitious for walking, we used to vary our occupations by helping the two religious who look after the little shop, and who are often hard-pressed in serving the constant succession of visitors. We soon learned the prices of medals, scapularies, and all sorts of objects unfamiliar to us, and when peasants consulted us in regard to a present to take home to "Monsieur le Curé," or a *Christ bien robuste*, as they called a strongly made crucifix, we felt entirely competent to help them with our advice.

Only one unpleasant episode disturbed the tranquillity of my fortnight at La Salette. Though August had begun, the weather became bitterly cold, a north-west storm set in, and for five days, while the rain beat against our window-panes, we saw no more of the outer

world than if we had been in a storm at sea. At an evening service, when I unfortunately sat between the open door of the sacristy and a broken clerestory window (until that moment one of my chief comforts), I took a severe cold, and was obliged to keep my room and bed for several days, which would have been dreary enough but for the unremitting care of the sisters. The *sœur portière* — one of those nurses who, like the poets, are born, not made — prepared my poultices, and always found time to come herself and put them on; the Superior — a charmingly sympathetic and human little person — brought me wonderful lozenges from her private store, and as soon as I was able to enjoy them paid me long visits, in the course of which I learned more than I fancy she meant me to learn of the hard life they lead: in the summer so often worked to the utmost limit of endurance; and in the winter, when snow-bound for four or five months, and when the fathers and the schoolboys have gone down to Corps, half-frozen and utterly solitary. The refectory sister brewed *tisanes*, and made extraordinary efforts to serve my meals hot, answering in her pretty cooing way, when I lamented over the number of pilgrims she had to serve, "that she was *bien contente* to see so many, and that Our Lady was *bien contente* also." And when, to add to my misfortunes, my watch refused to go, and had to be sent to Grenoble for repairs, the sweet *Sœur Polycarpe* insisted on lending me her own great old-fashioned silver one, because she thought "the night would seem so much longer if I did not know the hour."

The dear creatures even came to my rescue with a change of linen, when the faithless washerwoman failed to bring back my own. I could hardly keep a straight face, as we say, when a collection of their curious mediæval garments was brought to me, and I was told to choose what I liked from among them. Some were so small, and of so remark-

able a shape, that to this day I have not the faintest notion for what they were intended; others were correspondingly voluminous. I naturally chose some of the latter, and am sure that the amusement I experienced in putting them on had no slight share in restoring my circulation, and so in helping forward my recovery.

But the return of fair weather, which released me from the confinement of my cell, and suggested all sorts of delight-

ful but hitherto impossible expeditions, brought with it the realization that if we were to keep faith with old friends, we must tear ourselves away from new ones. And so, one day, the last farewells were spoken, and, having confided our packages to the good Casimir (the driver whom timorous travelers should always ask for at La Mure), we took our way on foot down the "holy mountain," back to the broad highways and commonplace scenes of ordinary life.

Anna Pierrepont McIlvaine.

THE RAILWAY WAR.

SEVENTEEN years ago, in July, 1877, a strike of unprecedented intensity occurred on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which spread thence to the trunk lines and west to the Mississippi River. It was accompanied, as all great strikes are in this country, with rioting and the usual exhibitions of lawlessness. After millions of property had been destroyed and some hundreds of lives lost, it was put down by the armed forces of the state and national governments. It was originally a contest about wages. At that time public opinion and law had not progressed so far as they have since done in the direction of asserting and exercising the right of the government to supervise and control the railway companies, either in their relations with the traveling and shipping public or with their employees.

The great strike now apparently closing¹ in a triumph for the General Managers' Association and humiliation and defeat for the American Railway Union finds a very different state of judicial and popular opinion regarding the nature and function of a railway, and a very different condition of the state and

federal statute books as to the right and duty of the government to regulate and control the public traveled roads. How far the former desperate contest may have operated in the subsequent evolution of legislation and public opinion, it is hard to say, but surely such a glimpse of the yawning gulf of anarchy suddenly opening in the very midst of the commonwealth must have awakened the apathetic, taught wisdom to the thoughtful, and suggested moderation to the headstrong. At all events, courts and legislatures have been busy ever since in devising ways and means to curb the arbitrary and irresponsible exercise of corporate power, and the general mind has gradually drifted to the position that there is hardly anything the government may not with propriety do, if necessary, to check the concentration of power in private hands. A vast network of laws and tribunals has been constructed to prevent unjust discrimination in rates, but little has been done to insure just treatment of employees. On this point, though public opinion recognizes the fitness of equally stringent legislation, in actual practice there is no remedy for wage in-

¹ The reader should bear in mind that this paper, to appear in October, necessarily was

written at the end of July.—ED. ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

justice but a strike. An act of Congress was passed in 1888, providing for the voluntary appointment, by the contestants, of a board of arbitrators to adjust differences between interstate railroad companies and their employees. All expenses were to be paid by the United States, and the decision of the board was to be made matter of record. The law has no compulsive power, and has slumbered peacefully on the statute book ever since. The same act also empowers the President to appoint a commission to investigate and report as to the causes and conditions of the controversy and the best means of adjusting it. It is such a commission whose labors, now that the strike is over, are just commencing.

The present strike should be viewed in the light of recent occurrences which have had their effect in determining its form and the atmosphere in which it has been fought. In December, 1893, the receivers of the Northern Pacific Railway, having aroused the dissatisfaction of their employees by successive cuts in wages, and fearing a general strike, applied to the United States court for an order enjoining such a demonstration. Without any hesitation, Judge Jenkins issued an order in the nature of a military proclamation, directed to the men in the various grades of the service, and "all persons generally," enjoining them from interfering with the property in the hands of the receivers, or with men in their employ, and from combining and conspiring to quit the service of the receivers, either with or without notice, "with the object and intent of crippling the property in their custody or embarrassing the operation of said railroad," etc. The promulgation of this sweeping prohibition, backed up by the United States army, prevented the threatened strike, but it put the court on record as claiming and actually exercising the power to force men to continue at work against their will, and at the same time declaring that any railroad strike is an

unlawful conspiracy and every striker a criminal. Ominous growls of discontent were heard everywhere, but the fact that such an extraordinary utterance proceeded from a federal court and was supported by boundless power averted open disorder. Then came the attempt of the receivers of the Union Pacific to cut down wages, and the answer of Judge Caldwell, of the United States court, in substance, that fair wages must be paid, whether interest on bonds or dividends on stock be paid or not. His decision aroused the wildest enthusiasm among the wage-earning classes. Here a strike was averted by a policy exactly opposite to that pursued by Judge Jenkins.

Next followed the strike on the Great Northern Railway, in which the American Railway Union and its young leader, Mr. Debs, came conspicuously to the front. It was an organization based apparently on the principle that a strike must originate in the local unions, and become general only when a majority of the members of local unions had voted for it. As a matter of fact, the strike on this railway so completely embraced every branch of the service, and enlisted the sympathies of the communities which were the chief sufferers by the cessation of traffic, that President Hill speedily saw the hopelessness of his position and resorted to the device of an arbitration, in which he consented beforehand to an award granting substantially everything the strikers demanded. The conflict ended in mutual congratulations; railway managers, newspapers, business men, and the community in general, joining in a chorus of admiration for the intelligence, moderation, and magnanimity of Mr. Debs. The result was a complete victory for the strikers, and met the approval of the people of the entire Northwest.

Having thus won his spurs, and no doubt believing all the fine things that were said about him, Mr. Debs turned to see what other wrongs needed to be redressed. The Pullman strike offered

an opportunity for a contest vastly larger than the former, which only tied up the transportation of some seven States and 4500 miles of railway. It is not necessary to consider here whether the universal boycott then inaugurated was justified by the facts, or not. The press is practically unanimous in the opinion that it was both atrocious and insane. Yet even to-day, when the echoes of the great battle are dying away on the horizon, thousands of working-people in towns remote from the original storm centre are still ardently declaring that the strike is on, and that they will starve rather than resume work until justice is done at Pullman. The militia and the regular army are gradually withdrawing; the newspapers, which, according to Chairman Egan of the General Managers' Association, got their information from the railway bureau, have for many days declared that the strike is wholly collapsed, though in twenty places the police are still busy with mobs of rioters. The leading officers of the American Railway Union are in jail, charged with contempt of court in violating judicial proclamations, and under indictment for criminal conspiracy. If the newspapers are to be depended upon, the strike is wearing itself out, and before long there will be nothing left of it but the ruins of burned cars and bridges, a vast army of hungry men, women, and children, whose wild cry has been drowned by the rattle of guns, and underneath all, a deep and inextinguishable sense of wrong unredressed. Is it not a strange thing that in the midst of general distress, when the hand of the well-to-do doles out charity by the drop, a great army of workmen, whose only capital is their hands, should voluntarily fling down their tools and face a future full of terror, not in their own quarrel, but in an effort to redress what they conceive to be the wrongs of other toilers, whom they have never seen? For it must be remembered that this is a "sympathetic"

strike. Here and there, discontent with local conditions has precipitated or aggravated the issue; but, in general, the strike was a technical boycott, intended simply to bring such enormous pressure to bear upon the Pullman company as should compel it to submit the matters in dispute to arbitration.

Prosperous people contribute more or less liberally to charity; peradventure for a starving man, some would even forego luxuries; but how commonly do we see the fairly well off throwing up their comfortable salaries, or selling all their goods to feed the poor? Yet with a terrible winter behind them, and a bitter winter and a black list before them, hundreds of local bodies of the American Railway Union have, with astounding unanimity and thrilling enthusiasm, joined this hopeless cause. What a pity that this mighty wave of heroism should beat itself out uselessly against the rocks! It reminds one of the Crusades, when the deep universal passion of man rose up, and threw itself with divine abandon into an enterprise foredoomed to failure. The very Quixotism of the effort is its pathos: for the thing was impossible from the start. The Pullman company was intrenched behind the railroads, the railroads behind the courts, the courts behind the army; and this whole mighty combination could be struck at only through the body of the public.

The strike is over, and there remains now little to do but take account of losses, punish the men who have been guilty of criminal acts, and make it plain to the working-classes that the laws of the nation must be enforced, whether they be just or unjust. Yet the commotion must not subside without the taking of anxious thought to find out the cause and determine, if possible, the remedy. Some things already seem plain. The conviction has forced itself on the minds of a great multitude of the poorer classes that this is a conflict between the wage-earners, on the one side, and the corpo-

rations, backed by the wealth, influence, and respectability of the country, on the other. A knife can be distinctly seen severing this host from that. This is deplorable, but it is not the worst. The American Railway Union is defeated, but the cause which called these elemental forces from the vasty deep remains as full of the possibilities of terror as ever. Given a pretext which shall commend itself to the sober judgment, as well as to the passionate sympathy, of these thousands, a leader wise and far-seeing, an organization perfected by discipline; these on the one side, and on the other, a national railroad organization concentrated in a dozen hands, and welded together with a pooling system sanctioned and enforced by law, and we have potentialities of industrial war to make us shudder. We have now nearly a million railway employees; these will increase in number; and their employers will have taught them the science of organization. When the next great contest comes, as come it must, will the government, as now, find itself so bound up and blended with the railway interests that it must array itself against this embattled host of workers?

As for the railways, they are triumphant; flushed with victory, they are already preparing a gigantic black list. The newspapers state in their telegraphic columns that the Southern Pacific officials announce their willingness to take back such of their employees as they may require, who have not during the strike willfully destroyed the railroad property or forcibly prevented its employees from performing their regular duties; that an affidavit has been prepared by the company, to be signed by men desiring reinstatement, declaring that the affiant has resigned from the American Railway Union, and will not again join any union or brotherhood for the term of five years, and will not become a member of any labor organization during the time he is employed by

that company. The General Managers' Association, composed of a score or more of railroads, adjourns, considering the present emergency ended, but in readiness to resume hostilities again at an hour's notice. Everything indicates a stern resolve to exterminate organized labor, to bring the individual man face to face with the combined power of the victorious companies, and to rely on the general government to support them with its army, if the enforcement of their policy should result in future disorder.

That it will result in disorder is certain. It is idle to suppose that organized labor has been crushed, or that it will permanently submit to defeat. It is only a question of time when another outbreak will occur on a larger scale, under more perfect organization, and with a more sullen and determined spirit. And it will be accompanied with violence, bloodshed, and fire. To make a strike effectual, it is necessary to prevent the company from filling the places of the strikers; "persuasion" will be used on men who offer to work, and there are no limits to "persuasion." It is not in human flesh and blood that men should endure taunts and threats, the hatred and ostracism of their fellows, in the service of a corporation. Taunts lead to blows; the taste of violence is maddening, like the taste of blood; a riot flames up and runs before the gale of passion. A peaceable strike on a railway is a thing of fancy. A strike is nothing but war; its object and intent is to stop travel, cripple the railroad in the performance of its functions, and damage the corporation as much as possible. A gentle strike, in which the men gave the company abundant notice to enable it to fill the vacant places, and then retired quietly to their homes to wait until the consciences of the officials should bring them to repentance, has not occurred as yet, and never will. The leaders may publicly advise their followers to avoid violence, but they always

expect to paralyze traffic at all hazards ; they are determined that "not a wheel shall move." The history of railroad strikes has been a record of violence, intimidation, incendiarism, train-wrecking, murder. No man can precipitate such a strike without both expecting and counting on these inseparable concomitants. They are as much a part of such strikes, at least when extensive and bitterly contested, as wounds and death are a part of war. But independently of the torch and club, as the laws now stand, a strike on a railroad carrying the mails or engaged in interstate commerce is a criminal conspiracy, and forbidden as such by law.

This proposition is not, perhaps, at present perfectly apprehended by the public, but it is sufficiently well established by judicial decision. The courts will doubtless have occasion to declare it more than once before the crop of prosecutions now sown is fully gathered. A combination of men by concerted action, whose object and intent is to prevent the regular and orderly course of interstate commerce, or whose natural and necessary result is to interrupt interstate commerce, or the passage of the mails, is a conspiracy condemned by the law, whether the means taken to enforce it are in themselves criminal or not. It may seem an alarming doctrine to the friends of labor, that a strike on a railway engaged in interstate commerce is in its very nature criminal, but such is the logical tendency of the courts, and such has already been declared the law by at least three federal judges. Judicial opinion has been steadily advancing to this position for at least a hundred years, and has reached it by applying the familiar principles of law to the changed conditions. Whatever may be the law with regard to strikes designed to coerce merely private employers, the functions of a railway are now regarded as so far public, and even governmental, the general welfare is so vitally concerned in

their free and unrestricted operation, that the public can no longer tolerate their being made the sport and prey of private quarrels, no matter what the consequences may be to individuals. It is probably the popular opinion that the right to organize a strike upon a railway is one which cannot be denied in a free country, so long as the men confine themselves to purely peaceable methods, and that to deny it means to force men to work against their will. Perhaps this is true in a controversy between private employers and their employees, but it is not true in the case of public or quasi-public corporations and their servants. Such a corporation acts through its officers, agents, and employees, and these, on accepting its service, assume a duty to the public which they cannot lay down whenever it suits them to do so ; much less may they enter into a conspiracy whose immediate object is to paralyze the public arm and inflict injury upon the whole people, in order to force a satisfactory adjustment of wages. The act of combination becomes criminal, not on account of the methods used, but of the object in view.

Here, then, lies the difficulty. The truth is, the present trouble, which grows more ominous and alarming the more closely it is studied, has grown up from seeds implanted in the heart of the existing railway system. Two sets of rights have come into existence, — the rights of the employer and the rights of the employee. The ownership of property carries with it the right to control it, limited, of course, in certain important respects, and the beneficial enjoyment implies the right to call for the whole power of the government, if needed, for its protection. It is the plain duty of the government, under existing laws, to guarantee the private owners of the public highways in the unobstructed exercise of their functions, and to put down by force every unlawful combination designed to cripple or suspend them. The government is, there-

fore, committed to the railroads. It is bound to protect them even from the consequences of arbitrary and unjust treatment of their employees, and if hot-headed and enthusiastic leaders persuade the men to revolt, the government must quell the mutiny with bayonets.

In this state of things some will declare, with Portia, as their judgment of a hard case, —

“Then must the Jew be merciful.”

And some will naturally expect to hear the representatives of the railroads, conscious of power and of the technical impregnability of their position, answer, —

“On what compulsion must I?”

On the other hand, there are rights of persons as well as of property. More sacred than all human law is a man's dominion over his own labor. The right of men working for private employers to quit, either singly or in combination, cannot be denied, no matter what the letter of the law may be. Judge Rick's position, that the railway employee must finish the immediate service which he has begun, seems correct, and is as far as the freedom of toil will permit the courts to go in specifically enforcing the contract of labor. One thing is certain: to forbid the remedy of a strike, without guaranteeing justice to labor and enforcing it, not simply by the pressure of public opinion, but by the power of the nation, is to invite social revolution. It is a problem of tremendous magnitude, and will not decide itself in a way pleasant to contemplate by the operation of the principle of *laissez-faire*; nor will the mass of mankind listen to technical reasoning, nor to an appeal to the supposed sacredness of vested interests. If there are any laws that stand in the way of a just and permanent solution of the problem, they must be abolished. The right to use the only effective weapon in a contest between workingmen and their private employers

is at present admitted by men generally as based on the simplest principles of justice, and they are apt to regard with hostility any law or government which denies it, even when applied to the railroads. This explains the patience with which communities have submitted to the loss and inconvenience resulting from railway strikes hitherto. They are believed to be no worse in principle than the fierce wars which the companies wage upon each other, with the avowed purpose to cripple and destroy, the combined losses to be ultimately saddled chiefly upon that part of the public which is not in a position to defend itself.

The pending prosecutions against Mr. Debs and his associates show how promptly allied corporate interests can reach the ear of power and set in motion the ponderous machinery of justice. These prosecutions are begun under what are known as the Anti-Trust Law and the Interstate Commerce Law. These statutes were both framed expressly to curb the aggressions of trusts and corporations, but as against these aggregations of capital, the former has proved itself harmless, and as to the latter, the courts have, by repeated decisions, stripped it of much of its importance, and the railroads have come to ignore some of its most characteristic features. Now, however, it is found that their language is capable of a construction never thought of by the Congress which enacted them, under which the government may suppress the first outbreak of a combination of workingmen. Trusts flourish in rich luxuriance in this country, as everybody but the department of justice knows, but no special counsel is designated by the Attorney-General to see that they are suppressed. Certainly it is unfortunate that so many things should concur to stamp indelibly on the minds of the toiling millions the idea that all governments alike, republican as well as monarchical, are for the rich, and are all supported by mere force. The believers in a firm

and just enforcement of the laws are in much the same dilemma as that which confronted Daniel Webster and those who sided with him, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. If Debs and his associates are technically guilty, the law must be enforced, even if, in the crushing of these mistaken champions of labor, the law itself meets ultimate condemnation. For the railway strike problem, as it now exists, is the problem of the continued existence of a monopoly whose roots are planted in every vein and artery of the national life.

Can the solution be reached through arbitration? It would be a truly edifying spectacle, if controversies involving large masses of men and vast aggregations of capital might be submitted to a voluntary tribunal composed of wise men, and their decision accepted as final. But suppose either side will not agree to submit its case, insisting, as Mr. Pullman did, and as the railroads now do, that there is nothing to arbitrate; or will not bow to the wisdom and authority of the decision? Shall the engineer be made to seize the throttle, or the switchman the lever, against his will? Are the Goulds and Vanderbilts so sensitive to public opinion as to yield before the mere dictum of a board of arbitration which has no power of compulsion? Believing, as they do, that the chief lesson of the present strike is that successful arbitration simply renders labor organizations insatiable and incites them to intolerable extravagance, railroad managers will regard a demand for arbitration merely as a summons to surrender. Will the men trust a judge who is satisfactory to the General Managers' Association, under the direction it may be of an imperious leader, practically a dictator? Any board of arbitration, to be effective, would have to be clothed with power; then it would be a court, and no better qualified to solve the anxious questions of the time than any other court.

What available resource is at hand?

There are two. Any adjustment which proposes to deny the men the remedy of a strike must provide substantial guarantees for a prompt and just settlement of controversies about wages. Is it not possible to reconstruct the Interstate Commerce Commission, making it a court with ample powers instead of a mere administrative tribunal, whose findings have none of the authority of a judgment; and to amend the law so as broadly to cover the relations between the railways and their employees, and providing that any railroad refusing to conform to the law should be placed in the hands of receivers? Nearly one fourth of the railway mileage of the country is at present administered by the courts through receivers, and, it must be admitted, to the general satisfaction of all parties. The remedy proposed is, therefore, but an extension of existing machinery. If the power of the government could be invoked to compel fair treatment of employees, there would be no excuse for striking, and no injustice in executing existing laws which pronounce a strike a criminal conspiracy.

Notwithstanding the fact that in most other countries the railroads are either owned and operated by the government, or constructed under laws providing for ultimate government assumption, our own people are as yet far from ready to face the tremendous risks involved in such a system here. There is, however, no reason why the experiment should not be tried on a scale large enough adequately to test it, and yet not too great to be easily relinquished in case of failure. One would hardly dare propose any scheme as offering a certain and infallible cure for evils so deep seated. This country is broad enough for the intelligent application of more than one remedy. Just at the present moment, the affairs of the Pacific railways are in such a condition that if the government were a private creditor, it would foreclose its mortgage, acting in accordance with ordinary business principles. There

is really no prospect that the present companies can ever pay the interest on their indebtedness, to say nothing of principal. The government practically built the roads and made a present of them to the stockholders, together with a truly imperial land grant; the stockholders have enjoyed the bounty of the people for a generation, almost without cost to themselves. There certainly could be no injustice in insisting on the terms of the contract. But the deep repugnance which our public men seem to feel towards any strong treatment of a railroad company is likely to prevent this course. The bill now before Congress proposes to extend the debt for another fifty years, and a grand opportunity will thus be let slip for trying, under the most favorable circumstances, an ex-

periment whose possibilities no man can measure. It is not altogether improbable that the mere fact of such a trial, undertaken in good faith and with a real desire to see it succeed, might postpone for years the recurrence of such convulsions as those which have just now seemed to threaten the peace, and even the perpetuity of our institutions.

Many timid minds will shrink from either of these alternatives, under the belief that they savor of socialism. It would be well, however, for such to consider whether, in default of some prompt and vigorous exercise of the power of the government to afford radical and effective cure for existing evils, there may not grow up in the swift-coming time a problem involving the very existence of society itself.

Henry J. Fletcher.

MAN AND MEN IN NATURE.

THERE is something dramatic in the present attitude of thinking men towards the great question of man's relation to the Cosmos. Of old this problem was one for mild speculation, in which the matter was so intangible that few set much store by the interpretations given it. At most, the philosophers who spun fancies came, through the sense of property, to feel that their ideas had an enduring value. People in general attached no importance to such efforts at explaining what seemed to be permanently unknowable. With the advance of modern learning, by observational methods which have conquered great realms for the understanding, presenting the gains in the tangible form of immediately serviceable knowledge, all intelligent men have come to see that barriers which of old appeared to be impassable are everywhere breaking down, and that substantial knowledge may be gained concerning fields

which in the days of their fathers seemed to be wrapped in eternal darkness. In this age, people who consider such questions are divided into two parties: a small force of men engaged in an earnest struggle with the unknown, fighting their way along the paths which they are breaking, too busy with their contests to do more than assure and chronicle their victories; and the greater host who await impatiently the answer to the eager questioning which they make as to the meaning of these discoveries in terms of hope and duty. However faithful to the past, it is only the unintelligent who fail of interest in this marvelous work of modern science. All well-informed men, even those who profess skepticism concerning the new revelation, feel the stir of doubt and of expectation. Whether they will or no, they are compelled to go forth on the great march towards a promised but unknown land. They may regret the flesh-

pots of Egypt, and the other charms of the dear, well-known world they have left behind, but they are forced to dream and question concerning the fields which are to be the seat of their new life. All great wanderings of folk are tragedies, whether they be over the desert of reality or the ideal wastes of belief.

In the thirty years which have elapsed since the evolutionary hypotheses of the Darwinian school began to enter the minds of the people there has been a rapid, and on the whole very successful organization of the intellectual migration which it required of men. It was, in the first place, necessary to raise up a generation of inquirers who should be trained in the methods whereby the paths to further understanding could be properly opened. Next, it was essential that a class of interpreters should be created who would in a way translate the scientific results into forms which would serve to lead the masses onward. Nothing so well shows the modern gain in the vitality of our intellectual societies as the speed with which this readjustment has been accomplished. There are now hundreds, if not thousands, of well-trained men who have been educated in the manner which was necessary to fit them for work in breaking the ways into the wilderness which the derivative hypothesis opened to us. On every side there are arising men of another class whose task it is to set the new-found truth clearly before the people, so that they may make that precious use of it which pertains to the conduct of life.

Among the many works which have been put forth during the last ten years, having for their purpose the extension of the derivative hypothesis to affairs of immediate and evident interest to man, that of Dr. Henry Drummond may, on many accounts, claim the foremost place.¹ In judging such a work as this, the reader

must bear in mind the peculiar needs and dangers which pertain to the author's task. The end to be attained is so far different from that of the investigator as to demand a totally different method of treatment from that which has to be pursued where the aim is scientific inquiry. The popularizer in this field cannot do much, even in the way of cataloguing acts or weighing their precise value, else he would risk the failure of his purpose by wearying people who have no appetite for such methodical presentations. With the minimum of telling incident as a text, he has to lead his hearers or readers, in part by their general understanding, and even more by their emotions, into the field of moral improvement. Ugly-minded critics might declare that the test of success in such endeavor was that which is said to have been of old applied to the Spanish barber's apprentice, when his fitness to be a journeyman was essayed; the trial consisting in his showing the skill necessary to whip an ounce of soap into a barrel of lather. But such criticism would be unjust. All who have undertaken to bring the truths of science, particularly those which have a moral bearing, in a profitable way before laymen are compelled to recognize the primal conditions which determine success. In such work, the teacher has, in a manner, to play the part of a prophet; he has to go to the utmost verge of the limits which the facts under consideration will permit; he has to illustrate by analogy and metaphor in order that he may approach persons not habituated to scientific methods, and who could in no wise be enlivened by the recital of bare facts. From the point of view of accuracy judged by the detail of work, this peculiar task is so difficult that it may be said never to have been done in a thoroughly commendable way; estimated, however, as it should be, by the general effect of the picture which the popularizer endeavors to present, much of this work has a

¹ *The Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man.* By HENRY DRUMMOND, LL. D., F. R. S. E., F. G. S. New York: James Pott & Co. 1894.

very great value. Thus taken, Dr. Drummond's *Ascent of Man* must be considered as an admirable sketch, setting forth with singular clearness, and with an amazing readiness in seizing on the ways of approaching the public, certain of the more noteworthy discoveries of biologists which have a bearing on the conduct of life.

There can be no question that Dr. Drummond is, by nature and training, very well equipped for the work which he seeks to do. To a good general knowledge of science, and enough acquaintance with its methods to enable him readily to grasp the results of inquiry, he adds a singularly intense moral interest in people, and, what naturally goes therewith, a very great power of conveying general impressions by means of metaphor. Those who would understand the unprecedented success which has attended his labors will do well to read this work, paying attention to the means by which he instinctively seeks access to the reader's mind. In almost every sentence this object is gained by some comparison of a familiar kind, which has a certain spiritual significance. The critic of details can find imperfections in the connotative value of each of these similes; but if he take a larger view, he will observe that when accumulated, as they are, to the number of thousands, the separate fragments, like the imperfectly shaped stones of a mosaic, lend themselves to a large and most impressive effect,—an effect which could be gained in no other way.

The main theme of the *Ascent of Man* is a protest against the interpretation of organic nature which is presented to us by the Darwinian conception of the struggle for life. Against this essentially Hedonistic view the author sets the facts which tend to show that along with the contest for individual success there goes as constant and an even stronger endeavor to help the life of others. At the outset of the work there is more than a trace of mysticism, a quality of mind

which is always present in Dr. Drummond's thought. He sums up his chapter on *The Missing Factor in Current Theories* by the statement that "Evolution is nothing but the Involution of Love, the Revelation of Infinite Spirit, the Eternal Life returning to itself." He begins the third chapter with the remarkable question, "Why was Evolution the Method chosen?" In such inside views of creation the writer is seen at his worst, for in this part of his discourse he absolutely departs from the ways of science. He asks, "Can we perceive no high design in selecting this particular design, no worthy ethical result which should justify the conception as well as the execution of Evolution?" Further on he suggests: "Nature may have entrusted the further building to mankind, but the plan has never left her hands; the lines of the future are to be learned from her past, and her fellow-helpers can most easily, most loyally, and most perfectly do their part by studying closely the architecture of the earlier world, and continuing the half-finished structure symmetrically to the top. The information necessary to complete the work with architectural consistency lies with Nature. We might expect that it should be there. When a business is transferred or a partner assumed, the books are shown, the methods of the business explained, and its future developments pointed out. All this is now done for the evolution of mankind. In evolution Creation has shown her hand. To have kept the secret from man would have imperiled further evolution; to have revealed it sooner had been premature. Love must come before knowledge, for knowledge is the instrument of Love, and useless till it arrives. . . . The past of Nature is a working model of how worlds can be made. The probabilities are that there is no better way of making them."

The contrast between Dr. Drummond's optimistic and metaphoric way of dealing with the organic problem

and that followed by the hard-minded Huxley is shown in these pages by numerous quotations from that man of science. The pure investigator, transferring the data and conclusions of biologic inquiry to the social question, and making no allowance for the present action and future influence of the spiritual forces which control the development of man, becomes as pessimistic as Schopenhauer, and says, "If there is no hope of a large improvement," he should "hail the advent of some kindly comet which would sweep the whole affair away." Drummond, with his keen and abiding sense of the spiritual tides, is eagerly confident of man's on-going, and looks upon the existing evils as mere fragments of the scaffolding by which our social system has been elevated. Although in his treatment of the matter with which he deals Drummond cannot be regarded as a man of science, his point of view is essentially truer to the conditions of inquiry than that which is taken by the illustrious naturalist with whom he is contending; and this for the reason that he endeavors, however unsuccessfully, to deal with man from the standpoint of the vast complex of influences, spiritual as well as physical, which are working in our kind.

In the second chapter, which is entitled *The Scaffolding left in the Body*, Dr. Drummond is seen at his best, both as to the range of his knowledge and the method of presentation. So far as it goes — it is all too short — this is about the best popular presentation of those evidences which show clearly to intelligent people, not professionally engaged in science, the reasons which compel us to believe that man has come up from the lower life. Though our author clearly enjoys his wanderings through the fields of physical and organic evolution, — where, after the manner of Dante in his course through the shadowy realm, he is ever accompanied by the personification of evolution, — he feels himself

at his best, and perhaps does the best work for his audience, when, in the middle of his book, he enters on the field of social development. In his chapters on the struggle for life and that on the struggle for the life of others he preaches excellent sermons, well calculated to persuade the mind to the belief that these diverse modes of working are not essentially discordant, but that they all operate to insure intellectual and moral advance. The exposition here goes forward with delightful movement; even where the critic notes illogical personifications and assumptions concerning the motives of action, he finds himself borne along by the emotional tide which the admirable imagery arouses. It is only when he turns back, and with skeptic humor notes the departures from the scientific method, that he feels how far the writer has allowed himself to be carried away by the poetic impulse. As an instance of this we may note his statements on page 225 concerning the influences which lead to the division of cells. After setting forth in a very fair way the view held by some histologists as to the cause of cell division, he says: "As growth continues, the waste begins to exceed the power of repair, and the life of the cell is again threatened. The alternatives are obvious. It must divide, or die. If it divides, what has saved its life? Self-sacrifice. By giving up its life as an individual, it has brought forth two individuals, and these will one day repeat the surrender. Here, with differences appropriate to their distinctive spheres, is the first great act of the moral life." It is surely excessive to term moral a process such as cell division, which, so far as we can see, is as much in the control of the unthinking and unfeeling aggregate as are the shapings of crystals or the segregations which led to the separation of the heavenly bodies from a nebulous mass. The chapters on the evolution of a mother and the evolution of a father are,

from the point of view of the needs of the general public, excellent writing. The exploration of these fields demands much exercise of the imagination, yet the ever ready fancy of the author is well supported by a compact and trustworthy statement of the facts from which he takes his successive flights.

As a whole, Dr. Drummond's book may best be looked upon as a poem in prose form. It may well, for the sake of contrast, be compared with that of Lucretius. If the reader will essay this task, he will discern not only the value of the poetic presentation of scientific hypotheses in developing the states of mind of men which affect their attitude towards nature, but he may also note a matter of transcendent importance; that is, the influence which the introduction of spiritual concepts has had in qualifying the understandings with which man meets his environment.

Although Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution*¹ is to be classed with Dr. Drummond's work, for the reason that it also essays the interpretation of duty in the light of the derivative hypothesis, it differs from the *Ascent of Man* in motive and method of presentation in a very essential way. The methods and temper of *Social Evolution* are more distinctly scientific than they are in most books which endeavor to import the spirit of biological inquiry in the study of the phenomena of civilization. The aim of Mr. Kidd is to trace, in the manner of the naturalist who is following the development of an organic series on the line of distinctly visible and measurable fact, the conditions of human advance. It is an inquiry which has for its object a criticism of the projects which are brought forward by the thinking members of the socialist party. His main contentions are, that natural selection still operates effectively and with very advantageous results among the individuals of our advanced societies, and

is also of determining value in deciding the survivals of peoples; that, so far as the reason is concerned, it acts in no wise to diminish the greed of the individual man, but ever must lead him on the paths of self-seeking; and, furthermore, that the only corrective to the remorseless struggle which individual men make for their personal gratification, the only motive to which we may look for the elevation of our societies above the beastly plane of pure self-seeking, is that form of sympathy which is known as religion.

This bald statement of the thread of theory which runs through Mr. Kidd's admirable book gives little idea of its quality. At every step of his presentation, he shows an admirable combination of the motives of the inquirer and a knowledge of his methods along with a keen sense of those scarcely visible impulses which guide in his process of social evolution. In his first chapter, entitled *The Outlook*, the writer presents a grim picture of the present conditions of our economic system, and of the inadequacy of the old-school political economy to take due account of the situation. He then turns to the conditions of human progress, and endeavors to show that there is no rational sanction for it. This leads him to study the function of religious beliefs, and to the conclusion that "a rational religion is a scientific impossibility, representing from the nature of the case an inherent contradiction of terms;" and further, "a religion is a form of belief providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct of the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing." On this foundation, whether well established or not, yet admirably stated, the author proceeds to build a very remarkable account as to the condition of western civilization; that is, the civili-

¹ *Social Evolution*. By BENJAMIN KIDD. New Edition, with a New Preface. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

zation of Europe and the colonies which it has sent forth. He attributes the singular success of these peoples not to their intellectual quality, which, following Galton, he deems much below that of the Athenians, but to the extent to which the folk are penetrated with the spirit of altruism. Pursuing the same thread of thought, he analyzes modern socialism, showing very clearly that the immediate motive of the socialistic party is the welfare of the individual rather than the higher good of the race. Following the path traced by Weismann, he maintains that any society in which the element of struggle should be eliminated would inevitably experience a decline of all those influences which make for physical, intellectual, and moral progress. This view, which is elaborated in some detail, constitutes the largest and most philosophical objection which has yet been made to the scheme of Marx and his followers.

After his review of existing conditions the writer returns to his main point, which is thus stated: "The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual, but religious in character." He holds in general to the doctrine that the measure of power, as represented both by endurance and expansion, among the peoples of the present age is essentially determined by the share which they possess of the religious motive as represented by their sympathetic action. He endeavors to explain the decay and overthrow of the Greek and Roman societies, masterful though they were in the intellectual realm, by the lack of the altruistic impulses among the dominant classes of those peoples. In this clever analysis and admirable exposition of great events the reader will find, if he look closely to the argument, the dangerous if not fatal error which characterizes our author's work, one indeed which is apt to prove the pitfall in all such speculations. To attribute the decay of the Hellenic and

Roman societies, altogether or even in the main, to the prevailing lack of sympathy of the higher class with the lower, or of fellow-man with fellow-man, is tacitly to assume that this vast entanglement of action, which among certain peoples makes for culture and perpetuity, can be explained by dealing with a single factor. It might well be maintained that the element of sympathy had a place in the vast equation which determined that the leading Mediterranean peoples should go down, and in the end be overwhelmed by Gothic invasions. But the student who has brought himself to conceive the little which any man can yet take into mind of the forces which decide the fate of nations will revolt against such uncritical judgments. There is danger indeed that, finding the writer thus weak in one of his strongest affirmations, he will overlook the real and very great value of the work which he has done.

It is the characteristic yet inevitable weakness not only of the works we are considering in this writing, but of all the other essays which have been written or are likely soon to be produced concerning society, that they take hold on special influences which are doubtless of real value in the plexus of actions, but which cannot, in the existing state of our knowledge, or even of our methods in sociology, be proved to have a dominant constructive value. The result of all such work is not an account of the doings and the fate of men. It is doubtful whether we shall ever attain to that result. Even when the analysis of the motives is complete, the task of synthesis which will have to be done is evidently so complicated as to transcend the measure of human capacity. The great difficulty of making such a combination arises from the fact that whenever one series of actions in a particular body, whether it be that of an individual or of a society, is affected by another series, the consequences, as in the physical world, are essentially unforeseeable. They may occur very suddenly,

and under conditions which make it practically impossible to prove the steps of the derivation.

When we study the association of parts and functions which make up the body of the simplest organism, we find that our labors, however far they may be carried, do not lead us to any conception of a working formula by which we may express the interaction of the body. How then can we hope to unravel the conditions of working of such a structure as a human society, into which go, as determining influences, not only the quality of each individual of the association, but the historic value of all those which have had a part in the social development? Accepting this view of the situation, should we condemn as fruitless or misleading such essays as these of Dr. Drummond and Mr. Kidd? Certainly not, for they are profoundly helpful, inasmuch as they present to us in a vivid way the vast com-

plication and historic meaning of civilization. They do not lead to conclusions, — for that matter, science at its best rarely leads to such, — but they develop states of mind as to man's place and duty which are of infinite importance in the conduct of life. We should welcome all such works and seek their dissemination, for the reason, if for no other, that they will serve in an immediate way to make head against that combination of dreaming and ignorance which is manifesting itself in the destructive schemes of Nihilists and the subverting projects of certain socialistic leaders. It is evident that society has its account to settle with these people, and all that we can do towards showing them the complicated and critical condition of civilization will serve to make the reckoning easier. Before we proceed by the ancient way of the sword it is clearly our duty to exhaust the more modern resources of instruction and argument.

THE MEDIÆVAL TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

DURING the past few years the history of mediæval municipalities has been attracting considerable attention in Europe. Sohm, Hegel, Schulte, Pappenheim, Von Below, Gothein, Giry, Luchaire, Pirenne, and others have made valuable additions to our knowledge of the subject, not to mention a host of contributors to the history of particular towns. No branch of German constitutional history has ever before been enriched to such an extent within so short a space of time. One reason for this great interest in the subject is that most of the important questions of mediæval constitutional history are more or less connected with the problem of the origin of municipalities. One writer contends that the town constitution emanated from the guilds, another that it originated in

market privileges granted by the crown, and another that it was merely the expansion of an older village constitution. Though the battle has been carried on with the polemical zeal and acrimony which usually characterize German research, and though some of the main questions in dispute have not been settled, we are much nearer their solution than we were ten years ago. Not merely in Germany, but also in France and the Netherlands, considerable progress has recently been made in this branch of study.

In England there is no such activity, but only stagnant quiescence. England lags behind her neighbors in this even more than in other branches of historical research. This may be due in part to "the meanness and dullness of the mu-

nicipal story" in England, but its duller aspects — the study of Roman relics, church epitaphs, and royal pageants — have received most attention, and in Germany and France the dramatic phases of municipal history do not occupy the foreground. "The traveller who has asked at the bookshop of a provincial town for a local history, or even for a local guide," says the most recent historian of English municipalities,¹ "is as well able to realize the distance which parts us from France, Italy, or Germany as is the student who inquires for a detailed account of how civic life or any of its characteristic institutions grew up among us."

But Mrs. Green unduly exaggerates the extent of this apathy and neglect. There have been signs of an awakening interest in English municipal history in recent years, and a few good treatises on particular boroughs, on guilds, and on the economic development of town life have been published. The preface of the work before us intimates that Mr. Green revolutionized the study of municipal history; that since he wrote nothing has really been accomplished; and that, in fulfillment of a promise made to him, she continues the epoch-making work which he began. No one will deny that Mr. Green's picture of mediæval boroughs is "vivid and suggestive;" but, while respecting the loyalty of his wife to his memory, we must protest against his exaltation to a high place among the historians of English towns. In fact, he added little to our knowledge of municipal development; and, however meagre the literature of town history may be, there are at least a dozen writers who have made more substantial contributions to it than Mr. Green did. Mrs. Green has made considerable use of their works, but gives them little credit in her preface; in the body of her treatise she even casts ungracious and caustic sneers at some au-

thors from whom she has drawn scores of important references.

The historian who attempts to trace the development of any characteristic municipal institution of mediæval England meets with what seems to be an insuperable obstacle, the lack of published records. He finds in print portions of the muniments of only a few boroughs. What is most needed at present are scholarly monographs on particular towns, and copious extracts from the local archives. The author who aspires to write a good general history of English municipalities cannot depend solely upon the data now accessible in printed books; he must have the courage to spend many months of hard work among the town archives. Mrs. Green, like most English writers on municipal history, has exhibited no inclination to resort to this heroic method of solving the problems of the past. Her material is derived from printed books, not from manuscripts. The result is that she leaves some of the most weighty questions unanswered, and she is constantly bemoaning the lack of data, "the thick darkness which still envelops the subject," "the confusion and ignorance which at present prevail." In one place she tells us that "we have not yet the means [that is, in print] of measuring the extent" of an important movement; in another place she says that "the scanty state of our knowledge indeed makes it impossible to sum up in a phrase the character of a strife which was universal, which involved every class in a most complicated and highly organized industrial society, and of which the history has not yet been fully made out for a single borough;" the facts regarding still another aspect of the subject "lie hidden in municipal archives;" and, finally, she closes her work "with feelings of compunction and dismay." Though the meagreness of her sources of information has not deterred her from making some very sweeping generalizations, it has led her, on the

¹ *Town Life in the Fifteenth Century.* By Mrs. J. R. GREEN. In two volumes. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

other hand, to drift into numerous excursions on the history of particular towns. A large part of the second volume consists of sketches of the history of Exeter, Coventry, Southampton, Nottingham, Norwich, Lynn, and Sandwich, and similar sketches are conspicuous in the first volume. What she herself says of one of these is true of all: they are "drawn in faint and uncertain outline." Thus, the treatise as a whole is discursive and crowded with unnecessary details. The author would doubtless have accomplished much more by concentrating her attention upon some prominent phase of municipal history, and by filling the gaps in the material directly from the town archives. Such scraps as the extracts printed in the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, on which she so frequently relies, though valuable so far as they go, do not afford sufficient data for a history of English boroughs.

Mrs. Green prefers to view civic life from the vantage ground of the later mediæval period, for reasons not easy to comprehend. She says it is the age "which revolutionized her [England's] industrial system," and "cast away the last bonds of feudalism," — the age in which "the weight of influence was being transferred from the old governing class to the mass of the governed." "The bonds of feudalism" were, however, felt after the close of the Middle Ages, and the greater part of the second volume purports to demonstrate that the governed had little to do with town government. The truth is that the crucial century of English municipal growth was the thirteenth, and until the civic institutions of that period are carefully investigated the solution of the main questions at issue will remain a hopeless task. Nor does she prove that there were any epoch-making changes in the town constitution during the fifteenth century. On the contrary, she tells us again and again that in most boroughs its essential features had undergone no change; that an oligarchy was supreme

"from the first" or "from the beginning," and remained dominant in town politics, in spite of some attempts on the part of the commons to place the government on a more popular basis. The revolution in civic life, according to her own account, was mainly an external one, affecting the relations of the borough to the king or manorial lord, and that revolution was accomplished before the fifteenth century. Moreover, the title of her book is misleading, for she devotes many pages to the thirteenth century, she deals with the fourteenth as much as with the fifteenth century, and occasionally drifts into the sixteenth. Even when ostensibly speaking of the fifteenth century she draws many of the illustrations in her footnotes from earlier times. "The question of origins," she says in the preface, "I have deliberately set on one side, from the conviction that the beginnings of a society may be more fruitfully studied after we know something of its actual life." This statement is incomprehensible, for a large part of volume i. is devoted to the origin of municipal freedom, and in a chapter of volume ii. she even goes back to the "primitive" constitution of boroughs. In some respects her account of municipal development in the fifteenth century is even less comprehensive than her account of it in the preceding period. Some of the most interesting and most characteristic problems of town life in that century — for example, the relations of the burghers to popular uprisings, the part played by the boroughs in national politics, the disputed question of the decay of many prominent towns — are only incidentally touched, or are wholly neglected.

It is unnecessary to present an outline of the contents of volume i.; for, as is intimated in the preface, it contains no new generalizations. The author gives some account of the changes that took place in industry and commerce in the latter part of the Middle Ages, the various classes of inhabitants in bor-

oughs, the duties and privileges of the burghers, the attainment of personal and political freedom by towns on the royal demesne and on baronial and church estates, the variety of separate jurisdictions within the civic boundaries, the relation of the church to the boroughs, and the organization of the Cinque Ports. In dealing with these subjects she does not often penetrate far below the surface; the more difficult problems are passed over in silence, or are summarily consigned to the limbo of "thick darkness." Such questions as the limits and organization of the local judiciary and the relations of the crafts to the attainment of citizenship are nowhere investigated.

A few brief extracts from the first chapter will illustrate her style of writing, and also her method of investigation: "The town of those early days [the fifteenth century] in fact governed itself after the fashion of a little principality. Within the bounds which the mayor and citizens defined with perpetual insistence in their formal perambulation year after year it carried on its isolated, self-independent life. The inhabitants . . . elected their own rulers and officials in whatever way they themselves chose to adopt, and distributed among officers and councillors just such powers of legislation and administration as seemed good in their eyes. They drew up formal constitutions for the government of the community . . . till they had made of their constitution a various medley of fundamental doctrines and general precepts and particular rules, somewhat after the fashion of an American state of modern times. . . . The townsfolk themselves assessed their taxes, levied them in their own way, and paid them through their own officers. . . . They sent out their trading barges in fleets under admirals of their own choosing. . . . Englishmen who now stand in the forefront of the world for their conception of freedom and their political capacity, and whose contribu-

tion to the art of government has been possibly the most significant fact of these last centuries, may well look back from that great place to the burghers who won for them their birthright, and watch with quickened interest the little stage of the mediæval boroughs where their forefathers once played their part, trying a dozen schemes of representation, constructing plans of government, inventing constitutions, with a living energy which has not yet spent its force after traversing a score of generations. . . . These were the workshops in which the political creed of England was fashioned; where the notion of a free commonwealth, with the three estates of king, lords, and commons holding by common consent their several authority, was proved and tested till it became the mere commonplace, the vulgar property, of every Englishman. . . . The burghers went on filling their purses on the one hand, and drawing up constitutions for their towns on the other, till in the fifteenth century they were in fact the guardians of English wealth and the arbiters of English politics. . . . On every side corporations instinct with municipal pride built Common Halls, set up stately crosses in the market-place, such as are still seen at Winchester or Marlborough, paved the streets, or provided new water-supply for the growing population. . . . The truly characteristic part of the mediæval story is that which enables us to measure the political genius with which the forerunners of our modern democracy shaped schemes of administration for the societies they had created of free workers. . . . It was not enough that the burghers should create societies of free men, to whom the great difference that distinguished between man and man was not wealth or poverty, labor or ease, but freedom or bondage. This was the easier part of their task, and was practically finished early in their history. It was a longer and more difficult business to discover how the art of

government should be actually practised in these communities, and to define the principles of their political existence. But in these matters also the burghers became the pioneers of our liberties, and their political methods have been handed down as part of the heritage of the whole people. . . . Set from the first in pleasant places, where by conquering kings the lofty had been brought low and the humble lifted up, and where no enemy of invincible strength lay any longer across their path, the burghers might carry on their own business without care; . . . and the boroughs owed to their early insignificance and isolation a freedom from restraint and dictation in which real political experience became possible."

This idyllic picture of self-government and municipal freedom gradually fades from the reader's mind as he peruses the succeeding chapters of Mrs. Green's book, until finally, when he comes to the end of volume ii., he is inclined to believe that he must have read of all this civic liberty and independence in some other work. If this book were a mediæval manuscript, a learned editor would demonstrate to every one's satisfaction that chapter i. was an interpolation by a later hand. Instead of little principalities leading an "isolated, self-independent life," we learn that their privileged existence was a mere matter of royal caprice, and that boroughs were often laid prostrate before the throne. The king could at any moment and on the most trivial pretext rob a town of all its franchises, and retain them until they were rebought for hard cash. "The burghers lay absolutely at his mercy for all the liberties and rights which they enjoyed."¹ "The whole of their complicated system of administration was kept in working order by a generous system of bribes" paid to the king and his officials. In the internal government of these municipalities "with complete local independence" the

king frequently interfered, either "to protect the select oligarchy against the commons," or for any other purpose that conduced to his profit. The fortunes of important cities like Norwich "fell backwards and forwards with the rise and fall of court parties." Even the highly privileged Cinque Ports were constantly pestered with royal inquisitions. The towns did not always establish their own schemes of government, even after they had attained "complete independence;" for example, "in 1403 the citizens of Norwich bought [from the crown] a new constitution at the heavy price of £1000;" and Henry V. "utterly annihilated" the civic ordinances of Lynn. Instead of enjoying tranquil self-government, with "no enemy of invincible strength across their path," we find that almost every borough was broken up into various separate sokes — most of them ecclesiastical jurisdictions — which were continually in conflict with the civic authorities and prevented the full attainment of municipal liberty. Hence "ecclesiastical tradition stood between the people and freedom," and "was fatal to the healthy development of municipal self-government." Instead of the inhabitants "electing their officials" and "distributing powers of legislation," we are informed again and again that "these forerunners of our modern democracy" had no real liberty and self-government, but "from the beginning" (from the beginning of what the author does not say) were ground under foot by a harsh and despotic oligarchy. It was a "government by the select few," by a close caste or "governing plutarchy," "who ruled for their own ends with frankness and capacity," and, in the fifteenth century, "cast into the freeman's dungeon the burgher who still prated of a free community." "Nor must it be forgotten that from the first no man of the people could hope to aspire to any post in the administration of the town." Everywhere "the oligarchy fixed their yoke

¹ All the citations in this paragraph, also, are from Mrs. Green's book.

on the neck of the people." We learn that these "pioneers of English freedom," these "arbiters of English politics," who fashioned England's political creed, these "burghers who won for Englishmen their birthright," these "shopkeepers who carried across the ages of tyranny the full tradition of liberty," kept aloof from the great political movements of the fifteenth century, and truckled to one king after another with every change of dynasty. "Throughout the Wars of the Roses the Nottingham men did just what the men of every other town in England did, — reluctantly sent their soldiers when they were ordered out to the aid of a reigning king, and, whatever might be the side on which they fought, as soon as victory was declared hurried off their messengers with gifts and protestations of loyalty to the conqueror." The town trader, "in the hurry of business, had no time and less attention to give to political problems that lay beyond his own parish." In most towns we look in vain for municipal trading barges in fleets under municipal admirals. We also look in vain for societies of free workers: the air of the borough is not redolent of liberty; as an old writer expresses it, there is "much franchise and little freedom;" at every turn the craftsmen and other inhabitants are trammelled by their rulers. We hear little of boroughs where "the lofty had been brought low and the humble lifted up;" man is sharply distinguished from man, not merely by freedom or bondage, but "by wealth or poverty, labor or ease." Wealth is the stepping-stone to high station, and especially to a place in the ruling plutarchy. A "broad chasm" separates merchant traders from retail dealers, and rigid barriers keep apart master craftsmen and journeymen and servingmen or common laborers. "All evidence goes to show . . . that antagonism between the man who asks and the man who pays a wage were [*sic*] very

much the same as now; and that class interests were if anything far more powerful." "The burghers yearly added to their number half a dozen, or perhaps even a score of members wealthy enough to buy the privilege, while the increase in the unenfranchised class, which had begun very early in town life, proceeded by leaps and bounds." We find few corporations "instinct with municipal pride," constructing good pavements and magnificent civic monuments, but we are presented with a lurid picture of decayed buildings, and streets reeking with filth and obstructed with refuse. "The first sight of a mediæval town must have carried little promise to the visitor." In Hythe "streets were choked with the refuse of the stable, . . . flooded by the overflow of a house. . . . Timber dealers cast trunks of trees right across the street, dyers poured their waste waters over it till it became a mere swamp. . . . There was hardly a street or lane which was not described as 'almost stinking and a nuisance.' . . . Everywhere gates and bridges were falling to decay, ditches unrepaired, and hedges overgrown. . . . Nor was this the condition of smaller towns only." The streets of Nottingham were "blocked with piles of cinders." In Norwich "the market-place was not yet paved in 1507, but a judicious order was issued that no one should dig holes in it to get sand without the mayor's license."

In volume ii. Mrs. Green deals mainly with the internal development of boroughs as distinguished from the history of the struggle with the lords for municipal franchises. There are chapters on manners, the market, traders, artisans, and crafts. In treating such subjects as manners and "books of courtesy" the author is more at home than in dealing with institutions of government. The greater part of this volume is devoted to the nature of the town polity, the question whether its government was democratic or aristocratic. At the outset we are told that the "commonly accepted"

theory is that borough government in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was democratic, and later gradually became aristocratic. Certainly, this has not been the prevailing theory during the past twenty-five years. Since Brentano wrote his essay on guilds most English writers have accepted his dictum regarding the dominance of an early aristocracy, and the few historians who have vigorously protested against this theory do not seem to have disturbed England's faith in Brentano. Mrs. Green appears to accept his view on this point; she rejects with disdain the theory of "the passage from democracy to oligarchy," and yet she speaks in a vague way of a primitive *communitas*, of which she claims to be the discoverer, and which she calls the early town democracy; and then she proceeds to prove that after the thirteenth century almost every town was ruled by an oligarchy or "official caste." "We may, perhaps, date back to a distant past the claim of the whole community to have all laws ratified by their 'entire assent and consent,' to be made privy and consenting to all elections, to know verily how the town moneys were raised and spent, to admit new burgesses by the common vote of the people. These were rights which the oligarchies constantly endeavored to make void from the time of Henry the Third to the time of Henry the Eighth." In the great majority of towns a second council was formed, but even this system "to some extent represented a victory of the oligarchy." Despite what she has said regarding the prevalence of an early democratic community, she tells us that, in certain towns at least, the oligarchy had been supreme "from the first" or "from the beginning." She informs us more than once that we seem to discern traces of this oligarchy very early or from the beginning, but what these traces are she does not state. Her views are so protean that it is difficult to follow her in this part of her work. In one place

she appears to sneer at the theory of the passage from a democracy to an oligarchy, but in the chapter on the Town Democracy she evidently believes that the democratic *communitas* was the original nucleus of borough government, and in the last chapter of the book she says, "What had been the democracy of 1200 became the oligarchy of 1500." Thus she agrees with Dr. Colby, who investigated the subject some years ago at Harvard University, and whose paper in the *English Historical Review* Mrs. Green either has not read or has passed over with silent contempt.

Mrs. Green wields a very facile pen, and she often works up old material with a skillful hand; but the style of the book is not in keeping with "the meanness and dullness of the municipal story." She herself dwells repeatedly upon the lack of dramatic elements in English municipal history, upon its "dull monotony." Of one of the most prominent boroughs she says, "The civic life stretches out before us like stagnant waters girt around by immutable barriers; scarcely a movement disturbs its sluggish surface;" and of another important municipality, "There is something phenomenal in the record of a town so tranquil." In the narration of such a story we expect a less lofty strain, simpler language, and fewer ponderous phrases. Her well-rounded, labored periods grow wearisome as we penetrate into dry details of industrial growth and town life. No amount of frills and furbelows — not even copious citations from *Piers Plowman* — can make the theme fascinating, however edifying the story may be. Though her statements are generally lucid, she has obscured the sense of one whole chapter by the exuberance of her phraseology; and her fine writing sometimes covers loose thinking and delusive generalizing.

Though her treatise is useful in the present condition of the literature of the subject, the English municipalities of the fifteenth century still await an historian.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION AND TRAVEL.

A WOMAN'S chance discovery in a pile of rubbish, a few years ago, of the official correspondence of a Pharaoh who lived a century before the Exodus has an importance scarcely inferior to that of the Rosetta Stone. These letters, written in the Assyrian language and character, are all from the Asiatic portion of the Egyptian empire. The tributary king of Assyria and the governors of towns in Palestine, Phœnicia, and Asia Minor are the principal writers, and they report the condition of their various governments much the same as in more modern times.

This "find" has not only greatly extended our knowledge of Egyptian history and appreciation of the intellectual condition of that part of the world, and especially of the Canaanites, at that time, but it has wakened hopes that other heaps of rubbish may conceal other royal archives. It is not impossible that in some hidden collection of tablets, like that of Tell el Amarna, or of papyri, there may be an account of the bold explorers who discovered the gold mines of South Africa unknown ages ago. Still more likely is it that there will be some record of the pioneers who followed in the footsteps of these men and built Zimbabwe and the other mining towns and castles, the ruins of which are scattered over Mashonaland. A history of that great Sabæan colony, its origin, progress, and final downfall, — whether through the irresistible inrush of savage hordes, the far distant ancestors of the Kafir and the Zulu, or through the exhaustion of the gold, we cannot tell, — would necessarily prove of the greatest interest. It is more than probable, it is certain, that this episode of African history, as it apparently extended over centuries of time, contained more of romance, of exciting adventures, of hopes and fears, of gains

and losses, than that of our modern California or Australia.

We can hope beside that records may be brought to light which will clear up the mysteries still clinging about the shadowy land of Punt, and the expedition sent out to explore it in the year B. C. 2400 by Sankhara of the Eleventh Dynasty, as we learn from the inscription in the Wady Hammamat. This region some scholars believe to be the still partly explored Galla and Somaliland, known also as the "horn of Africa." The discovery of the abandoned gold mines in the southern part of the continent seems to show that it was better known to the men of those distant ages, whose civilization, learning, and wealth we are now only beginning dimly to appreciate, than to those of any other time except our own. This may be true even if we accept the somewhat doubtful story of Herodotus of the fleet dispatched by Necho in the year B. C. 620, which returned to Egypt reporting that it had circumnavigated the continent; or the tales of the Carthaginian merchant travelers who are said to have crossed the Sahara and to have traded with the inhabitants of the Niger basin.

The exploration of Africa, which is yet in progress, may be said to have begun with the formation of the African Association in 1788. Up to that time, since the voyages initiated by Prince Henry the Navigator and those of Vasco da Gama, little had been done by any traveler, trader, or colonist except to touch here and there along the coast. Mungo Park was one of the pioneers of this association, and there are those still living, of whom the present writer is one, whose childish ideas of Africa were largely drawn from the rude pictures of this daring but ill-fated traveler whipping a pool to drive away the innumerable frogs that his horse might drink, or lying ex-

hausted under a tree and receiving water from a compassionate negro woman.

Though there has been a continuous succession of travelers since his day, the most memorable period, and that which gave the greatest impetus to exploration, was the year 1849. It was in that year that Livingstone, in the first of his great journeys, reached the shores of Lake Ngami, a discovery which kindled in him the inextinguishable enthusiasm of the explorer, and caused him finally well-nigh to forget his original purpose of discovering new lands simply that they might be fields for missionary work. Notwithstanding his gradual sinking of the higher in the lower aim, however, no man has done more in our days to promote the work of christianizing the savage world. At the same time, a man of a very different stamp, Gordon Cumming, had just finished his five eventful years of hunting in South Africa, the fascinating account of which he published the next year. By this book he attracted a whole army of sportsmen and professional hunters, by whom and the "trekking" Boers the game which then swarmed on the plains and in the river bottoms was either exterminated, or else driven in greatly diminished numbers to the yet comparatively inaccessible Zambesi valley. On the east coast, in this same year, Mt. Kilimanjaro, superb with its two snow-clad peaks, was discovered by Dr. Rebmann, and Mt. Kenia, snow-clad also, though directly under the equator, was seen by his fellow-missionary, Dr. Krapf. Their report of these wonders filled men's imaginations, recalling the ancient traditions of the Mountains of the Moon at the source of the Nile, and reviving the interest of the civilized world in the solution of that mystery. In this same eventful year, also, Dr. Barth set out from the Mediterranean on his great journey of twelve thousand miles, lasting nearly seven years, during which he crossed and recrossed the desert, explored the central Sudan, and

gave to us the greater part of the knowledge which we possess of those flourishing and populous negroid states to the south of the Sahara. From that time there has been a continually increasing host of travelers, missionaries, and adventurers who have penetrated into nearly every part of the continent. The map, which was mostly blank or conjecturally drawn in our childhood, is now filled with lakes, rivers, mountain chains, plains, and deserts, while the political boundaries which mark the division between the different states and colonial possessions of the European powers show still more evidently the changes wrought by the last half century. The motives which have prompted this conquest of Africa have been various. On the west coast they have been mainly commercial since the first cargo of slaves was shipped to the New World. Undoubtedly there has been much missionary effort there, and Liberia and Sierra Leone both show what has been attempted for the development of the freedman; but mercantile interests, the exchange of palm oil for gin, now that the slave trade has ceased, have been predominant. In the south, Livingstone, the devoted missionary and explorer, and Gordon Cumming, the ardent sportsman, were the men who were the leaders and examples of those who have opened up this region. On the east coast the missionary has been invariably the first in the field, while in the north commercial and political interests have mostly prevailed. The so-called "partition of Africa," which has occupied the public attention so much recently, is due largely to trade interests, though political motives have not been wanting. The great powers that have shared together the unappropriated parts of the continent have been actuated principally by a wish to open new markets for their own products as well as to secure and develop the trade and resources of the regions which have become their "sphere of influence." France and Italy, cramped by

their European boundaries, have sought in Africa freedom to expand and a field for the activities of their young men, a nursery for soldiers and statesmen. Then mere jealousy, occasionally leading a nation to annex comparatively valueless territory to prevent a neighbor from taking it, has played a not unimportant part.

In all this opening up of Africa, however, whether it has proceeded from political, commercial, or in some cases, it must be confessed, from religious motives, the native himself has suffered grievously. The original inhabitants, if the pygmies represent them, as we are inclined to believe, linger only in the recesses of the great and inhospitable forests of the Congo and Aruwimi. The descendants of those who have driven this race to their last refuge are in their turn being crushed out by the raids of the slave hunters in equatorial Africa, or by the almost equally destructive advance of western civilization in other parts. To Livingstone it was the source of the bitterest regret that the slave raiders were the first to profit by his discoveries. The devastation caused by these enemies of the human race is almost inconceivable. There are regions of great extent, in the Congo Free State especially, which a few years ago were filled with a peaceful and industrious people, but are now uninhabited wildernesses. It is difficult to realize what damage an expedition of several hundred men almost necessarily does to a sparsely settled country poorly supplied with food. The expeditions, for instance, from the east coast to the interior, even when peaceful, literally "eat up" the country. But if the wretched native, in despair, attempts to defend his banana groves and wells, even from those who would pay for food and water, he suffers dearly for his act, and the result is often much the same as if he were attacked by a slave hunter.

The literature of this period of ex-

ploration and development, it is hardly necessary to say, has closely followed every movement. At first it consisted mainly of accounts of journeys into unknown regions. Now these are comparatively rare, and have given place to histories of countries, scientific treatises, government documents, missionary reports, and biographies of men who have given their lives to Africa. There are also works on the ethnography of the native races, their language and literature. But the largest class of writers are the travelers, neither explorers nor men with scientific aims, who simply describe the scenery and life of the countries through which they pass. A very favorable specimen of this class is the veteran Dr. H. M. Field. His latest work¹ is an account of a few weeks spent in Northern Africa in the winter of 1892-93. It is written easily and pleasantly, and we judge from the frequent Scriptural allusions and illustrations that it was for a special audience. Though it contains nothing profound or original, yet Dr. Field is a good observer, and describes the picturesque life of the half-African, half-European towns on the Mediterranean exceedingly well.

He had unusual opportunities for meeting interesting people, both natives and foreigners, of which he always availed himself for the benefit of his readers, and some of the most entertaining and suggestive passages in his book are accounts of interviews with leading men in the places he visited. The fact that this was his second journey to the region enables him to write somewhat more intelligently and to give more truthful impressions than the traveler to whom everything is new and strange. Of Gibraltar he tells nothing new, but there is much that is of interest in his account of Tangier, almost the only place where Moor and Christian freely jostle each other in the

¹ *The Barbary Coast*. By HENRY M. FIELD. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

streets. He had an interview with the bashaw, "a magnificent specimen of manly strength and beauty," who gave him the rare privilege of seeing the prison. The horrors of this place, where starvation is the only and continual discipline, are rather hinted at than described. There is a striking picture of the late Sultan, "the only one in existence that gives any just impression of the man." It is the enlargement of a photograph taken by a kodak while he was riding in the midst of a great procession, four years ago, in Tangier. A pleasant anecdote, showing his kindly feeling, is all that Dr. Field has to tell of him; though he devotes a chapter to the relations which Morocco sustains to the European powers, and emphasizes the fact that because of its great and undeveloped resources in agricultural and mineral wealth "it is the greatest prize in the world"! Of Algeria, naturally, he saw far more than of Morocco. Besides the capital he visited Constantine, and rode through the mountains of the Kabyles, of whom he gives a particularly interesting description, obtained from one who had lived long among them. He also went into the southern part of the colony to the edge of the Sahara. The impressions which he gives from what he saw and heard, as compared with those of his former visit, strengthen the conviction that the French, after sixty years of conquest, have done little or nothing to overcome the sleeping but ever living hostility of the natives. The prefect of Constantine said to him: "All is quiet now, but an insurrection may break out at any time. We cannot guard against it, nor even anticipate its coming, any more than that of an earthquake. . . . One thing we cannot do: we cannot touch the religion of the people. If we did, there would be an insurrection to-morrow!" Notwithstanding this feel-

ing of living on a volcano, the Frenchman has come to stay, and he is planning to connect Algeria with Senegambia on the west coast and the states of the central Sudan by a railway, a magnificent scheme, to which Dr. Field devotes a chapter. There is nothing noteworthy in this, nor in his very sketchy account of his visit to Tunis and Carthage. This is the occasion of a diffuse and didactic chapter upon St. Augustine, which, we fear, will find fewer interested readers than his brief sketch of Jules Gérard, the lion-killer. This chapter and a dull recapitulation of the familiar events leading to the ruin of Carthage are perhaps the only instances of "padding" in a book which tells us much in an entertaining manner.

Of a very different character is Mr. Lucas's history of the British colonies on the west coast.¹ It is packed full of information, clearly and concisely given, first of the general history of the discovery and settlement of the whole coast by the various European nations; then each colony is described separately, its history, government, commerce, resources, and present condition. The general impression left by the book is not favorable. These colonies have been from the beginning, and still are, hardly more than mere trading settlements. Though the slave trade by sea has ceased, yet slavery itself, with its attendant barbarism, exists almost within cannon-shot of the towns and factories, and little is done to suppress it or to elevate the negro. The most satisfactory condition is found at Lagos, the least at Sierra Leone, where "Mohammedanism is increasing more rapidly than Christianity, and education is making no progress."

One of the most remarkable of recent journeys is that of Dr. James Johnston,² who crossed Africa from Benguela on the Atlantic coast to the mouth of the

¹ *A Historical Geography of British Colonies.* By C. P. LUCAS. Volume III. West Africa. Oxford: University Press.

² *Reality versus Romance in South Central Africa.* By JAMES JOHNSTON, M. D. New York: T. H. Revell & Co.

Zambesi. It was a walk of 4500 miles, occupying seventeen months; and though his way led through regions inhabited by tribes hostile to every stranger, he never fired a shot in anger or in self-defense, nor lost a carrier by death. This is an absolutely unique record for a journey of any extent, and shows that he had extraordinary tact and patience in dealing with the natives, as well as unremitting care for his men. His object was to see whether there was an opportunity for Christian negroes from the West Indies to aid the missionaries as lay assistants, especially in teaching the natives the industrial arts. Taking six from Jamaica with him, he traveled from station to station, from the establishments of the American Board at Bihé to the Scotch missions at Blantyre and on Lake Nyassa, only to be disappointed at each. There was no opening for his Jamaicans, who ultimately returned to their island. The missionary work did not seem to him to have advanced beyond the initial stage, and little progress had been made in christianizing the negro. This failure of his hopes has affected his impressions of the whole of the country through which he passed more unfavorably, perhaps, than he is aware. Its fertility, for instance, had been greatly exaggerated. Much of it was a barren wilderness, and the climate was pestilential. Of Mashonaland, the latest British acquisition in this region, he says, "No one looking out on the dreary wastes we have traversed during the last forty-five days could hope to earn even a bare living from the sandy soil." He traveled here for twenty-three days without seeing a native village, but this may have been due to the raids of the Matabele, and not to the poverty of the land. In Salisbury, the new town which sprang up with the advent of the miners, bankruptcy was the "order of the day," and the liquor trade was the only thriving business. "Out of a hundred wagons on the road to Salisbury, seventy carry an average of two thou-

sand bottles of intoxicating liquor each." The only things in which he apparently was not disappointed were the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, and the famous Bechuana king, Khama, who is "a noble example of what Christianity and civilization can do for the African." Dr. Johnston was very successful as a photographer, and the reproductions of his pictures which are given in the book are the most beautiful of African scenery which we have ever seen.

A great part of this same region was the theatre of the adventures of which Mr. Selous writes so entertainingly in his new book.¹ He is a hunter by profession, and is honorably "known throughout Africa as the man who never tells a lie." But for this reputation it might be hard to credit some of the stories which he tells, as, for instance, of the night attack upon his camp by lions, or the escape from the Mashukulumbwi, a native tribe on the upper Zambesi, a story of extraordinary endurance, woodcraft, and pluck. They are told, moreover, with great simplicity and modesty, and with literary skill very unusual in one more accustomed to hold a gun than a pen. It is interesting to note that he does not regard the extinction of the large game in Africa as probable, with the exception of the white rhinoceros, of which only a few individuals are left. The native chiefs in the regions in which he hunted now carefully preserve the game. The only difficulty, indeed, which he had with the noted Matabele king, Lobengula, was about a hippopotamus which the king accused him of killing without permission. The latter part of his volume is chiefly devoted to an account of his pioneer work in Mashonaland. In 1889 he was employed to guide a gold-prospecting company through this country, and soon after he built a road for the South African Company through the wilderness to

¹ *Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa.* By F. C. SELOUS. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

the mining region. This he accomplished with marked success and without exciting the hostility of the natives. It is curious to notice with what different views these two men, the hunter and the Scotch physician, both equally truthful, regard the same country. We have quoted Dr. Johnston's opinion. Mr. Selous, on the other hand, thinks well of it not only for its mineral but for its agricultural wealth, and as a place for stock-raising. Though well within the tropics, its elevation above the sea is so great, three to six thousand feet, that it has "a thoroughly temperate climate." In winter it is "apt to become so keen and cold that an Englishman suddenly transplanted from home, and deposited, without knowing where he was, on some part of the Mashona uplands, would never dream that he was in tropical Africa, but would rather be inclined to believe that he stood on some wild moorland in northern Europe; and the sight of a bed of bracken, looking identical with what one sees at home, would only lend color to this belief." If any justification of the recent Matabele war were needed, it could be found in Mr. Selous's description of the ruin wrought by their raids. In 1840, when they first came into the country, the peaceful Mashonas occupied it in great numbers, cultivated the ground, were rich in herds, lived in walled towns, and practiced some rude arts. Now a miserable remnant have fled to the tops of almost inaccessible cliffs, where they live in constant terror of their fierce neighbors. When Mr. Selous, with a party of only ten, passed by one of their kraals, the people everywhere fled precipitately at his approach, "the old women running from the cornfields, wailing and shouting, and the cattleherds and goatherds leaving their flocks to shift for themselves." Of Zimbabwi, which Mr. Rhodes, the premier of Cape Colony, proposes to make a grand South African mausoleum, Mr. Selous has much to say that is interesting. He does not agree with the conclusion reached by Mr. The-

odore Bent in his *Ruined Cities of Mashonaland*, that the Sabæan occupation ended in the extermination of that people, but he believes that there was a gradual fusion with the natives, the traces of which are still to be seen.

Another side of life in this country when the English miners took possession is pictured in a most charming way by Lady Rose Blennerhassett.¹ In the first part of her entertaining volume she dwells mainly on the incidents of the journey from the Cape to the hospital at Um-tali, a mining town in the eastern part of Mashonaland. The last two hundred miles she and her companion walked, a feat of which she writes most modestly, but one without a parallel. The path led through a wilderness in which fever-haunted swamps alternated with sun-scorched plains. They slept in a lean-to, "and the lions were so near that we could hear the piglike grunt they make when they are hunting." At another halting-place, "the lions, coming down to drink at the swampy pool just in front of our huts, made such a terrific noise that the earth seemed to shake with their roaring. It was a strange sensation to find ourselves so near all these wild creatures, with not even the slenderest door or mat to shut them out of our hut;" and a most dangerous thing, as Mr. Selous afterwards assured them. Their servant was one Wilkins, "an excellent but doddering old person," who said that he had been with Livingstone, and told many anecdotes of the great explorer. Here is one of them: "One morning, sisters, and 't is as true as I'm a-biting this crust, we were surrounded by strange niggers, and them niggers meant mischief if ever a nigger did. Livingstone, he says, 'We're lost,' says he. 'We must go back and give up. Come here, Wilkins, and advise me.' And I up and says, 'Give up, doctor? Never! Let's go and drive 'em off.' The doctor, he

¹ *Adventures in Mashonaland*. By Two Hospital Nurses, ROSE BLENNERHASSETT and LUCY SLEEMAN. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

looks at me. 'Right you are,' he says. 'Lead on, my brave fellow, and I'll follow.' And as true as I'm a living man we slew seventy before breakfast!" The various incidents of their two years in Umtali are told with such graphic simplicity, touched often with humor, that the reader must sometimes fail to realize their situation. At one time the place was literally besieged by lions, who raided the cattle-pens at night, "and in broad daylight coolly chased the police horses across the commonage." A leopard attempted to force its way into the hut where they lay ill of a fever. A patient died in the hospital, "and a man with a loaded revolver sat there all night to protect the corpse from the wild beasts." A description of the Christmas week, 1891, "when camp and township remained 'on the burst,'" leads one to suspect that at times there was little to choose, so far as companionship was concerned, between the men and the beasts. It is scarcely necessary to add that the book is full of bright sketches of the people whom they saw, and that it is a remarkably graphic picture of life in a frontier settlement.

On the steamer which took the two nurses from Zanzibar to Europe "was a wizened-looking child of about eight or nine, only redeemed from positive ugliness by a pair of magnificent Eastern eyes, large, lustrous, and solemn. She understood and spoke a little German, French, and Italian, but said little or nothing, made no noise, and moped about in corners." This was Ferida, the daughter of Emin Pasha, who was at that time making his way slowly towards the Congo, a few months before his murder. The German government has just published a splendid work, descriptive of this his last expedition, by his companion, Dr. Franz Stuhlmann.¹ There is a rare combination of qualities in this author, — thorough

scientific training, keen powers of observation, a strong interest in human nature, and literary skill, and his book is the best which has yet appeared on eastern equatorial Africa. After describing the noteworthy incidents of each march, he gives an account of each tribe which has been encountered, its mode of life, dwellings, household implements, weapons, and customs generally. In this way he has gathered an invaluable collection of ethnographical facts, as many of the tribes are apparently doomed to a speedy extinction. Emin had a roving commission to explore the territory belonging to Germany, but an ambitious desire to lead an expedition across the continent took possession of him. From Lake Victoria he went to the frontier of his former province on the Nile, and, after a vain attempt to induce his old Sudanese soldiers to join him, strove to cross the great forest in which Stanley's expedition so nearly perished. The story of these days of fruitless efforts is perhaps the most pathetic in the annals of African travel. The pasha was nearly blind, and greatly weakened from an unhealed wound. There was little food to be had, and he was encumbered with helpless women and children. Finally smallpox broke out, and, separating the well from the sick, he sent the former back to the coast with his companion; his parting words to him being a greeting to his child, Ferida. He himself remained with a few score of men and women, and, after some months' delay, was compelled, probably, to accompany a band of slave hunters to the Congo. About three days' march from the river he was murdered by the leader of the party. A very interesting account of a visit to Uganda is also given by Dr. Stuhlmann, as well as a brief sketch of the recent civil and religious dissensions which have led to the English protectorate.

Into the northern part of this same region Count Teleki led the expedition of which his comrade, Lieutenant von

¹ *Mit Emin Pascha ins Herz von Afrika.* Von Dr. FRANZ STUHLMANN. Berlin: D. Reimer. 1894.

Höhnel, is the historian.¹ It was a hunting and exploring expedition, and they were successful in both objects. Three hundred and fifty head of large game, including twenty-eight elephants and seventy-nine rhinoceroses, fell to the count's rifle alone. Too much space is given to these hunting incidents, which have a great similarity, and the reader at last is inclined to be shocked at what seems to be wanton slaughter. From Zanzibar past Mt. Kilimanjaro, through Masailand and over the Kikuyu highlands, where they had an unfortunate and unnecessary encounter with the brave Wakikuyu, they are on familiar ground. Beyond this they turned from the regular caravan route to Lake Victoria into the unknown regions to the north, seeking two large lakes said to exist in Samburu. The difficulties and dangers which they encountered in this wilderness, from the wind which blew with the force of a hurricane and nearly buried them in the sand, and from the want of water, it would be hard to exaggerate. Scarcely a day passed without one or more of their followers being reported dead or missing. At length, on March 6, 1888, they reached the southern shore of a great lake, and, to quote from the narrator, "although utterly exhausted after the seven hours' march in the intense and parching heat, we felt our spirits rise once more as we stood upon the beach at last, and saw the beautiful water, clear as crystal, stretching away before us. The men rushed down, shouting, to plunge into the lake, but soon returned in bitter disappointment: the water was brackish! . . . A few scattered tufts of fine, stiff grass rising up in melancholy fashion near the shore, from the wide stretches of sand, were the only bits of green, the only signs of life of any kind. Here and there, some partly in the water, some on the beach, rose up isolated skeleton trees, stretching up their bare, sun-bleached

branches to the pitiless sky. No living creature shared the gloomy solitude with us; and far as our glass could reach there was nothing to be seen but desert,—desert everywhere." From where they stood sixteen craters of volcanoes could be counted, from one of which, smooth and straight as a chimney, arose clouds of smoke.

For a month they struggled along the dreary eastern shore of the lake, which they named Rudolf, after the ill-fated crown prince of Austria, nearly perishing from want of food and water. At the northern end—it was about two hundred miles long by twenty-five broad—they found an inhabited country; but the natives were hostile, and, in the weak condition of their followers, they could not force their way through. A week's journey to the eastward brought them to a similar but smaller lake, to which they gave the name of Stefanie, the wife of the crown prince. Its water was very brackish, and the beach was strewn with fish, "which lay about in great quantities in various stages of decomposition." Although these discoveries do not appear to have any other than a geographical importance, yet the expedition will rank high among exploring expeditions for the courage and skill with which the two Europeans overcame great obstacles. Lieutenant von Höhnel took the scientific part of the work, and proved himself to be an excellent collector and cartographer. In an appendix he gives a partial list of his collection of specimens of the fauna and flora of the regions visited, among which are many new species. The translation, it may be added, is admirably done.

The legendary and folk-lore literature of the African races is still very meagre. Many travelers, as Dr. Stuhlmann for instance, give a few examples of stories in the accounts of their journeys, but few as yet have made a special study of this branch of science. Therefore Mr. Stan-

lated by NANCY BELL. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

¹ *Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie.* By Lieutenant LUDWIG VON HÖHNEL. Trans-
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ley's little book¹ of stories, told over the camp-fire by his native followers, has a peculiar value. Mr. Stanley's lack of literary skill probably gives rather an artificial air to them, and here and there one notes suggestions of Western and Asiatic influences; but that they are substantially genuine specimens of the tales of Zanzibari porters there is no reason to doubt. They are almost exclusively stories in which the animals — in one a rabbit, in another a terrapin — bear the principal parts, and are represented as superior to man. In one only, if we are not mistaken, is the supernatural element entirely wanting, and love between a woman and a man described.

Far more important than this collection are Mr. Heli Chatelain's fifty tales of the Angola tribes on the west coast who speak the Ki-mbundu language.² He has evidently used great diligence in gathering the material for this volume, and his notes show an extraordinary knowledge of the language and customs of the natives. The original text of each story is given upon one page, and a very literal translation on the opposite. Animals, again, are prominent in these, the leopard especially, and there are several stories of the hare, bearing a faint resem-

blance to some of Uncle Remus's. In many there are interesting allusions to the beliefs and modes of life of the natives, and occasionally a didactic strain is evident. Some of them, too, show a certain unexpected refinement in thought and language, indicating an intelligence above that of the mere savage. The editor has given a page of music and maps of the region, which increase the value of his interesting volume.

A few words may be added in respect to the regions yet unexplored in Africa. The most important of these is the central Sudan, including the negroid states south of the Sahara. Only one or two Europeans have succeeded in reaching them, and it is probable that for years to come their Mohammedan rulers will pursue their policy of excluding Christians from their territories. Next in importance are parts of Abyssinia and the regions adjacent on the south now in the Italian sphere of influence. The southern and southeastern portions of the Congo Free State are still very imperfectly known. With these exceptions, it may be said that Africa is as thoroughly explored to-day as Asia, and probably better known as a whole than South America.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. History of England under Henry the Fourth, by James Hamilton Wylie, M. A. Vol. I., 1399-1404; Vol. II., 1405-1406. (Longmans.) It is ten years since the opening volume of this work appeared, and students of English history had naturally begun to fear that Mr. Wylie's minute study of the reign of the

first Lancastrian king might never be completed; for to students the book proved of exceptional interest and value, though possibly it made no very strong appeal to the general reader. The work might well be called *The Story of a Usurpation*, so typical is the history of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion contained therein, — a record

¹ *My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

² *Folk-Tales of Angola.* Fifty Tales, with Ki-mbundu text, Literal English Translation,

Introduction, and Notes. Collected and edited by HELI CHATELAIN. Published for the American Folk-Lore Society by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society. Volume I. 1894.

of revolt in Wales, disorder in Ireland, quarrels with Scotland, and treason everywhere. With more exactitude than is often the case, the author's labor may be called exhaustive; it is history given in detail, and each item is annotated with extraordinary thoroughness, and complete sketches of the principal actors, sometimes of peculiar interest, are usually interpolated. This method of writing, of course, makes broad views of events or effective generalizations almost impossible, but it has in this case made a most authoritative and permanent book of reference, whether we regard the religion, statecraft, warfare, finance, trade, or social life of the time. So it is to be hoped that the index promised with the third and concluding volume will be fuller and more comprehensive than those which sometimes accompany English works of like importance. — *Social England, a Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Science, Literature, and Manners, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D. C. L. Vol. I., From the Earliest Times to the Accession of Edward the First.* (Cassell, London; Putnams, New York.) A work encyclopædic in its scope, and probably destined to be so in its proportions, when we remember that the few definite divisions in which the subject of the social history of England can be satisfactorily treated in the first volume will later have to be divided and subdivided, and the subdivisions even divided again. While the book is evidently intended for the general reader, it is written throughout in the spirit of the latest and most enlightened scholarship, and the contributors to this volume give us always competent, and in some instances very excellent work. The editor's admirable and all too brief introduction, outlining the plan of the history, and most effectively summarizing the story of English social progress through the centuries, imparts to the reader a feeling of confidence in the success of a project fortunate in such clear-sighted and able guidance. The four epochs considered in this volume begin as they should, with England Before the English, Celtic, and Roman Britain being relatively as adequately treated as Saxon or Norman England. The inevitable repetitions, resulting from the plan of regarding each section of the sub-

ject in turn as much as from the composite authorship, are generally as little evident as may be, and indeed the work, on the whole, so well fulfills its purpose that it would be an ungrateful task to particularize blemishes or weaknesses, usually of superficial importance. — *Slav and Moslem, Historical Sketches*, by J. Milliken Napier Brodhead. (Aiken Publishing Co., Aiken, S. C.) A demand, rather than a plea, for the recognition of Russia as a great civilizing force, particularly when confronted by the unspeakable Turk. — *The Indian and the Pioneer, an Historical Study*, by Rose N. Yawger. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) In a couple of volumes bound in one, Miss Yawger, who is a teacher in Union Springs Union school, has collected various facts concerning the Indians, especially those near Lake Geneva, and also concerning the early settlers of the region, and the present local life in school and church. The local touches are frequent, and give a certain specific value to the work. — *Samuel Longfellow: Memoir and Letters; Essays and Sermons. Edited by Joseph May.* (Houghton.) These two volumes contain the record of the character and work of a singularly refined and gentle nature, which yet had a rocklike stability. There was in the outward expression a certain wavering which seemed, superficially, the mark of an unstable mind, but it would be juster to liken it to the quivering of the needle which was struggling against untoward influences after a steadfast pointing to the north. The affectionate nature of the man, his dreamy temperament, forgetful of actualities apparently, yet always mindful in the most delicate manner of persons, won him a half-whimsical but always loving regard, and his fine sensibility as well as his frail physical being interfered with a full and rounded activity. Altogether an unusual man, with a touch of incompleteness which left one wondering if there were not somewhere else another half to him. — *Whittier with the Children*, by Margaret Sidney. (Lothrop.) A somewhat intimately written sketch of Whittier, first in his own boyhood, and then in his relation to children, especially two who are named. There are some pleasing little touches of incident, but the writer scarcely reaches the point which she admires in Whittier when she says, "Mr. Whittier had the remarkable faculty of ef-

facing himself in his intercourse with children."

Fiction. Sweet Bells out of Tune, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. (The Century Co.) One of the outspoken characters in this tale says to the heroine, "It's not a common experience you've had to bear so early in married life, even among what I call the most frivolous and brainless set of people on this continent." It is a pity that Mrs. Harrison, with all her cleverness, does not succeed in extracting something more from this comedy of frivolous and brainless people than the hurried close of an evening's stage melodrama. It is not so very difficult a matter to disclose the process by which a selfish man of society, with low ideals, estranges a pure-minded and high-bred wife; the real problem is to show how they can return to a genuine and not mock peace with each other, and that problem Mrs. Harrison has shirked. — Dostoevsky's Poor Folk (Roberts), to which, by the way, George Moore has contributed a suggestive introduction, is written in one of the most artificial of all literary forms, — the form of letters which pass between the two chief characters. Whether such a manner be the best in which to tell the tale of the love and self-sacrifice of poor old Mäkar for the unfortunate Varvara may well be a question; but there can be no doubt that Dostoevsky has produced here a tragedy of extraordinary power. He has made us feel, as perhaps no one else ever did, the hopelessness of the miserable fate of poor folk; and, by way of alleviation, he has marvelously brought out the beauty of such a love as Mäkar bore for Varvara. He seems to say, as Mr. Howells has said, "Let us make men know one another better," — know the despair of the poor, and the beauty not quite gone out from their lives. — The Ebb Tide, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne. (Stone & Kimball.) More than one lover of Stevenson must have read this story in the magazine in which it was first printed. From its opening chapters it seemed possible to such readers that the aroma might prove too pungent to be fixed in a more permanent form, but this feeling has been thoroughly dispelled, and the publishers, in spite of some inappropriateness in the cover-design, have done their part of the work daintily and well. That phrase from the Missionary Hymn, contrasting antipodean

man and his surroundings, is the keynote of the story. The reader is constantly struck with the writers' design, we think, in the contrast between the vileness of the three principal characters, men of diverse temperament and history, and the lovely surroundings in which they work out their evil destinies. Again we feel, as for example, aforesaid, in *A Night with Villon*, kinship with the lapsed, from whom only the barrier of adequate and regular nourishment divides at least some of the excellent. On this point Stevenson has elsewhere more definitely insisted. There is a touch of *fin de siècle* sharpness in a phrase or two, a suggestion of the manner to which, in him, we are unaccustomed. The style remains, however, a delightful thing; there is still the absolute clearness in seeing all with which the author deals, and there is happy selection, both of which qualities, it seems to us, more than any balancing of phrase and curiousness in epithet, give to his books a wonderful and un-English charm. It would appear from this that Mr. Lloyd Osborne has suffered the fate of the minor collaborator; but to him may possibly be ascribed the correctness of the American local color and the lack of grotesqueness in the use of American slang. — *Salem Kittredge, and Other Stories*, by Bliss Perry (Scribners), are, in a way, as interesting to the critic as they are entertaining to the general reader. Their author seems to look back longingly on the time and material of romance, but to step resolutely forward, nevertheless, into the present, the ordinary, the commonplace. With this contemporary life Mr. Perry does not seem deeply and completely enough in sympathy ever to do any really first-rate work. But he can already do some that is very diverting. His manner is that of the skillful *raconteur* at table: he handles his incidents excellently, and does not bother about much else. Usually he gives his stories a humorous turn that is sometimes a trifle farcical, and sometimes a bit satirical. — *A Prodigal in Love*, by Emma Wolf (Harpers), is a novel that somehow one reads through, despite the protest of one's better judgment and taste; and yet the book is surely not worth the reading, for it is scarcely more than so much sensational trash. — *The Hon. Stanbury and Others*, by Two. The Incognito Library. (Putnams.) The Hon. Stanbury, a sketch rather than a story,

is well told, in a terse, clean-cut, readable style. There is some originality shown in the choice of a subject and its treatment, — the history of the love of the Hon. Mr. Marks, a stolid, slow-witted, unimaginative man, whose besetting sin is gluttony, for a poor dancer, a woman broken in health and no longer young; and the reawakening of the man's better nature wrought thereby is indicated delicately and without exaggeration. The two shorter tales which complete the volume, each having a pathetically forlorn and aging spinster as heroine, though fairly well done, are of no special importance. — *The Wedding Garment*, by Louis Pendleton (Roberts), is a Swedenborgian tract written in the form of a novel. As a tract, it undertakes to instruct in the doctrines of the New Church concerning the life to come, but in this it is scarcely more successful than in its character as a novel. The author does not show enough literary instinct and power to make respectable use of his richly imaginative material of Swedenborg's splendid vision of the other world. — *Mr. Noah Brooks* expresses the hope that his readers may find in his *Tales of the Maine Coast* (Scribners) "the same recreation that the writer has found, and at the same time gain some notion of the characteristics of the people." Recreation the reader will find, undeniably, for the writer of these tales has something very much like the newspaper man's instinct for the interesting. And, too, the reader will gain some notion of the characteristics of the people, but of these characteristics as they manifest themselves under exceptional rather than ordinary circumstances. For the rare art of making the commonplace significant has not been given to the author. — *Quaker Idyls*, by Sarah M. H. Gardner. (Holt.) Between the appropriate drab covers of this little book one is given glimpses of old-fashioned Quaker life in Philadelphia, New York State, and Boston. The sketches — they can hardly be called stories — are as placid as they should be, but, unfortunately, lack something of the spice of humor, often unconscious, which is supposed, with reason, to be a distinguishing element of Quaker character. — *Red Cap and Blue Jacket*, by George Dunn. (Putnams.) A loosely constructed story, whose rather stilted style may perhaps be supposed by the author to indicate an eighteenth-century quality.

The principal characters are, a nobleman, who, by an act of unspeakable baseness and cruelty, has succeeded to his victim's title and estate, and a Scotch schoolmaster, given to discoursing at portentous length on any subject under discussion, who has adopted revolutionary theories, which a visit to France during the Terror naturally serves to bring to confusion. In the prison of the Luxembourg he meets the real Lord Wimpole, and escapes with him to England. The revelation of this gentleman's wrongs is, on the whole, very calmly received by his friends, and the cousin, though forced to surrender his ill-gotten goods, is speedily supplied with love, honor, and distinction almost sufficient to counterbalance the loss. The closing incidents of the tale remind one of the final act of the ordinary comedy of the last century, in which all is summarily made right, and they bear the same relation to anything in actual life. Indeed, while there is some cleverness shown in certain portions of the story, an atmosphere of unreality surrounds the whole. — *A Pound of Cure, a Story of Monte Carlo*, by William H. Bishop. (Scribners.) The moral purpose of this rather tedious tale has perverted its author's artistic sense, for Mr. Bishop has shown himself capable of better things. And the grim joke of it is that the book must be as ineffective morally as it is artistically. Here is one of "life's little ironies."

Travel and Nature. Eskimo Life, by Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by William Archer. (Longmans.) Dr. Nansen is well known by his *The First Crossing of Greenland*. In this book he gathers the results of his study and observation during the winter when he was housed among the Eskimos, and describes their mode of life, their social ideas, and their religion. He was much attracted by their affectionate nature, and though the descriptions are somewhat lacking in sharpness and individuality, they serve to justify the general impressions which Dr. Nansen seeks to give. He passes in review the whole course of European influence, and draws a final conclusion that this influence has been almost wholly mischievous. He counsels the Danish government to withdraw its officers and leave the Eskimos to themselves. — *In the Wake of Columbus, Adventures of the Special Commissioner sent by the World's Columbian Exposition to the West Indies*, by Fred-

erick A. Ober. (Lothrop.) Although the main part of this book is occupied with a record of the journeys which Mr. Ober made when interesting the authorities of the West Indies in the Chicago Fair, the author had an intelligent plan of visiting all the places, whether in the Old World or the New, which were connected historically or by tradition with Columbus. The book thus is in the nature of a series of illustrations, both by pen and camera, of the scenes in which Columbus was a figure. As such it has an added value to the historical student who may not be able to make the pilgrimage himself. For Mr. Ober is a persistent sight-seer and an animated narrator of his experience. — *A Year amongst the Persians, Impressions as to the Life, Character and Thought of the People of Persia, received during Twelve Months' Residence in that Country in the Years 1887-88*, by Edward G. Browne. (Macmillan.) Dr. Browne, who is lecturer in Persian to the University of Cambridge, England, was most admirably equipped for his year in Persia: not only had he a colloquial familiarity with the language as well as an academic knowledge of it, but he had enthusiasm, an open mind, and a passion for the acquisition not merely of the external life which awaits every intelligent traveler, but of the inner, especially the religious mind. Hence his book, while a most interesting narrative of personal adventure, has a profounder value as an exposition of the Bâti faith, and a sympathetic study of the religions of Persia. The writer is so lively and withal so naïve that his work is a treasure trove to the reader of travels. — *Way-side Sketches*, by Eben J. Loomis. (Roberts.) A book made up partly of sentiments regarding nature, in which fancy plays an undue part without playing it well, and partly of stories or allegories which could be classed as products of the imagination only in a subject catalogue. It is fact and fancy of an old-fashioned sort; we seem to detect a Byronic influence in "the voice of the mountain speaking to its brother peak" (only Byron would have made it a sister); but the sentiments uttered are those of a Sunday-school paper. At every allusion to the moral sentiment the page breaks out into capitals. — *The Friendship of Nature, a New England Chronicle of Birds and Flowers*, by Mabel

Osgood Wright. (Macmillan.) A miniature collection of essays done in a manner suggestive of miniature painting, with delicate stippling and fresh light colors. The effects produced are very pretty, and the feeling of the book is true and sweet; but one wonders now and then whether the picture is not completed by a touch of invention, or at least whether the objects brought together do not come in sight, like Chateaubriand's moon, just in time to prevent him from bringing it perforce into his page. — *Our Great West, a Study of the Present Conditions and Future Possibilities of the New Commonwealths and Capitals of the United States*, by Julian Ralph. (Harpers.) A lively, picturesque book, in which practically each locality is allowed to play its own brass band. It is exhilarating to read of the splendid energy and dauntless hope and faith which are engaged in laying bare the great material resources of the West. Mr. Ralph does not shut his eyes to the reverse of the picture, yet he opens them only for a moment. There is, for example, but little concerning the uninformed public opinion, and the ease with which combinations are made for the enrichment of the few and the impoverishment of the many. — *On and Off the Saddle, from the Great Northeast to the Antilles*, by Lisperard Rutgers. (Putnams.) The ground covered in this slender volume is extensive, and the pace at which we are carried over it (the programme for the first day is a drive of a hundred miles) fairly takes away our breath. The motion is rendered uncomfortable by the continual jerks with which the narrative proceeds from the past to the present tense and back again. The following sentence will afford a fair example of the writer's style: "A drive of twenty miles back from the railroad, where the shriek of the locomotive is never heard, we began to see signs of animal life: prairie chickens fly up in front of our horses, alighting fifty feet off, so tame were they." For sheer incoherence this would be hard to match. The book ends appropriately with a cyclone. — *Eastward to the Land of the Morning*, by M. M. Shoemaker. (Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati.) The rambling discourse of a traveler from Brindisi to Japan. He does not weary the reader with the matter-of-fact details of his journey, but seeks to give a series of magice-

lantern slides of scenes. He is disposed to advise his friends not to make a single journey round the globe, but to bisect the world, and take half at a time. — The Partridge: Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson; Shooting, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley; Cookery, by George Saintsbury. Fur and Feather Series. (Longmans.) One of a series of monographs on English game birds and beasts. It is not so limited in scope as would appear at first sight, for the partridge touches English life at a number of points. In fact, if there were room on the title-page for the sub-title English Traits, it would not more than cover the range of a delightful volume in which we learn all about the partridge from the egg to the dinner table, besides having an incidental glimpse of some of the finest traits of English character, and an opportunity to observe the admirable training for literature and politics afforded by an organized national sport. Mr. Macpherson celebrates the partridge in sober and simple fashion, Mr. Saintsbury shows literary skill and zest, and Mr. Stuart-Wortley's writing is clever, spontaneous, and thoroughly felicitous in tone. — Beyond the Rockies, a Spring Journey in California, by Charles A. Stoddard. (Scribners.) Dr. Stoddard, who has served his apprenticeship as a traveler in foreign countries, here shows his training in the natural manner in which he touches lightly on the mere circumstance of travel, and occupies himself with the more permanent impressions formed on a journey from New York to New Orleans, thence to Texas, to New Mexico and Arizona, in Southern California, California, and home by Salt Lake. It is a journey which many people take, and which they will find agreeable to repeat in this easily flowing narrative.

Literature and Literary History. Prose Fancies, by Richard Le Gallienne. (Putnam's.) Some twenty-five brief essays on light topics more or less connected with the life of a man of letters. They are graceful, touched now and then with genuine poetic feeling, and gay with a merry humor. They are, nevertheless, — shall we say it? — affected by what we may term a journalistic consciousness, a cleverness of the moment which means good "copy." Coming across them singly in a weekly journal, one is glad of such a sauce of good literature; coming upon them together in a deliberate book,

one thinks how journalism is tingeing literature. — History of the English Language, by T. R. Lounsbury. (Holt.) The general history of the language and the detailed account of the changes in inflection — both of which, by the way, have been revised and enlarged — are addressed, of course, chiefly to scholars, and for the needs of such the book is, within its own limits, admirably adequate. But it is surely not only to scholars that a history of the language of Shakespeare and of modern London must appeal, — the language of the man who knew life best, and of "the particular spot where," as Henry James says, "one's sense of life is strongest." For it is only by this intimate union with life — with what is best and most vital in life — that a history of even the mother tongue can hold the attention of the general reader. And such a union — the meaning and the promise of it — Professor Lounsbury shows in his clean-cut, vigorous account of the varying fortunes of our language.

Philosophy and Religion. La Définition de la Philosophie, par Ernest Naville. (Georg et Cie., Genève et Bâle.) It is philosophy "in the abstract" that M. Naville defines, but the bounds of his definition form the outline of a system of modern Christian philosophy. Rejecting both rationalism and empiricism as exclusive of one or another set of phenomena, he preaches spiritualism, and seeks to reconcile science and religion by means of a synthesis which shall account at once for physical laws and the course of history. He first considers the explanation of phenomena according to class, law, cause, and design (*l'explication par la classe, par la loi, par la cause, et par le but*), laying stress upon psychological laws, introducing the will as a *cause libre*, and putting design on equal footing with cause as a subject of investigation. He then discusses the scientific method of arriving at truth through proposition (*constatation*), supposition, and verification, and then proceeds to the treatment of the philosophic processes of analysis, hypothesis, and synthesis, giving hypothesis equal rank with the others, and considering the doctrines included in religious dogma as hypotheses to be examined by philosophy. The style is very clear and simple, and the arrangement of the book is almost geometric, each axiom being printed in italics at the head of the chapter which elucidates it, duly numbered

for purposes of cross-reference, and included in a summary at the end of the volume. — The first of four volumes to be devoted to the writings of Thomas Paine has been published. The writings are collected and edited by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who has already rendered important service by his *Life of Thomas Paine*. This volume covers the period from 1774 to 1779, and, with the exception of a few trifles at the beginning from a magazine edited by Paine, is occupied with his political papers, including *Common Sense*, *The American Crisis*, and other papers bearing the signature "*Common Sense*." The homely force of these papers is distinguishable now, and it is easy to see what an impression they must have made when the subjects were not historical, but related to conduct and action immediately. — *The King and the Kingdom, a Study of the Four Gospels*. (Putnam's, New York; Williams & Norgate, London.) There is no occasion to criticise with undue severity an anonymous author who writes in his preface, "Not scholarship, as may easily be seen, but only earnestness of thought and sincerity of purpose can be urged in favor of this work." Its object is to present a diatessaron, drawn from various translations, amplified by remarks of the commentators, especially Dean Alford, and lavishly expounded by the author himself. His wish has been to present the simple gospel, innocent alike of dogmatic theology and "higher criticism." This, it seems to us, could have been done more effectively than in three goodly volumes without the reliefs of subdivisions into chapters or parts. And surely, the writer, when he came to the *Widow's Mite*, should not have let himself be enticed into the great questions of philanthropy, — from Foreign Missions down to the Country Holiday Charity. — *A Chorus of Faith*, as heard in the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago, September 10-27, 1893, with an Introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (Unity Publishing Co., Chicago.) To judge from Mr. Jones's Introduction, and from the many pages of extracts from addresses of welcome and farewell which stand at the beginning and end of this volume, there was no dearth of flamboyant oratory in Chicago. The speakers were "strangely moved" with the sense of a "supreme moment" and with many another great thought. The bulk of the book gives brief passages from

many speeches by many types of men on such universal themes as Brotherhood and the Soul. Of course there was harmony, and much prophecy of great good to all the world; and sad enough it is to reflect that within a year Chicago, the very seat of the Parliament, has had its Debs, and the country its session of Congress. It is still very much the same world. — *Papers of the Jewish Women's Congress*, held at Chicago, September 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1893. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) The papers and discussions were almost wholly by women in this congress, and treated historically of Jewish women at different periods, women as wage-workers, Influence of the Jewish Religion in the Home, Mission Work among the Unenlightened Jews, and finally considered How can Nations be Influenced to Protest or even Interfere in Cases of Persecution? where the topic was specifically the current persecution of the Jews in Russia. — *A True Son of Liberty*, or, *The Man who would not be a Patriot*, by F. P. Williams. (Saalfeld & Fitch, New York.) A somewhat confused attempt at setting off a single-minded adherence to Christ against what the writer appears to think an entirely worldly conception underlying the principles of American nationality. A little more effort at seeing God in history might release him from his very strained attitude. — *The Question of Unity*, edited by Amory H. Bradford. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.) We have already commented on Dr. Shields's remarkable essay on the Historic Episcopate. Dr. Bradford conceived the notion of inviting criticism upon the book from representative leaders of different religious orders. He introduces the collection, and allows Dr. Shields the final word in gathering up the general impressions. They are scarcely more than impressions, for the space given each is limited, and as such they are rather the outcome of general thought than specific studies of the question under consideration. The little book will hardly give impetus to the movement for unity, but it makes a sort of weathercock to show which way the wind is blowing. It veers like most weathercocks, but is reasonably steady.

Books for and about the Young. *Twenty Little Maidens*, by Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrations by Ida Waugh. (Lippincott.)

Twenty pretty stories with little girls for heroines. They are natural children, and the story-teller has pleasing fancies about them while she is telling the trifling incidents of their adventures. The good taste and refined feeling of the book make it somewhat exceptional, and the simple manner in which the children are shown either helping or being helped marks the wholesomeness of the tales. — The Chronicles of Faeryland, Fantastic Tales for Old and Young, by Fergus Hume. Illustrated by M. Dunlop. (Lippincott.) Mr. Hume uses his inventive power more effectively here than in his grown-up stories, for his skill is in the narrating of adventures without too close regard for their logic or their probability, and these fairy tales are a free handling of the familiar conventions. They have a zest about them which is quite attractive. — No Heroes, by Blanche Willis Howard. (Houghton.) A bright story of generous self-sacrifice in a boy, and so couched in the natural language of boyhood, half formed, fun concealing feeling, and nature concerning herself more with the block than the sculpture, that a manly boy will read it without discomfort, and take to heart a lesson which he might refuse to commit to memory. — The Sunny Days of Youth, a Book for Boys and Young Men, by the Author of How to be Happy Though Married. (Scribners.) The writer, in his accustomed colloquial and informal fashion, gives very sound advice or warning on a great variety of matters relating to both major and minor morals. Even careless or unliterate youth will probably find the book easily readable, as its admonitions are plentifully illustrated by anecdotes, always apposite, and sometimes new, or as good as new.

Textbooks. From Henry Holt & Co. we have four textbooks for French classes, each prepared by an instructor of American youth. The first, except for the type and the publishers' imprint, has an air entirely French, as its title-page will show: *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, par Alcée Fortier, Professeur à l'Université Tulane de la Louisiane. In the language of the works with which it deals, it enumerates and briefly characterizes the principal authors and books in the whole course of the history of France, — "*ce grand pays*," as the writer declares with pardonable zeal,

"*qui s'appela la Gaule de Vercingétorix, et qui est maintenant la France républicaine.*" Of the other books it is necessary only to say that they have been carefully equipped with all devices to aid the learner. Their titles are: *Michel Strogoff*, par Jules Verne, abridged and edited, with Notes, by Edwin Seelye Lewis (Princeton); *Selections from Victor Hugo*, Prose and Verse, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by F. M. Warren (Adelbert College); and *Contes de Daudet* (including *La Belle-Nivernaise*), edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Indices, by A. Guyot Cameron (Yale). — *Livre de Lecture et de Conversation*, by C. Fontaine. (Heath.) A judicious mingling, entirely in French, of simple readings, questions, and drill in the forms of language, especially the verbs. It is the author's belief that the expression of Goethe regarding the Greeks as his favorite writers may well be modified by learners of the French tongue into "*les verbes, les verbes, et toujours les verbes.*" But it is not forgotten, as teachers sometimes forget, that conjugations and language are distinct things; and the writer's practical purpose is to bring them vitally together. — In Heath's Modern Language Series a new number is Genin's *Le Petit Tailleur Bonton*, edited, with Notes, Vocabulary, and Appendices, by W. S. Lyon. The pupil is lifted bodily over every stone in the way. In the same series is Gustav Freytag's *Der Rittmeister von Alt-Rosen*, edited by J. T. Hatfield. The book is judiciously equipped with historical apparatus and a reasonable body of notes. — A somewhat novel venture is *Petite Histoire de la Littérature Française depuis les Origines jusqu'à nos Jours*, par Delphine Duval, Professor of French in Smith College. (Heath.) Here the somewhat dubious introduction of the pupil to the history of literature by means of a manual, illustrated sparingly by examples, at least in verse, is justified by the fact that the pupil is at the same time enjoying practice in the language. — *Old English Ballads*, selected and edited by Francis B. Gummere. (Ginn.) In the interesting and valuable introduction to this well-selected and carefully-edited volume of ballads, Professor Gummere discusses thoroughly the question of their origin. He concludes in favor of a very sensible sort of "communal" authorship. Incidentally, he sug-

gests the deep human interest and meaning of these "survivals of a vanished world of poetry." In doing so, however, he seems to disparage what he inadequately calls the "poetry of the schools." But perhaps this is due only to his effort to gain a wider hearing for that poetry which is distinguished by its lack of personal sentiment and reflection, and by a peculiar charm of spontaneity.

Social Philosophy. The Cosmopolis City Club, by Rev. Washington Gladden. (The Century Co.) Cosmopolis is a city of Utopia, though its club and the doings thereof pertain wholly to our own land. This book,

which readers of the *Century Magazine* will recall, tells of the talks and achievements of an imaginary group of men who believed with Andrew D. White that "the city governments of the United States are the worst in Christendom,—the most expensive, the most inefficient, and the most corrupt." Believing as they did, these men banded themselves together to improve the affairs of their own city; and this they accomplished, establishing in the end a new and reformed city charter. Though in the form of fiction, the book describes what might perfectly well be, indeed in several cities has been, fact.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At the Inn of the Bear. It is rather amusing to contrast the Lucerne Schweizerhof or the Roman Quirinal of to-day with a hotel where princes, cardinals, and kings put up two hundred years ago. Even allowing that this has fallen away from its high estate, one can still see that the nineteenth century may well pride itself on increased decency and amenities, not to speak of luxuries; though, to tell the truth, perhaps our forefathers had more luxuries than comforts in life. People who quaffed their wine from filmy old Murano and cups wrought by roistering Benvenuto Cellini were not badly off as to the æsthetics, but any one who will look up the ancient *Albergo dell' Orso* may have a hint of what their travelling accommodations were.

Leaving behind those modern streets with their most modern titles which give Mr. Augustus Hare such exquisite pain, one still finds a quarter of Rome where the names have a smack of the olden time, and the "Way of the Golden Lily," the alleys "of the Lute" and "the Dove," thrill one with suggestions of a more picturesque age than ours. An Italian author of to-day compares the narrow, dark *Via dell' Orso*, which leads from the *Torre della Scimmia* (Hilda's tower) to the Tiber, to the dry bed of a once rapid, rushing river. It was a great artery of the city; now it is a deserted hyway. In ancient times, this being a fashionable quarter, and the Inn of the Bear

attracting all great and distinguished travelers, the hirers of sedan chairs, and later on of coaches and saddle horses, had established themselves in this street. An inferior rival of the Bear, the Inn of the Lion, long ago disappeared, was likewise in this street, kept by the famous beauty Vanozza Cattanei (painted in the Vatican, by Pinturicchio, as the Virgin, with her papal lover at her feet), the mistress of Alexander VI., and the mother of Cæsar and Lucrezia Borgia. In a year of scarcity, she and her second husband, Carlo Canale, were allowed to sell their wine free of the general tax, thereby driving a good traffic in the lower rooms of the Lion.

At the point where the street converges with *Via Tor di Nona* stands our venerable hostelry. Readers of Marion Crawford will remember that it was at this place Anastase Gouache was thrown down by the prince's carriage. Whether the inn gave its name to the street, or the street to the inn, is lost in the night of time.

It was a brilliantly sunshiny, or, as we who love the old city say, a real *Roman* day, when I hunted out the spot. As I came to it, the end house of *Via dell' Orso*, I craned my neck up to see what antique traces there might be left, but was rewarded only by an expanse of dull red wall with a narrow moulding at its top. At the front, however, is a big, arched doorway leading into a large vaulted ground room which is used as a

stable, though the old stone columns which support the massive vaulting have a grimy dignity, and are known to date back to great antiquity. Pausing before the door to pencil down the inscription over it —

ARCI CONFRATERN.
B. M. LAVRIETANÆ
FURNARI ET
PRO MEDIETATÆ

I was joined by a group of sympathetic idlers, who gazed up at the house with new respect, but lent me the larger share of curious attention. On the Tor di Nona side is the present entrance, a small door with a broken lamp overhead lettered "Albergo dell' Orso;" for through the vicissitudes of seven centuries it has been, and remains, an inn. On the second floor, to the left, is a charmingly quaint little arched window with columns and fretwork which, though stuccoed over, preserve their old outlines, like a tiny crest on a visiting-card, to vouch for ancient lineage. From the narrow street door two flights of dingy steps, on opposite sides of the brick-paved entry, lead to a long room, likewise brick-paved, which serves as the hotel office. There a young woman had all the crockery from the chambers set out in startling array, and the whole place seemed a vortex of virtuous attempts to clean up. Expressing my wish to see the rooms in which Dante, Machiavelli, and Montaigne lodged, I was courteously handed over to mine host and his dame, two fat, slatternly people who took great pride in showing their house.

The bedrooms are ludicrously small, reminding one of ship dimensions, and are now papered with very dashing yellows and blues; but, imbedded in the walls of several rooms, mine host showed the ancient stone arches of the loggia which once formed the front of the house. In the wee chamber with the bizarre window, the woman announced triumphantly, "Here it was Dante slept when he came to Rome as ambassador of the *Argentine Republic*," — a slip smartly snubbed by her spouse, who dilated on the antiquity of everything, and said that as there was "not another window like it in the world," it had been copied for the museum in Via Capo le Case. The old houses jutting on the Tiber having been razed to make way for the new embankment, the window commands an extensive view of the tawny river, the Castle of S. Angelo, the bridge,

and the "low hills to westward;" but how was it all when the proud young ambassador came to Pope Boniface, nearly six centuries ago? The gentle poet face, still rounded with hope and tender dreaming, as his friend Giotto painted it, was not hardened into gloomy sternness by bitter exile and the salt flavor of the stranger's bread. On the eve of this fourth embassy, when it was proposed in the Florentine Council that he should go as the head of the deputation, he cried, with a youthful arrogance made pathetic by the irony of after events, "But if I go, who will stay? If I stay, who will go?" And it was during this same Roman stay (protracted, it is said, by the Pope's machinations) that he waked to find himself a proscribed outcast from beloved Florence. Truly, then, if tradition can be trusted, this little room saw the poet's awakening to the stern realities of life and changed fortunes; it was here that Clotho began to twine in the darker threads of a web which was soon to have no bright ones, and the spot is consecrated by a poet's chiasm of suffering.

Outside in the ever young sunlight the passing throng is crowding as eagerly over the Ponte S. Angelo as in the jubilee year when Dante saw its double current of humanity. (*Inferno* xviii. 29.)

How a great personality dwarfs all the lesser shades! Machiavelli and Montaigne have grown flimsy and unsubstantial to me, here, in the spell of a greater memory, a more breathing, pulsating life and work. Popes have largely lost their power, the greatness of the bustling Florentine republic is like a tale that is told, but the young generations, feeling the throb of a quick-beating heart, yet cry in sympathetic, loving reverence, "Onorate l'altissimo poeta!"

— Now and again we fail sadly to improve the people we are making it our business in life to improve, by rating them too low. I gave myself conscientiously to amusing a group of street boys with table games for several months before I discovered them to be worthy of much better things. Then the discovery came by the merest accident.

The boys were twelve and thirteen years of age. There were seven of them, and they came to my room once a week. Their ignorance of the commonest facts of country life (I have heard a squirrel called a young monkey) led me one night to show them a

Natural History for Street Boys.

dusty natural-history collection I had made when a very small boy. Instantly it was to them as if they were in a fairy palace. The specimens (mainly insects and birds' eggs) were battered, worm-eaten, and discolored; but my boys' eyes were full of wonder, and reverence was in the touch of their hands. They were touched with a new enthusiasm that boded much good. I saw that I should have to rack my brains no more for amusements; that our meetings were at last to answer a real purpose.

The collection alone, petty as it was, held the attention of the boys for several nights. Then, as it was winter, I tried to tide the precious interest over to spring by planting seeds in sawdust and sand, and getting them to do the same. Early in March, I was able to show tree buds and catkins as trophies of walks in the country, and a little later, live frogs, turtles, and snakes. As soon as bird-nesting time arrived, it was easy to make a striking display every week. On occasional Saturdays I took the boys into the country, and there they became infected with the egg-collecting fever.

"Other things being equal," says good Dr. John Brown, "a boy who goes bird-nesting, and makes a collection of eggs, and knows all their colors and spots, going through the excitements and glories of getting them, and observing everything with a keenness, an intensity, an exactness, and a permanency which only youth and a quick pulse and fresh blood and spirits combined can achieve, — a boy who teaches himself natural history in this way is not only a healthier and happier boy, but is abler in mind and body for entering upon the great game of life, than the pale, nervous, bright-eyed, feverish, 'interesting boy,' with a big head and a small bottom and thin legs, who is the 'captain,' the miracle of the school; *dux* for his brief year or two of glory, and, if he lives, booby for life."

By midsummer the boys had contracted an entomological fever, and late in August I was permitted to spend in the country with them the ten days provided by the Country Week Association. There we made a specialty of raising caterpillars. Thus we entered upon the winter well provided with cocoons and chrysalids. Curiosity regarding the transformation of these guaranteed some sort of continuous interest, but, not daring to trust to this alone, I got a wise

collector to talk about his specimens, with the hope that some time a series of lectures might be possible. I also secured such simple books of ornithology, oölogy, and entomology as would give us significant facts about our own specimens. This textbook study served fairly well so far as the boys were concerned, but I am not a scientist myself, and could put no zest into the work. I knew it could not last, for their enthusiasm, in the long run, was going to depend on mine. I love Thoreau and I love Burroughs and all the rest of the outdoor fraternity. I longed to share my pleasure in them with the boys, but lacked the moral courage to make so risky an experiment. Finally I remembered the charming bird biographies of Olive Thorne Miller, and ventured on them. It was a happy venture. This so far emboldened me that I read them, in quick succession, parts of Bradford Torrey, Bolles, Abbott, Burroughs, and even Thoreau. Of these, Burroughs, I think, was the favorite. That the finer shades of thought or the strictly literary qualities of these writings were apparent to the boys I do not for a moment affirm. Of course I had to choose chapters wisely, and avoid altogether, or simplify, as I read along, unfamiliar words and references; but the salient ideas were taken in, and the fresh out-of-door flavor was appreciated.

This past summer, the study and collecting have gone on very much as in the year before, except that the nature-love is now "inside the skin." This it is that makes me glad. The boys no longer wait for me to take the initiative. They take electric-car rides into the country by themselves, when they can raise dimes. When there are no dimes, they walk out through dismal city streets to such country as is to be found at the end of two or three miles, — tame enough, as most of us know.

These boys are forever past calling every flower a daisy, every bird a robin, every snake a rattlesnake, every insect a bee, and every tree an "ellum," as they did in the beginning. That is something. They have learned to observe; whereas at first they discerned nothing, their young eyes are now sharper than my own.

They have a rudimentary appreciation of the beauties of atmosphere and color. The theory of evolution still puzzles them. "Once, you know, a monkey, he fell asleep,

an' after a long time he woke up an' found he was a man," fairly expresses their understanding of it; but they have acquired a sense of orderly development (the plant from the seed, the flower from the bud, the butterfly from the worm), and along with this a feeling of reverence for the Power at work in the world about them.

These are small things, perhaps, and these small things may not visibly modify the lives of my boys. But the effort out of which they come may be worth while, notwithstanding.

Those of us who have faith that no good influence, however weak, is vain, as well as those of us who are Wordsworthians enough to believe in the special ethical value of a love of nature, will feel it is really no small thing for the child of a city slum to grow to manhood with such a love within his soul. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." In these hours of rollicking country research are "life and food for future years."

Cuban and Academician. — The first election to the French Academy during the present year took place in February. It brought a writer of sonnets — and of only a single volume at that — into the chair left vacant by the death of Mazade, who was for fifty years the weigher of European politics in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It was a difficult task for newspaper correspondents, who had not followed closely the inner mysteries of recent French literature, to render account of the lucky poet. Edmund Gosse, in the *Contemporary Review*, has finally enlightened English and American readers as to the poetic quality of M. José Maria de Heredia. But who shall succeed in tempering the refreshing legend which the daily press had "grown" about his name?

The highest point of misinformation was reached, perhaps, by the Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News*, who, I believe, also writes the lively and inaccurate Paris notes for Mr. Labouchère's *Truth*. According to this version of his life, M. de Heredia is a mulatto of Cuba, a former minister of the French state, and has been mixed up with a defunct gambling club of Paris. The last accusation was the consequence of an incorrect reading of names in a recent baccarat scandal ventilated by the French courts. The confusion with M. Severiano de Heredia, the French politician,

is probably due to the fact that Vapereau, in his latest edition of the *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*, speaks of no other bearing the family name. The epithet "mulatto" was doubtless due to a defective logic working on the statement that the Academy had not actually elected a foreigner to its very French bosom, since the poet is of mixed blood.

In the vivid truth of things, José Maria de Heredia was born in Cuba, of a mother whose grandfather was a member of the parliament of Normandy under the old régime in France. By his father he descends from the proudest blood of the early Spanish *conquistadores*, a fact that has inspired one of his most stirring sonnets, *To the Founder of a City* : —

"Toi qui fondas, orgueil du sang dont je naquis,
Dans la mer Caraïbe une Carthage neuve."

His first literary work, when he was scarcely more than a boy, at the end of his studies in the *École des Chartes*, was a careful edition and translation of some of the chronicles which narrate the great deeds of his ancestors. They have always had the same effect upon his soul that the reading of Chapman's *Homer* had on Keats, making him feel like

... "stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Of course, the Spanish-American Frenchman could never have made the Englishman's mistake of placing Cortez where Balboa stood. But he, too, has traveled to good purpose — and sonnets — "round many western islands,"

"Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold."

His latest addition to the still unwrought literary mine of this American heroic age is a deliciously painstaking translation into French of the memoirs of the "nun Alferez," who, in man's attire, overran all that was then known of America; playing high, drinking deep, and stabbing to right and left as valiantly as any hero of them all.

In 1870, M. de Heredia wished to enlist in the service of his mother's country; but, in spite of the fearful need of defenders, his near-sightedness caused his rejection. He did not finally secure his naturalization as a French citizen until the publication of his sonnets, gathered into a small volume, had made the literary sensation of a season

and opened his way to the Academy. The esteem of Les *Trophées* has not ceased its growth with his election ; the little book has now had nearly a score of editions, something long unknown in the annals of French verse.

In the innermost circles of literature, the poetic power of the rich Cuban, living quietly in his house on the Rue de Balzac, and mingling only with chosen spirits, had been known for many years. Taine, with the eye of an historian of art for chiseled forms, whether of things or of thoughts, asked to learn prosody of him. Among the poet's treasures is the manuscript wherein Taine wrote out those playful sonnets on the Cat which were somehow published after the philosopher's death, to the dismay of his widow. On the first leaf is the flattering dedication : " Offered to José Maria de Heredia, lapidary in diamonds and fine pearls, by a worker in paste, his admirer and his pupil, H. Taine. December, 1883." It was at the instance of François Coppée that the poet collected his sonnets for publication ; and MM. de Vogüé and d'Haussonville, backed by the Parnassian poet Leconte de Lisle, whose methods he has followed, made him decide to become a candidate for the Academy. Taine's chair was now vacant ; but a talk with his friend Zola, who preferred that his own chronic candidature should bear on the place of the philosopher whom he claimed to follow, — and who still keeps him from the Academy, — led to the election as it finally came about.

The special power of the poet's pen, comparable to the goldsmith's steel, has its parallel in the conversation which has made him a welcome guest at the banquets of the chosen few. Among the notes of the painter, Joseph de Nittis, there is a gruesome instance. Heredia was recounting a surgical operation in cruel detail. "*Diable de Heredia !*" said Goncourt, " he goes about the butchery as he does about a sonnet." " Naturally !" retorted the poet. " I have the old blood of an Inquisitor in my veins." The painter remarks that he was feeling uneasy himself, when one of the party fell over on the table. The archaeologist and art critic, Fourcaud, had fainted before the poet's vision of reality. A more pleasant detail is that the grace of his faultless verse has been inherited by his daughter Blanche, who has already published her *Premiers Vers*.

Two Encoun- — One sunny morning I was lazily sauntering along the narrow Campus Martius, where the Romans of today do a large part of their shopping. It was spring, a time when the feminine "fancy lightly turns to thoughts" of ribbons and laces, and my attention was absorbed by the beguiling contents of a small window. I was lost in contemplation of a delicious green silk, when all at once I felt the passers-by press closely against me, and a swift intuition said within me, "Your purse !" I delved my hand into my pocket. Intuition was right. The portemonnaie was gone. I looked up and down the street, and singled out, a little ahead, two youths whose voices I had heard by my side a few seconds before. I dashed after them, and came alongside just as they were about to turn a corner.

"Excuse me !" I exclaimed breathlessly ; and as I spoke they turned with courtesy. One was a shabby-looking fellow of about eighteen, the other a neatly-dressed school-boy. "Excuse me, but just at this moment I have lost my purse," said I, and then paused anxiously.

Their faces filled with kind sympathy.

"Ah, really," replied they, and waited for me to go on.

"It was just as you brushed past me that I missed it," I continued, with a throb of fear lest I should receive a blast of young impudence in return for the implication.

"Oh, do you suspect us ?" they asked, with a certain air of surprise ; and the younger lad added, with a smile of indulgent amusement, "Why, I am the son of a lieutenant !"

I colored hotly, and it flashed on my mind that perhaps I had dropped the purse in that last shop where I bought my gloves ; but I fancied I saw a faint twitching of the younger boy's face, and I was loath to abandon even this faint clue, so I went on, without giving myself time to think : —

"Well, you must pardon me, but I *do*. I missed it just as you passed. Pray excuse my rudeness. I know I am offering you an insult. Please forgive me. But in the moment of losing money it is one's instinct to try to recover it." I paused again helplessly.

"Why, of course," said they sympathetically ; and then, as an inspiration, "Would you like to search us ? Perhaps you would feel better satisfied."

I hesitated. Practically I knew the search would be a farce, but I was vaguely unwilling to give them up.

"Pardon me," said I sheepishly, "but I should."

"Well," responded the elder of the two, "it is all right. Do not worry. We want you to be quite satisfied, and we can just step into a doorway. It would not be pleasant to do it in the street, as it might attract attention."

Dreading a street crowd more nervously than they could, I agreed to the discreet proposal, and we trotted along amicably side by side, I feeling that I was on a fool's errand. They turned into a narrow back street, and indicated a small passage leading to a cheap restaurant, which gave me somehow an unpleasant sensation of yellow-paper novels, and made me inclined to back out of the whole thing, and determined to get rid of them as soon as possible. However, we stepped into the dark corridor. A gentleman passing at the moment gave our trio a surprised, curious glance. When he was gone, the "lieutenant's son" turned out his pockets, ostentatiously shook his handkerchief, and begged me to "feel" so as to be quite assured. Of course that was impossible. The quest was over. I thanked them meekly, and apologized humbly for my suspicion, to which they responded that it was all right, not to trouble, they only wished me to be quite satisfied, they did not mind at all, pray not to think of it again. They touched their hats respectfully and took their leave.

For some occult reason that expression "pray do not think of it again" seized my attention, and I felt a sudden reaction from my humility. "Not think of it again." After all, my purse was *gone*. They were almost too polite. Honesty would have been more brusque. "If I lose track of them, I can do nothing more. I will see if they go to a suspicious place."

I tripped nimbly after my quondam companions. They perceived me following, and the elder turned, with a shade of righteous indignation, and the question, "Are you not satisfied?"

"No," said I boldly, "I am not."

"Would you like to search us again?" queried he. "We told you to look for yourself."

"No," I returned, "a lady could not ex-

amine you;" and then, with sudden conviction, "I want you to go with me to a policeman."

(In parenthesis be it said that this was a stray shot, for I had not seen a policeman during the morning, and had no idea I should see one.)

It was their turn to be aggressive.

"I could prosecute you for such a proposition," quoth the "lieutenant's son;" and I had a vague feeling that he could, but I suddenly felt I would brave it out.

"Well," said I, "give me back my purse quietly, and we will say no more about it."

"Give you your purse! How can I give you what I have never had? You shall have my father's address, and then you can satisfy yourself about me."

"How should I know it was your real address?"

At this the elder nodded with ready perception of the point, and ejaculated in friendly fashion, "*Ha ragione!*"

"Let us go to a guard," said I again.

"What will my home people say to me if I get mixed up with the police?"

This was a reasonable Italian point of view, but an idea occurred to me, and I said, "A person who has not taken anything does not mind going to the police. I have not stolen, and I should not mind being examined by the guard." (I fear this was a circumstantial fib.) "If you have not taken anything, you will not object, either. In five minutes he will see you have nothing, it is all over, and you go on your way,"

They hesitated.

"We go to the police at once," repeated I.

To my amazement, the "lieutenant's son" drew from the waist of his trousers my shabby black purse and laid it in my hand. Too astonished to upbraid him, never having realized that he truly had it, I thanked him with meek gratitude, as though it were a gift out of pure bounty. The older fellow laid his finger on his lip, and my two pickpockets vanished like a snow-wreath; whereupon I waked up from my stupor of surprise to regret I had not had the presence of mind to moralize a little bit or to have them arrested.

Later that same season I was in the Swiss mountains, and one morning I started off for a long ramble up in the pine woods. It was very enticing. The smooth white paths and lofty aisles with patches of blue sky

between seemed to invite one on indefinitely, and I wandered along, absorbed in the day dreams which piny smells stimulate and foster. At last I started homewards, but after making several turns I found that some of them must have been wrong, and that I had got quite out of the right way. It is easy to lose one's bearings in a pine forest where every tree symmetrically resembles every other. I twisted and turned vainly, and, in despair, struck aside from the bewildering labyrinth to find myself in a clayey stream, down a deep ravine. Clambering out on the other side, with muddy feet and clogged ideas as to the points of the compass, I was relieved to see daylight through the trees, and, soon after, to come out on the greenest meadow in the world, sloping away in a velvety expanse to the foot of the hill, where a farmhouse and a generous barn proclaimed human beings. My spirit rose with the thought that in ten minutes I could skip down the vast emerald field, find out whether I must turn to the right or the left, and perhaps after all reach home in time for the lunch which was beginning to seem very attractive. As I went on, rejoicing, I noticed that, from closely cut grass, I was coming to a part which had not yet been mown, and I had a swift consciousness that I should not be there.

I stooped to pick two big azure forget-me-nots, and as I raised my eyes I perceived a peasant woman at the foot of the field talking violently. With a virtuous desire not to walk over the grass any more than possible, I cried to her to know which direction I must take to reach a path to the Pension S—. The volley of words I received in return gave me no information, but convinced me that I was a trespasser being terrorized. Again I called to her to know which was the shortest way out of the great grassy expanse, and this time her flood of language

was fairly virulent. I had no idea that Swiss German could express such maddened abuse.

We were getting nearer each other now. No insult seemed too outrageous, and the flow was not at all stemmed by my apologetic explanation that I had got lost; that, being a stranger, I did not know which way to take; that I was very sorry, and wanted to get out of her field as soon as I could. Perfectly absorbed by the buzz of her own anger, she heard nothing.

"Sorry, indeed! * * * [Stars stand for bad words.] Just let the master catch you! * * * Get out, you hussy! * * * Get out! * * * You wait until I come to you! * * * I'll put you out by the shoulders!"

As I could extract no guidance from her, and every bewildered step I took seemed to infuriate her the more, while her words were emphasized by the barking of a big, angry dog who was straining wildly to get at me, it occurred to me that if I let her drive me out she would probably do it in the direction of some road or path. I therefore walked to meet her, saying gently, "Please tell me which way you want me to go."

Angrier than ever, she threw up her arms, headed me off as though I had been a naughty, errant cow, and then took me by the shoulders fairly to shove me out of the domain. I yielded to the pressure, allowing the torrent of bad words to flow freely over my head. My conjecture proved correct. She propelled me past dog and house, so that, a few moments later, while the angry echo of the virago's voice still vibrated on the midday air, I stood safely on the highroad in a tremor of suppressed nervousness and amusement at this violent ejection. In a flash came the thought, "Oh for the stern fidelity of a Swiss maid-servant and—the manners of a Roman pick-pocket!"

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THE TRUMPETER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

WHEN the trumpets at Bisuka barracks sound retreat, the girls in the Meadows cottage, on the edge of the Reservation, begin to hurry with the supper things, and Mrs. Meadows, who has been young herself, says to her eldest daughter, "You go now, Callie; the girls and I can finish." Which means that Callie's colors go up as the colors on the hill come down; for soon the tidy infantrymen and the troopers with their yellow stripes will be seen, in the first blush of the afterglow, tramping along the paths that thread the sagebrush common between the barracks and the town; and Callie's young man will be among them, and he will turn off at the bridge that crosses the *acéquia*, and make for the cottage gate by a path which he ought to know pretty well by this time.

Callie's young man is Henniker, one of the trumpeters of K troop, —th cavalry; the trumpeter, Callie would say, for though there are two of the infantry and two of the cavalry who stand forth at sunset, in front of the adjutant's office, and blow as one man the brazen call that throbs against the hill, it is only Henniker that Callie hears. That trumpet blare, most masculine of all musical utterances, goes straight from his big blue-clad chest to the heart of his girl, across the clear lit evening; but not to hers alone. There is only one Henniker, but there is more than one girl in the cottage on the common.

At this hour, nightly, a small dark head, not so high above the sage as Callie's auburn one, pursues its dreaming way, in the wake of two cows and a half-grown heifer, towards the hills where the town herd pastures. Punctually at the first call it starts out behind the cows from the home corral; by the second it has passed, very slowly, the foot-bridge, and is nearly to the corner post of the Reservation; but when "sound off" is heard, the slow-moving head stops still. The cheek turns. A listening eye is raised; it is black, heavily lashed; the tip of a silken eyebrow shows against the narrow temple. The cheek is round and young, of a smooth clear brown, richly under-tinted with rose, — a native wild flower of the Northwest. As the trumpets cease, and the gun fires, and the brief echo dies in the hill, the liquid eyes grow sad.

"Sweet, sweet! too sweet to be so short and so strong!" The dumb childish heart swells in the constriction of a new and keener sense of joy, an unspeakable new longing.

What that note of the deep-colored summer twilight means to her she hardly understands. It awakens no thought of expectation for herself, no definite desire. She knows that the trumpeter's sunset call is his good-by to duty on the eve of joy; it is the pæan of his love for Callie. Wonderful to be like Callie; who after all is just like any other

girl, — like herself, just as she was a year ago, before she had ever spoken to Henniker.

Henniker was not only a trumpeter, one of four who made music for the small two-company garrison ; he was an artist with a personality. The others blew according to tactics, and sometimes made mistakes ; Henniker never made mistakes, except that he sometimes blew too well. Nobody with an ear listening nightly for taps could mistake when it was Henniker's turn, as orderly trumpeter, to sound the calls. He had the temperament of the joyous art ; and with it the vanity, the passion, the forgetfulness, the unconscious cruelty, the love of beauty, and the love of being loved that made him the flirt constitutional as well as the flirt military, — which not all soldiers are, but which all soldiers are accused of being. He flirted not only with his fine gait and figure, and bold roving glances from under his cap-peak with the gold sabres crossed above it ; he flirted in a particular and personal as well as promiscuous manner, and was ever new to the dangers he incurred, not to mention those to which his willing victims exposed themselves. For up to this time in all his life Henniker had never yet pursued a girl. There had been no need, and as yet no inducement, for him to take the offensive. The girls all felt his irresponsible gift of pleasing, and forgot to be afraid. Not one of the class of girls he met but envied Callie Meadows, and showed it by pretending to wonder what he could see in her.

It was himself Henniker saw, so no wonder he was satisfied, until he should see himself in a more flattering mirror still. The very first night he met her, Callie had informed him, with the courage of her bright eyes, that she thought him magnificent fun ; and he had laughed in his heart, and said, "Go ahead, my dear !" And ahead they went headlong, and were engaged within a week.

Mother Meadows did not like it much, but it was the youthful way, in pastoral frontier circles like their own ; and Callie would do as she pleased, — that was Callie's way. Father Meadows said it was the women's business ; if Callie and her mother were satisfied, so was he.

But he made inquiries at the post, and learned that Henniker's record was good in a military sense. He stood well with his officers, had no loose, unsoldierly habits, and never was drunk on duty. He did not save his pay ; but how much "pay" had Meadows ever saved when he was a single man ? And within two years, if he wanted it, the trumpeter was entitled to his discharge. So he prospered in this as in former love affairs that had stopped short of the conclusive step of marriage.

Meta, the little cow-girl, the youngest and fairest, though many shades the darkest of the Meadows household, was not of the Meadows blood. On her father's side, her ancestry, doubtless, was uncertain ; some said carelessly, "Canada French." Her mother was pure squaw of the Bannock breed. But Mother Meadows, whose warm Scotch-Irish heart nourished a vein of romance together with a feudal love of family, upheld that Meta was no chance slip of the murky half-bloods, neither clean wild nor clean tame. Her father, she claimed to know, had been a man of education and of honor on the white side of his life, a well-born Scottish gentleman, exiled to the wilderness of the Northwest in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. And Meta's mother had broken no law of her rudimentary conscience. She had not swerved in her own wild allegiance, nor suffered desertion by her white chief. He had been killed in some obscure frontier fight, and his goods, including the woman and child, were the stake for which he had perished. But Father Josette, who knew all things and all people of those parts, and had baptized the infant by the sainted name of Margaret,

had traced his lost plant of grace and conveyed it out of the forest shades into the sunshine of a Christian white woman's home. Father Josette — so Mrs. Meadows maintained — had known that the babe would prove worthy of transplantation.

She made room for the little black-headed stranger, with soft eyes like a mouse (by the blessing of God she had never lost a child, and the nest was full), in the midst of her own fat, fair-haired brood, and cherished her in her place, and gave her a daughter's privilege.

In a wild, woodlandish way, Meta was a bit of an heiress in her own right. She had inherited through her mother a share in the yearly increase of a band of Bannock ponies down on the Salmon meadows; and every season, after the grand round-up, the settlement was made, — always with distinct fairness, though it took some time, and a good deal of eating, drinking, and diplomacy, before the business could be accomplished.

"What is a matter of a field worth forty shekels betwixt thee and me?" was the etiquette of the transaction, but the outcome was practically the same as in the days of patriarchal transfers of real estate.

Father Meadows would say that it cost him twice over what the maiden's claim was worth to have her cousins the Bannocks, with their wives and children and horses, camped on his borders every summer; for Meta's dark-skinned brethren never sent her the worth of her share in money, but came themselves with her ponies in the flesh, and spare ponies of their own, for sale in the town; and on Father Meadows was the burden of keeping them all good natured, of satisfying their primitive ideas of hospitality, and of pasturing Meta's ponies until they could finally be sold for her benefit. No account was kept, in this simple, generous household, of what was done for Meta, but strict account was kept of all that was Meta's own.

The Bannock brethren were very proud of their fair kinswoman who dwelt in the tents of Jacob. They called her, amongst themselves, by the name they give to the mariposa lily, the closed bud of which is pure white as the whitest garden lily; but as each Psyche-wing petal opens it is mooned at the base with a dark purplish stain which marks the flower with startling beauty, yet, to some eyes, seems to mar it as well. With every new bud the immaculate promise is renewed, but the leopard cannot change his spots nor the wild hill lily her natal stain.

This year the sale of pony flesh amounted to nearly a hundred dollars, which Father Meadows put away for Meta's future benefit, — all but one gold piece, which the mother showed her, telling her that it represented a new dress.

"You need a new white one for your best, and I shall have it made long. You're filling out so, I don't believe you'll grow much taller."

Meta smiled sedately. In spite of the yearly object lesson her dark kinsfolk presented, she never classed herself among the hybrids. She accepted homage and tribute from the tribe, but in her consciousness, at this time, she was all white. This was due partly to Mother Meadows's large-hearted and romantic theories of training, and partly to an accident of heredity. The woman who looks the squaw is the squaw, when it comes to the flowering time of her life. To Meta had succeeded the temperament of her mother expressed in the features of her father; whether Canadian trapper or Scotch grandee, he had owned an admirable profile.

A great social and musical event took place that summer in the town, and Meta's first long dress was finished in time to play its part, as such trifles will in the simple fates of girlhood. It was by far the prettiest dress she had ever put over her head; the work of a professional, to begin with. Then its length persuaded one that she was taller than

nature had made her. Its short waist suited her youthful bust and flat back and narrow shoulders. The sleeves were puffed and stood out like wings, and were gathered on a ribbon which tied in a bow just above the bend of her elbow. Her arms were round and soft as satin, and pinkish-pale inside, like the palms of her small hands. All her skin, though dark, was as clear as wine in a colored glass. The neck was cut down in a circle below her throat, which she shyly clasped with her hands, not being accustomed to feel it bare. And as naturally as a bird would open its beak for a worm, she exclaimed to Mother Meadows, "Oh, how I wish I had some beads!" And before night she had strung herself a necklace of the gold-colored pompons with silver-gray stems that spangle the dry hills in June, — "butter-balls" the Western children call them, — and, in spite of the laughter and gibes of the other girls, she wore her sylvan ornament on the great gala night, and its amazing becomingness was its best defense.

So Meta's first long dress went, in company with three other unenvious white dresses and Father Meadows's best coat, to hear the "Coonville Minstrels," a company of amateur performers representing the best musical talent in the town, who would appear for one night only, for the benefit of the free circulating library fund.

Henniker was not in attendance on his girl as usual.

"What a pity," the sisters said, "that he should have to be on guard to-night!" But Meta remembered, though she did not say so, that Henniker had been on guard only two nights before, so it could not be his turn again, and that could not explain his absence.

But Callie was as gay as ever, and did not seem put out even at her father's bantering insinuations about some other possible girl who might be scoring in her place.

The sisters were enraptured over every number on the programme. The performers had endeavored to conceal their identity under burnt cork and names that were fictitious and humorous, but everybody was comparing guesses as to which was which, and who was who. The house was packed, and "society" was there. The feminine half of it did not wear its best frock to the show and its head uncovered, but what of that! A girl knows when she is looking her prettiest, and the young Meadowses were in no way concerned for the propriety of their own appearance. Father Meadows, looking along the row of smiling faces belonging to him, was as well satisfied as any man in the house. His eyes rested longer than usual on little Meta to-night. He saw for the first time that the child was a beauty; not going to be, — she was one then and there. Her hair, which she was accustomed to wear in two tightly braided pigtailed down her back, had been released and brushed out all its stately maiden length, "crisp'd like a war-steed's encloure." It fell below her waist, and made her face and throat look pale against its blackness. A spot of white electric light touched her chest where it rose and fell beneath the chain of golden blossom balls, — orange gold, the cavalry color. She looked like no other girl in the house, though nearly every girl in town was there.

Part I. of the programme was finished; a brief wait, — the curtain rose, and behold the colored gentlemen from Coonville had vanished. Only the interlocator remained, scratching his white wool wig over a letter which he begged to read in apology for his predicament. His minstrelsy had decamped, and spoilt his show. They wrote to inform him of the obvious fact, and advised him, facetiously, to throw himself upon the indulgence of the house, but "by no means to refund the money."

Poor little Meta believed that she was listening to the deplorable truth, and won-

dered how Father Meadows and the girls could laugh.

"Oh, won't there be any second part, after all?" she despaired; at which Father Meadows laughed still more, and pinched her cheek, and some persons in the row of chairs in front half turned and smiled.

"Goosey," whispered Callie, "don't you see he's only gassing? This is part of the fun."

"Oh, is it?" sighed Meta, and she waited for the secret of the fun to develop.

"Look at your programme," Callie instructed her. "See, this is the *Impressario's Predicament*. The *Wandering Minstrel* comes next. He will be splendid, I can tell you."

"Mr. Piper Hide-and-Seek," murmured Meta, studying her programme. "What a funny name!"

"Oh, you child!" Callie laughed aloud, but as suddenly hushed, for the sensation of the evening, to the Meadows party, had begun.

A very handsome man, in the gala dress of a stage peasant, of the Bavarian Highlands possibly, came forward with a short, military step, and bowed impressively. There was a burst of applause from the bluecoats in the gallery, and much whistling and stamping from the boys.

"Who is it?" the lady in front whispered to her neighbor.

"One of the soldiers from the post," was the answer.

"Really!"

But the lady's accent of surprise conveyed nothing beside the speechless admiration of the Meadows family. Callie, who had been in the exciting secret all along, whispered violently with the other girls, but Meta had become quite cold and shivery. She could not have uttered a word.

Henniker made a little speech in an assumed accent which astonished his friends almost more than his theatrical

dress and bearing. He said he was a stranger, piping his way through a foreign land, but he could "*spik ze Engleesh a leetle*." Would the ladies and gentlemen permit him, in the embarrassing absence of better performers, to present them with a specimen of his poor skill upon a very simple instrument? Behold!

He flung back his short cloak, and filled his chest, standing lightly on his feet, with his elbows raised.

No rattling trumpet blast from the artist's lips to-night, but, still and small, sustained and clear, the pure reed note trilled forth. Willow whistles piping in springtime in the stillness of deep meadow lands before the grass is long, or in flickering wood paths before the full leaves darken the boughs,—such was the pastoral simplicity of the instrument with which Henniker beguiled his audience. Such was the quality of sound, but the ingenuity, caprice, delicacy, and precision of its management were quite his own. They procured him a wild encore.

Henniker had been nervous at the first time of playing; it would have embarrassed him less to come before a strange house; for there were the captain and the captain's lady, and the lieutenants with their best girls; and forty men he knew were nudging and winking at one another; and there were the bonny Meadowses, with their eyes upon him and their faces all aglow. But who was she, the little big-eyed dark one in their midst? He took her in more coolly as he came before the house the second time; and this time he knew her, but not as he ever had known her before.

Is it one of nature's revenges that in the beauty of their women lurks the venom of the dark races which the white man has put beneath his feet? The bruised serpent has its sting; and we know how from Moab and Midian down the daughters of the heathen have been the un-

happy instruments of proud Israel's fall, and how the shaft of his punishment reaches him through the body of the woman who cleaves to his breast.

That one look of Henniker's at Meta, in her strange yet familiar beauty, sitting captive to his spell, went through his flattered senses like the intoxication of strong drink. He did not take his eyes off her again. His face was pale with the complex excitement of a full house that was all one girl, and all hushed through joy of him. She sat so close to Callie, his reckless glances might have been meant for either of them; Callie thought at first they were for her, but she did not think so long.

Something followed on the programme at which everybody laughed, but it meant nothing at all to Meta. She thought the supreme moment had come and gone, when a big Zouave in his barbaric reds and blues marched out and took his stand, back from the footlights, between the wings, and began that amazing performance with a rifle which is known as the "Zouave drill."

The dress was less of a disguise than the minstrel's had been, and it was a sterner, manlier transformation. It brought out the fighting look in Henniker. The footlights were lowered, a smoke arose behind the wings, strange lurid colors were cast upon the figure of the soldier magician.

"The stage is burning!" gasped Meta, clutching Callie's arm.

"It's nothing but red fire. You must n't give yourself away so, Meta; folks will take us for a lot of Sagebrushers."

Meta settled back in her place with a fluttering sigh, and poured her soul into this new wonder.

But Henniker was not doing himself justice to-night, his comrades thought. No one present was so critical of him or so proud of him as they. A hundred times he had put himself through this

drill before a barrack audience, and it had seemed as if he could not make a break. But to-night his nerve was not good. Once he actually dropped his piece, and a groan escaped the row of uniforms in the gallery. This made him angry; he pulled himself up and did some good work for a moment, and then — "Great Scott! he's lost it again! No, he has n't. Brace up, man!" The rifle swerves, but Henniker's knee flies up to catch it; the sound of the blow on the bone makes the women shiver; but he has his piece, and sends it savagely whirling, and that miss was his last. His head was like the centre of a spinning-top or the hub of a flying-wheel. He felt ugly from the pain of his knee, but he made a dogged finish, and only those who had seen him at his best would have said that his drill was a failure.

Henniker knew, if no one else did, what had lost him his grip in the rifle act. His eyes, which should have been glued to his work, had been straying for another and yet one more look at Meta. Where she sat so still was the storm centre of emotion in the house, and when his eyes approached her they caught the nerve shock which shook his whole system and spoiled his fine work. He cared nothing for the success of his piping when he thought of the failure of his drill. The failure had come last, and, with other things, it left its sting.

On the way home to barracks, the boys were all talking, in their free way, about Meta Meadows, — the little broncho, they called her, in allusion to her great mane of hair, — which made Henniker very hot.

He would not own that his knee pained him, he would not have it referred to, and was ready, next day, to join the riders in squad drill, a new feature of which was the hurdles and ditch-jumping and the mounted exercises, in which, as usual, Henniker had distinguished himself.

The Reservation is bounded on the southeast side, next the town, by an irrigation ditch, which is crossed by as many little bridges as there are streets that open out upon the common. (All this part of the town is laid out in "additions," and is sparsely built up.) Close to this division line, at right angles with it, are the dry ditches and hurdle embankments over which the stern young corporals put their squads, under the eye of the captain.

Out in the centre of the plain other squads are engaged in the athletics of horsemanship, a series of problems in action which embraces every sort of emergency a mounted man may encounter in the rush and throng of battle, and the means of instantly meeting it, and of saving his own life or that of a comrade. So much more is made in these days of the individual powers of the man and horse that it is wonderful to see what an exact yet intelligently obedient combination they have become; no less effective in a charge as so many pounds of live momentum to be hurled on the bayonet points, but much more self-reliant on scout service, or when scattered singly, in defeat, over a wide, strange field of danger.

On the regular afternoons for squad and troop drill, the ditch bank on the town side would be lined with spectators: ladies in light cotton dresses and beflowered hats, small barelegged boys and muddy dogs, the small boys' sisters dragging bonnetless babies by the hand, and sometimes a tired mother who has come in a hurry to see where her little truants have strayed to, or a cowboy lounging sideways on his peaked saddle, condescending to look on at the riding of Uncle Sam's boys. The crowd as-sorts itself as the people do who line the barriers at a bullfight: those who have parasols, to the shadow; those who have barely a hat, to the sun.

Here, on the field of the gray-green plain, under the glaring tent roof of the

desert sky, the national free circus goes on, to the screaming delight of the small boys, the fear and exultation of the ladies, and the alternate pride and disgust of the officers who have it in charge.

A squad of the boldest riders are jumping, six in line. One can see by the way they come that every man will go over: first the small ditch, hardly a check in the pace; then a rush at the hurdle embankment, the horses' heads very grand and Greek as they rear in a broken line to take it. Their faces are as strong and wild as the faces of the men. Their flanks are slippery with sweat. They clear the hurdles, and stretch out for the wide ditch.

"Keep in line! Don't crowd!" the corporal shouts. They are doing well, he thinks. Over they all go; and the ladies breathe again, and say to each other how much finer this sport is because it is work, and has a purpose in it.

Now the guidon comes, riding alone, and the whole troop is proud of him. The signal flag flashes erect from the trooper's stirrup; the horse is new to it, and fears it as if it were something pursuing him; but in the face of horse and man is the same fixed expression, the sober recklessness that goes straight to the finish. If these do not go over, it will not be for want of the spur in the blood.

Next comes a pale young cavalryman just out of the hospital. He has had a fall at the hurdle the week before and strained his back. His captain sees that he is nervous and not yet fit for the work, yet cannot spare him openly. He invents an order, and sends him off to another part of the field where the other squads are manœuvring.

If it is not in the man to go over, it will not be in his horse, though a poor horse may put a good rider to shame; but the measure of every man and every horse is taken by those who have watched them day by day.

The ladies are much concerned for the man who fails, — “so sorry” they are for him, as his horse blunders over the hurdle, and slackens when he ought to go free; and of course he jibs at the wide ditch, and the rider saws on his mouth.

“Give him his head! Where are your spurs, man?” the corporal shouts, and adds something under his breath which cannot be said in the presence of his captain. In they go, floundering, on their knees and noses, horse and man, and the ladies cannot see, for the dust, which of them is on top; but they come to the surface panting, and the man, whose uniform is of the color of the ditch, climbs on again, and the corporal’s disgust is heard in his voice as he calls, “Ne-aaxt!”

It need not be said that no corporal ever asked Henniker where were *his* spurs. To-day the fret in his temper fretted his horse, a young, nervous animal who did not need to know where his rider’s heels were quite so often as Henniker’s informed him.

“Is that a non-commissioned officer who is off, and his horse scouring away over the plain? What a dire mortification,” the ladies say, “and what a consolation to the bunglers!”

No, it is the trumpeter. He was taking the hurdle in a rush of the whole squad; his check-strap broke, and his horse went wild, and slammed himself into another man’s horse, and ground his rider’s knee against his comrade’s carbine. It is Henniker who is down in the dust, cursing the carbine, and cursing his knee, and cursing the mischief generally.

The ladies strolled home through the heat, and said how glorious it was and how awfully real, and how one man got badly hurt; and they described in detail the sight of Henniker limping bare-headed in the sun, holding on to a comrade’s shoulder; how his face was a “ghastly brown white,” and his eyes

were bloodshot, and his black head dun with dust.

“It was the trumpeter who blew so beautifully the other night, — who hurt his knee in the rifle drill,” they said. “It was his knee that was hurt to-day. I wonder if it was the same knee?”

It was the same knee, and this time Henniker went to the hospital and stayed there; and being no malingerer, his confinement was bitterly irksome and a hurt to his physical pride.

The post surgeon’s house is the last one on the line. Then comes the hospital, but lower down the hill. The officer’s walk reaches it by a pair of steps that end in a slope of grass. There are moisture and shade where the hospital stands, and a clump of box-elder trees is a boon to the convalescents there. The road between barracks and canteen passes the angle of the whitewashed fence; a wild syringa bush grows on the hospital side, and thrusts its blossoms over the wall. There is a broken board in the fence, which the syringa partly hides.

After three o’clock in the afternoon this is the coolest corner of the hospital grounds; and here, on the grass, Henniker was lying, one day of the second week of his confinement.

He had been half asleep when a soft, light thump on the grass aroused him. A stray kitten had crawled through the hole in the fence, and, feeling her way down with her forepaws, had leaped to the ground beside him.

“Hey, pussy!” Henniker welcomed her pleasantly, and then was silent. A hand had followed the kitten through the hole in the fence, — a smooth brown hand no bigger than a child’s, but perfect in shape as a woman’s. The small fingers moved and curled enticingly.

“Pussy, pussy? Come, pussy!” a soft voice cooed. “Puss, puss, puss? Come, pussy!” The fingers groped about in empty air. “Where are you, pussy?”

Henniker had quietly possessed him

self of the kitten, which, moved by these siren tones, began to squirm a little and meekly to "miew." He reached forth his hand and took the small questing one prisoner; then he let the kitten go. There was a brief speechless struggle, quite a useless one.

"Let me go! Who is it? Oh dear!"

Another pull. Plainly, from the tone, this last was feminine profanity.

Silence again, the hand struggling persistently, but in vain. The soft bare arm, working against the fence, became an angry red.

"Softly, now. It's only me. Did n't you know I was in hospital, Meta?"

"Is it you, Henniker?"

"Indeed it is. You would n't begrudge me a small shake of your hand, after all these days?"

"But you are not in hospital now?"

"That's what I am. I'm not in bed, but I'm going on three legs when I'm going at all. I'm a house-bound man." A heavy sigh from Henniker.

"Have n't you shaken hands enough now, Henniker?" beseechingly from the other side. "I only wanted kitty; please put her through the fence."

"What's your hurry?"

"Have you got her there? Callie left her with me. I must n't lose her. Please?"

"Has Callie gone away?"

"Why, yes, did n't you know? She has gone to stay with Tim's wife." (Tim Meadows was the eldest, the married son of the family.) "She has a little baby, and they can't get any help, and father would n't let mother go down because it's bad for her to be over a cook stove, you know."

"Yes, I know the old lady feels the heat."

"We are quite busy at the house. I came of an errand to the quartermaster-sergeant's, and kitty followed me, and the children chased her. I must go home now," urged Meta. "Really, I did not think you would be so foolish,

Henniker. I can't see what fun there is in this!"

"Yes, but Meta, I've made a discovery, — here in your hand."

"In my hand? What is it? Let me see." A violent determined pull, and a sound like a smothered explosion of laughter from Henniker.

"Softly, softly, now. You'll hurt yourself, my dear."

"Is my hand dirty? It was the kitten, then; her paws were all over sand."

"Oh no. Great sign! It's worse than that. It'll not come off."

"I will see what it is!"

"But you can't see unless I was to tell you. I'm a hand reader, did you know it? I can tell your fortune by the lines on your palm. I'm reading them off here just like a book."

"Good gracious! what do you see?"

"Why, it's a most extraordinary thing! Your head line is that mixed up with your heart line, 'pon me word I can't tell which is which. Which is it, Meta? Do you choose your friends with your head entirely, or is it the other way with you, dear?"

"Oh, is that all? I thought you could tell fortunes really. I don't care what I am; I want to know what I'm going to do. Don't you see anything that's going to happen to me?"

"Lots of things. I see something that's going to happen to you right now. I wonder did it ever happen to you before?"

"What is it? When is it coming?"

"It has come. I will put it right here in your hand. But I shall want it back again, remember; and don't be giving it away, now, to anybody else."

A mysterious pause. Meta felt a breath upon her wrist, and a kiss from a mustached lip was pressed into the hollow of her hand.

"Keep that till I ask you for it," said Henniker quite sternly, and closed her hand tight with his own. The hand became an expressive little fist.

"I think you are just as mean and silly as you can be! I'll never believe a word you say again."

"Pussy," remarked Henniker, in a mournful aside, "go ask your mistress will she please forgive me. Tell her I'm not exactly sorry, but I could n't help it. Faith, I could n't."

"I'm not her mistress," said Meta.

It was a keen reminder, but Henniker did not seem to feel it much.

"Go tell Meta," he corrected. "Ask her please to forgive me, and I'll take it back, — the kiss, I mean."

"I'm going now," said Meta. "Keep the kitten, if you want her. She is n't mine, anyway."

But now the kitten was softly crowded through the fence by Henniker, and Meta, relenting, gathered her into her arms and carried her home.

It was certainly not his absence from Callie's side that put Henniker in such a bad humor with his confinement. He grew morbid, and fell into treacherous dreaming, and wondered jealously about the other boys, and what they were doing with themselves these summer evenings, while he was loafing on crutches under the hospital trees. He was frankly pining for his freedom before Callie should return. He wanted a few evenings which he need not account for to anybody but himself; and he got his freedom, unhappily, in time to do the mischief of his dream, to put vain, selfish longings into the simple heart of Meta, and to spoil his own conscience toward his promised wife.

Henniker knew the ways of the Meadows cottage as well as if he had been one of the family. He knew that Meta, having less skill about the house than the older girls, took the part of chore-boy, and fetched and drove away the cows.

It were simple enough to cross her evening track through the pale sagebrush, which betrayed every bit of contrasting color, the colors of Meta's hair-ribbon and her evening frock; it were

simple enough, had she been willing to meet him. But Meta had lost confidence in the hero of the household. She had seen Henniker in a new light; and whatever her heart line said, her head line told her that she had best keep a good breadth of sagebrush between herself and that particular pair of broad blue shoulders that moved so fast above it. So as Henniker advanced the girl retreated, obscurely, with shy doublings and turnings, carefully managed not to confess that she was running away; for that might vex Henniker, and she was still too loyal to the family bond to wish to show her sister's lover an open discourtesy. She did not dream of the possibility of his becoming her own lover, but she thought him capable of going great lengths in his very peculiar method of teasing.

As soon as he understood her tactics Henniker changed his own. Without another glance in her direction he made off for the hills, but not too far from the trail the cows were taking; and choosing a secluded spot, behind a thickset clump of sage, he took out his rustic pipe and waited, and when he saw her he began to play.

Meta's heart jumped at the first note. She stole along, drinking in the sounds, no one molesting or making her afraid. Ahead of her, as she climbed, the first range of hills cast a glowing reflection in her face; but the hills beyond were darker, cooler, and the blue-black pines stood out against the sky like trees of a far cloud-country cut off by some aerial gulf from the most venturesome of living feet.

Henniker saw the girl coming, her face alight in the primrose glow, and he threw away all moments but the present. His breath stopped; then he took a deep inspiration, laid his lips to the pipe, and played, softly, subtly, as one who thinks himself alone.

She had discovered him, but she could not drag herself very far away from those

sounds. She sat down upon the ground, at last, and gave herself up to listening. A springy sagebush supported her as she let herself sink back; one arm was behind her head, to protect it from the prickly shoots.

"Meta," said Henniker, "are you listening? I'm talking to you now."

It was all the same; his voice was like another phrase of music. He went on playing, and Meta did not stir.

Another pause. "Are you there still, Meta? I was lonesome to-night, but you ran away from me. Was that friendly? You like my music; then why don't you like me? Well, here's for you again, ungrateful!" He went on playing.

The cows were wandering wide of the trail, towards the upper valley. Meta began to feel herself constrained, and not in the direction of her duty. She rose, cast her long braids over her shoulder, and moved resolutely away.

Henniker was absorbed in what he was saying to her with his pipe. When he had made a most seductive finish he paused, and spoke. He rose and looked about him. Meta was a long way off, down the valley, walking fast. He bounded after her, and caught her rudely around the waist.

"See here, little girl, I won't be made game of like this! I was playing to you, and you ran off and left me tooting like a fool. Was that right?"

"I had to go; it is getting late. The music was too sweet. It made me feel as if I could cry." She lifted her long-lashed eyes swimming in liquid brightness. Henniker caught her hand in his.

"I was playing to you, Meta, as I play to no one else. Does a person steal away and leave another person discoursin' to the empty air? I did n't think you would want to make a fool of me."

Meta drew away her hand and pressed it in silence on her heart. No woman of Anglo-Saxon blood, without a vast amount of training, could have said so

much and said it so naturally with a gesture so hackneyed.

Henniker looked at her from under his eyebrows, biting his mustache. He took a few steps away from her, and then came back.

"Meta," he said, in a different voice, "what was that thing you wore around your neck, the other night, at the minstrels, — that filigree gold thing, eh?"

The girl looked up, astonished; then her eyes fell, and she colored angrily. No Indian or dog could hate to be laughed at more than Meta; and she had been so teased about her innocent make-believe necklace! Had the girls been spreading the joke? She had suddenly outgrown the childish good faith that had made it possible for her to deck herself out in it, and she wished never to hear the thing mentioned again. She hung her head and would not speak.

Henniker's suspicions were characteristic. Of course a girl like that must have a lover. Her face confessed that he had touched upon a tender spot.

"It was a pretty thing," he said coldly. "I wonder if I could get one like it for Callie?"

"I don't think Callie would wear one even if you gave it to her," Meta answered with spirit.

"I say, won't you tell me which of the boys it is, Meta? Won't I wear the life out of him, just!" he added to himself.

"Is what?"

"Your best fellow; the one who gave you that."

"There is n't any. It was nothing. I won't tell you what it was! I made it myself, there! It was only 'butterballs.'"

"Oh, good Lord!" laughed Henniker.

Meta thought he was laughing at her. It was too much! The sweetness of his music was all jangled in her nerves. Tears would come, and then more tears because of the first.

Had Meta been the child of her father, she might have been sitting, that night, in one of the vine-shaded porches of the houses on the line, with several young lieutenants at her feet, and in her wildest follies with them she would have been protected by all the traditions and safeguards of her class. As she was the child of her mother, instead, she was out on the hills with Henniker. And how should the squaw's daughter know the difference between protection and pursuit?

When Henniker put his arm around her and kissed the tears from her eyes, she would not have changed places with the proudest lady of the line, — captain's wife, lieutenant's sweetheart, or colonel's daughter of them all. Her chief, who blew the trumpet, was as great a man in Meta's eyes as the officer who buckled on his sabre in obedience to the call.

As for Henniker, no girl's head against his breast had ever looked so womanly dear as Meta's; no shut eyelids that he had ever kissed had covered such wild, sweet eyes. He did not think of her at all in words, any more than of the twilight afterglow in which they parted, with its peculiar intensity, its pang of color. He simply felt her; and it was nearest to the poetic passion of any emotion that he had ever known.

That night Meta deceived her foster-mother, and lying awake beside Callie's empty cot, in the room which the two girls shared together, she treacherously prayed that it might be long before her sister's return. The wild white lily had opened, and behold the stain!

It had been a hard summer for Tim Meadows's family, — the second summer on a sagebrush ranch, their small capital all in the ground, the first hay crop ungathered, and the men to board as well as to pay. The boarding was Mrs. Tim's part; yet many a young wife would have thought that she had enough to do with her own family to

cook and wash for, and her first baby to take care of.

"You'll get along all right," the older mothers encouraged her. "A summer baby is no trouble at all."

No trouble, when the trouble is twenty years behind us, among the joys of the past. But Tim's wife was wondering if she could hold out till cool weather came, when the rush of the farm work would be over, and her "summer baby" would be in short clothes and able to sit alone. The heat in their four-roomed cabin, in the midst of the treeless land, was an ordeal alone. To sleep in the house was impossible; the rooms and the windows were too small to admit enough air. They moved their beds outside, and slept like tramps under the stars; and the broad light awoke them at earliest dawn, and the baby would never sleep till after ten at night, when the dry Plains wind began to fan the face of the weary land. Even Callie, whose part in the work was subsidiary, lost flesh, and the roses in her cheeks turned sallow, in the month she stayed on the ranch; but she would have been ashamed to complain, though she was heartsick for a word from Henniker. He had written to her only once.

It was Mrs. Meadows who thought it high time that Callie should come home. She had found a good woman to take her daughter's place, and arranged the matter of pay herself. Tim had said they could get no help, but his mother knew what that meant; such help as they could afford to pay for was worse than none.

It seemed a poor return to Callie for her sisterly service in the valley to come home and find her lover a changed man. Mrs. Meadows said he was like all the soldiers she had ever known, — light come, light go. But this did not comfort Callie much, nor more to be reminded what a good thing it was she had found him out in time.

Henniker was not scoundrel enough

to make love to two girls at once, two semi-sisters, who slept in the same room and watched each other's movements in the same looking-glass. It was no use pretending that he and Callie could "heat their broth over again;" so the coolness came speedily to a breach, and Henniker no longer openly, in fair daylight, took the path to the cottage gate. But there were other paths.

He had found a way to talk to Meta with his trumpet. He sent her messages at guard-mounting, as the guard was forming, when, as senior trumpeter, he was allowed a choice in the airs he played; and when he was orderly trumpeter, and could not come himself to say it, he sent her his good-night in the plaintive notes of taps.

This was the climax of Henniker's flirtations: all that went before had been as nothing, all that came after was much worse than nothing. It was the one sincere as it was the one poetic passion of his life; and had it not cost him his self-respect through his baseness to Callie, and the treachery and dissimulation he was teaching to an innocent child, it might have made him a faithful man. As it was, his soldier's honor slept; it was the undisciplined part of him that spoke to the elemental nature of the girl; and it was fit that a trumpet's reckless summons, or its brief inarticulate call, like the note of a wild bird to its mate, should be the language of his love.

Retreat had sounded, one evening in October, but it made no stir any more in the cottage where the girls had been so gay. Callie, putting tea on the table, remembered, as she heard the gun fire, how in the spring Henniker had said that when "sound off" was at six he would drop in to supper some night, and show her how to make *chili con carne*, a dish that every soldier knows who has served on the Mexican border. Her face grew hard, for these foolish, unsleeping re-

mindes were as constant as the bugle calls.

The women waited for the head of the house; but as he did not come, they sat down and ate quickly, saving the best dish hot for him.

They had finished, and the room was growing dusk, when he came in breezily, and called at once, as a man will, for a light. Meta rose to fetch it. The door stood open between the fore-room and the kitchen, where she was groping for a lamp. Mr. Meadows spoke in a voice too big for the room. He had just been conversing across the common with the quartermaster-sergeant, as the two men's footsteps diverged by separate paths to their homes.

"I hear there's going to be a change at the post!" he shouted. "The ——th is going to leave this department, and C troop of the Second is coming from Custer. Sergeant says they are looking for orders any day now."

Mrs. Meadows, before she thought, glanced at Callie. The girl winced, for she hated to be looked at like that. She held up her head and began to sing audaciously, drumming with her fingers on the table:—

"When my mother comes to know
That I love the soldiers so,
She will lock me up all day,
Till the soldiers march away."

"What sort of a song is that?" asked her father sharply.

Callie looked him in the eyes. "Don't you know that tune?" said she. "Henniker plays that at guard-mount; and sometimes he plays this:—

'Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Though father and mither and a' should go mad.'"

"Let him play what he likes," said the father angrily. "His saucy jig tunes are nothing to us. I'm thankful no girl of mine is following after the army. It's a hard life for a woman, I can tell you, in the ranks."

Callie pushed her chair back, and

looked out of the window as if she had not heard.

"Where's Meta with that lamp? Go and see what's keeping her."

"Sit still," said Mrs. Meadows. She went herself into the kitchen, but no one heard her speak a word, yet the kitchen was not empty.

There was a calico-covered lounge that stood across the end of the room; Meta sat there, quite still, her back against the wall. Mrs. Meadows took one look at her; then she lighted the lamp and carried it into the dining-room, and went back and shut herself in with Meta.

"When my mother comes to know," hummed Callie. Her face was pale. She hardly knew that she was singing.

"Stop that song!" her father shouted. "Go and see what's the matter with your sister."

"Sister?" repeated Callie. "Meta is no sister of mine."

"She's your tent-mate, then. Ye grew nest-ripe under the same mother's wing."

"Meta can use her own wings now, you will find. She grew nest-ripe very young."

Father Meadows knew that there was trouble inside of that closed door, as there was trouble inside the white lips and shut heart of his frank and joyous Callie, but it was "the women's business." He went out to attend to his own.

Irrigation on the scale of a small cottage garden is tedious work. It has intervals of silence and leaning on a hoe while one little channel fills or trickles into the next one; and the water must be stopped out here, and floated longer there, like the bath over the surface of an etcher's plate. Water was scarce and the rates were high, that summer, and there was a good deal of "dry-point" work with a hoe in Father Meadows's garden.

He had come to one of the discouraging places where the ground was higher than the water could be made to reach without a deal of propping and damming

with shovelfuls of earth. This spot was close to the window of the kitchen chamber, which was "mother's room." She was in there talking to Meta. Her voice was deep with the maternal note of remonstrance; Meta's was high and sharp with excitement and resistance. Her faintness had passed, but Mother Meadows had been inquiring into causes.

"I am married to him, mother! He is my husband as much as he can be."

"It was never Father Magrath married you, or I should be knowing of it before now."

"No; we went before a judge, or a justice, in the town."

"In town! Well, that is something; but be sure there is a wrong or a folly somewhere when a man takes a young girl out of her home and out of her church to be married. If Henniker had taken you 'soberly, in the fear of God'—

"He *was* sober!" cried Meta. "I never saw him any other way."

"Mercy on us! I was not thinking of the man's habits. He's too good to have done the way he has. That's what I have against him. I don't know what I shall say to Father Josette. The disgrace of this is on me, too, for not looking after my house better. 'Never let her be humbled through her not being all white,' the father said when he brought you to me, and God knows I never forgot that your little heart was white. I trusted you as I would one of my own, and was easier on you for fear of a mother's natural bias toward her own flesh and blood; and now to think that you would lie to me, and take a man in secret that had deceived your sister before you,—as if nothing mattered so that you got what you wanted! And down in the town, without the priest's blessing or a kiss from any of us belonging to you! It's one way to get married, but it's not the right way."

"Did no white girl ever do as I have?" asked Meta, with a touch of sullessness.

"Plenty of them, but they did n't make their mothers happy."

Meta stirred restively on the bed. "Will Father Magrath have to talk to me, and Father Josette, and *all* the fathers?" she inquired. "He said he never would have married Callie anyway, — not even if he could n't have had me."

"And the more shame to him to say such a thing to one sister of another! Callie is much the best off of you two." Mrs. Meadows rose and moved heavily away from the bed. "Well," she said, "most marriages are just one couple more. It's very little of a sacrament there is about the common run of such things, but I hoped for something better when it came to my girls' turn. However, sorrow is the sacrament God sends us, to give us a chance to learn a little something before we die. I expect you'll learn your lesson."

She came back to the bed, and Meta moaned as she sat down again, to signify that she had been talked to enough. But the mother had something practical to say, though she could not say it without emotional emphasis, for her outraged feelings were like a flood that has come down, but has not yet subsided.

"If there's any way for you to go with Henniker when the troop goes, it's with him you ought to be; but if he has married without his captain's consent, he'll get no help at barracks. Do you know how that is, Meta?"

Meta shook her head; presently she forced herself to speak the truth. She did know that Henniker had told no one at the post of his marriage. She had never asked him why, nor had thought that it mattered.

"Oh my! I was afraid of that," said Mrs. Meadows. "The major knows it was Callie he was engaged to. Father went up to see him about Henniker, and the major as good as gave his word for him that he was a man we could have in the family. A commanding officer

does n't like such goings-on with respectable neighbors."

Mrs. Meadows possibly overestimated the post commandant's interest in these matters, but she had gratefully remembered his civility to her husband when he went to make fatherly inquiries. The major was a father himself, and had seemed to appreciate their anxiety about Callie's choice. It was just as well that Meta should know that none of the constituted authorities were on the side of her lover's defection.

Meta said nothing to all this. It did not touch her only as it bore on the one question, Was Henniker going to leave her behind him?

"How long is it since you have seen him, that he has n't told you this news himself?" asked the mother.

"Last night; but perhaps he did not know."

Henniker had known, as Mrs. Meadows supposed, but having to shift for himself in the matter of transportation for the wife he had never acknowledged, and seeing no way of providing for her without considerable inconvenience to himself, he had put off the pain of breaking to her the parting that must come. In their later consultations Meta had mentioned her "pony money," as she called it, and Henniker had privately welcomed the existence of such a fund. It lightened the pressure of his own responsibility in the future, in case — but he did not formulate his doubts. There are more uncertainties than anything else, except hard work, in the life of an enlisted man.

Father Meadows purposely would not speak of Meta's resources. He felt that Henniker had not earned his confidence in this or any other respect where his girls were concerned. Till Meta should come of age, — she was barely sixteen, — or until it could be known what sort of a husband she had got in Henniker, her bit of money was safest in her guardian's hands.

So the orders came, and the transfer of troops was made ; and now it was the trumpeter of C troop that sounded the calls, and Henniker's bold messages at guard-mounting and his tender good-night at taps called no more across the plain. The summer lilies were all dead on the hills, and the common was white with snow. But something in Meta's heart said, —

“ Weep no more ! Oh, weep no more !

Young buds sleep in the root's white core.” And she dried her eyes. The mother was very gentle with her, and Callie, hard-eyed, saying nothing, watched her, and did her little cruel kindnesses that cut to the quick of her soreness and her pride.

When the Bannock brethren came, late in September, the next year, she walked the sagebrush paths to their encampment with her young son in her arms. They looked at the boy and said that it was good ; and when they asked after the father, and Meta told them that he had gone with his troop to Fort Custer, and that she waited for word to join him, they said it was not good, and they turned away their eyes in silence from her shame. The men did, but the women looked at her in a silence that said different things. Her heart went out to them, and their dumb soft glances brought healing to her wounds. What sorrow, what humiliation, was hers that they from all time had not known ? The men took little notice of her after that : she had lost caste both as maid and wife ; she was nothing now but a means of existence to her son. But between her and her dark sisters the natural bond grew strong. Old lessons that had lain dormant in her blood revived with the force of her keener intelligence, and supplanted later teachings that were of no use now except to make her suffer more.

It was impossible that Mother Meadows should not resent the wrong and insult to her own child ; she felt it increasingly as she came to realize the girl's unhappiness. It grew upon her, and she

could not feel the same towards Meta, who kept herself more and more proudly and silently aloof. She was one alone in the house, where no one spoke of the past to reproach her, where nothing but kindness was ever shown. The kindness was like the hand of pardon held out to her. Why did they think she wanted their forgiveness ? She was not sorry for what she had done. She wanted nothing, only Henniker. So she crept away with her child and sat among the Bannock women, and was at peace with them whom she had never injured ; who beheld her unhappiness, but did not call it her shame.

When she walked the paths across the common, her eyes were always on the skyward range of hills that appeared to her farther away than ever, beyond a wider gulf, now that their tops were white and the clouds came low enough to hide them. Often yellow gleams shot out beneath the clouds and turned the valleys green. It seemed to her that Henniker was there ; he was in the cold, bright north, and the trumpets called her, but she could not go, for the way was very long. Such words as these she would sometimes whisper to her dark sisters by the camp-fire, and once they said to her, “ Get strong and go ; we will show you the way.”

Henniker was taking life as it comes to an enlisted man in barracks. He thought of Meta many times, and of his boy, very tenderly and shamefully ; and if he could have whistled them to him, or if a wind of luck could have blown them thither, he would have embraced them with joy, and shared with them all that he had. There was the difficulty. He had so little besides the very well fitting clothes on his back. His pay seemed to melt away, month by month, and where it went to the mischief only knew. Canteen got a good deal of it. Henniker was one of the popular men in barracks, with his physical expertness,

his piping and singing and story-telling, and his high good humor at all times with himself and everybody else. He did not drink much except in the way of comradeship, but he did a good deal of that. He was a model trumpeter, and a very ornamental fellow when he rode behind his captain on full-dress inspection, more bedight than the captain himself with gold cords and tags and bullion; but he was not a domestic man, and the only person in the world who might perhaps have made him one was a very helpless, ignorant little person, and — she was not there.

It was a bad season for selling ponies. The Indians had arrived late with a larger band than usual, which partly represented an unwise investment they had made on the strength of their good fortune the year before. Certain big ditch enterprises had been starting then, creating a brisk demand for horses at prices unusual, especially in the latter end of summer. This year the big ditch had closed down, and was selling its own horses, or turning them out upon the range, and unbroken Indian ponies could hardly be given away.

The disappointment of the Bannocks was very great, and their comprehension of causes very slow. It took some time for them to satisfy themselves that Father Meadows was telling them a straight tale. It took more time still for consultations as to what should now be done with their unsalable stock. The middle of October was near, and the grumbling chiefs finally decided to accept their loss and go hunting. The squaws and children were ordered home to the Reservation by rail, as wards of the nation travel, to get permission of the agent for the hunt, and the men, with their ponies, were to ride overland and meet the women at Eagle Rock.

Thus Meta learned how an Indian woman may pass unchallenged from one part of the country to another, clothed in the freedom of her poverty. In this

way the nation acknowledges a part of its ancient indebtedness to her people. No word had come from Henniker, though he had said that he should get his discharge in October. Meta's resolve was taken. The Bannock women encouraged her, and she saw how simple it would be to copy their dress and slip away with them as far as their roads lay together; and thence, having gained practice in her part and become accustomed to its disguises, to go on alone to Custer, where her chief, her beautiful trumpeter, was sounding his last calls. She was wise in this resolution to see her husband, at whatever cost, before the time of his freedom should come; but she was late in carrying it out.

Long before, she had turned over fruitlessly in her mind every means of getting money for this journey besides the obvious way of asking Father Meadows for her own. She had guessed that her friends were suspicious of Henniker's good faith, and believed that if they should come to know of her intention of running away to follow him they would prevent her for her own good, — which was quite the case.

That was the point Father Meadows made with his wife, when she argued that Meta, being a married woman now, ought to learn the purchasing power of money and its limitations by experimenting with a little of her own.

"We shall do wrong if we keep her a child now," she said.

"But if she has money, she'll lay it by till she gets enough to slip off to her soldier with. There's that much Injun about her; she'll follow to heel like a dog."

Father Meadows could not have spoken in this way of Meta a year ago. She had lost caste with him, also.

"Don't, father," the mother said, with a hurt look. "She'll not follow far with ten dollars in her pocket; but that much I want to try her with. She's like a child about shopping. She'll

take anything at all, if it looks right and the man persuades her. And those Jew clerks will charge whatever they think they can get."

Mrs. Meadows had her way, and the trial sum was given to Meta one day, and the next day she and the child were missing.

At dusk, that evening, a group of Bannock squaws, more or less encumbered with packs and children, climbed upon one of the flat cars of a freight train bound for Pocatello. The engine steamed out of the station, and down the valley, and away upon the autumn plains. The next morning the Bannocks broke camp, and vanished before the hoar frost had melted from the sage. Their leave-taking had been sullen, and their answers to questions about Meta, with which Father Meadows had routed them out in the night, had been so unsatisfactory that he took the first train to the Fort Hall Agency. There he waited for the party of squaws from Bisuka; but when they came, Meta was not with them. They knew nothing of her, they said; even the agent was deceived by their counterfeit ignorance. They could tell nothing, and were allowed to join their men at Eagle Rock, to go hunting into the wild country around Jackson's Hole.

Father Meadows went back and relieved his wife's worst fear,—that the girl had fulfilled the wrong half of her destiny, and gone back to hide her grief in the bosom of her tribe.

"Then you'll find her at Custer," said she. "You must write to the quartermaster-sergeant. And be sure you tell him she's married to him. He may be carrying on with some one else by this time."

Traveling as a ward of the nation travels; suffering as a white girl would suffer, from exposure and squalor, weariness and dirt, but bearing her misery like a squaw, Meta came at last to Custer station. In five days, always on the out-

side of comforts that other travelers pay for, she had passed from the lingering mildness of autumn in southern Idaho into the early winter of the hard Montana north.

She was only fit for a sick-bed when she came into the empty station at Custer, and learned that she was still thirty miles away from the fort. In her make-believe broken English, she asked a humble question about transportation. The station-keeper was called away that moment by a summons from the wire. It was while she stood listening to the tapping of the message, and waiting to repeat her question, that she felt a frightening pain, sharp, like a knife sticking in her breast. She could take only short breaths, yet longed for deep ones to brace her lungs and strengthen her sick heart. She stepped outside and spoke to a man who was wheeling freight down the platform. She dared not throw off her fated disguise and say, "I am the wife of Trumpeter Henniker. How shall I get to the fort?" for she had stolen a ride of a thousand miles, and she knew not what the penalty of discovery might be. She had borrowed a squaw's wretched immunity, and she must pay the price for that which she had rashly coveted. She pulled her blanket about her face and muttered, "Which way—Fort Custer?"

The freight man answered by pointing to the road. Dark wind clouds rolled along the snow-white tops of the mountains. The plain was a howling sea of dust.

"No stage?" she gasped.

The man laughed and shook his head. "There's the road. Injuns walk." He went on with his baggage-truck, and did not look at her again. He had not spoken unkindly: the fact and his blunt way of putting it were equally a matter of course. Squaws who "beat" their way in on freight trains do not go out by stage.

Meta crept away in the lee of a pile

of freight, and sat down to nurse her child. The infant, like herself, had taken harm from exposure to the cold; his head passages were stopped, and when he tried to nurse he had to fight with suffocation and hunger both, and threw himself back in the visible act of screaming, but his hoarse little pipe was muted to a squeak. This, which sounds grotesque in the telling, was acute anguish for the mother to see. She covered her face with her blanket, and sobbed and coughed, and the pain tore her like a knife. But she rose, and began her journey. She had little conception of what she was undertaking, but it would have made no difference; she must get there on her feet, since there was no other way.

She no longer carried her baby squaw-fashion. She was out of sight of the station, and she hugged it where the burden lay heaviest, on her heart. Her hands were not free, but she had cast away her bundle of food; she could eat no more; and the warmth of the child's nestling body gave her all the strength she had, — that and her certainty of Henniker's welcome. That he would be faithful to her presence she never doubted. He would see her coming, perhaps, and he would run to catch her and the child together in his arms. She could feel the thrill of his eyes upon her, and the half groan of joy with which he would strain her to his breast. Then she would take one deep, deep breath of happiness, — ah, that pain! — and let the anguish of it kill her if it must.

The snows on the mountains had come down and encompassed the whole plain; the winter's siege had begun. The winds were iced to the teeth, and they smote like armed men. They encountered Meta carrying some precious hidden thing to the garrison at Custer; they seized her and searched her rudely, and left her, trembling and disheveled, sobbing along with her silly treasure in her arms. The dust rose in columns,

and traveled with mocking becks and bows before her, or burst like a bomb in her face, or circled about her like a band of wild horses lashed by the hooting winds.

Meantime, Henniker, in span-new civilian dress, was rattling across the plain on the box seat of the ambulance, beside the soldier driver. The ambulance was late to catch the east-bound train, and the paymaster was inside; so the four stout mules laid back their ears and traveled, and the heavy wheels bounded from stone to stone of the dust-buried road. Henniker smoked hard in silence, and drew great breaths of cold air into his splendid lungs. He was warm and clean and sound and fit, from top to toe. He had been drinking bounteous farewells to a dozen good comrades, and though sufficiently himself for all ordinary purposes, he was not that self he would have wished to be had he known that one of the test moments of his life was before him. It was a mood with him of headlong, treacherous quiet, and the devil of all foolish desires was showing him the pleasures of the world. He was in dangerously good health; he had got his discharge, and was off duty and off guard, all at once. He was a free man, though married. He was going to his wife, of course. Poor little Meta! God bless the girl, how she loved him! Ah, those black-eyed girls, with narrow temples and sorrow, deep-fringed eyelids, they knew how to love a man! He was going to her by way of Laramie, or perhaps the coast. He might run upon a good thing over there, and start a bit of a home before he sent for her or went to fetch her; it was all one. She rested lightly on his mind, and he thought of her with a tender, reminiscent sadness, — rather a curious feeling considering that he was to see her now so soon. Why was she always "poor little Meta" in his thoughts?

Poor little Meta was toiling on, for "Injuns walk." The dreadful pain of

coughing was incessant. The dust blinded and choked her, and there was a roaring in her ears which she confused with the night and day burden of the trains. She was in a burning fever that was fever and chill in one, and her mind was not clear, except on the point of keeping on; for once down, she felt that she could never get up again. At times she fancied she was clinging to the rocking, roaring platforms she had ridden on so long. The dust swirled around her — when had she breathed anything but dust! The ground swam like water under her feet. She swayed, and seemed to be falling, — perhaps she did fall. But she was up and on her feet, the blanket cast from her head, when the ambulance drove straight towards her, and she saw him —

She had seen it coming, the ambulance, down the long, dizzy rise. The hills above were white as death; a crooked gash of color rent the sky; the toothed pines stood black against that gleam, and through the ringing in her ears, loud and sweet, she heard the trumpets call. The cloud of delirium lifted, and she saw the uniform she loved; and beside the soldier driver sat her white chief, looking down at her who came so late with joy, bringing her babe, — her sheaves, the harvest of that year's wild sowing. But he did not seem to see her. She had not the power to speak or cry. She took one step forward and held up the child.

Then she fell down on her face in the road, for the beloved one had seen her, and had not known her, and had passed her by. And God would not let her make one sound.

How in Heaven's name could it have happened! Could any man believe it of himself? Henniker put it to his reason, not to speak of conscience or affection, and never could explain, even to himself, that most unhappy moment of his life. If he had not a heart for any helpless thing in trouble, who had? He

was the joke of the garrison for his softness about dogs and women and children. Yet he had met his wife and baby on the open road, and passed them by, and owned them not, and still he called himself a man.

What he had seen at first had been the abject figure of a little squaw facing the wind, her bowed head shrouded in her blanket, carrying something which her short arms could barely meet around, — a shapeless bundle. He did not think it a child, for a squaw will pack her baby always on her back. He had looked at her indifferently, but with condescending pity; for the day was rough, and the road was long, even for a squaw. Then, in all the disfigurement of her dirt and wretchedness and wild attire, it broke upon him that this creature was his wife, the rightful sharer of his life and freedom; and that animal-like thing she held up, that wrung its face and squeaked like a blind kitten, was his son.

Good God! He clutched the driver's arm, and the man swore and jerked his mules out of the road, for the woman had stopped right in the track where the wheels were going. The driver looked back, but could not see her; he knew that he had not touched her, only with the wind of his pace, so he pulled the mules into the road again, and the ambulance rolled on.

"Stop; let me get off. That woman is my wife." Henniker heard himself saying the words, but they were never spoken to the ear. "Stop; let me get down," the inner voice prompted; but he did not make a sound, and the curtains flapped and the wheels went bounding along. They were a long way past the spot, and the station was in sight, when Henniker was heard to say hoarsely, "Pick her up, can't you, as you go back?"

"Pick up which?" asked the driver.

"The — that woman we passed just now."

"I'll see how she's making it," the

man answered coolly. "I ain't much stuck on squaws. Acted like she was drunk or crazy."

Henniker's face flushed, but he shuddered as if he were cold.

"Pick her up, for the child's sake, by God!" No man was ever more ashamed of himself than he as he took out a gold piece and handed it to the soldier. "Give her this, Billy, — from yourself, you know. I ain't in it."

Billy looked at Henniker, and then at the gold piece. It was a double eagle; all that the husband had dared to offer as alms to his wife, but more than enough to arouse the suspicions that he feared.

"Ain't in it, eh?" thought the soldier. "You knew the woman, and she knew you. This is conscience money." But aloud he said, "A fool and his money are soon parted. How do you know but I'll blow it in at canteen?"

"I'll trust you," said Henniker.

The men did not speak to each other again.

"She's one of them Bannocks that camped by old Pop Meadows's place, down at Bisuka, I bet," said the soldier to himself.

Henniker went on fighting his fight as if it had not been lost forever in that

instant's hesitation. A man cannot be think himself: "By the way, it strikes me that was my wife and child we passed on the road!" What he had done could never be explained without grotesque lying which would deceive nobody.

It could not be undone; it must be lived down. Henniker was much better at living things down than he was at explaining or trying to mend them.

After all, it was the girl's own fault, putting up that wretched squaw act on him. To follow him publicly, and shame him before all the garrison, in that beastly Bannock rig! Had she turned Bannock altogether and gone back to the tribe? In that case let the tribe look after her; he could have no more to do with her, of course.

He stepped into the smoking-car, and lost himself as quickly as possible in the interest of new faces around him, and the agreeable impressions of himself which he read in eyes that glanced and returned for another look at so much magnificent health and color and virility. His spot of turpitude did not show through. He was still good to look at; and to look the man that one would be goes a long way toward feeling that one is that man.

Mary Hallock Foote.

SEWARD'S ATTITUDE TOWARD COMPROMISE AND SECESSION, 1860-1861.

Of the great leaders of the war period, none has been so commonly misunderstood and so frequently misrepresented as William H. Seward. This has been chiefly due to an erroneous conception of his attitude toward compromise and secession during the five months between the election of 1860 and the outbreak of the civil war. Personal jealousies, party rivalries, and sectional pre-

judices are a part of history, but they should not be allowed to distort it. The reader of to-day desires to learn the facts; and it is the sole purpose of this paper to give a brief and unbiased narrative of those which best show Seward's acts and opinions during that critical time.

It was a new epoch in our history that began in November, 1860, when South

Carolina took her first steps toward secession. Except in Kansas, the political conflicts for many years had been essentially constitutional and peaceful. Now they were revolutionary and threatened to be violent. Unfortunately, those who favored the resistance of slavery at every step were to be in a helpless minority for three months, while the secessionists had the advantage of the same period of time in which to prepare for the final contest. The radical Republicans insisted that, as their party had not violated the Constitution, they must yield neither to the demands for compromise nor to secession, but that all the States must remain in the Union and abide the effect of the changing opinion of the North.

As the weeks advanced, the breach widened and the strength of disunion increased. Many of the Garrisonian abolitionists welcomed separation as the means of realizing their dogma, "No Union with slaveholders." The New York Tribune proclaimed that if several States should decide to secede, they should be allowed to depart in peace, in deference to the sacred right of revolution. The Bell-Everett party and most of the Democrats were opposed to enforcing the laws at any point where the secessionists offered resistance. And practically all of the inhabitants of the Southern border States demanded at least the adoption of measures — best expressed in the Crittenden compromise propositions — that would make slavery secure where it then existed, and in every part of the United States south of the Missouri Compromise line, and that would remove the obstructions to the return of fugitive slaves. With one voice the thousand commercial interests of the great Northern cities also called upon Congress to avoid war by making some such concession to the South. The danger of war had frightened so many that it looked as if the victorious party would come into power with its strength

much reduced since November, with an organized confederacy of several States before it, and with an opposition at home that would make any attempt to resist secession futile, if not foolhardy.

Appearances soon indicated that Buchanan's indecision and the anger of the coercionists would render haste on the part of the secessionists both easy and urgent. If the Union was to be maintained, it must be done under the leadership of Republicans. Yet the members of the other parties felt confident that the ulterior purpose was to make unconstitutional inroads upon slavery; therefore they were unwilling to support them in a policy of force. But the Republicans could not even command all their own partisans. Hence it was evident to all calm observers that they could begin a war, but that defeat was almost certain. Their logic and courage were admirable, but their statesmanship was inadequate.

I.

Seward was one of the first Republicans to perceive that the dilemma was a serious one; but never for a moment did he consider the obstacles insurmountable. His past no less than his present position in his party gave him special responsibilities and opportunities in such a crisis. His political leadership since 1849 had been such that every one regarded him as the foremost Republican. At times he had debated like a radical, but he had always acted upon the maxim that the highest statesmanship consists in getting the best results from actual conditions. He had never looked to other than lawful and peaceful means of ridding the country of slavery. He had both great optimism and great patience. In spite of the bitter political hatred which the South had felt toward him, no one on his side of the Senate had such pleasant personal relations with the other members of Congress. Although he was not offered the Secretaryship of State until after Congress convened, it

was universally believed that he would be the real leader of the coming administration. Quite independent of his own wishes, and because of his preëminence, the country had settled down to the belief that he would have some leading plans to announce, and that his actions would be indicative of Lincoln's present opinions and future policy.

The rumors of the secession movement called Seward to Washington before the end of November. There he found, as he wrote, that the madcaps of the South wanted to be inflamed, so as to make their secession irretrievable, but that the Republicans did not appreciate their designs or the real dangers. Before Congress had time to consider any of the many compromises proposed, the leading secessionists issued an appeal urging every slaveholding State to seek "speedy and absolute separation from the unnatural and hostile Union." This stirred up and fed the Southern fires. On December 20, 1860, South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession. Then she sent commissioners to Washington to seek recognition of her independence, and dispatched agents to urge other States to hurry into secession and to choose delegates to a Southern Congress. The business interests of the North were greatly affected. No one could anticipate events for more than a few hours. Yet secession was still in a theoretical stage; there had been no overt act, although many were threatened. Buchanan had not made clear what his position would be under such circumstances. Naturally, Lincoln had as yet shaped no definite policy, and did not want to be held responsible for one before his time.

Such was the political status when the New England dinner was held in New York, December 22. Expecting to spend Christmas in Auburn, Seward had declined an invitation to be present. However, senatorial duties had made it necessary for him to be in Washington Monday, December 24. Leaving home

Saturday morning, the 22d, late that evening he arrived at the Astor House, where the New England Society was still at table. As soon as his presence in the hotel became known, a special committee was sent to fetch him. He went with reluctance, and was received with such enthusiasm that he was compelled to speak.

Although history seems quite to have overlooked it, Seward was a great wit in private life. With a humor in perfect harmony with the circumstances of his impressment and the mood of the banqueters over their liqueurs and cigars, he began by saying that he had heard they were all Yankees, and he inferred that they would therefore want to know all about him. In colloquial phrases, with a pun or two, and with amusing repartee at their interjected questions, he made several diverting references to some of those present, and to a few questions in state and national politics. He believed that the old centripetal force of common interest which had drawn the States into a confederation, and which the fathers had concisely expressed in *E Pluribus Unum*, still existed. Therefore secession must be a passion, a delusion, a "humbug," even, which could not withstand a calm debate. If the North would keep cool, the suns of sixty days would give a much brighter and more cheerful atmosphere.

Seward has been severely criticised because he was jovial, patient, and optimistic, rather than grave, vigorous, and precise. This censure disregards two most important facts: that it was still too soon for the Republican leaders to have shaped a definite policy; and that, in any case, this occasion would have been a most unfit one on which to explain it. It was necessary for Seward to speak in order to prevent damaging inferences; he had spoken extemporaneously, and without creating excitement or announcing a definite policy. His opinions were soothing and tentative,

and the very extraordinary applause with which they were received was good evidence that they were opportune.

During the holidays the excitement in Washington greatly increased. It was rumored, and widely believed, that the capital was to be seized by the secessionists. Seward's intimate relations with loyal Democrats in the Cabinet, in the Senate, and in the South enabled him to keep himself informed of all that was occurring; and he made frequent reports to Lincoln. By January 3, 1861, the secessionists had gained such strength at the White House and in some of the Departments that Seward considered it necessary to "assume a sort of dictatorship for defense," and to work night and day against the contemplated revolution.

The question of separation was hotly discussed in all the slave States; and it was everywhere alleged that the Republicans intended to put anti-slavery ideas into practice after the inauguration. However, in North Carolina, Arkansas, and the border States, the majority deprecated the dissolution of the Union. Fortunately, Virginia still favored remaining in the Union unless slavery or state rights should be interfered with. The very fact that the leaders of the cotton States were riding with whip and spur aroused a considerable feeling of resentment. But without encouragement this was sure to disappear; for everywhere in the South there was a strong prejudice against the North, and a very sensitive predilection for a slaveholding confederacy. Before the end of January, Charles Sumner had become convinced that it was not improbable that all the slave States, except possibly Maryland (and Delaware, doubtless), would be out of the Union very soon. There were but two rational courses of action for the Republicans. Sumner saw the two horns of the dilemma as plainly as Seward, and expressed the exact problem a few days later by writing,

"People are anxious to save our forts, to save our national capital; but I am anxious to save our principles." Talking of force and of saving principles served a good purpose in keeping up the flagging spirit of many at the North, but it also helped to fuse, rather than separate, the different forces at the South.

II.

The enthusiasm and applause in Washington had been almost entirely on the side of the Southerners. The angry but ineffectual logic of the Northerners had naturally been no match for the picturesque and defiant declamation of their opponents. Time and the discussion of constitutional grievances had deepened Southern convictions and exhibited the helplessness of the Republicans. It was announced that Seward would speak on January 12. His opinions were awaited with the greatest anxiety, and it was said that so many people had never before assembled in the Senate Chamber.

Seward announced his purpose to seek a truce from dogmatic battles, and to appeal to the country—to the seceding South no less than to the acceding North—on the question of union. Lest any might interpret his mildness to mean acquiescence in secession, he said, "I avow my adherence to the Union in its integrity and with all its parts, with my friends, with my party, with my State, with my country, or without either, as they may determine; in every event, whether of peace or of war; with every consequence of honor or dishonor, of life or death." The only way to dissolve the Union, he maintained, was by constitutional amendment; but Congress should, if it could, redress any real grievances, and then supply the President with all the means necessary to defend the Union.

For thirty years Seward had believed and frequently declared that the Union was natural and necessary, as well as a political and economical advantage. He

considered our people homogeneous, and our government cohesive and beneficent. Disunion would bring us humiliation abroad, and civil war and ruin at home. It would endanger slavery, rather than preserve it; for it would forfeit all but a small fraction of the territory of the United States, and remove every constitutional restriction against a direct attack upon slavery. Dissolution would not only arrest, but extinguish the greatness of our country; it would drop the curtain before all our national heroes; public prosperity would give place to retrogression, for standing armies would consume our substance; and our liberty, now as wide as our grand territorial dimensions, would be succeeded by the hateful and intolerable espionage of military despotism. The issue, then, was really between those who cherished the Union and those who desired its dissolution by force. Thus the question became simplified, and the names and interests of parties were really subordinate to the welfare of the country. He pledged himself so to regard it.

We shall not see Seward's real statesmanship if we fail to note that it was as much his duty to avoid saying anything that could be turned to the advantage of secession as it was to urge considerations that would strengthen the Union directly. He now averred that there was no political good which he would seek by revolutionary action. Then, in those sentences which are sure to be misunderstood if it be forgotten that his chief purpose was to soothe the South, he announced, "If others shall invoke that form of action to oppose and overthrow government, . . . I can afford to meet prejudice with conciliation, exaction with concession which surrenders no principle, and violence with the right hand of peace."

As evidence of what he was willing to do for the sake of peace and harmony, he formulated his views under five heads:—

First, he acknowledged the full force of the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, but thought that the special provisions for its execution should be so modified as not to endanger the liberty of free blacks, or to compel private citizens to assist in the capture of slaves. He also favored the repeal both of the personal liberty laws of the free States, and of the laws of the slave States restraining the liberties of citizens from the other States, where they contravened the Constitution.

Second, slavery in the States was free from congressional control, and he was willing to make it so permanently by constitutional amendment.

Third, after the admission of Kansas as a free State, he would consent to the consolidation of all the Territories into two States, and admit them without restriction as to slavery, if the right to make subdivisions into several convenient States could be reserved. But he thought that the Constitution did not permit such reservation. So this had no practical bearing. If it were feasible, he would prefer to have the present difficulties settled in a regular constitutional convention, "when the eccentric movements of secession and disunion shall have ended, in whatever form that end may come, and the angry excitement of the hour shall have subsided, . . . then, and not till then, — one, two, three years hence."

Fourth, he would favor laws to prevent invasion of any State by citizens of any other State.

Fifth, as he regarded physical bonds, such as highways, railroads, rivers, and canals, as vastly more powerful than any covenants, he would support measures for a Northern and a Southern railroad to the Pacific.

This was Seward's "compromise." None but those who had unconstitutional aims could object to the first point. The Republicans of the Senate committee on the state of the country had approved

the substance of the first four, excepting the clause about a constitutional convention, which would have been considered above criticism. The last Republican platform had declared that the control of "domestic institutions" (of which slavery was the chief) by the State was "essential to [the] . . . endurance of our political fabric." It had also denounced lawless invasion, and favored "a railroad to the Pacific." The proposition to consolidate the Territories into two States, and then admit them without restriction as to slavery, would have been contrary to the unwritten pledge of the Republican party if it had been likely that either would come in as a slave State. If the right to subdivide those two States could have been reserved, the result would surely have been to the advantage of freedom. But Seward considered the plan impracticable.

If this had been a "compromise" speech, would not Lincoln have perceived it? In a letter of January 19, 1861, strangely enough still unpublished, he clearly approved of it. Only a few others among Seward's friends were in a mood to understand the speech. In the House there was talk of condemning it in a party caucus. In the excitement, nearly every one demanded a declaration that would mean permanent peace or an early war. The zeal of the abolitionists and of the secessionists had bred a fanaticism that made the importance of the Union seem small indeed. While Garrison attacked Seward, he called upon the North to "recognize the fact that *the Union is dissolved*."

But, as Seward had announced, his purpose was to appeal from the dogmatic leaders to the unprejudiced people, to array unionists everywhere against secessionists, so that the proposed Confederacy, instead of the Federal government, should be fronted by a vast and compact opposition. Did this speech and a somewhat similar one of January 31 improve the situation? Thenceforth

hundreds of thousands of Northern Democrats saw that they and the conservative Republicans had a common cause. Intimate relations with many of his old Southern Whig associates revived and brought important information to Seward and strengthened the Union. Within a week from the first speech Virginia — although both of her Senators were determined secessionists — invited all the States to join her in a peace conference in Washington, February 4. North Carolina and every border State welcomed the proposal. This of itself was a practical guarantee against revolutionary movements in these States and in Washington pending the conference. On February 2, Kentucky requested the Southern States to stop the revolution, protested against federal coercion, proposed a national convention to amend the Constitution, and declined to call a state convention to consider secession. On the 8th, Tennessee decided against a state convention by a popular majority of over thirteen thousand. About the same date, Virginia chose a large majority of unionist delegates to a state convention. Later in the month, North Carolina rejected a proposition for a convention. The other Southern border States became calmer, and hoped for the Union. History may some day make it plain that it was Seward who stemmed and turned back the flood for a time, but here it is only maintained that not one of all these points would have been gained if Seward had spoken like a partisan and a coercionist.

Neither in Seward's words nor in his actions was there any timid supplication for peace. About the middle of January he voted for Senator Clark's resolution, insisting upon the preservation of the Union as it was, in opposition to Crittenden's, which implored harmony by making great concessions to slavery. When, on January 31, he presented a memorial praying for a peaceful adjustment of the disturbances, he told the

Senate that he had asked the committee who had brought it to manifest, on their return to New York, their devotion to the Union above all other interests and sentiments, by speaking for it, by lending it money if it needed it, and, in the last resort, by fighting for it. For several years slavery in the Territories had received the support of all three branches of the government. During that time, Oregon, Minnesota, and Kansas had been admitted as free States, while the number of the slave States had not been increased; and there were but twenty-four slaves in all the Territories. What had been a vital question in 1850 had, he believed, now ceased to be a practical one. In lieu of it there had come up the fearful question of dissolution. If all that he had mentioned should fail, and if the Union was to stand or fall by the force of arms, he advised his people, and decided for himself, to stand or fall with it.

III.

After his public utterances on the crisis, nearly five weeks intervened before the Republicans came into power. A feverish unrest still pervaded Congress. Every day brought forth angry debates and startling rumors. Since December, Seward had been in the most confidential relations with Attorney-General Stanton, Secretary Holt, and General Scott, who were working together and collecting troops to be able to resist any attempts at forcible revolution. Lincoln had expressed special fear lest, at the time for counting the electoral votes, the revolt might begin with Congress. But before that day had arrived, the peace movements and the alertness of a committee of the House, which Stanton and Seward had inspired, rendered such a plan impracticable. Seward knew that as long as the peace conference could be kept in session all the States there represented could be held in the Union, and he privately urged the leader of the radical Republicans to avoid remarks that

would excite the Southerners. His untiring efforts for a policy of peace, patriotism, and union reached out in all directions. At a dinner at Senator Douglas's he proposed this toast: "Away with all parties, all platforms of previous commitments, and whatever else will stand in the way of the restoration of the American Union!" In concert with Stanton, he caused the flag to be displayed throughout the entire North on Washington's Birthday, 1861. Perceiving that the best way to save Washington from attack indefinitely was to keep the Virginia convention out of the control of the secessionists, from the time it assembled, February 13, he followed and greatly influenced its action from day to day, much as if it had been a political one before which he was a candidate.

After Lincoln came to Washington, February 23, he submitted a copy of his prospective inaugural address to Seward for criticism. In it Lincoln had planted himself firmly upon the last Republican platform. In several places sentences were lacking in tact, and occasional phrases and words had a flavor of dogmatism or severity, considering the times. It concluded with the suggestive sentence, "With you, and not with me, is the solemn question of 'Shall it be peace or a sword?'" It was all intended in a kindly spirit, and some passages were generous and touching, but the other parts would have more than counteracted them.

Seward went through the entire copy, making a sentence here and there less positive, rounding many of the phrases, and softening some of the adjectives. He counseled the omission of a few careless and useless sentences; and where Lincoln had gone so far as to say, "A disruption of the Federal Union is menaced, and, so far as can be on paper, is already effected," Seward changed the last part into "heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted." Seward suggested that, in lieu of the conclusion

quoted, the address should end with "some words of affection, some of calm and cheerful confidence," and wrote the wonderful paragraph about "our bonds of affection" and "the mystic chords," which Lincoln adopted, and which, only slightly changed, has gone into political literature as one of Lincoln's most touching passages. In returning the copy, Seward frankly stated his belief that if the passages referring to the platform were retained, even in a modified form, Virginia and Maryland would secede; that within sixty or ninety days Washington would have to rely for its defense upon a divided North; and that there would not be one loyal magistrate or ministerial officer south of the Potomac. Lincoln adopted nearly all of Seward's suggestions, and omitted the objectionable passages. The well-balanced firmness of the speech gave confidence to the North, and its fraternal and generous sentiments had a good effect upon the whole South.

The peaceful installation of a Republican administration marked the passage of the first objective point in Seward's policy. Viewed in the light of the sober facts, his policy, up to the 4th of March, was governed by statesmanship and skill such as no other man was able to command. The very prudence and tactfulness with which he had met the questions of this trying time provoked the most damaging but mistaken criticism upon his attitude. His utterances were sometimes diplomatic, even enigmatic and contradictory. He was often silent when many thought the occasion demanded speech. As to any specific action of the government regarding its lost property or toward the seceded States he spoke no word, because he knew that his opinion would not improve the status. His was not the silence of uncertainty or of assent, but of calm judgment, — of the practical philosopher when he sees that speech will add new complications.

Lincoln, although he had favored re-

taking the government property that had been seized, had offered to concede to slavery more than Seward and other Republican leaders would approve. He frankly wrote that he was practically indifferent about fugitive slaves, the slave trade between the States, and slavery in the District of Columbia, if what was done was not altogether outrageous. On the point which Seward left uncertain Lincoln said, "Nor do I care much about New Mexico, if further exclusion were hedged against."

Salmon P. Chase probably stood third among the Republicans. He took for his motto at this time, "Inauguration first, adjustment afterwards," — overlooking the evident danger that the revolution might meantime advance so far as to prevent both. He was especially indignant at the idea of "surrendering New Mexico to slavery," but he was willing to adopt a Douglas-like plan of organizing all the Territories without any mention of slavery. At one time he was in favor of frankly recognizing the principle that slavery was a state institution, but at another he was very indignant at the proposition to make the Constitution unalterable on this point except by consent of every slave State. He first urged General Scott to make himself military dictator in order to save one fort in Charleston harbor, but finally he was willing to let seven States depart in peace if the loyalty of the border States could be secured.

Charles Sumner was one of the noblest and most brilliant of the Republicans, yet the best that his statesmanship could offer at this time was to write privately of "backbone," and of being "*firm*, FIRM, FIRM." He did not venture to make a speech on the crisis, because he knew that it would be more serviceable to secession than to the Union!

IV.

After March 4 the Republicans had the means for effectual action, and were

therefore responsible. As the Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair, was the only member of the Cabinet who favored anything like real coercion, there were but two courses open: to defend what was still within our possession and to collect the revenue; or to avoid whatever would precipitate war, in the belief that all, or most, of the border States would soon come out clearly and frankly against secession, and that this would shortly result in the disintegration of the Confederacy itself. Seward thought that a continuance of the conciliatory policy would not dissuade the Republicans from the use of force as a last resort, and that it would be most likely to bring all others at the North and many at the South up to it, if necessary. The Confederacy had been organized but a few days when loud protests were made in many places against the slave-trade prohibition in the provisional constitution, against the tariff, against the export duty on raw cotton, and against several other features of the new government. In the Southern border States, unionists insisted that if violence between the Federal government and the Confederacy could be prevented a little longer the strength of secession would rapidly decline. Seward credited this, while he rejected their doctrine that coercion in any form would be unconstitutional. The consummation of his policy would require time, patience, and the avoidance of irritating incidents.

The best informed military and naval authorities in the United States service declared that it would be impossible to provision Fort Sumter without a larger land and naval force than could be commanded at that time. This led the new administration to believe that its evacuation was so probable that an announcement to that effect was given out in order to prepare the public mind for it. Virginia continued to be the key to the situation. The state convention was still in session in Richmond, with a majority of about two to one against secession un-

der existing circumstances. The unionists expected to adjourn until autumn, after calling a convention of the loyal slave States at Frankfort. Seward continued to support and encourage them. At the same time he refused to hold any official intercourse with the Confederate commissioners who were seeking recognition.

As yet Lincoln had not finally decided about abandoning or reinforcing Sumter. On March 15, he requested each member of his Cabinet to give a written opinion on the question. Seward expressed his belief that loyalty would revive, even in South Carolina, if the unionists in the slave States were supported so as to indicate that the alarms put forth by the disunionists were groundless and false. He thought that it was the policy of conciliation which had caused the dismemberment to be arrested, and to the preservation of this policy a little longer he looked as the only peaceful means of keeping the border States in the Union. Through their good and patriotic offices he expected to see the Union sentiment revived and the seceding States brought back. He saw that they had no right to expect such patience, and that there were conditions under which they would forget their loyalty, yet he considered it would be wise administration to be tolerant a little longer.

If the relief of Sumter should be attempted, the fact would become known in advance, he maintained, and the fort would be taken before the expedition arrived; that if the attempt should be successful, the benefit would not be commensurate with the evil effects sure to flow from the civil war which it would inaugurate, and which, he thought, the administration could not prosecute to a successful end. "I would not provoke war in any way *now*," he said. "I would resort to force to protect the collection of the revenue, because that is a necessary as well as legitimate public object. Even then it should be only a naval force

that I would employ for that necessary purpose, while I would defer military action on land until a case should arise where we would hold the defensive. In that case, we should have the spirit of the country and the approval of mankind on our side."

Of the six other members of the Cabinet, Blair alone positively and clearly favored provisioning Sumter, on the ground that evacuation would demoralize Northern unionists and encourage Southern secessionists. Chase also answered the question affirmatively, but he would not have done so had he not drawn his conclusions from misapprehensions.

There was in Seward's opinions a policy peculiar to himself. His efforts to hold the border slave States in line were closely related to his declared intention to avoid using force, except for the purpose of collecting the revenue. The expressions of no other member of the Cabinet clearly implied that the task of saving slave States, still loyal, might warrant the evacuation of other forts near Confederate territory. As the time was revolutionary, the most liberal view would permit the overlooking of the letter of the Constitution, and the bringing of Seward's plan to the revolutionary touchstone of necessity and probable success. That it was not necessary to the preservation of the Union was proved by later events. Its success depended upon whether it would satisfy those for whom it was devised.

The Confederate President and Secretary of State had already decided upon the three following points as the prerequisites of continued peace: first, the United States should agree not to reinforce any of the forts they still occupied, pending a delay of twenty days; second, if the question between the Confederacy and the Federal government should be referred to the Senate, or later, to Congress, all the forts within the Confederacy should meantime be evacuated;

and, third, the Confederate tariff laws should be enforced. One of the staunchest Union men in the South was John A. Gilmer. On March 7 he wrote to Seward, "The seceders in the border States and throughout the South already desire some collision of arms in attempts to collect the revenue or in some way about the fortifications;" and he added that if there should be any fighting, the Union men would be "swept away in a torrent of madness." Judge Summers, who was the head and front of the Union party in the Virginia convention, had told that convention, four days before, that secession was "an existing fact," and that the Confederacy was "now performing the functions of an independent government." Moreover, the committee on federal relations in that convention had already reported, and subsequently passed, a proposition which expressly stated, as a condition of continued loyalty, that no attempt should be made to exact payment of imports upon commerce. Seward was therefore resting upon a broken reed.

Lincoln still hesitated. Office-seekers were consuming nearly his entire time. It was daily becoming clearer that the larger part of the loyalty of the slave States depended upon a recognition of the right of secession. The fighting courage of the Confederacy was now rapidly growing, while that of the North was beginning to wane. Before the month had elapsed trustworthy information showed that the supposed sentiment for the Union in Charleston was a myth. About the same time General Scott recommended that Fort Pickens, as well as Fort Sumter, should be surrendered.

On March 29 Lincoln again requested written opinions. Seward's views as to Fort Sumter were unchanged, but he favored calling in a younger adviser than Scott, and added, "I would at once, and at every cost, prepare for war at Pensacola [Fort Pickens] and Texas: to be taken, however, only as a consequence of

maintaining the possessions and authority of the United States." The opinions of the Cabinet exhibited an agreement on one point, — that secession was to be confronted with force; and that meant that the Confederacy would have to begin a war or confess its weakness. There had been a radical change in Seward's policy. Lincoln favored his suggestion about Fort Pickens, and gave him what was practically *carte blanche* in arranging a speedy and secret expedition for its relief. At the same time, by Lincoln's order, Captain Fox was preparing an expedition to be sent to Fort Sumter in case it should be decided to provision it.

Up to April 1 Lincoln had adopted no active policy, except in the one instance when Seward had taken the lead and done all but the technical planning. Perhaps this was due to Seward more than to any one else, but the fact remained. Confederate commissioners were about to ask recognition of the Confederacy from the leading powers of Europe. Spain had just seized San Domingo; France, Spain, and England were contemplating intervention in Mexico; and Russia was alleged to have given assurances of friendly support to the Confederacy. The necessity for decision and activity in foreign affairs was hardly less than in domestic. This, together with Seward's preëminence in the past, his general recognition as "premier," and Lincoln's slight political experience, doubtless convinced him that circumstances would warrant his laying before the President some careful suggestions about a definite policy. He thought that further delay to adopt and prosecute measures for foreign and domestic affairs would bring scandal upon the administration and danger upon the country. He favored hurrying through with applicants for office, changing the question from slavery to "*Union or Disunion*." Excepting Sumter, he "would maintain every fort and possession in the South." Evidently, in the expectation that the possibility of a

foreign war would relieve Southern unionists from the embarrassments which reinforcing Southern forts would cause them, and make retreat for the secessionists less difficult, he suggested that we "demand explanations from Spain and France categorically at once; . . . seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia; and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America to rouse a vigorous continental spirit of independence . . . against European intervention; and if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, would convene Congress and declare war against them." He thought that, whatever policy might be adopted, it should be the duty of some one to be incessantly active in it, and that all the others should "agree and abide." These propositions showed how fondly — desperately, even — Seward cherished the belief that a civil war could be avoided. Unfortunately, this new plan involved the possibility of a war between the eastern and western hemispheres. Lincoln rejected Seward's propositions in a kind but not complimentary manner.

The expedition to Fort Pickens — Seward's in conception — was dispatched with entire secrecy and success. Captain Fox was soon ordered to supply Fort Sumter. As Seward had prophesied, it was assaulted and captured before relief could reach it; and as he had also foretold, this marked the beginning of a civil war.

V.

The severest reproaches that have been cast upon Seward's actions during these months have been the assertions that, in order to save the Union, he was ready to surrender the vital principle on which was based all that was best in his own senatorial career, namely, hostility to the expansion of slavery; and that, after his party had assumed control, he himself recognized officially that seven States were out of the Union.

As to the first point, it may be per-

tinent to add to the foregoing narrative that a careful study of all the accessible material on the subject, both in print and in manuscript, and correspondence or conversation with a score or two of Seward's intimates of that time, have not brought to the writer's knowledge a scrap of reliable evidence to show that Seward would, under any circumstances, have favored the Crittenden compromise, or any compromise whatever that would have deprived Congress of the claimed right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia or in the national forts; that would have guaranteed slavery anywhere outside of the States, or have granted to it anything that would materially have checked the steady and constitutional development of a policy which, in time, would surely have led to its extinguishment. To call that a compromise which did not involve a sacrifice of one of these points is a misuse of words. However, it is only fair to say that Seward, Lincoln, Chase, Wade, Fessenden, Trumbull, and practically all of the Republicans not affected with the frenzy of abolitionism would have been willing to yield any or all of the minor party aims, if they could have been assured that they would have satisfied the South, and prevented the dangers and miseries of a civil war. The essence of statesmanship is to save the vital principles, and to concede whatever else may be necessary to making progress without revolution.

The assertion that Seward recognized disunion is generally based upon a passage in a dispatch of April 10, 1861, to our minister to England, which has often been quoted by those who had special pleas to make. On its face one sentence seems to bear out the charge, but subsequent sentences indicate the contrary

so explicitly and positively that only the self-deluded and those who have not read the whole have made or will make the unwarrantable accusation. Any other conclusion would accept the absurdity that Seward had contradicted for the moment, merely, the opinion of all his past and future years.

In some matters of tactics and judgment, Seward, like all of his associates who were constantly active, made several serious mistakes. The policy that was statesmanlike and all-important before March 4 led straight into one that was weak, delusive, and dangerous after that date. It would have been about equally difficult to maintain the Union long without the policy of January 12 and with that of March 15 or of April 1. Yet he was so undogmatic and resourceful that it is not altogether improbable that he might have turned from a dangerous course before it was too late, had one been adopted. This was shown by his versatility and energy on March 29 and after April 1. However, it is fortunate that he ruled where he was right, and was overruled where he was wrong.

Envious rivals of Seward and overzealous biographers of his contemporaries have united in magnifying his mistakes, and in overlooking or depreciating his services and abilities. All who wish to judge him fairly must remember that during these months circumstances placed greater expectations and responsibilities upon him than upon any other Republican; and none of his colleagues was so energetic, so inquiring, and so liberal minded in his efforts to save the Union. And neither Lincoln nor any member of his Cabinet had a policy that suited the circumstances of both the period before and that just after the 4th of March.

Frederic Bancroft.

FROM MY JAPANESE DIARY.

I.

July 25. Three extraordinary visits have been made to my house this week.

The first was that of the professional well-cleaners. For once every year all wells must be emptied and cleansed, lest the God of Wells — Suijin-Sama — be wroth. On this occasion I learned some things relating to Japanese wells and the tutelar deity of them, who has two names, being also called Mizuhanome-no-mikoto.

Suijin-Sama protects all wells, keeping their water sweet and cool, provided that house-owners observe his laws of cleanliness, which are rigid. To those who break them sickness comes, and death. Rarely the god manifests himself, taking the form of a serpent. I have never seen any temple dedicated to him. But once each month a Shintō priest visits the homes of pious families having wells, and he repeats certain ancient prayers to the Well-God, and plants *nobori* — little paper flags, which are symbols — at the edge of the well. After the well has been cleaned, also, this is done. Then the first bucket of the new water must be drawn up by a man; for if a woman first draw water, the well will always thereafter remain muddy.

The god has little servants to help him in his work. These are the small fishes the Japanese call *funa*.¹ One or two *funa* are kept in every well, to clear the water of larvæ. When a well is cleaned, great care is taken of the little fish. It was on the occasion of the coming of the well-cleaners that I first learned of the existence of a pair of *funa* in my own well. They were placed in a tub of cool water while the well was refilling, and thereafter were replunged into their solitude.

The water of my well is clear and ice-cold. But now I can never drink of it

¹ A sort of small silver carp.

without a thought of those small white lives circling always in darkness, and startled through untold years by the descent of plashing buckets.

The second curious visit was that of the district firemen, in full costume, with their hand-engines. According to ancient custom, they make a round of all their district once a year during the dry spell, and throw water over the hot roofs, and receive some small perquisite from each wealthy householder. There is a belief that when it has not rained for a long time roofs may be ignited by the mere heat of the sun. The firemen played with their hose upon my roofs, trees, and garden, producing considerable refreshment, and in return I bestowed on them wherewith to buy *saké*.

The third visit was that of a deputation of children asking for some help to celebrate fittingly the festival of Jizō, who has a shrine on the other side of the street, exactly opposite my house. I was very glad to contribute to their fund, for I love the gentle god, and I knew the festival would be delightful. Early next morning, I saw that the shrine had already been decked with flowers and votive lanterns. A new bib had been put about Jizō's neck, and a Buddhist repast set before him. Later on, carpenters constructed a dancing-platform in the temple court for the children to dance upon, and before sundown the toy-sellers had erected and stocked a small street of booths inside the precincts. After dark I went out into a great glory of lantern fires to see the children dance, and I found, perched before my gate, an enormous dragonfly more than three feet long. It was a token of the children's gratitude for the little help I had given them, — a *kazari*, a decoration. I was startled for the moment by the realism of the thing, but upon close examination I dis-

covered that the body was a pine branch wrapped with colored paper, the four wings were four fire-shovels, and the gleaming head was a little teapot. The whole was lighted by a candle so placed as to make extraordinary shadows, which formed part of the design. It was a wonderful instance of art sense working without a speck of artistic material, yet it was all the labor of a poor little child only eight years old!

II.

July 30. The next house to mine, on the south side, a low, dingy structure, is that of a dyer. You can always tell where a Japanese dyer is by the long pieces of silk or cotton stretched between bamboo poles before his door to dry in the sun, — broad bands of rich azure, of purple, of rose, pale blue, pearl gray. Yesterday my neighbor coaxed me to pay the family a visit, and, after having been led through the front part of their little dwelling, I was surprised to find myself looking from a rear veranda at a garden worthy of some old Kyōtō palace. There was a dainty landscape in miniature, and a pond of clear water peopled by goldfish having wonderfully compound tails.

When I had enjoyed this spectacle awhile, the dyer led me to a small room fitted up as a Buddhist chapel. Though everything had had to be made on a reduced scale, I did not remember to have seen a more artistic display in any temple. He told me it had cost him about fifteen hundred yen. I could not understand how that sum could have sufficed. There were three elaborately carved altars, a triple blaze of gold lacquer work; a number of charming Buddhist images, many exquisite vessels, an ebony reading-desk, a *mokugyō*,¹ two fine bells, — in short, all the paraphernalia of a temple in miniature. My host had studied at a Buddhist temple in his youth, and

knew the sutras, of which he had all that are used by the Jōdo sect. He told me that he could celebrate any of the ordinary services. Daily, at a fixed hour, the whole family assembled in the chapel for prayers, and he generally read the Kyō for them. But on extraordinary occasions a Buddhist priest from the neighboring temple would come to officiate.

He told me a queer story about robbers. Dyers are peculiarly liable to be visited by robbers; partly by reason of the value of the silks entrusted to them, and also because the business is known to be lucrative. One evening the family were robbed. The master was out of the city; his old mother, his wife, and a female servant were the only persons in the house at the time. Three men, having their faces masked and carrying long swords, entered the door. One asked the servant whether any of the apprentices were still in the building, and she, hoping to frighten the invaders away, answered that the young men were all still at work. But the robbers were not disturbed by this assurance. One posted himself at the entrance, the other two strode into the sleeping-apartment. The women started up in alarm, and the wife asked, "Why do you wish to kill us?" He who seemed to be the leader answered, "We do not wish to kill you; we want money only. But if we do not get it, then it will be this," striking his sword into the matting. The old mother said, "Be so kind as not to frighten my daughter-in-law, and I will give you whatever money there is in the house. But you ought to know there cannot be much, as my son has gone to Kyōtō." She handed them the money drawer and her own purse. There were just twenty-seven yen and eighty-four sen. The head robber counted it, and said, quite gently, "We do not want to frighten you. We know you are a very devout believer in Buddhism, and we think you would not tell a lie. Is this all?" "Yes, it is all," she answered. "I am, as you say, a

¹ A hollow wooden block shaped like a fish, which is struck in offering prayer before Buddha.

believer in the teaching of the Buddha, and if you come to rob me now, I believe it is only because I myself, in some former life, once robbed you. This is my punishment for that fault, and so, instead of wishing to deceive you, I feel grateful at this opportunity to atone for the wrong which I did to you in my previous state of existence." The robber laughed, and said, "You are a good old woman, and we believe you. If you were poor, we would not rob you at all. Now we only want a couple of *kimono* and this," laying his hand on a very fine silk overdress. The old woman replied, "All my son's kimono I can give you, but I beg you will not take that, for it does not belong to my son, and was confided to us only for dyeing. What is ours I can give, but I cannot give what belongs to another." "That is quite right," approved the robber, "and we shall not take it."

After receiving a few robes, the robbers said good-night, very politely, but ordered the women not to look after them. The old servant was still near the door. As the chief robber passed her, he said, "You told us a lie, — so take this," and struck her senseless. None of the robbers were ever caught.

III.

August 29. When a body has been burned, according to the funeral rites of certain Buddhist sects, search is made among the ashes for a little bone called the *Hotoke-San*, or "Lord Buddha," popularly supposed to be a little bone of the throat. What bone it really is I do not know, never having had a chance to examine such a relic.

According to the shape of this little bone when found after the burning, the future condition of the dead may be pre-

dicted. Should the next state to which the soul is destined be one of happiness, the bone will have the form of a small image of Buddha. But if the next birth is to be unhappy, then the bone will have either an ugly shape, or no shape at all.

A little boy, the son of a neighboring tobacconist, died the night before last, and to-day the corpse was burned. The little bone left over from the burning was discovered to have the form of three Buddhas, — *San-Tai*, — which may have afforded some spiritual consolation to the bereaved parents.¹

IV.

September 13. The old man who used to supply me with pipestems died yesterday. (A Japanese pipe, you must know, consists of three pieces, usually, — a metal bowl large enough to hold a pea, a metal mouthpiece, and a bamboo stem which is renewed at regular intervals.) He used to stain his pipestems very prettily: some looked like porcupine quills, and some like cylinders of snake-skin. He lived in a queer narrow little street at the verge of the city. I know the street, because in it there is a famous statue of Jizō called *Shiroko-Jizō*, — "White-Child-Jizō," — which I once went to see. They whiten its face, like the face of a dancing-girl, for some reason which I have never been able to find out.

The old man had a daughter, O-Masu, about whom a story is told. O-Masu is still alive. She has been a happy wife for many years; but she is dumb. Long ago, an angry mob sacked and destroyed the dwelling and the storehouses of a rice speculator in the city. His money, including a quantity of gold coin (*koban*), was scattered through the

¹ At the great temple of Tennōji, at Ōsaka, all such bones are dropped into a vault; and according to the sound each makes in falling, further evidence about the *Gōsho* is said to be obtained. After a hundred years from the time

of beginning this curious collection, all these bones are to be ground into a kind of paste, out of which a colossal statue of Buddha is to be made.

street. The rioters — rude, honest peasants — did not want it: they wished to destroy, not to steal. But O-Masu's father, the same evening, picked up a koban from the mud, and took it home. Later on a neighbor denounced him, and secured his arrest. The judge before whom he was summoned tried to obtain certain evidence by cross-questioning O-Masu, then a shy girl of fifteen. She felt that if she continued to answer she would be made, in spite of herself, to give testimony unfavorable to her father; that she was in the presence of a trained inquisitor, capable, without effort, of forcing her to acknowledge everything she knew. She ceased to speak, and a stream of blood gushed from her mouth. She had silenced herself forever by simply biting off her tongue. Her father was acquitted. A merchant who admired the act demanded her in marriage, and supported her father in his old age.

V.

October 10. There is said to be one day — only one — in the life of a child during which it can remember and speak of its former birth.

On the very day that it becomes exactly two years old, the child is taken by its mother into the most quiet part of the house, and is placed in a *mi*, or rice-winnowing basket. The child sits down in the *mi*. Then the mother says, calling the child by name, "*Omae no zensé wa, nande adakane? — iute, gōran.*" Then the child always answers in one word. For some mysterious reason, no more lengthy reply is ever given. Often the answer is so enigmatic that some priest or fortune-teller must be asked to interpret it. For instance, yesterday, the little son of a coppersmith living near us answered only "*Umé*" to the magical question. Now *umé* might mean a plum-flower, a plum, or a girl's name, "Flower-of-the-Plum." Could it mean that the boy remembered having been a girl? Or that he had been a plum-tree?

"Souls of men do not enter plum-trees," said a neighbor. A fortune-teller this morning declared, on being questioned about the riddle, that the boy had probably been a scholar, poet, or statesman, because the plum-tree is the symbol of Tenjin, patron of scholars, statesmen, and men of letters.

VI.

November 17. An astonishing book might be written about those things in Japanese life which no foreigner can understand. Such a book should include the study of certain rare but very terrible results of anger.

As a national rule, the Japanese seldom allow themselves to show anger. Even among the common classes, any serious menace is apt to take the form of a smiling assurance that your favor shall be remembered, and that its recipient is grateful. (Do not suppose, however, that this is ironical, in our sense of the word; it is only euphemistic, ugly things not being called by their real names.) But this smiling assurance may possibly mean death. When vengeance comes, it comes unexpectedly. Neither distance nor time, within the empire, can offer any obstacles to the avenger who can walk fifty miles a day, whose whole baggage can be tied up in a very small towel, and whose patience is almost infinite. He may choose a knife, but is much more likely to use a sword, — a Japanese sword. This, in Japanese hands, is the deadliest of weapons, and the killing of ten or twelve persons by one angry man may occupy less than a minute. It does not often happen that the murderer thinks of trying to escape. Ancient custom requires that, having taken another life, he should take his own; wherefore to fall into the hands of the police would be to disgrace his name. He has made his preparations beforehand, written his letters, arranged for his funeral, perhaps — as in one appalling instance last year — even chiseled

his own tombstone. Having fully accomplished his revenge, he kills himself.

There has just occurred, not far from the city, at the village called Sugikami-mura, one of those tragedies which are difficult to understand. The chief actors were, Narumatsu Ichirō, a young shopkeeper; his wife, O-Noto, twenty years of age, to whom he had been married only a year; and O-Noto's maternal uncle, one Sugimoto Kasaku, a man of violent temper, who had once been in prison. The tragedy was in four acts.

ACT I. *Scene: Interior of public bath-house. Sugimoto Kasaku in the bath. Enter Narumatsu Ichirō, who strips, gets into the smoking water without noticing his relative, and cries out, —*

"Aa! as if one should be in Jigoku, so hot this water is!"

(The word "Jigoku" signifies the Buddhist hell, but, in common parlance, it also signifies a prison, this time an unfortunate coincidence.)

Kasaku (terribly angry). "A raw baby, you, to seek a hard quarrel! What do you not like?"

Ichirō (surprised and alarmed, but rallying angrily against the tone of *Kasaku*). "Nay! What? That I said need not by you be explained. Though I said the water was hot, your help to make it hotter was not asked."

Kasaku (now dangerous). "Though, for my own fault, not once, but twice in the hell of prison I had been, what should there be wonderful in it? Either an idiot child or a low scoundrel you must be!"

(*Each eyes the other for a spring, but each hesitates, although things no Japanese should suffer himself to say have been said. They are too evenly matched, the old and the young.*)

Kasaku (growing cooler as *Ichirō* becomes angrier). "A child, a raw child, to quarrel with me! What should a baby do with a wife? Your wife is my blood, mine, — the blood of the man from hell! Give her back to my house."

Ichirō (desperately, now fully assured *Kasaku* is physically the better man). "Return my wife! You say to return her? Right quickly shall she be returned, — at once!"

So far everything is clear enough. Then *Ichirō* hurries home, caresses his wife, assures her of his love, tells her all, and sends her, not to *Kasaku's* house, but to that of her brother. Two days later, a little after dark, O-Noto is called to the door by her husband, and the two disappear in the night.

ACT II. *Night scene. House of Kasaku closed; light appears through chinks of sliding shutters. Shadow of a woman approaches. Sound of knocking. Shutters slide back.*

Wife of Kasaku (recognizing O-Noto). "Aa! aa! Joyful it is to see you! Deign to enter, and some honorable tea to take."

O-Noto (speaking very sweetly). "Thanks indeed. But where is *Kasaku San*?"

Wife of Kasaku. "To the other village he has gone, but must soon return. Deign to come in and wait for him."

O-Noto (still more sweetly). "Very great thanks. A little, and I come. But first I must tell my brother."

(*Bows, and slips off into the darkness, and becomes a shadow again, which joins another shadow. The two shadows remain motionless.*)

ACT III. *Scene: Bank of a river at night; fringed by pines. Silhouette of the house of Kasaku far away. O-Noto and Ichirō under the trees; Ichirō with a lantern. Both have white towels tightly bound round their heads; their robes are girded well up, and their sleeves caught back with tasuki cords, to leave the arms free. Each carries a long sword.*

It is the hour, as the Japanese most expressively say, "when the sound of the river is loudest." There is no other

sound, but a long occasional humming of wind in the needles of the pines; for it is late autumn, and the frogs are silent. The two shadows do not speak, and the sound of the river grows louder.

Suddenly there is the noise of a plash far off, — somebody crossing the shallow stream; then an echo of wooden sandals, irregular, staggering, the footsteps of a drunkard, coming nearer and nearer. The drunkard lifts up his voice; it is Kasaku's voice. He sings,

*"Sûta okata ni suirarete;
Ya-ton-ton!"*¹

— a song of love and wine.

Immediately the two shadows start toward the singer at a run; a noiseless flitting, for their feet are shod with *waraji*. Kasaku still sings. Suddenly a loose stone turns under his feet; he twists his ankle, and utters a growl of anger. Almost in the same instant a lantern is held close to his face. Perhaps for thirty seconds it remains there. No one speaks. The yellow light shows three strangely inexpressive masks rather than visages. Kasaku sobers at once, recognizing the faces, remembering the incident of the bath-house, and seeing the swords. But he is not afraid, and presently bursts into a mocking laugh.

"Hé! hé! The Ichirō pair! And so you take me, too, for a baby? What are you doing with such things in your hands? Let me show you how to use them."

But Ichirō, who has dropped the lantern, suddenly delivers, with the full swing of both hands, a sword-slash that nearly severs Kasaku's right arm from the shoulder; and as the victim staggers, the sword of the woman cleaves through his left shoulder. He falls with one fearful cry, "*Hitogoroshi!*" which means "murder." But he does not cry again. For ten whole minutes the swords are busy with him. The lantern, still glowing, lights the ghastliness. Two belated pe-

destrians approach, hear, see, drop their wooden sandals from their feet, and flee back into the darkness without a word. Ichirō and O-Noto sit down by the lantern to take breath, for the work was hard.

The son of Kasaku, a boy of fourteen, comes running to find his father. He had heard the song, then the cry, but, though so young, he is not afraid. The two suffer him to approach. As he nears O-Noto, the woman seizes him, flings him down, twists his slender arms under her knees, and clutches the sword. But Ichirō, still panting, cries, "No! no! Not the boy! He did us no wrong!" O-Noto releases him. He is too stupefied to move. She slaps his face terribly, crying, "Go!" He runs, not daring to shriek.

Ichirō and O-Noto leave the chopped mass, walk to the house of Kasaku, and call loudly. There is no reply; only the pathetic, crouching silence of women and children waiting death. But they are bidden not to fear. Then Ichirō cries, —

"Honorable funeral prepare! Kasaku, by my hand, is now dead!"

"And by mine!" shrills O-Noto.

Then the footsteps recede.

ACT IV. *Scene: Interior of Ichirō's house. Three persons kneeling in the guest-room: Ichirō, his wife, and an aged woman, who is weeping.*

Ichirō. "And now, mother, to leave you alone in this world, though you have no other son, is indeed an evil thing. I can only pray your forgiveness. But my uncle will always care for you, and to his house you must go at once, since it is time we two should die. No common, vulgar death shall we have, but an elegant, splendid death, — *Rippana!* And you must not see it. Now go."

She passes away, with a wail. The doors are solidly barred behind her. All is ready.

O-Noto thrusts the point of the sword a burden, without exact meaning, like our own "*With a hey! and a ho!*" etc.

¹ The meaning is, "Give to the beloved one a little more [wine]." The "*Ya-ton-ton*" is only

into her throat. But she still struggles. With a last kind word Ichirō ends her pain by a stroke that severs the head.

And then?

Then he takes his writing-box, prepares the inkstone, grinds some ink, chooses a good brush, and, on carefully selected paper, composes five poems, of which this is the last:—

*"Meido yori
Yu dempō ga
Aru naraba,
Hayaku an chaku
Mōshi okuran."*¹

Then he cuts his own throat perfectly well.

Now, it was clearly shown, during the official investigation of these facts, that Ichirō and his wife had been universally liked, and had been from their childhood noted for amiability.

The scientific problem of the origin of the Japanese has never yet been solved. But sometimes it seems to me that those who argue in favor of a partly Malay origin have some psychological evidence in their favor. Under the submissive sweetness of the gentlest Japanese woman—a sweetness of which the Occidental can scarcely form any idea—there exist possibilities of hardness absolutely inconceivable without ocular evidence. A thousand times she can forgive, can sacrifice herself in a thousand ways unutterably touching; but let one particular soul-nerve be stung, and fire shall forgive sooner than she. Then there may suddenly appear in that frail-seeming woman an incredible courage, an appalling, measured, tireless purpose of honest vengeance. Under all the amazing self-control and patience of the man there exists an adamant something very dangerous to reach. Touch it wantonly, and there can be no pardon. But resentment is not likely to be excited by any mere hazard. Motives are keenly judged. Any

error can be forgiven; deliberate malice, never.

In the house of any rich family the guest is likely to be shown some of the heirlooms. Among these are almost sure to be certain articles belonging to those elaborate tea ceremonies peculiar to Japan. A pretty little box, perhaps, will be set before you. Opening it, you see only a beautiful silk bag, closed with a silk running-cord decked with tiny tassels. Very soft and choice the silk is, and elaborately figured. What marvel can be hidden under such a covering? You open the bag, and see within another bag, of a different quality of silk, but very fine. Open that, and lo, a third, which contains a fourth, which contains a fifth, which contains a sixth, which contains a seventh bag, which contains the strangest, roughest, hardest vessel of Chinese clay that you ever beheld. Yet it is not only curious, but precious; it may be more than a thousand years old.

Even thus have centuries of the highest social culture wrapped the Japanese character about with many priceless soft coverings of courtesy, of delicacy, of patience, of sweetness, of moral sentiment. But underneath these charming multiple coverings there remains the primitive clay, hard as iron, kneaded perhaps with all the mettle of the Mongol and all the dangerous suppleness of the Malay.

VII.

December 28. Beyond the high fence inclosing my garden in the rear rise the thatched roofs of some very small houses occupied by families of the poorest class. From one of these little dwellings there continually issues a sound of groaning,—the deep groaning of a man in pain. I have heard it for more than a week, both night and day, but latterly the sounds have been growing longer and louder, as if every breath were an agony. "Somebody there is very sick," says Manyemon,

¹ The meaning is about as follows: "If from the Meido it be possible to send letters or tele-

grams, I shall write and forward news of our speedy safe arrival there."

my old interpreter, with an expression of extreme sympathy.

The sounds have begun to make me nervous. I reply, rather brutally, "I think it would be better for all concerned if that somebody were dead."

Manyemon makes three times a quick, sudden gesture with both hands, as if to throw off the influence of my wicked words, mutters a little Buddhist prayer, and leaves me with a look of reproach. Then, conscience-stricken, I send a servant to inquire if the sick person has a doctor, and whether any aid can be given. Presently the servant returns with the information that a doctor is regularly attending the sufferer, and that nothing else can be done.

I notice, however, that, in spite of his cobwebby gestures, Manyemon's patient nerves have also become affected by those sounds. He has even confessed that he wants to stay in the little front room, near the street, so as to be away from them as far as possible. I can neither write nor read. My study being in the extreme rear, the groaning is there almost as audible as if the sick man were in the room itself. There is always in such utterances of suffering a certain ghastly timbre by which the intensity of the suffering can be estimated; and I keep asking myself, How can it be possible for the human being making those sounds by which I am tortured, to endure much longer?

It is a positive relief, later in the morning, to hear the moaning drowned by the beating of a little Buddhist drum in the sick man's room, and the chanting of the *Namu myō ho rengo kyō* by a multitude of voices. Evidently there is a gathering of priests and relatives in the house. "Somebody is going to die," Manyemon says. And he also repeats the holy words of praise to the Lotos of the Good Law.

The chanting and the tapping of the drum continue for several hours. As they cease, the groaning is heard again.

Every breath a groan! Toward evening it grows worse — horrible. Then it suddenly stops. There is a dead silence of minutes. And then we hear a passionate burst of weeping, — the weeping of a woman, — and voices calling a name. "Ah! somebody is dead!" Manyemon says.

We hold council. Manyemon has found out that the people are miserably poor; and I, because my conscience smites me, propose to send them the amount of the funeral expenses, a very small sum. Manyemon thinks I wish to do this out of pure benevolence, and says pretty things. We send the servant with a kind message, and instructions to learn, if possible, the history of the dead man. I cannot help suspecting some sort of tragedy; and a Japanese tragedy is generally interesting.

December 29. As I had surmised, the story of the dead man was worth learning. The family consisted of four, — the father and mother, both very old and feeble, and two sons. It was the eldest son, a man of thirty-four, who had died. He had been sick for seven years. The younger brother, a *kurumaya*, had been the sole support of the whole family. He had no vehicle of his own, but hired one, paying five sen a day for the use of it. Though strong and a swift runner, he could earn little: there is in these days too much competition for the business to be profitable. It taxed all his powers to support his parents and his ailing brother; nor could he have done it without unfailing self-denial. He never indulged himself even to the extent of a cup of saké; he remained unmarried; he lived only for his filial and fraternal duty.

This was the story of the dead brother: When about twenty-five years of age, and following the occupation of a fish-seller, he had fallen in love with a pretty servant at an inn. The girl returned his affection. They pledged

themselves to each other. But difficulties arose in the way of their marriage. The girl was pretty enough to have attracted the attention of a man of some wealth, who demanded her hand in the customary way. She disliked him; but the conditions he was able to offer decided her parents in his favor. Despairing of union, the two lovers resolved to perform *jōshi*. Somewhere or other they met at night, renewed their pledge in wine, and bade farewell to the world. The young man then killed his sweetheart with one blow of a sword, and immediately afterward cut his own throat with the same weapon. But people rushed into the room before he had expired, took away the sword, sent for the police, and summoned a military surgeon from the garrison. The would-be suicide was removed to the hospital, skillfully nursed back to health, and after some months of convalescence was put on trial for murder.

What sentence was passed I could not fully learn. In those days, Japanese judges used a good deal of personal discretion when dealing with emotional crime; and their exercise of pity had not yet been restricted by codes framed upon Western models. Perhaps in this case they thought that to have survived a *jōshi* was in itself a severe punishment. Public opinion is less merciful, in such instances, than law. After a certain term of imprisonment the miserable man was allowed to return to his family, but was placed under perpetual police surveillance. The people shrank from him. He made the mistake of living on. Only his parents and brother remained to him.

And soon he became a victim of unspeakable physical suffering; yet he clung to life.

The old wound in his throat, although treated at the time as skillfully as circumstances permitted, began to cause terrible pain. After its apparent healing, some slow cancerous growth began to spread from it, reaching into the breathing passages above and below where the sword-blade had passed. The surgeon's knife, the torture of the cautery, could only delay the end. But the man lingered through seven years of continually increasing agony. There are dark beliefs about the results of betraying the dead, — of breaking the mutual promise to travel together to the Meido. Men said that the hand of the murdered girl always reopened the wound, — undid by night all that the surgeon could accomplish by day. For at night the pain invariably increased, becoming most terrible at the precise hour of the attempted *shinjū*.

Meanwhile, through abstemiousness and extraordinary self-denial, the family found means to pay for medicines, for attendance, and for more nourishing food than they themselves ever indulged in. They prolonged by all possible means the life that was their shame, their poverty, their burden. And now that death has taken away that burden, they weep!

Perhaps all of us learn to love that which we train ourselves to make sacrifices for, whatever pain it may cause. Indeed, the question might be asked whether we do not love most that which causes us most pain.

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN INFLUENCE OVER ENGLAND.

THERE can be no doubt that the triumph of the American Revolution was greeted with a passionate enthusiasm by the democratic portion of the English community ; that for the working classes in particular the United States became for many years a veritable Land of Promise. In literature two names chiefly personify that influence : Tom Paine, who, though an Englishman, first attained to celebrity in America, and Franklin. The works of the latter, with his own memoir of his early life (three volumes), were published in London in 1806.¹ His private correspondence appeared in two volumes in 1817, and six volumes of memoirs of his life and writings in 1833. Marshall's *Life of Washington*, in five octavo volumes, had indeed been published in London in 1804, and I can only say for myself that one of the historical figures whom in my childhood I was earliest taught to reverence was America's first President. Again, Jefferson's *Memoirs, Correspondence, etc.*, were published in London in 1829, and his life by Tucker in 1837.

So far, American influence upon English thought had been mainly political ; for, however admirably lucid and simple might be Franklin's style, he was far surpassed as a writer by our Cobbett. In literature proper, the first really popular American writer amongst us was Washington Irving, all whose works were successively published in London, from the *Sketch-Book* in 1820 and *Bracebridge Hall* in 1822 to the *Life and Poetical Remains of Margaret Miller Davidson* which he edited in 1842, and may thus have paved a way to the publication of Jefferson's *Memoirs, etc.* Yet, besides that Irving's earlier repub-

lished works were on English subjects, he was himself, so far as style and turn of thought were concerned, rather an Englishman born out of England than an American. But the delight he gave to our cultivated classes tended, I think, greatly to soften their hearts towards the great transatlantic rebel, as I am afraid they for the most part still considered America.

But Washington Irving's popularity was confined mainly to those cultivated classes, and it required a literary taste to appreciate him. A far more widespread popularity was achieved by Fenimore Cooper, and that by works distinctively American in subject. I remember beginning my novel-reading in 1827 (at the mature age of six) with Walter Scott and Cooper simultaneously, and feeling a far more rapt interest in Uncas and Leatherstocking than in any of Walter Scott's heroes. Nor has any subsequent American novelist, except Mrs. Stowe, — not even Hawthorne, immeasurably superior to Cooper in genius, — ever, I believe, been so widely read in England.

The next American influence was a religious one, that of Channing, — singular in one respect as proceeding from the circumference to the centre of English thought, since his works were published both at Glasgow (1841) and at Belfast (1863) before they were published in London. Nor was it less singular in its contrast to another great religious influence which had proceeded from America to the mother country in pre-Revolutionary times, — that of Jonathan Edwards, whose works had been first printed in London in 1765. But Jonathan Edwards had addressed himself to a sect only ; Channing addressed himself to all men. His *Self-Culture* was at one time in almost every English

¹ For this date and many of the subsequently given dates of publication I rely on the catalogue of the London Library.

house not absolutely steeped in ignorance and frivolity.

Then Longfellow revealed America to England as a land capable of poetry (London edition, 1848). This, I say, was Longfellow's revelation; not forgetting that Bryant's poems had been published in London as early as 1832, but without exciting more than a little curiosity amongst cultivated people; of influence the poems had not a particle. Longfellow's influence, on the other hand, was very great, chiefly indeed over the young and the imperfectly educated, whose bad taste especially gloated over the two most absurd of his pieces, that Psalm of Life which finds sublimity in leaving foot-steps on sand, like a gull or a crab, to be washed out by the next tide, and that *Excelsior* which calls upon us to admire an idiot climbing the Alps at night with a banner in his hand.¹ Later on, indeed, Hiawatha convinced the more educated that Longfellow really had added something to the permanent literature of the world.

I ought perhaps to have mentioned Emerson before Longfellow, as the edition of his *Essays* introduced by Carlyle appeared in London as early as 1841. But his was a much more slow-growing influence than that of Channing or Longfellow. Through him America revealed herself in ethics and philosophy to the mother country.

I cannot separate the next two names, widely different as are the types of character which they embody, — Lowell and Mrs. Stowe. Both represent the revelation of America in the field of political ethics: the one through humorous satire, the other through dramatic presentment; the one to the English-speaking races only, the other to all mankind. The anti-slavery societies in both countries were in full touch of sympathy, and as early as 1840 I had heard

Garrison and Wendell Phillips speak from a London platform. But they had addressed themselves only to those who felt with them already. Channing, Longfellow, Emerson, had all prepared the way for the new-comers. But what had been a side issue for those was by these thrust into the forefront. The Biglow Papers, indeed, at first reached but few in this country, since the first English edition was not published till 1859. But I cannot describe the passionate delight with which they were hailed by some of the younger generation of the day, when one who was then only Henry Sumner Maine, afterwards the Sir Henry Maine of world-wide juridical fame, first reviewed them in the *Morning Chronicle*, I think in 1848. How deeply the book has influenced many contemporary English writers it would be difficult to say. Thomas Hughes, for one, is simply saturated with Biglowism. On the other hand, Uncle Tom's Cabin took the heart of the people by storm. One hundred thousand copies were sold. It was everywhere. No single English novel had ever had such a success. It reached every unossified human heart.

About this time, or a little earlier, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* — the first book of his that was reprinted in England, soon succeeded by the *Mosses from an Old Manse* — had been making a conquest over the more cultivated few parallel to that of Mrs. Stowe over the many. In spite of the popularity of Cooper's novels twenty years before, it was Hawthorne who first raised for us the American novel into the category of works of literary art, securing for him a distinct and permanent place in the history of fiction.

Meanwhile, however, other influences from over the western ocean were at work upon the English people. The pouring forth, during many years, of

¹ Mr. Ludlow states bluntly the judgment of many besides himself; but there is a symbolism in poetry as well as in other arts, and

the symbolism of *Excelsior* should not be made to do service as realism. — ED. ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

emigrants into the United States had produced a reflex action, which began, probably, with the sending over of copies of American newspapers — often in place of a letter — from emigrants to their families in the old country. This grew into the subscribing regularly for such papers, and to the establishment of offices for their sale. In the autumn of 1851, I traveled, mostly on foot, through a large portion of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, mixing chiefly with workingmen, and in many cases received at their homes. I was amazed at the large diffusion of American newspapers. I was told that in the factory districts there were nearly as many American papers as English sold to workingmen; that there was scarcely an operative's home where at least a copy of one was not to be found. And as these came almost solely from the North, the foundation was laid of that marvelous sympathy of our manufacturing population with the North in the American war for the Union, — a steadfast sympathy, based upon knowledge and combined with true insight, — which held in check not only the Southern proclivities of our aristocratic and moneyed classes, but the indifference and self-interest of that portion of our working population which was not so directly connected with America.¹

Paradoxical as it may appear, I do not hesitate to say that nothing since the separation of the North American colonies from the mother country brought England and America so closely together, made England feel how nearly and indissolubly she was knit to her revolted colonies, as the war for the Union. I believe this sense of indestructible connection was shown as much in the Southern sympathies of the one part of the nation as in the Northern sympathies of the other. For on each side there was a passion which I have never witnessed

in connection with any Continental struggle. Between English Tories and American Confederates, between English democrats and the American North, there was a feeling of active brotherhood which no really foreign nation could have called forth. And when the final act of the tragedy of war took place, it would be impossible to exaggerate the effect it produced in this country. Very genuine sympathy was called forth among us, a short time ago, by the assassination of President Carnot. But it was as the last faint ripple on the beach compared to that towering wave of grief and horror which swept over the land, from palace to cottage, on the news of Abraham Lincoln's martyr death.

It was at the time of the civil war, I believe, that most of the great American newspapers first established offices in London. It was certainly at this time that the American monthly magazines began to be largely taken in among us. Before, they were to be found on club tables; now, Harper's and Scribner's (not yet the Century) began to be seen in every bookseller's shop, in many a private drawing-room. The literature of the two countries grew more and more to be practically one.

There remained one more link to be established. Individual Americans had been popular. From the days of Charles Sumner's visit to England, many Americans had been for the time being "stars" in English society; Mrs. Stowe was a lion of first-rate magnitude. But American representatives had been simply foreign ambassadors who spoke English. I remember the days when Mr. Stevenson's sharp sayings were quoted in drawing-rooms. For example, some one had said before him that Lord Brougham was mad. "I wish he'd bite me," was the American's reply. But personally he was considered disagreeable. The tradition still remains of Washington Irving's full opportunities of knowing, deeply interested in blockade running.

¹ A noted labor leader among the Scotch miners was, I was informed by one who had

ing's popularity when secretary of legation. But otherwise not even Mr. C. F. Adams — typical elderly Englishman though he was in appearance — had attained to anything like the friendly footing among us of a German, Chevalier Bunsen, as representative of Prussia. But when Lowell came, all barriers were broken down. The humorist whose righteous satire had added a new type to the world's literature, the poet whose Commemoration Ode claimed a place in the literature of English-speaking peoples between the masterpieces of Milton and of Wordsworth, was found to be the most lovable of guests. I do not think the most passionate Tory bore him a grudge for hard things said of us. He was popular, not as some foreign hero of the hour, some Kossuth, some Garibaldi, but as one who was bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. I do not remember half a dozen of our public men who were so absolutely welcome wherever they might go. And this without any sacrifice of his Americanism; simply by showing that he lived at the heart of that deeper unity — that unity of blood "thicker than water," according to the saying of the noble American sailor — which binds the two nations indissolubly together with links such as no art of man could forge with any other. And Lowell's example has been worthily followed by his successors, Mr. Phelps especially, and Mr. Bayard. The American minister among us holds henceforth — unless he chooses to repudiate it — a very different position from that of any other representative.

In the sphere of religious teaching one other name must be mentioned, that of Phillips Brooks. His influence, if less widespread, went far deeper than that of Channing. I say, if less widespread, and even that is doubtful. Crowds hung on his lips wherever he went, though his too quick delivery did scant justice to his matter. He took the old country by storm, for my copy of the first volume

of his sermons reprinted in England (in 1879) is of the "tenth thousand." A Boston clergyman was recognized far and wide as one of the leading divines of the English race. And he too was loved wherever he was known, — I might say, wherever he was seen. In his massive strength he seemed to embody the description of Scripture, "a lionlike man of Judah." But the lion nature in him was a glorified one, joining all sweetness with all strength.

Another American influence has yet to be named, this time working in the field of economics, — that of Henry George. Belated protectionists among us had been fond of quoting Carey against free-traders. American free-traders, on the other hand, had been made much of at the Cobden Club. But Henry George was the first to lay hold on the sympathies of a large portion of the English masses. The forcible truth of much of his criticism on existing social arrangements seemed with the less educated to accord the correctness of his conclusions; the simplicity of those conclusions was a powerful attraction for shallow minds; the man's own narrow sincerity, and his faculty of never knowing when he was beaten, had for many the effect of invincible power. I do not hesitate to say that Henry George's teaching represents now an element in popular English thought which has to be seriously reckoned with.

In the above brief sketch I have left out the names of men of merely transient popularity, like that of Henry Ward Beecher, and influences strong over a few only among us, like that of Theodore Parker or that of Walt Whitman. I have also left on one side the field of history, — in which, since the days of Washington Irving, America has held her own, — simply because I do not trace any distinct influence exerted by the American masters, Prescott, Motley, Parkman. It may indeed be otherwise with Captain Mahan's works, which have

received among us an unprecedented greeting. The same applies to jurisprudence, though Story's rather thin Commentaries were, in my youth at all events, more widely read by English lawyers than many far abler works of German or French jurists. In art, whilst West is a mere name, and Bierstadt was admired, but not followed, Mr. Sargent appears really to represent a rising influence among our younger painters. Of the field of pure science I do not feel competent to speak. In that of applied science the quicker inventiveness of the American is freely acknowledged.

In matters of business America has had only too much influence upon us. As a latest development, the "trusts" which we have borrowed from her have yet to vindicate their moral title to existence. But it would require special knowledge to treat adequately of this side of the subject. How closely the interests of the two countries are connected in the field of business, how powerfully American troubles react upon England, may be shown by the words to me, the other day, of the senior member of one of our most eminent publishing firms. He was saying that he had never known such a dull publishing season as that of 1894, and assigned as the reason for it the labor disturbances in America. "You mean," I said, "that you cannot enter into contracts with American publishers?" "Partly that," he replied, "but rather that people are waiting to see whether the thing may not spread to England." The fear, I believe, is unfounded, but its existence is noteworthy.

And now, what are the results upon the thought of the mother country of all these various influences from her tall daughter beyond the seas?

It is in many respects very difficult to say. One thing, however, will, I think, be universally admitted. The best literature of the two countries is henceforth one. Every American work of merit is sure of republication in England; some

are republished which scarcely deserve it. Marion Crawford, W. D. Howells and Henry James, Frank Stockton and Mark Twain, Elizabeth Phelps and Kate Wiggin, are as widely read among us as any English authors of fiction. Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson (the order of names is that of their popularity, not of their merit), are to be found in the library of almost every English home.

Socially, there is a much closer intermixture of the two peoples. I can remember the day when an American hostess in an English house was a notable singularity; the presentation at court of an American lady not directly connected with the legation a subject of astonishment. Now American ladies preside over many an English household, and the presentation of several at every drawing-room is a thing of course.

Still, the relation between the two countries, however altered within my experience, is not reversed. England has dared to look down upon America, an attitude which to a large extent prevailed till the close of the American war for the Union, whether among those who scorned, or among those who loved and pitied. But England does not look up to America. The period of corruption in politics which followed the triumph of the North was a terrible cause of disillusion to many. The feeling is now more one of equality, of brotherhood. No Englishman, I think, would hesitate or feel pained to admit that this or that is better done in America than in England. But I doubt if there be any one who does not feel convinced that many things are better done still in the old country than in the new. No one now rejoices when misfortune overtakes America. But the passionate admiration for her as the great champion of democracy, which once existed in a portion of our working class, subsists, I think, no longer; nay, what remains of it is outside of that class. The relations between the two countries have become so intimate that emigration to America has

come largely to be a mere migration to and fro, to such an extent that, through the cheapness of fares on the ocean steamers, thousands of English workmen habitually divide each year between the two countries. Our English workingmen are thus most intimately acquainted with the conditions of the American labor market; and, so far as I can ascertain, they believe at present that the labor relation is generally more strained in the United States than in the mother country, that the average transatlantic employer is harder and more unscrupulous, that transatlantic workingmen's combinations are worse regulated than the English. The violence of the late labor conflicts in the United States is, I find, generally disapproved by our labor leaders. Indeed, a friend of mine who has spent many years in the United States, and is still obliged frequently to cross the Atlantic for business purposes, was saying to me the other day that if you were to take an English and an American railway employee at random, and put them side by side, you could tell the Englishman at once by the look of greater contentment on his face. But there is, I think, a much deeper and more general interest than formerly in American matters, a more general concern for American troubles, a more intimate feeling of the community of race.

Unless through the mere fact of the centennial existence of the United States, I do not think that America has made us more democratic. England seems to me to be evolving her own ideas of democracy out of her own "inner consciousness," her own experience. Outside of Ireland, the movement towards federal home rule of the last decade does not, I think, arise from any transatlantic influence. If it had done so, the movement towards what is called "imperial federation" would not merely

have grown *pari passu*, but would have absorbed the other. Very few Englishmen have as yet, I fear, realized the fact that the development of the United States has been largely a process of organized colonization, through the wide and far-reaching provisions of the Constitution for the admission of new Territories and States, so that the American protective system itself implies absolute free-trade throughout two thirds of a continent. Even thoughtful journals cannot take in the idea that a Canadian should be looked upon simply as an Englishman in Canada, an Australian as an Englishman in Australia; that every colony which attains a certain development has a right to a share in the government of the empire. It was not long ago that the Spectator delivered itself of this sentiment: "We have no objection to the colonies giving specially favorable treatment to our goods, . . . but we can never return the favor in kind." So utterly lost upon it is the spectacle of the American Union; so far is it from realizing the idea of an imperial unity, every part of which should join in forming one country, and taking its proportionate share in the government.

And yet that idea is growing, and beyond it a grander one still, — that of a league of all English-speaking peoples, in which America should take her place beside England for preserving the freedom and safety of the seas, for the promotion of international justice and international peace. A dream, no doubt, at present; but the dreams of one century are often the facts of the next.

In the mean while both countries have much to do, England as well as America, in raising the standard of political life, of commercial morality; America more than England in making the law strong and respected. She must depose Judge Lynch for good.

J. M. Ludlow.

ROSA.

A STORY OF SICILIAN CUSTOMS.

ALL that night Rosa had not closed her eyes for thinking that before another night he would have left her.

To live without him, not to see him for four, five months, as many as it would take to go to America, — oh, this was a thorn in the heart of the poor girl!

And yet she must be resigned. Totò, though still very young, was an able seaman. As a boy he had been a great worker, and had never shunned labor, however hard or dangerous it might appear to him. He had almost always sailed in small freight ships, taking cargoes of wine at Castellamare del Golfo, coal at Follonica or at Castiglione, wood at Trieste; and he had always done his duty. That was why, when he sought to embark in a large vessel, and captain Giuseppe wished to look at his hands, the latter was well satisfied with those rough and callous palms, finding there the surest signs of the industry of the lad.

Totò had also another merit, that of being the son of a sailor, — which means that he had in his blood, as is the saying, the art of seamanship.

The girl knew all this, and she also knew that, with his uncommon abilities, he would make his way, and some day might sail as boatswain. And then, what a fine thing to be the wife of the boatswain of a brigantine or of a ship!

The next morning, when Totò came to take leave, Rosa had not the strength to speak. Her heart beat so hard that it seemed as if it would set itself free from her breast; her face was aflame, and her eyes were dilated.

"Do not grieve," her mother told her. "Do not take it like this, my child. Two or three months pass quickly, and you will see Totò safe and well. May the

Madonna go with him, and the Souls of the Beheaded Bodies help him on his voyage!"

"And nowadays," said Totò, "what distance is there between Palermo and America? Once, indeed, those might be called long voyages, when it took three months to go and three to come, without any tidings. But now! I know how to write, and before the Maria is out of the strait of Gibraltar, in one way or another, I shall send you a sheet of paper. There is always some ship to be met on the ocean, and who knows?" —

"And then," added donna Maricchia, the mother of Rosa, "with the steamships returning this way, you might even have a letter every day. America and Palermo are like adjoining rooms, as the saying is. Do you understand, my daughter? There is no longer any distance."

Rosa was silent, and two great tears shone in her eyes.

"But can we go on like this, blood of the devil! Since two years we are betrothed, and at every new parting we have the same scenes. As true as the Lord, I repent that I" —

Rosa did not let that oath be finished, for she gave a sudden start as if by a magnetic spring; and her eyes, which until then she had not had strength to lift, were now fixed upon his face with a look of reproof and tenderness as if to say, "Would you repent, perhaps, of having loved me?"

Totò gazed at the ground, and after a brief pause kissed the hand of his future mother-in-law, pressed that of Rosa, and went away. Rosa burst into tears.

In the afternoon, before twilight, the father, mother, and daughter took a row-boat at Santa Lucia in order to go to

wish Totò a good voyage. The father of Rosa was an old sea-dog, and because of that had consented to the marriage of his daughter to a sailor; for he never would have permitted a match with a youth of the land. "What are these land-men!" he thought. "Quarrelsome folks, and full of follies. They love cards and women; they mix with bad companions. May the Lord save all good Christians from such! And in the evening, soaked with drink, they fight about nothing, and beat their wives and children. Give us sea-room from them, give us sea-room. What say our Sicilian proverbs? 'Take your neighbor's sweepings and put them in your house;' and, 'Like to like, and each to his own.'"

The boat cleaved placidly the blue waves, which were lightly crisped by the wind that, at Palermo, is apt to blow during the later hours of the day. The slow and measured beat of the oars was translated upon Rosa's face in a certain agitation which might well have been interpreted as impatience to reach the Maria as soon as possible. The father divined as much, and, striding over the bench against which the boatman braced his feet, he took one of the oars and gave a stroke so powerful that it turned the boat to one side, obliging the boatman to strain his oars, so that in a few moments they reached the ship lying at anchor.

Totò, who was watching at the prow, was not slow to perceive them; and when they came alongside he was ready to appear at the rail. What was said between him and the newly arrived is easy to imagine. Rosa, who before had been red with uneasiness, was now white as a washed rag, and had only a few broken words for her lover, who looked at her again and again without being able fully to account for her unusual agitation. The visit was brief, because the father, as a man of the world, well knew that when a parting has to take place, it is better to cut short all delays.

"It is late; let us go," he said, in a tone which admitted of no reply. And the customary good wishes having been exchanged, — "Good journey and happy return!" "Good luck stay with you, and may we meet again in health!" — the small boat put forth for shore.

Rosa was completely overcome; she could not utter a word, she could not weep. Totò mounted again upon the forward bridge, shading his eyes with his left hand, and saluting with his right. Rosa's parents also made salutations; the man cutting the air from right to left with his hand, the woman opening and shutting her fingers. But as the rowboat went farther away from the ship, and the figure of Totò lost, in the uncertain light, its distinct outlines, a remembrance came to trouble Rosa's mind: those last words, "I repent of" — and she gave a start which frightened her poor parents.

The young man, for his part, having gone sadly down below, forward, was recalling with an ineffable melancholy a certain song which he had often heard sung by sailors at their departure: —

"How sad is parting, what a bitter woe!

To-morrow, who can tell where I may be!

The ship is making ready now to go,

With sails all black, dismal and dark to see.

When I reach port, I'll write to let you know;

And you, dear girl, each hour remember me.

If Death shall spare to shoot me with his bow,
I will return, — believe it certainly."

It is the custom of Palermitan mariners never to set sail on a Friday; and this custom is not only from respect to the old proverb, "Of a Friday and of a Tuesday, neither marry nor go on a journey," but also in memory of the hapless fate of a captain from the Molo, who, presuming to disregard the prejudice, would sail on a Friday, and was miserably drowned. The ships wait, therefore, for the earliest hours of Saturday morning, and then sail. So did the Maria, of whose crew was Totò.

During the night, in the home of Rosa,

the only one who slept was the father; he, having swallowed a few mouthfuls of salad — his usual supper since he had left off going to sea — and smoked his favorite pipe, went to bed and began to snore. Rosa lay awake all night in agitation, and counted every quarter hour as it was struck by the clock of the parish church of Santa Lucia. What a long night that was! From Ave Maria to midnight she saw with her mind's eyes her Totò, motionless, bewildered, not knowing what to do; after midnight had struck, she saw him arise with agility, await the pilot's cry, "Weigh anchor!" and run, first of all the sailors, to turn the handle of the capstan; among the voices of the crew she could distinguish clearly his, and she herself joined in the strange chant that accompanies that task: —

"Urrò simarò,
Simarella, carolina."

She saw him climb rapidly among the yards, give a hand to unfurl the sails; and, watching him, she trembled for his life, at that hour, in that thick darkness, and with the ship already beginning to pitch. Then she remembered that there are blessed souls who watch over the poor sailors; and to them she uttered a prayer, the warmest prayer that she ever had made, promising them a "journey" if they would bring him back safe to her. The "Souls of the Beheaded Bodies" could not fail to aid Totò, if they help all the devout who recommend themselves to them.

"Yes, we will go to the church of the Beheaded, my daughter," her mother whispered to her, "and you shall see that, by virtue of them, Totò will have a fine voyage, and will return safe and happy."

"Surely we will go, mamma, and we will also go to the church of the Madonna of the Drowned."

"But that of course!" replied the mother. "Does one go to the Beheaded without stopping at the church of the Drowned? Every one says that it is

not a real journey unless a stop is made at that church."

The dialogue went on, growing warmer, upon the subject of Totò, his voyage, and the Souls of the Beheaded.

"But will you never make an end of these discourses, tireless ravens!" suddenly broke out the father, who had been awakened from his first sleep by the unaccustomed chatter, although the women had endeavored to speak in an undertone. "You have talked all night long without once stopping. Think whether, on account of a passage from here to New York, there has to be made such a fuss. If it is to go on like this every night, it will be cold weather for me."

Rosa was silent, and donna Maricchia replied coldly, "Sleep, sleep. When you have nothing to say, you talk against your own flesh and blood. Do we annoy you?"

"Do you annoy me! The whole night long you are here at my bedside as if to mourn for a death. Totò is not dead, is he?"

Rosa started, and said no more.

The next morning, very early, the old sailor went to the fishing-ground at the Borgo, and, straining his lynx eyes, he could not discover anything along the whole horizon. Raisi Peppi, a fisherman of his acquaintance, who guessed the reason of his coming at that hour, told him that the Maria had gone away with a good wind, and now, he added, was certainly making ten knots an hour.

The life of the seafaring people of Sicily has little in common with that of the landmen, and differs from it in sentiments, in customs, and in habits.

Of a character superior to that of any other Sicilian working class, the sailor, the fisherman, occupies himself only with his family and with his business. The land, however he may invoke it in moments of peril, has no attraction for him, does not interest him, does not give him any thought except for his beloved wife

and children. The fisherman, who in stormy days is obliged to draw his boat to the beach, has there his favorite haunt where he passes the entire day, now smoking a castaway cigar stump or taking a pinch from his faithful pewter snuffbox, now mending broken nets and seines and worn-out floats. He takes little thought of public affairs, as of a thing which does not concern him; he does not care for the personages and acts of the national and the city government (which he always confuses in his mind as one). He respects the law rather by instinct than upon reflection. Peace and quiet, natural, not the consequences of political disturbance, are dear to him; and he resigns himself, unconscious of any sacrifice, to the privations and hardships to which he is condemned by the treacherous sea, sometimes because of the scarcity of fish, sometimes because of the impossibility of going out to cast the nets.

Nor is the sailor unlike the fisherman in the avoidance of quarrels and in the love of patriarchal peace. When he has shipped as seaman and has taken the advance for the coming voyage, he puts all the money into the hands of his wife, or, if unmarried, of his mother, — keeping for himself what little may suffice for his needs. He is, proverbially, as ready to break his oaths as he is to make them; as soon as he sets foot on land, he is weary, impatient to return to the dangers which he had lately sworn never to challenge again. His house, during the few days that he dwells in it, is his sacred temple; and he does not leave it until he sails again for some port, where he will expect, on his arrival, to receive good news from his family.

The women lead a singular life during the absence of the husbands, the betrothed, the brothers. They who are accustomed to live out of doors, in front of their houses, from the moment that their dear ones take leave shut themselves inside, and nothing is seen of them.

However long the voyage may be, they never show themselves, do not even visit each other. Only on Sundays and festival days they break in upon this cloistral life, going to confession or to hear mass. But they never do this in broad daylight; instead, they go to the first mass, in the morning darkness, when no indiscreet eye can gaze upon them.

Those months and days are a continual agitation for them. When they receive visits from their near relatives, they always inquire about the weather, whether it is good or bad; about the sea, whether it is quiet and favorable for vessels outward or inward bound; how many days other ships have taken to reach Gibraltar, and such like matters. They anxiously await replies, as they sew, or sweep the room, or set the dishes in order on the shelves. Morning and evening they recite their prayers with devotion; and they never forget, in repeating the rosary, to mention the dear voyager, in whose favor they propitiate the souls of purgatory by ejaculations, or the Virgin with an Ave Maria.

Three months and more had elapsed since Totò quitted Palermo; and not only Rosa, but also donna Maricchia had refrained from sitting, as is the custom, before the door. Rosa had the habit of combing her hair with her shoulders toward the street; but her hair-dressing, which had been the admiration of passers, was now become an indoors affair, which no one was any longer permitted to witness. It had been her practice to seat herself in a low chair, let down her black and abundant tresses, loosen them, brushing them to right and left and backward; then, without the aid of a mirror, she parted them with marvelous accuracy, and gathered them at the back of the head in two great braids splendid for glossiness and volume, which she pinned in a circle like the bottom of a basket. Rosa was a sight to see after her toilet was finished, with her wide brow, her large eyes, black and bright,

her cheeks always rose-tinted, and her lips like the most beautiful coral of Trapani or Sciacca. She cared little for ornaments, and wore none except a slender hoop of gold on the third finger of the left hand, — the finger that communicates with the heart, as her mother had told her at the time when Totò gave the ring to her. But to make up for the lack of jewels she knotted around her neck a silk kerchief, whose fringes hanging on her breast and shoulders gave her a grace which was the main charm of her attire.

It was like this that she had been observed, in passing, by monsù Nino, the most skillful young barber of that quarter of the city; and he had experienced such a sense of pleasurable surprise that, feigning to have forgotten something, he retraced his steps and looked again at her. She, who had been sitting with her back to the street, had turned around, and when monsù Nino passed for the second time he was able to behold her in all her beauty and her enchanting simplicity, — a real rosebud of a Rosa, a sight which caused him a new and mysterious delight. The next day he went by that way and looked, but did not succeed in seeing her; and so for the next day and several days after. Monsù Nino, a bachelor, and not unversed in love-making as a pastime, — for on account of his good looks, and also of a certain way that he had, he was rather fortunate in small conquests, — began to think of this lovely girl, and remembered perhaps too many times in the course of the day her whom he would have been glad to see frequently. But Rosa, unconscious of herself, unacquainted with men and things, stayed in a corner of the *catodio* (the windowless ground-floor room of the Sicilian people) and thought only of the Totò of her heart. He, safely arrived at New York, had written her a letter announcing that the merchandise from Palermo was unloaded, and that an American cargo

would probably be taken on board either there or at Boston, to which city, according to what the boatswain had told him, the Maria was to go. For Totò were Rosa's thoughts, for Totò her vows, upon Totò all her hopes were fixed; and when he wrote to her again and told her that the trip to Boston had not been made, and that the ship, already loaded with grain, would sail the next night, she, beside herself with joy, ran to light a lamp before the Mother of Mercies, in order that the Madonna might keep over him her holy hands. The news arrived on Saturday, the day of all the good gifts that Heaven concedes, — the day during which, according to the devotees of the Virgin, the sun appears seven times.

The following Monday, the mother and daughter made ready for the journey to the Souls of the Beheaded. These souls, it may be explained, are those of persons who have been executed, according to or against justice. The Sicilian populace believe that they are beneficent spirits, tutelar genii who aid and defend those who recommend themselves to them, who pray to them, or who make a pilgrimage to the church that bears their name, on the banks of the river Oreto. The legends concerning them are among the most curious known; and one must hear the gossips relate these stories in order to comprehend the singular devotion which is felt for these souls by women and by men, especially sailors.

Towards six o'clock in the morning, Rosa and her mother, wrapped in brown shawls, issued together from the house, and made their way toward Porta di Termini, called in these days Porta Garibaldi. According to the rite, complete silence must be observed; and the women remained mute until, having gone beyond the Borgo, they heard the sinister baying of a dog. At the first bark, as at a presage of great woe, they trembled for the poor sailor; considering that

the howl of a dog during the journey to the Souls of the Beheaded is of ill omen. So, too, would be a harsh voice, a negative reply between two passers, the appearance of a humpbacked woman or of a priest. Trembling like reeds, neither Rosa nor her mother dared to break the silence; each trusting that the sound had been unnoticed by her companion, and that at all events the Blessed Souls would give no doubtful sign of their protection. They arrived at Porta di Termini, where donna Maricchia broke the silence by crossing herself in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and beginning at once to recite the rosary, "Ave Maria, gratia plena." And Rosa responded, "Sancta Maria, mater Deum." At every Ave Maria they told off a bead of the rosary, and at the tenth they bowed their heads with a Gloria Patri, and recited the refrain:—

"Little Souls of the Beheaded,
Who were born upon the earth,
Who in Purgatory are,
And in Paradise awaited,
Pray to the Eternal Father
For my great necessity,
Pray for me unto the Lord
That the journey be in favor."

Having finished in this manner the first of the fifteen parts of the rosary, they recited the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, which coincided with their arrival at the little church of the Annegati (those who were drowned), where they entered and prayed for Totò upon the high seas. As they set forth again upon their journey, they experienced a certain satisfaction in ending it with the litanies of Loreto, in sight of the church. There they entered and prostrated themselves with devotion, offering the rosary. The neat little church was thronged with women, all kneeling, all whispering prayers. Donna Maricchia and Rosa collected their minds for an instant; then lifting their eyes to the high altar, they prayed with more fervor than ever before in their lives. After-

ward they rose to their feet together, as if at a sign of command.

The journey was accomplished; there remained to be learned the prognostications as to Totò's voyage; and they could not do without these, under the frightful impression of the baying of that dog,—a baying which, if it could not really be called a howl, must at least be taken as a warning to use precautions. The auguries are to be had, clear and explicit, in the chapel to the right of the church, by listening. There the two women betook themselves, and drew near, trembling, to the slab set in the right-hand wall, through which, it is believed, are heard the answers of the souls to petitions; and there Rosa and her mother applied their ears after having made some interrogations. What they heard, or what they believed they heard, may not be known; but from the smiling faces with which they went away it is presumable that the Souls of the Beheaded had given good tidings of the voyage of the beloved one. It is sure that before quitting the mysterious place the women gathered a flower from the oleander-tree planted there, and gave a small coin in alms to a blind woman crouching before the gate, who was quick to thank them with the words, "May God repay it to you in blessings and in health, and may the Souls of the Beheaded accompany you by land and by sea."

.....
Monsù Nino felt some impatience to see again the beautiful girl who had seemed to him a celestial apparition. He passed frequently, without defining his motives, through the street of the Collegio di Maria, and he always looked at that door, gazing with all his might, feigning to be obliged to turn back; but the door was hermetically closed, and he was not given to see a living soul. Among his thoughts was first, pertinaciously first and ever present, that of Rosa; he cherished it, and found it more

and more agreeable and charming. In his shop — over which he had recently exchanged the old-fashioned sign of Barber for the more pretentious one of Parlor — he was somewhat absent-minded ; and it happened to him more than once to pass a dry shaving-brush over the face of a customer, or to take off the apron before he had dressed the hair. Serious matters for a tonsorial artist ! At home, his abstraction was still greater ; and when, as he reëntered the house, his father asked him how many shaves he had made that day, he, who was accustomed to keep a minute account of everything, delayed to answer, not really remembering whether he had shaved any one, or if so, how many.

“Has anything happened to you ?” his mother inquired one day, amazed at the change in him. “You have seemed to me odd for some weeks.”

“No, mamma. It is that I have in my head a sort of confusion ; I don’t know what it means.”

“But why don’t you let a doctor see you ? Rather, it would be better to go to your old employer, who, as a barber, ought to know more than the doctors. Go to him.”

“Really there is no need ; however, I will see. But meanwhile” —

“‘But meanwhile’ ? Is there something on your mind ? Speak. Confide in your mother.”

“Nothing, nothing.” And Nino cut short the conversation ; and, an unusual thing for him, went to bed soon after Ave Maria.

In order to procure sleep he tried various expedients ; and when he had slept, he found it easier to awaken than to slumber again. He thought of the old sailor’s daughter, whom he had seen again that morning ; he contemplated her with the eyes of his mind and admired her, — a sweet vision that brought to him joy together with a soft tranquillity. And why was all this ? He himself did not know.

Nino had seen hundreds of girls in his quarter of the city ; and he had forgotten the number of those who on Sunday, when he went to the parish church of Santa Lucia to hear mass and took his place near the sacristy, shot certain sly glances at him that were enough to tempt a saint. Yet those girls, even the most beautiful among them, did not at all resemble Rosa ; indeed, were not worth a hair of her head. No one was more simple and more majestic, more charming and modest. He did not understand that this admiration was love ; and he hardly stopped to consider why the daughter of a sailor, seen only once, should be for him the object of so much contemplation. The word “love,” moreover, appeared to him vulgar and trite, for he had loved several girls in his quarter of the city, and twice had been even betrothed.

However, his impatience to see her again increased as the days went by, but brought him almost no hope of meeting her. In time, a lucky opportunity came to give him a brief comfort.

It was the Friday of Holy Week ; and according to traditional rite they were to carry through the Borgo the dead Christ and the Madonna Addolorata, — a procession equaled by few in Sicily, and at whose passage no eye remains dry. Rosa had been invited by the mother of Totò, who lived in a house with a balcony, not far distant. Whatever might have been Rosa’s purpose to remain in retirement, she could not disregard the invitation without danger of offending Totò. The refusal of any plan, in itself suitable, made by the future mother-in-law during her son’s absence is a grave offense toward his family, and still worse any pretext whatever for not going to the house ; for this, as a presumable sign of little trust and no regard for the mother of the betrothed, would certainly make a break between the two families and prevent the marriage.

Rosa, therefore, accompanied by donna Maricchia, went to the house of her future mother-in-law, and, on meeting her, kissed her hand and imprinted resonant kisses upon her lips. Totò's mother received her gladly, and said the kindest things to donna Maricchia, whose school-mate she had been when they were little girls.

The crowd began to turn from Corso Scinà into the street of the Collegio di Maria; and it constantly increased, so that when there appeared the gigantic palm-tree that surmounts the bier of the dead Christ, the street was all one moving tapestry of caps, hats, kerchiefs, shawls, and veils. The urchins went before, rejoicing, and behind them came venders of pumpkin seeds, waffles, beans, toasted carob pods, biscuits, small cakes, and the inevitable and always well-patronized anise water.

The pious procession was headed by two drummers in red robes, carrying drums muffled with a large black cloth, which impressed the public with their deep and gloomy sound, like a voice smothered in the throat. Behind came the Mysteries, borne by girls and boys: one dressed as San Giovanni Battista, another as an apostle, others as Santa Rosalia, la Maddalena, Santa Lucia, and as angels winged in all sorts of ways; each one carrying an emblem of the Passion, the cross, the ladder, the nails, the lance, the sponge. There were some who scattered flowers, and others who bore a basket with sacred images. Everybody admired an archangel Michael, very grand in silk, ribbons, tassels, gold and silver tinsel, and dazzling colors. Then followed the confraternities of the Crucified and of the Mother of Sorrows: workmen elegantly dressed, freshly shaven and combed, who held each a taper, under leadership of the most expert among them. These chiefs are called *bacchette*, because of a long wand crowned with a holy image in metal, which they move backward, forward, right, and left amid

the procession, straightening the ranks; officials who have their authority from the superior and his aids.

Among these *bacchette*, not unnaturally, was monsù Nino, who, on account of his youth and his irreproachable toilet, attracted much attention. When the confraternity of the Crucified had gone some way in the street of the Collegio di Maria, it was obliged to halt and wait for the rest of the procession, left a little way behind in the Corso Scinà. Then monsù Nino saw the necessity of readjusting the line of the brethren, which showed some irregularity in its movement. Here he drew out, there he pushed in, a comrade; elsewhere he straightened a taper, or, in an undertone, recommended precision; going back and forth with an air of importance, as if to say, "Do you see? If I were not here, who knows how things would go!" Chancing to raise his eyes to a balcony, he saw Rosa, — none but her. At that sight, perhaps because it was unexpected, he remained disconcerted and confused. Recovering himself somewhat, he felt a strong beating of the heart, quickly followed by a sense of profound satisfaction and of unaccustomed joy. As he turned back, he had leisure to look again at Rosa, but furtively and for a moment only, for he could not stop, neither dared he expose himself to the danger of being observed. Red with agitation, he took out his pocket handkerchief to wipe the copious perspiration from his face, and then it was that Rosa looked at him for the first and only time, and without taking much notice. Monsù Nino, who had quite lost his compass, as is the saying, no longer refrained from casting ardent glances at her; so that when the procession began to move, he stood still. But finally, as if swept along by the stream, he went onward, — needless to say with what regret on his part; for he would have liked to linger near that sweet vision, a cause of joy such as he had never felt.

There passed the confraternity of the Crucified and that of the Mother of Sorrows; there came the Augustine friars from the monastery of the Consolation, then the clergy of the parish of Santa Lucia. And the curiosity of the bystanders was aroused by the splendid stole of the priest, where against a black groundwork stood out rich and elaborate embroideries in gold, with two magnificent precious stones set near the ends. But when the funeral march from Ione was heard, and the Jews were seen to advance, in dark armor, with visors closed, at the right and the left of the monument of Jesus Christ, a shudder ran through the bones of every one, and curiosity became sacred fear.

"Oh, see those shut visors!" exclaimed Rosa, frightened.

"Look!" rejoined her future mother-in-law. "Those warriors are poor fellows who for two lire will even act as Jews."

"But why do not they let themselves be seen?"

"That would be the last touch. If they were recognized, they would be hooted at for the rest of their lives; and you know, Rosa, that the nickname of Jew is not a fine compliment in Sicily."

At the sound of a watchman's rattle the bier halted, and those upon the balcony had time to contemplate the features of the Christ, which, apart from the piety that it excited, was a marvelous work of art.

Donna Maricchia was weeping, as also the mistress of the house; Rosa wiped away her tears, and her father was somewhat pale in the face and very grave.

Another turn of the watchman's rattle, and the bier was raised, creaking, while the palm-tree shook. Not long after appeared and advanced the litter of the Madonna Addolorata: a tall, erect, majestic figure, with hands lightly clasped as if mourning a deep and immeasurable grief. The hands and face were of wax,

and waxen of color, which gave to the image a gloomy appearance. It was dressed in a robe that in front was of white linen in very minute plaits; behind trailed a black velvet mantle, imposing in its majesty. As it passed, the women fell on their knees and sobbed.

A week had elapsed since monsù Nino had seen Rosa for the third time, and although he had made efforts to see her again, he had not succeeded. Rosa's door was always closed, as if the catodio were an enchanted castle. If at first his nights had been interrupted by long hours of wakefulness, now the wakefulness was rarely lost in a brief sleep. The woman concerning whom he had not sought to know the nature of his feelings was now—he could no longer doubt it—no less than the object of his most potent passion. And how could he have failed to be charmed by her beauty? What girl was tall and flexible as she, or more noble of bearing? Her hair,—oh, it must be the eighth wonder of the world, if he, who had handled so much hair, had never seen any more abundant, more glossy and black! To love her, then, was necessary; not to be loved in return was a distress to which he could in no wise resign himself.

But how could he gain her love if she was inaccessible? In so much doubt, it appeared to him a happy idea to open his mind to a friend, a young shoemaker, who had been one of his best customers ever since monsù Nino had set up shop on his own account, and who, because of the intimate friendship, had ended by becoming his chosen compare di San Giovanni, his sworn ally.

"And if I don't succeed in making her love me," was the conclusion of monsù Nino's discourse, "as true as the Lord I'll kill myself!"

"But why kill yourself and kill yourself! When did a man ever kill himself for a woman?"

"Surely I will kill myself!"

"When I was betrothed to Peppa, head of a queen, — they called her so, you know, because really she had a queenly way with her head, — and on account of some obstacles I could not marry her, I did not kill myself. What an idea!"

"And therefore?" asked Nino, looking steadily at him.

"Therefore don't take the thing with your teeth! Seek to meet her and move her feelings; try every means possible and imaginable."

"And if I do not succeed?"

"Then put her out of your mind. You know that there are so many women in the world that if a division were to be made of them, we should have three apiece!"

"That sounds like you! Jestings apart, I cannot, I will not, live without the love of Rosa. How can I gain it?"

"What a child you are! Have not you your guitar? Do you not know how to sing the most beautiful Sicilian songs? Well, take another young fellow with you, — for instance, the son of gnu' Paolo, the coachman; I make three, and we can give Rosa a fine serenade. If she is not deaf, if her heart is not made of stone, to hear your voice, and," he added, smiling, "mine, her feelings must be touched."

Monsù Nino saw open before him such a brilliant horizon as he had never imagined. He, with his rare skill in playing the guitar and with his inexhaustible repertory of songs, had aided so many friends and triumphed over so many obstacles.

"You are a godsend of a fellow!" exclaimed monsù Nino, enraptured, and he printed a hearty kiss on the lips of the shoemaker.

That evening, two hours before midnight, a trio of young men, monsù Nino with the guitar, gnu' Ciccio the coachman with the triangle, and compare Vanni the shoemaker with the Jew's-harp, made their way, quiet as oil, through the

street of the Collegio di Maria. When they were arrived before the house of Rosa, they improvised an instrumental piece, melancholy and pathetic; when this was ended, another, and with it a song. At the sound, the neighbors looked out, surprised at a serenade given to Rosa, who was betrothed, and soon to be married. The comments, therefore, were not few, and had a certain tinge of malignity. All at once a voice sang: —

"I am come to sing here in this happy place.
Sound, my guitar, and give me a good voice!"

It was gnu' Ciccio, with his silvery tones, who opened the serenade. At the end of the song he was greeted by a murmur of approbation, not only from the neighbors, but also from passers attracted by the melancholy nocturne. Monsù Nino's emotion was so great that, although it was his part to begin the serenade, he had not the power to sing, even after gnu' Ciccio. So compare Vanni, at the top of his voice, began: —

"Silence, good friends, and let the wind not blow;

Listen, for pity's sake, to hear me sing;
Listen to these laments and sighs of woe
That say my life is full of suffering."

The public took a lively interest in this song, in which was heard an intonation of deep sadness rendered with artistic ability of no mean order. A general exclamation of "Good!" echoed through the silence of the night as far as the Marina.

The music ceased for a moment, and there was heard a confused talking of the people, ignorant as to the object of this unusual serenade.

"Which of the three was the lover?"

"For whom was the serenade?"

"Was there an understanding between the singer and the girl?"

And the questions thickened, without receiving any certain reply. Curiosity was partially appeased when gnu' Ciccio and compare Vanni began another song:

"I am come to sing at lovely Rosa's door,
For in the world none is so fair as she."

As the ottava went on, the people understood something, and when the singer accentuated the name of Rosa in the final lines,

"Concerning Rosa would you know still more, —
In heaven there is the moon, on earth is she!"

a "Goo-oo-ood!" still louder and more earnest, rewarded the song. Monsù Nino prepared to close the performance with another ditty which he had selected from his immense stock of minstrelsy. He, who had always found songs for all the girls of that quarter of the town, with their own names interwoven, — he, a real celebrity in his line, could not fail to find a song suitable for the Rosa of his heart.

"Oh, what a scent of roses in the air!

It lifts my heart and truly comforts me.

What rose leaves, red and white, with these compare!

A rose to equal this you will not see.

The place is all alight if she is there;

Under her feet the earth blooms rosily.

Rose of my soul, if overmuch I dare,

I now take leave, and you must pardon me!"

A delighted clapping of hands approved the song; but monsù Nino quietly withdrew from the crowd, which had now become large, and made his way through silent and deserted streets.

The next day there was great talk about the serenade; but the household to which it had been addressed knew nothing of it, and no one took upon himself to speak to them about it. Only after two days a comare of the neighborhood, chatting of things greater and less with donna Maricchia, and asking her when her daughter's wedding was to be celebrated, let slip a reference to the serenade. Donna Maricchia indignantly protested that she had heard nothing of it, begged that her husband should be kept in ignorance, and added excitedly, "Oh, if he should hear of it! A serenade at our house! Oh, are we fashionable Palermitans, that they should come to sing a nocturne to us? What a shame, O Lord, what a shame!"

"The shame is n't yours, dear donna

Maricchia. Where you set your feet they are not worthy to put their faces, these idle fellows that disturb the peace of families and turn the heads of girls!"

"And were there many of those fellows, comare?"

"Three, they say; but I did not see them."

"But the impudent one who permitted himself to do all this, — who is he?"

"They say it was monsù Nino the barber."

"Monsù Nino? The son of that good creature Melchiorra?"

"The very same."

Donna Maricchia was red as a pepper, and sent out fire in all directions.

"A serenade to my daughter Rosa! I can't give myself peace about it. And on the eve, as it were, of her marriage with a pearl of a lad like Totò! O Lord, what a horror! And if my husband should know it, if Totò should hear of it! For pity's sake, comare, say nothing to any one about it!"

"The eggs!" cried a man, all out of breath, before the door of donna Maricchia's house. "The eggs!" And he tossed his cap in the air in sign of joy.

A vender of household linen who was passing by heard the voice without understanding either the exclamation or the gesture; but donna Maricchia and Rosa broke forth in a long "O-oh!" of delight, and in a "Thank the Lord!" which expressed their gratitude to God for Totò's safe return to Palermo. The man, in fact, who had sighted the Maria in the gulf, had run here and there to the families of the crew, in order to be the first to bring the joyful tidings.

The announcement is made by throwing the cap into the air, in token of supreme contentment, and asking for a reward for the news, which in old times was given in the form of eggs, and now may be either in eggs or in money. So that without a word of the sight of the ship, or of her entrance into the port of Pa-

lermo, the herald began, in an extremely elliptic manner, with the end of his message, asking for the meed of his happy news.

The two women had been thinking, for the moment, of making a small purchase of cloth to complete the bridal outfit, and were undecided whether to call to the peddler, when the boatman appeared. (It is always boatmen who bring the news of the arrivals in port to the families of the sailors.)

"May the Lord repay you, *zu Turi!*" exclaimed *donna Maricchia*, who had recognized in the bearer of the tidings an old oarsman of her husband's crew.

"And has the *Maria* come in?" asked *Rosa*, trembling with joy.

"Quite otherwise, *donna Rusidda* mine; she is in sight, however, and in three or four hours will be in port."

"Three or four hours! *Madonna santissima!* so long as that!"

"Of course. The *Maria* is at *Cape Gallo*; and I tell you it took my eyesight to make her out. I know her, that brigantine; she has a wide white streak on her hull, and a blue pennon with white lettering, — *Maria*. These things, you can barely see them, you know; but that that brigantine is the *Maria* I give you my word. Now, the wind is not quite favorable, and she must tack in order to come into port."

"Tack!" said *Rosa*. "Do not ships tack all the time, on the sea?"

"All the time! No. You were born yesterday, *donna Rusidda*. Ask your father, who knows more about it than I do. When sailing ships arrive with a head wind, they must profit by the little flaws that they may meet anywhere in the gulf of *Palermo*. Do you know the stairway of *Monte Pellegrino*? As we cannot climb straight up the steep mountain, we get there by a zigzag road: suppose that the mountain were a plain, and the plain a sea."

"But then?"

"Then, if by tacking they meet a

fresh breeze, toward noon the *Maria* will be anchored in port. Meanwhile it is late, and I leave you with holy peace."

"Wait, *zu Turi*," said *donna Maricchia*, a little embarrassed. "You see I have no eggs, for my hens have all died with this accursed pip; this Italian government sends cholera even to the hens. Excuse me, and I thank you." So saying, she put a lira into the hand which was held out to her as *Turi* returned his thanks.

As he went away he met the father of *Rosa*, who, having sighted the *Maria*, was hastening to tell his family.

"First come, first served!" exclaimed the boatman, smiling. "I got the eggs this time."

"What! Do they know it already, *zu Turi?*"

"But I went to tell them!"

"So much the better," answered the father contentedly, and, quickening his steps, he was soon at home.

"Have you heard?" he asked, as his wife and daughter came toward him.

"Now we must go to meet *Totò*," said *Rosa*, without fear of contradiction.

"Go to meet him!" observed the father, who was not disposed to do so.

"What did you expect to do?" rebutted *donna Maricchia*. "We must go to meet the *Maria*; if not, difficulties might arise."

"With whom?" asked her husband.

"With the relatives of *Totò*. You know how touchy his mother is. If she were to go, and not see us, what offense she might take!"

"Touchy or not, offense or not," interrupted *Rosa*, "I want to go to see him; and you will not deny me this pleasure, will you?"

"Have your own way about the trip," concluded the father. "Get ready, and we will go."

In an instant the two women were prepared; and after a few steps they were at the landing of the *Borgo*, where *zu Turi* was awaiting them.

When the rowboat arrived at the Molo, the brigantine Maria, with all sails set, was entering superbly into port. Nine or ten boats, filled with the families of the crew, saw her pass at a short distance from them, giving and taking salutations. Totò had hardly time to receive his welcome, when, at the command of captain Ammaina, he, first of the sailors, leaped up the yards to obey orders. His manœuvres were so brilliant as to fill with admiration the spectators, who did not fail to praise the dash of the young mariner, his readiness in taking in the sails, and his skill in furling them as he lay flat upon the spars. Totò was bronzed by the sun; and the dark color of his face, and his head covered by a fine new cap, gave him an attractive appearance. Rosa was beside herself with joy; and seeing that she was the object of the persistent glances of the visitors to the ship, she lowered her eyes and blushed. Totò understood it all, and although unwillingly, he begged his future father-in-law not to inconvenience himself any longer, for it was a busy moment; and soon, when the ship was anchored, he would come to find them.

"You are right," said the father, and at once, upon his sign to the boatman to row, they left the throng and went home.

After the serenade and the consequent applause, our Figaro felt in somewhat better spirits. The music was a success: Rosa's family must have understood that it was a tribute to her, and the public had been with him. Gnu' Ciccio and compare Vanni had assured him that it was a splendid affair, and must produce something good. He therefore waited.

Yet his mind was gnawed by the doubt lest Rosa loved that commonplace Totò too much to decide to love himself. "These daughters of sailors," he thought, "are attached to the sea folk, and will have nothing to do with us polite people. See how they take iron instead of gold! A sailor instead of a barber, a

common fellow instead of an elegant man! Only to touch my hands, always soft and perfumed, there is felt the difference between them and those rough, tarry ones! But no, this cannot go on. Rosa shall be mine, as true as the Lord! Monsù Nino will never yield to all the Totòs of this earth, let come what may!"

And raving like this, he planned a strange thing, one which would give the whole Borgo something to talk about, and would even get into the newspapers of Palermo: another serenade, on the very evening of his rival's return, and when the latter would be in the house of the bride, — a bold resolution that would show what courage he had. When he spoke of it to his friends, they all sought to dissuade him: he would expose himself to an ugly risk; and then, in fact, Totò was the formally betrothed lover. The serenade would be a real challenge, a provocation to bloodshed; the public itself would disapprove him, and the thing might end badly.

But monsù Nino had lost his reason; and between his mad love for Rosa and the mistaken idea of his own dignity, he insisted so resolutely that his comrades had to agree; also in order not to appear to draw back from a difficult situation. And indeed, monsù Nino was a friend, and also a compare di San Giovanni, and even at the risk of their skins they must not forsake him.

The day following this resolution, precisely the day of the arrival of the Maria, while Totò, happy to find himself in Rosa's presence, was relating little by little, between her languorous glances and his fiery ones, the adventures, he heard a sudden sound of instruments, and a sonorous voice that *ex abrupto* began the praises of a girl. Astonished he listened, and with him the relatives of the bride; they could hear plainly the words: —

"Rose, that of all the flowers.
The royal banner bearest,
Amid the blossomed garden
Thou art the first and fairest."

The voice paused ; then the strophe was followed by a loud and sustained sound of the guitar, the triangle, and this time a hand-organ. Who was it ? Who dared to come to sing before that house ? And who was this symbolic Rose ? The hearers looked at each other with amazement, unable to account to themselves for the things ; the voice began again :

“ Rose, how thy tender color
Blushes, green leaves beneath !
Rose, for thy love I 'm burning,
And thou wilt be my death.”

The street, the house, the name, all concurred to prove that the praises were indeed for Totò's Rosa, — for her who less than any one else knew what was meant by this new performance. Needless to say that the face of Totò began to cloud with the suspicion that something extraordinary had taken place during his absence. The voice pursued : —

“ And if I may not gather
And wear thee on my breast,
Rose, little Rose, believe me,
I nevermore can rest.”

Totò, beside himself, quivering with anger, looked from one to another of the family, with sinister thoughts. Rosa comprehended nothing ; donna Maricchia asked, with ill-dissembled scorn, “ Oh, who are these impertinent fellows that permit themselves to come to sing before our house ? ”

“ They must be rowdies ! ” exclaimed the master of the house ; while from outside was heard : —

“ I sit amid the shadow,
Where hovers thy sweet breath ;
Rose, for thy love I 'm burning,
And thou wilt be my death ! ”

The song ended in the midst of clapping of hands. Totò was furious.

“ Calm yourself,” Rosa said softly to him. “ It can only be some idlers who go about amusing themselves at night.”

“ Calm yourself,” repeated donna Maricchia, while her husband muttered threats.

At this point the musicians went away,

and everything outside resumed its former stillness. Totò, partly because of the gentle words of his betrothed, and partly because he did not wish to disturb those precious moments, was silent ; yet within his heart he was agitated by the unexpected event, and by the need to clear up the affair in all its particulars.

The conversation was brief ; his answers were short and not always to the point. At ten o'clock he had already left the house.

The occurrence was too serious to be passed over ; and the good Totò, even with the most peaceable intentions, could not have disregarded the duty, or rather the right, to have reparation.

Therefore, as soon as he had quitted Rosa, with his breast filled with anger, he hastened to the house of an intimate friend ; and having related what had happened, he received from the latter, who knew something about the ugly affair, minute information as to the facts : how that madcap of a monsù Nino had permitted himself the two serenades, although sharply reproved for it by all the neighbors, and despite the danger of getting his ribs broken by somebody born of a Friday. “ What is to be done about it ? ” concluded the friend, as if asking himself.

“ What is to be done about it ? Blood of the devil ! ” raged Totò. “ Is it necessary to inquire what is to be done ? I 'll go myself to face the scoundrel, and cure him of the liking to sing about the ‘ rose ’ of my boots. A piece of twisted rope with a Turk's-head knot at the end of it is what I 'll take to his back. Blood of the devil ! ”

The friend discovered from these words that, unfortunately, Totò, as a seaman, knew nothing of the customs of the land. “ To treat a barber as you would a sailor ! ” he thought within himself, “ but that is not the way.” After a little reflection, “ Listen,” he said. “ Some things, either you do them or you don't ; and if they are done — forgive me if I

“speak plainly—they have to be done according to the rules.”

“So that?”

“So that, in my judgment, it is not the regular thing that you should think of flogging a fellow who, for one reason or another, has tried to make love to your betrothed. And I call her yours because he knew very well that Rosa was yours, and could not be for another. According to the rules, you must go further than you imagine.”

“Which would be to say?”

“You must force him to a duel. That’s all.” A detailed explanation followed as to the conduct to be maintained in such an event, the methods and resolves to be adopted, and the precautions to be taken; and Totò was so thoroughly taught the laws of popular chivalry that, as he listened, he kindled fiercely against monsù Nino, and determined to challenge and defeat him at all hazards.

After a night of horrible anguish from ill-repressed wrath, hatred of the offender, and perhaps not on account of the difficulty in which he was placed, but because of the sorrow that it would occasion to his mother and to Rosa, he issued at daybreak from the house, with the pretext of having to go on board his ship, and betook himself straight to the shop of monsù Nino.

At that hour the shop was closed; and Totò walked back and forth, the prey to an indescribable agitation. It appeared to him that he saw his rival, with an infernal sneer, coming to meet him with words of icy irony; and that he, wild with excitement, threw himself with a murderous weapon upon the offender and killed him; then, with blood-stained hands, he seemed to flee toward the home of Rosa, present himself, sated with revenge, to the women, but to see them draw back horrified, hide their faces in their hands, and run away from him. At this point he realized the ferocity of his imaginary crime, and a shudder of hor-

ror seized him, while he raised his eyes to heaven as if to give thanks that all this had been only a fantastic vision.

And behold monsù Nino advancing, preoccupied and excited. When he was near, Totò spoke.

“Friend,” said he, “are you monsù Nino?”

“Have you commands to give to monsù Nino?”

“A request. Have you perhaps some pretensions to Rosa?”

“Surely.”

“And she returns your feeling?”

“No.”

“And do you know that she is betrothed?”

“I know it.”

“And that her betrothed is your servant?”

“So much honor and pleasure.”

“And now what do you propose to do?”

“Continue to love her until she decides for you or for me. And whoever is offended shall pay for the drinks.”

Here Totò lost patience, and, contrary to the advice received, called his rival *schifusu*.

“Schifusu yourself!” retorted monsù Nino, who knew all the value of the word and the exceptional gravity of the outrage. He felt in his pockets for a weapon, and not finding any, calmed himself somewhat; then approached Totò, bit his ear slightly, and embraced and kissed him. Then having received a kiss and embrace in return, he detached himself from the sailor, and said to him in a low voice, “Put yourself on horseback, and go to the street of the Cavallacci.”

The excitement of mind of the two rivals may be comprehended from their dialogue, which is in Sicily the ritual for such cases. The term “schifusu” cast in a man’s face is the greatest insult that can be uttered to him; for it means an abject man, in every way despicable, capable of any base action, of any vileness,

including that of having secret relations with the police. The embrace and the kiss are given for life and for death ; the bite of the ear signifies, Let us go to fight with knives, and either you or I must die ; then they go to their homes to arm themselves, which is called setting one's self on horseback.

There was no time to lose ; and both, as if it had not been any affair of theirs, went away : Totò by the Corso Scinà, for he was already armed ; and monsù Nino to his house, from which, after taking a long and pointed knife, he set forth by the same Corso to overtake his antagonist.

It will appear, and certainly it is, strange and almost incredible that two men, hating each other mortally, meditating the fiercest purposes of revenge, and who the next moment may be wounded or slain, should join so cynically and go together to the scene of their destruction. And yet so it is. It is not possible, without knowledge of the nature and of certain theories of the Sicilian people, to understand the reason of their procedure and the laws by which it is governed. It is true that in the duel of higher society something similar takes place ; but there everything is arranged and foreseen, and also there are witnesses, who are never present at the duels of the common people. Here the combatants go off together, even arm in arm, to the chosen spot, quietly and silently, as if they were on their way to work or to the most harmless rendezvous. With no witnesses but themselves, they brandish their weapons and maintain their cause. Who falls was in the wrong ; and nothing will ever be known of the deed of blood, because neither victor nor vanquished will ever breathe a word of it, as a duty of *omertà*.

Totò and monsù Nino arrived like good friends at the remotest spot of the Cavallacci, a road of sinister fame, especially in the past, for these encounters. They threw their clothes on the ground,

and stood in their under-drawers ; they agreed that the blows should be given at the trunk, as it was a question of grave offense. In a moment they paced the distance, opened with a sharp and dreadful click the blades of their clasp-knives, crossed them, and the give and take of blows began. Monsù Nino, resolved to make an end, struck at the breast of his opponent ; the latter, however, because reluctant to kill a man, and because, notwithstanding the lessons of his friend, he was but little versed in the etiquette of chivalry, aimed at the arms.

The Sicilian proverb calls "blow of an inexperienced" a stroke which hits the mark, given by one who does not understand the art of the duel ; thus Totò, who had handled only the sailor's knife which he wore in his belt, succeeded in setting in a good blow on the arm, so that the knife fell from the hand of monsù Nino and the blood spurted copiously. Totò, horrified at what he had done, threw away his weapon, and, approaching the wounded man with pity, hastened to compress the arm in order to stop the bleeding.

"Blow of an inexperienced !" monsù Nino told him.

Totò answered with a kiss ; not such as that with which the vulgar victor of a duel takes leave of the wounded or the dead, but the tender kiss of one who has been impelled to the desperate pass only by a hard and unavoidable necessity. Still compressing the wound, he gently laid monsù Nino upon a rock, and did not move from his side until the latter regained his color and was able to go home. Then Totò gave the wounded man his arm, led him away from the ill-omened place, and as soon as he saw a carriage made him mount into it, directing the coachman to carry him home, and paying the fare beforehand.

The encounter was soon heard of at the Borgo, and was the theme of talk for a week. "Well done," said one. "Totò did wrong," said another ; "he ought to have left him stretched on the

ground like a dog." "Blow of an inexpert!" added a third.

The satisfaction of those who had no patience with overbearing ways was extreme when Totò's great success became known. "Look!" they exclaimed. "What are we coming to! To wish to take away, in that outrageous manner, for mafia, the bride of a fellow who never harmed any one! It takes these evil days to see such an infamy."

On the other hand, the habitués of monsù Nino's shop, having learned of the defeat of their friend, came in throngs to visit him; and, as the reports of his wound had been exaggerated, were rejoiced to find him tranquil, and even cheerful.

"What could you expect?" he said, jesting. "Blow of an inexpert. But if he had come straight at me, as true as the Lord, I should have cut him to the heart."

Everybody knew of the duel except the police, who, even if they had heard of it, never would have found out any-

thing; for when such affairs take place no one ever opens his mouth, neither the offended nor the offender nor the families of either, because an informer is considered infamous. Fortunately, things went well for all: for Totò, who, without ever before having wielded a weapon, had conquered a man who was reckoned one of the most able duelists of the quarter; for monsù Nino, who after all might have gotten a knife through his body, and came off with only a scratch; for from that moment they became friends, monsù Nino having come to himself again, and apologized to Totò for his wrong-doing. Also for the public things had gone well, — for the public that in this victory of the humble sailor recognized the hand of God, who loves justice and mercy.

And Rosa?

Rosa, who shed so many tears at hearing of the misdeeds of the barber and of the dangers encountered by her lover, is now happy to be the wife of Totò the boatswain.

G. Pitre.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BACK from the skies, again does Beauty's flame
Consume the gods that on the good earth be;
All things, pricked to the quick with witchery,
Look, longing, up the lovely way she came,
Echoes of May say over her dear name,
Ay, every month has sent its delicacy, —
Deft-woven, distilled, low-voiced, to smell, or see,
Or hear, — till June herself is put to shame.
The rarer birds and blooms were hardly sweet
And fair enough to mingle with the haze
That rings the hill, nor greenest leaves were meet
To trim these phantom trees; no wind that plays
Could now touch soft enough. The hours, so fleet,
With slower step lead on the wildered days.

John Vance Cheney.

REGINALD POLE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

THE ROAD TO CANTERBURY.

OF all the picturesque lives of the eminently picturesque sixteenth century, none excels in the range of its chances and changes that of the man who aspired by turns to the throne of England and the papal tiara, and who was successively accused of making Vittoria Colonna a heretic and of earning for Queen Mary her unflattering epithet. Yet the story of Reginald Pole has been almost neglected. A contemporary Italian Life by Beccatelli was translated into Latin in 1563, and this work is confessedly the basis of the two later biographies, — that of Phillips, whose English Life was printed in Oxford about the middle of the last century, and Dean Hook's in his series of *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, in our own day. Cardinal Quirini devoted much of his time to collecting and editing Pole's correspondence, published in five bulky quartos at Brescia in 1754, and these contain almost all of his letters which we possess in print. Hardly half a dozen among them are written quite without constraint, while not one is addressed to his own people. That he kept up a full and free correspondence with his mother and brothers we know; that all trace of it can have vanished seems hardly credible. If ever these English letters are found, they can scarcely fail to shed fresh light on the complex reign of Henry VIII.; but meanwhile Quirini's collection serves to show us the man, and to introduce us to the ever changing but always interesting company of his intimate associates.

First let us refresh our memories by reviewing the highly distinguished fam-

ily connections of Reginald Pole, that we may better understand how it was that his words and actions came to be invested with such extraordinary importance.

Henry VIII., as we all know, ascended the throne of England, without opposition, in 1509. The chances of battle and the summary methods of Tower Hill had removed most of the young king's rivals out of his pathway, but there was one woman still at hand who might have set up a very pretty claim to the crown. This was Margaret, sole daughter and ultimate heiress of George, the "false, fleeting, perjured" Duke of Clarence, younger brother of King Edward IV. Henry was quite aware that his own best pretensions lay in right of his mother, Edward IV.'s daughter, but her legitimacy was more than questionable; while there was no doubt whatever of the validity of Clarence's marriage with Isabel, the daughter and heiress of Warwick the King-maker. The extreme plausibility of this claim cost Margaret's brother his life, and had presumably influenced the selection of a husband for her. Sir Richard Pole¹ was a sort of cousin to Henry VII. (their mothers having been half-sisters), and he was deeply attached to the king and grateful for favors received. He died a comparatively young man, and left to the care of his extremely able wife five children: a daughter, who married the son and heir of the Duke of Buckingham, of Henry VIII.'s day, and thus became ancestress to half the English peerage of our own, and four sons, of whom Reginald Pole was probably the youngest. He was born in March, 1500, and was therefore about a month younger than the great German

deed related to the cardinal, but through his mother.

¹ Not De la Pole, as sometimes written. This family, that of the Dukes of Suffolk, were in-

emperor, whom he was to survive barely eight weeks. At the age of seven he was put to school at West Sheen, with the Carthusian monks, who had a house of much repute in that place; whereby the child remained close to the palace at Richmond, where the court frequently resided, and to his mother who was in attendance on Katharine of Aragon. At twelve, "having laid," as Phillips quaintly says, "a foundation of grammatical precepts," he was removed to the University of Oxford and entered at Magdalen College. He was here at the time of the birth of the Princess Mary (1516), who became the especial charge of his mother.

Almost all the reminiscences we have of his Oxford days are contained in two letters of Sir Thomas More. One is addressed to the chancellor's accomplished daughter Margaret, telling how many compliments upon her Latin style he had received from Reginald Pole, "*juvenis ut nobilissimus, ita in omni literarum genere doctissimus, nec virtute minus quam eruditione conspicuus.*"¹ The other letter is of an earlier date, and is addressed jointly to Pole himself and to Dr. John Clement, formerly tutor in More's family, and now professor of Greek in the university:—

"Thanks, my dear Clement, for having kept up sufficient interest in the health of me and mine to care to advise us from a distance what articles of diet to avoid. And to you, dearest Pole, I am doubly grateful, first for having deigned to write out the advice of so distinguished a doctor, and then for having entreated and obtained that his prescription might be made up by your mother, the best and noblest of women, and fully worthy of such a son as you,—thus proving yourself no less generous in deed than in word. I therefore commend the works and faith of both together, and I embrace you one by one."

The boy seems at this time to have been equally in favor with the English king and his Spanish queen, but their plans for his future advancement took by no means the same shape. Henry had marked him out for a great churchman; Katharine, with the complete concurrence, we may be sure, of the Countess of Salisbury,² destined him to be the husband of the Princess Mary, being impelled to desire the marriage not only by her affection for Reginald, but by her earnest desire to make some atonement for the death of the boy's uncle, the Earl of Warwick, who had been beheaded to render her own crown more secure. But a good many years must elapse before it would be possible to carry out this project, and meanwhile Reginald gratefully accepted—though without taking holy orders—the church preferments conferred upon him by the king. Two deaneries and two prebendal stalls furnished him with a very handsome income, and he set out in 1519 to complete his education at Padua.

He took care that his establishment there should not disgrace his royal cousin and patron, and cut so great a figure at the university that he got the nickname of "the nobleman from England." Two of the protégés to whom he gave a home at Padua deserve a word of special mention: Lupset, a clever young Englishman, whose name we shall meet again, and an even more brilliant and very charming student from Flanders, known by the Latinized name Longolius.

Pole's collected correspondence begins with two letters from the latter,—the first humorously bewailing the summer solitude of Padua in the long vacation, and entreating Pole to return. The next, which was also the poor youth's last, may be given in full:—

"Though racked with pain, and breathing with such difficulty that I can scarce

¹ "A youth whose virtue is as conspicuous as his erudition, while the extent of his information is on a par with the nobility of his birth."

² This family title was revived in the person of Lady Pole in 1513.

hope to recover, my great and unalterable love for you urges me somehow or other to surmount this anguish long enough to pay my last debt of a letter.

"The day after I wrote I was seized with a sharp attack of fever, from which I have suffered more in these three days than ever in all my life before. It seems as if I must have had a sort of presentiment, when I said, before you left, that if anything happened to me upon the journey I was meditating, I wanted my whole library to go to you. Our last day together was nearer than we thought, as you see. I beseech you, therefore, by that friendship which I think has almost reached its term, to cherish my memory after I am gone, both tenderly and piously, as befits the close union there has been between us. Take care of your own health, and give my truest love to Pace. Padua, August 25 (1522)."

On the receipt of this affecting letter, Pole, who was somewhere in the neighborhood of Venice, hurried back to Padua, and stayed with his fellow-student till the end came on the 11th of September. It is also probable that he wrote the short life of Longolius which is prefixed to the young scholar's collected writings, although its author is merely described upon the title-page as one of his dearest friends.

It was at Padua, also, that Pole first met two of the closest and most famous friends of his entire life, the cardinals Bembo and Flaminio. The latter was at that time professor in the university, while Bembo had come to Padua to recruit his health, which had been undermined by his heavy duties as secretary to Pope Leo X. After he returned to Rome, Pole and he kept up a brisk correspondence, but only a few of Bembo's letters now remain. They betray — like those of all that set of men — the writer's burning desire to be Ciceronian, and we can easily fancy how significant they must all have thought the inci-

dent related in the following note from Bembo: —

"I have a story to tell you. When I wrote you, not long ago, begging you to send me back the letters I had written you from Rome, I could not understand why you should have sent them all except the one in which I replied to two of yours together. It appears now that you never had that letter, for the excellent reason that it was never sent! I had signed it, and left orders that it should be sealed and sent off by the first messenger (for the public post was, at that time, notoriously untrustworthy), and neither order was executed, though I supposed both had been so. It had to do, I suppose, with the sharp illness which seized me just then, and had nearly finished me. I should fancy that my librarian, who was frightened out of his senses by that attack of mine, simply forgot to do as I had told him. The letter was thrust, unfolded, just as it was, between two books of Cicero's Epistles, which I had by me as I wrote, and turning them over yesterday, I found it, and ordered it to be dispatched; not so much for fear my little document should be wasted as by way of showing you that I had really not been much more remiss than usual in answering your communications. There was no date to the letter, and I put none. Love to Páce."

This letter was written in August of 1525, and some time in this year Pole also went to Rome. Thanks chiefly to the introductions he took with him from the Bishop of Verona, who was no other than Vittoria Colonna's friend Giberti, he saw much in private of the members of the Sacred College, but he did not appear openly at the papal court. The relations of Henry VIII. with the pontiff were now beginning to be strained, and either policy or a partial sympathy with the king seems to have prevented Pole — who himself says that he had at this time no thought of taking orders — from openly espousing the papal side.

In the following year, yielding, as we are told, to his mother's earnest entreaties, he returned to England; and when we remember the matrimonial projects of the Countess of Salisbury for her son, it seems natural to associate her impatience to have him on the spot with the rumors of Henry's proposed divorce which were already in the air. Anne Boleyn's name was not yet prominent in this connection, and she chanced to be absent on a visit to her former mistress, the Duchesse d'Alençon, whom Wolsey had chosen as a wife for Henry when his present marriage should be declared null. During Pole's absence in Italy the Princess Mary had been betrothed for a while to her cousin, the Emperor Charles V.; but he had broken the engagement, and married a princess of Portugal early in this same year; and now there began to be a question of depriving Queen Katharine of the custody of her ten-year-old daughter.

All these exciting topics were no doubt discussed in private by the mother and her son, but, on the whole, we can hardly wonder that, though he had received the heartiest of welcomes from both king and queen, Reginald Pole found his position an embarrassing one. "Notwithstanding," says Phillips, "the privilege of such a situation and the sunshine of royal favor which still encompassed him, he resolved to withdraw from it. The court was become a scene of intrigue to which his breast was a stranger. He was a constant witness to the wanderings of a prince to whom he had the highest obligations, and whom he loved with all the sincerity of a loyal and thankful heart. Nor would his integrity and gratitude allow him to interest himself less in the case and honor of the queen, who was now treated with coldness and disregard. However, that this retreat might not give offense or draw on him his prince's disregard, he alleged a desire of prosecuting his studies where he would meet with fewer avocations, and obtained his Ma-

jesty's consent to go to the Carthusians at Sheen, where he had passed several years of his youth, and where there was a very handsome house and everything suited to his purpose within the inclosure of the monastery."

The house in question had been built by Dr. Colet, with all the modern improvements of the day, as a retreat for himself and certain chosen friends (of whom Erasmus—who calls it *magnificæ ædes*—was one), and it had been standing vacant since the doctor's untimely death, a few years before.

Here, then, Reginald Pole established himself quietly, but we may be sure very comfortably, though not one letter of his dated from Sheen has been preserved. In 1529 he obtained permission to study at the University of Paris; but if he hoped in this way to get clear of the conflict which was agitating England, he was mistaken. One of Henry's devices, as we know, was to try to get from some of the leading universities an opinion favorable to the divorce of Katharine, and he requested his cousin Reginald to attend to this little matter for him in Paris. It was a disagreeable commission, certainly, and we have Pole's word for it, given some six or seven years later,¹ that he replied to the king excusing himself on the ground of inexperience, and begging him to appoint an abler commissioner. On the other hand, we have the evidence of a holograph letter of his to Henry VIII. to show that he remained the nominal colleague of the Mr. Fox who was sent over in response to his request. Hook compares these two documents, the Latin treatise and the English letter, and declares himself unable to reconcile their statements. As a matter of fact, these are not contradictory, although they do certainly, at first sight, convey very different impressions concerning Pole's own view of the divorce. The real disingenuousness lies in the letter to the king, taken by Fox along with the decision of

¹ In the treatise *De Unitate*, page 79.

the university, which is written in a spirit of perfect cordiality, though Pole carefully avoids committing himself upon the main question.

"And whereas," he concludes, "I was informed, first by Mr. Lupset,¹ and afterward by Mr. Fox, how it standeth with your Grace's pleasure, considering my fervent desire therein, that, your matter once achieved and brought to a final conclusion in this university, I should repair to your presence, your Grace could not grant me at this time a petition more comfortable unto me. And so, making what convenient speed I may, my trust is shortly to wait upon your Highness."

Pole's opinion of the divorce may be inferred, but whoever wanted to keep a head on his shoulders had to walk softly before King Harry, and then and always Pole loved his life. He returned to England, made a brief appearance at court, then retired once more to Sheen, and resumed those theological studies which he now preferred to the pursuit of philosophy.

In November, 1530, Cardinal Wolsey died in disgrace, and the vacant archbishopric of York was offered by Henry to Pole. It was to be the price of his formal approval of the divorce, and there is no question that he wavered. How much his decision was influenced by that old plan for marrying him to the Princess Mary, who can say? It may well be that, when all was over and the bolt of the king's wrath had fallen, it was a certain consolation to him that, while he refrained from taking orders, as to be archbishop of course he must have done, he was still free to marry, should his own interest and the welfare of England seem to require it. Once indeed he thought he had made up his mind to accept the archbishopric, and informed Fox and his oldest brother, Lord Montague, who with the Duke of Norfolk had been the king's intermediaries, that he had done so. He

was at once summoned to a personal interview with Henry, and the conclusion of the affair may be given in his own words:—

"The king gave me to understand, on my arrival, that he had been anxiously expecting me; but when I attempted to set forth the case in a sense favorable to his wishes, not merely did I hesitate and fail to make my meaning clear, but I thank the Divine Goodness my tongue was so tied and my speech so obstructed that not one word could I utter of all that I had intended; and when I did find my voice, it was to oppose by every argument the cause I had been summoned and expected to defend. There is no need to dwell in this place² on the astonishment and agitation of the king. I attempted some sort of apology, but he cut me short, and having given me to understand how deeply he was offended, he burst away into his own room, closing the door behind him with a furious clang, and leaving me outside, bathed in tears."

The king recovered his temper for this time, however, suffered Pole to put in writing his arguments in favor of making the Pope the ultimate arbiter in the case, and, rather to the surprise of his courtiers, received the treatise graciously. A few months later, moreover, when Pole applied for leave to return and pursue his studies upon the Continent, not only was the royal consent given, but, what is much more significant, the petitioner was allowed still to retain the income of his various benefices.

Pole left England in 1531, and went first to Avignon, but found the climate there so trying that he decided on returning to Italy. On his way he made a long stay with Sadoletto, the excellent Bishop of Carpentras, who became one of Pole's warmest admirers, writing to Giberti of the elegance of his guest's manners, his perfect command of Latin

¹ His old Padua friend.

² The letter of justification which Pole sent to Edward VI. on his accession.

and Greek, and the many amiable and brilliant qualities which must always win for him both love and admiration. "And over and above his talent and his learning and the uprightness of his character, and more wonderful than all these, to my thinking, in a man of so great a race, is the exceeding sweetness and humanity of his disposition."

With Pole, as with so many of his Stuart cousins, both good and bad, the great secret of personal power seems to have lain in an undefinable charm of manner. "Whoever liketh him worst," wrote Sir John Mason of him, more than twenty years later, "I would he might have with him the talk of one half hour. It were a right stony heart that in a small time he could not soften."

Pole passed the two following years at Padua and Venice, during which period he exchanged with Sadoletto a series of letters—or rather, of tracts—on the comparative value of theological and philosophical studies, in which the bishop was the advocate of the more worldly side. At Padua, Pole lived in the society of as delightful and congenial a circle of friends as the world could then have afforded him. Their favorite rendezvous was at Bozza, a villa belonging to Cardinal Bembo: and here might often be met Gianpietro Caraffa, who later, as Paul IV., was to be one of Pole's few determined enemies; Giberti, Bishop of Verona; and the distinguished Venetian, Cardinal Contarini. It was probably one or other of these men who first introduced Pole to two famous women who became his lifelong friends, Giulia Gonzaga and Vittoria Colonna. Both were deeply interested in the great matter of ecclesiastical reform, and so were two men whom Pole learned at this time to love, and who subsequently threw off their allegiance to the Catholic Church, Peter Martyr and Bernardino Ochino; while another of the Paduan circle was Flaminio, who was at one time so near following their example.

During this period, too, Pole's Italian and Latin biographers, Beccatelli and Dudithius, entered his household as private secretaries, and a young Venetian nobleman, of large fortune and influence, named Priuli, became so deeply attached to him as almost to sink his identity in that of Pole. These two were, moreover, entirely of one mind both as to the crying need of church reform and the inviolable sanctity of the papacy. The question of justification by faith was still an open one, and Pole and the majority of his friends undoubtedly leaned to a much more Protestant interpretation than that which was afterwards fixed and prescribed by the Council of Trent. But allegiance to the Pope as the divinely appointed head of the Church was the central principle of Pole's being; and when Henry VIII. flung off that yoke, Reginald, in his turn, and once for all, repudiated the king's authority.

There is preserved in the Venetian archives a series of letters, beginning in 1534, extending for about three years, and addressed by the ambassadors of Charles V. in Venice and England to their imperial master, which indicate plainly enough that Pole had entered into an actual conspiracy to dethrone Henry, and place himself upon the English throne as Mary's husband. But the thing could not have been done in any case without material aid from Charles; and the emperor, true to his crafty nature, encouraged Pole and played with his projects, while taking no decisive step. At the same time, Pole was busy preparing his treatise on Ecclesiastical Unity, which was intended as a kind of ultimatum to Henry; a final summons to repent and submit to Rome, or accept the consequences of organized rebellion in his own states.

The king, who can have entertained little doubt concerning Reginald's general attitude, though he may not have understood the full extent of his treachery, evidently thought the time had

come for bringing matters to a crisis. He began by forwarding to his cousin a sermon in favor of "lay supremacy" lately delivered by Dr. Sampson (soon to become Bishop of Chichester), and composed by the united efforts of the ablest divines of the reforming party, together with certain other treatises in the same sense.

"The king," Pole dryly writes Contarini, "has sent me some books to instruct me in the opinion he wishes me to adopt; ordering me, at the same time, to say exactly what I think!"

The sheets of the *De Unitate* were now being sent for revision to Contarini in Rome, and both he and Priuli thought it injudiciously severe upon Henry, and begged Pole to moderate his expressions, but in vain. There could not well have been a more defiant exposition of a belief in the papal supremacy, but Pole assures his critics that it finally went to England accompanied by a private letter "full of love and duty."

A little later, we find him writing to Contarini, from Venice, of the reception of his treatise by the king: "First of all I must tell you that no sooner had the messenger by whom I sent my book delivered it into the hands of the king than he was ordered to return at the top of his speed with letters and commands of which the substance is as follows. The king was not displeased with what I had written, but since, in a good many, or rather in almost all particulars, my view appeared to differ from his own, it would gratify him very much to discuss the matter with me in person. This was his pretext for summoning me back, and he himself wrote me an exceedingly sharp letter to the same effect, not so much inviting as commanding me, without evasion or delay, to repair at once to my country and to his palace, that we might communicate with each other freely upon

certain points. Moreover, Cromwell, to whom all England is in subjection, as it was during the lifetime of the late queen,¹ sent me a letter to the same effect. . . . To all which communications and commands my answer was an open and succinct refusal. Without circumlocution or apology, I declined to return home until the king should have returned to his home, namely, the Church."

Pole may have had a shadowy hope, now that Anne Boleyn, whom he had always held chiefly responsible for Henry's schism, was dead and gone, that the king would return to his spiritual allegiance. Politically, he knew that he had laid himself open to a charge of high treason, and that he could not safely set foot upon English soil. He therefore disobeyed the king's orders, and the king, very naturally, retaliated by cutting off Pole's English revenues. It is generally supposed that a good many of the bitterest personal reflections upon Henry which occur in the treatise *De Unitate*² as we know it were added between the time when the cumbrous manuscript was submitted to the king and its publication in book form a few years later. Courtesy in controversy was certainly not the fashion of the day, but we can hardly imagine the irascible monarch enduring for a moment some of the expressions now to be found in the essay on Unity.

His definite break with the English court had, however, lifted Pole into high favor for the moment with the powers at the Vatican. While he was still corresponding with Henry and his officers he had received a summons from the pontiff to come to Rome, as one of a committee of "learned men from all nations," convened there for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a general council. Pole hesitated a little. There were various reasons why he would rather not have acted on that committee,

¹ Anne Boleyn had been executed on May 19, 1536, about three weeks before the date of this letter.

² Or, to give it its full title, *Ad Henricum Octavum Britanniae Regem pro Ecclesiasticæ Unitatis Defensione Libri Quatuor*.

but eventually he set forth, accompanied by Cardinal Caraffa, and was joined at Verona by Giberti. Here also he was overtaken by one of Henry's emissaries, whose advent and errand are described in a letter to Contarini, dated Siena, October 10 (1536) : —

"The messenger had been commanded to make all possible haste, so that his letters might be delivered to me before I should set out on my journey. The king appears to have thought that the said letters would stop me, if anything could ; and so I almost think they would have done if divine grace had not held me to my resolution. Not an argument was omitted which might have hindered my departure. The letters themselves were many. First there was one from that Cromwell who is the king's own master, bristling with all manner of threats, taken down from the king's own lips. Then came one from Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, which was nothing more nor less than an arraignment of the papal power, in which he attempted, at wearisome length, to prove by the authority of the Scriptures that when the Pope summons me, and the king recalls me, it is the latter who must be obeyed. Thirdly, what moved me more than all the rest, there were letters from my mother and my brother, so pathetically expressed that — not to exaggerate my own fortitude — they did almost shake my resolution. On the one hand, they besought me not to go counter to the king's wishes ; on the other, they threatened to cast me off entirely if I persisted in my journey. This appeal to my natural affections pierced my heart and seemed irresistible." But Reginald Pole's companions braced his courage by reminding him of the promises made to those who forsake their kindred for the kingdom of heaven's sake. "And so, in the end," he says, "it was they who persuaded me to persevere, or rather, as I think, Christ through them. I therefore sent back the king's messenger . . . with an answer

which showed plainly that I was not to be intimidated by the threats of any mortal man. But to the letter of Tunstall, or rather his *tome*, arraigning the Pope's authority, I returned one of similar length, in which I disposed of his arguments one by one."

On his arrival in Rome, Pole found an apartment prepared for him in the papal palace, and received a hearty welcome from Contarini and his staunch old friend the Bishop of Carpentras. The nine commissioners, of whom Pole was one of the most active, usually held their sittings in the rooms of Contarini, and they seem to have proceeded in their work very amicably ; having drawn up in writing a complete scheme of church reform before the Christmas festivities came to interrupt their labors. But when it was intimated that the pontiff proposed, at the next consistory, to give a further proof of his confidence in the Englishman by making him a member of the Sacred College, Pole was anything but elated at the prospect. It would cut off the last chance of a reconciliation with Henry, beside creating one more impediment to a possible marriage with the Princess Mary ; and indeed, if we may believe Beccatelli, it was this last argument which rendered all the Spanish party so warmly favorable to Pole's elevation. He even went so far as to beg that he might be allowed to decline the offer, but the Pope replied by sending him a barber !

"It so happened that I was present," remarks Beccatelli, "when the Pope's will was made known. Pole was taken quite by surprise, and not a little agitated ; in fact, he plainly betrayed his distress. But he saw that there was no longer any room for hesitation or delay ; and so, as a lamb to the shearer, he submitted to receive the tonsure." However, he only took deacon's orders, and did not become a priest for nearly twenty years more.

Pole was overwhelmed with letters of

congratulation upon his new honor, but from England there came a growl of displeasure, to which he replied in a letter addressed to Parliament, and written in an unusually condensed and dignified style. Step by step he reviews his life, challenging his critics to point out a single action which can be justly branded as either selfish or disloyal. His fidelity to the Pope he declares to be unalterable, but at the same time protests that it is perfectly consistent with his allegiance to the king. When it comes to denying the doctrine of the papal supremacy, Pole observes that since he has given his life to the study of dogma, while those whom he addresses know next to nothing about it, he conceives himself to be a more competent judge than they. He will gladly, however, accede to their request, and meet their delegates for consultation upon these matters in Flanders. It will be impossible for him, under present circumstances, to meet them as a mere private individual, and he begs that they will take no umbrage at this, but rather cherish the hope that the ruin wrought in England by one cardinal (Wolsey) may now be repaired by another.

Pole had in fact received a commission as papal legate, ostensibly to promote peace between the emperor and the king of France, but really to ascertain what aid these monarchs would be disposed to lend the Catholic party in England, in the event of their rising and taking the field in favor of papal supremacy.

He set out from Rome on this important mission early in February, 1537, accompanied by Giberti and Priuli, while Contarini sent after him a letter of sage if somewhat over-anxious counsel. "Be assured," says the astute Venetian, "that one of the devil's deepest wiles for deluding wise and honorable men is persuading them on the one hand to put such trust in God as to neglect all precautions for themselves, and on the other to consider themselves so secure

of the divine protection as to stand in no need of the advice of other men. The former error is a presumptuous tempting of Providence, the latter is pure pride. You will do your utmost, I am sure, to avoid both these snares, referring all matters which concern yourself to the sound judgment of the Bishop of Verona, who by God's own mercy has been permitted to accompany you. I have felt that I must say this because I know, from my friend Ludovico" (Beccatelli), "that you have sometimes been inclined to rebel against his authority in matters of diet, — eating fish, and the like. Do nothing which the bishop and Priuli do not approve."

Pole replies from Bologna, humorously and with perfect good temper: "As for him of Verona whom you recommend me to obey in all things, you know perfectly well that his influence has long been paramount with me, and that I shall be doing nothing new, and submitting to no new shackles, if I do take his advice implicitly. . . . But is not one master enough for me, pray, that you must needs have appointed me a second in the person of our friend Priuli? I can assure you that when we came to that part of your letter in which you refer me to his authority, he was amazingly set up, assumed the airs of a prince consort, and wanted to enter upon his duties at once. For the sake of his colleague, and on the strength of your letter, I waived my rights and succumbed, whereupon he became most imperious. Not a word of explanation or apology would he accept from me; but at last my horse, which he was riding, discovered the state of the case and the proper remedy, and three days ago gave him a fall that might have been dangerous, but as a matter of fact hurt nothing but his pride, which really needed humbling. Since then his rule has been much milder."

Again, Pole writes from Piacenza to Contarini, making use, he says, of the first leisure day he had enjoyed since leaving

Rome: "I am alone in the house, the rest having all gone out to see the sights, which I was restrained from doing by the *golden chains* of which you wot." He frankly owns, however, that he is in much better health, since, in obedience to the counsels of Giberti and Contarini, he had remitted the severity of his fasts. "I had feared," he says simply, "that what did good to my body would do harm to the souls of others; but I desire above all things to maintain the dignity of my office." This demanded not only that he should set an example of blameless conduct, but that he should live with a certain splendor, and he was embarrassed by the loss of his English revenues. He had constantly, during these years, to be asking pecuniary assistance, and Contarini seems always to have furnished or procured it for him.

But the embassy proved a dire failure. Charles and Francis were just now of the opinion that it would be more for their advantage to strike a treaty with Henry than to invade his kingdom; and Pole, who had been met at Lyons by word that the Catholic rising in England had been easily and completely suppressed, arrived in Paris to find the gates of the palace actually shut in his face. Francis I. was in a very awkward position. It was his duty, as the eldest son of the Church, to receive the legate of the Pope; but as the ally of the king of England, it behooved him to hand over to justice a contumacious subject of the latter. To inform Pole, in the politest manner, that a military escort would be furnished him as far as the Flemish frontier seemed to Francis the best way out of the dilemma; while the unfortunate legate was fain to betake himself to Cambrai and claim the unwilling hospitality of the prince bishop there. From the episcopal palace he forwarded his credentials to the regent of the Netherlands at Brussels; but all he obtained, and this only after much delay and shuffling, was an escort to Liège, of which, at least, now that Henry

had put a price of fifty thousand crowns upon his head, he stood in obvious need.

At Liège, however, he was received by its bishop and prince with what he himself describes as "unexampled kindness and generosity," and in that haven he remained for about three months. His way of life is represented by Priuli, in a letter to Contarini, as very quiet, and strict in the matter of religious observances. "Only after supper," he says, "we usually go boating upon the river for an hour or two, or else stroll in the orchard, discoursing always of such matters as befit these gentlemen. And again and again, I may say daily, while we thank God for his goodness in granting us this pleasant season, we speak of your Eminence and wish that you were here. 'Surely,' the lord legate often says, 'it is God who gives us this interval of repose, but why is Monsignor Contarini not with us?'"

But this time of refreshment came quickly to an end, and on the 22d of August Pole said good-by to the hospitable prince bishop, and left Liège for Italy. Stopping often by the way to meet or to visit old friends, he arrived safely at Rome some time during the autumn, "where," says Phillips, "he gave the Pope a full account of his embassy; and though the event had not answered expectation, yet, as he had discharged it with every commendation which can make a public character truly valuable, he was received with those testimonies of esteem which should always accompany real though unsuccessful merit; and the legatine commission being now at an end, he returned to the condition of a private *cardinal*."

He himself confesses to having gone through a season of deep depression, from which, however, he had quite recovered before the following June, when he accompanied the Pope to a conference with Charles V. and Francis I. at Nice. Catholic Europe had been freshly exasperated against Henry VIII. by the

ruthless desecration and spoliation of the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, to whose inestimable riches almost every great personage in Christendom had made some notable contribution, and there was question of a sort of holy alliance which should crush the royal robber once for all, and force him to disgorge his booty.

The emperor was particularly gracious to Pole upon this occasion, and the latter was chosen to go to Toledo and settle the bases of the treaty between the three sovereigns which had been projected at Nice. This time he was ordered to travel incognito, and with the smallest possible suite; and accordingly, on January 6, 1539, we find him announcing to Contarini his safe arrival at Beccatelli's house in Bologna. He had had good weather for crossing the Apennines, and he says that his health has not suffered from the exposure, though he never felt such cold in his life.

At Piacenza Pole was joined by Giberti, who thenceforth, as the legate naïvely puts it, "provided out of his own liberality whatever might be requisite to make the journey more comfortable." Pole had need of all the comfort and support which the company of the saintly bishop could afford him, for at Piacenza he also received from England the disquieting news that almost every member of his family had been committed to the Tower. There was much worse to come; his eldest brother, Lord Montague, having been executed on the 9th of January, while the younger, Sir Geoffrey, had purchased his life by turning traitor to his kin. But of these crushing facts Pole remained in ignorance until after his arrival in Spain.

He had, however, no luck as an ambassador, and the Spanish mission failed as deplorably as the French one had done. The ease with which the English Catho-

lies had been put down had proved the real weakness of their party, and completely discredited Pole as a political prophet; and the last faint chance that the orthodox sovereigns might invade England on the Pope's behalf was now at an end. The fickle emperor turned the cold shoulder upon the cardinal whom he had so lately petted; his chancellor, Granvelle, advised Pole, with scornful good nature, to get back to Rome while he could; and Sir Thomas Wyatt, the English ambassador to Spain, patriotically offered to rid Henry of the obnoxious cardinal altogether for the reasonable sum of £10,000. Baffled and mortified at every turn, Pole sought refuge with Sadoleto at Carpentras, where, thanks to the earnest representations of Contarini and other of his fast friends in Rome, he presently received a large sum of money from the Pope, accompanied by comforting assurances that the pontiff, at least, was satisfied with his conduct.

Returning to Rome about the new year, he found Paul III. in the thick of his fight with Ascanio Colonna over the salt-tax, and the city anything but a safe or agreeable place of residence. He therefore retired to the little town of Capranica, on the borders of the Abruzzi, not far from Palestrina, and there he lived very quietly until he received the dignified appointment of Legate of the Patriarchy of St. Peter,¹ and took up his official residence at Viterbo. Only a few months before, Contarini had been appointed governor of the Bolognese territory, — a conclusive proof, if any were needed, that the views on justification which had recently been pronounced by the Venetian cardinal at the Council of Ratisbon were not then considered unsound. Such as they were, at all events, Pole shared them, and he died under a charge of heresy therefor, although his

some fifty miles from the mouth of the Tiber, and was bounded on three of its four sides by that river and by the Mediterranean.

¹ Such was at this time the official title of the governor of that part of the papal territory bequeathed to the Holy See by the Countess Matilda in 1102. It stretched northward for

counsels upon this point to Vittoria Colonna strike one as both wise and wary.

It is during the period of his stay at peaceful Capranica that the name of the Marchesa di Pescara begins to figure frequently in Pole's correspondence. The letters exchanged between these two have almost all perished, but we still have Pole's reply to the word of consternation and sympathy addressed to him by Vittoria on his mother's tragic death. There is no need to dwell here upon the ghastly horror of that May morning when the aged Countess of Salisbury was led out to execution. Pole's manner of accepting the dreadful tidings is thus described by Beccatelli:—

"One day when he had received a great number of letters from France and other places, and had requested me to answer them, I perceived, as I was gathering them up, that there was one among them in the English tongue, and suggested that to this I could not reply, because I knew absolutely nothing of the language. 'I would,' he said, 'that you could both read and understand it, for it brings me glad tidings.' Inflamed with curiosity, I eagerly begged to be allowed to share his happiness, and this was his reply: 'I have always been sensible of God's great goodness in having made me the son of a woman no less illustrious for her virtues than for her rank, but now he has granted me a yet more signal grace. My mother has received the crown of martyrdom; for because she held fast to our Catholic faith, and could by no means be shaken, she has been beheaded by Henry's orders. She was seventy years old, and this is her reward for all the care she had bestowed upon his daughter.' I was completely overcome, but he continued firmly, 'Let us be of good cheer; she has been added to the number of our patrons and advocates in heaven.' He then withdrew into the little chapel where he always went to pray, and remained there some time, but when he rejoined us his face was as cheerful as usual."

The four tranquil years which Pole passed at Viterbo between the time of his appointment as governor and his summons to attend the Council of Trent were in some respects the happiest of his troubled life. Here he could choose his own society, and his household was composed of congenial spirits. Hard by, in the convent of Sta. Caterina, lived Vittoria Colonna, and she bore her part in many of the serious discussions held by Pole and his two great friends, Flaminio and Carnesecchi. The former died in Pole's house, a conforming Catholic, ten years later; the latter perished in the Inquisition. Something has been said in another place of Pole's influence over the life and faith of Vittoria Colonna; Flaminio was affected by him in precisely the same way. Yet, save upon the question of papal supremacy, Pole was no hardy dogmatist, and when, in the dark and sanguinary days at hand, he was reproached for having put few men to torture for their opinions during his government of the patrimony, his noble answer was that for this he blessed God.

He had long before set forth his views concerning the best way of dealing with heretics, in a letter addressed to a couple of priests in Liège, earnestly exhorting them to mildness and moderation in such cases. "I know," he says, "that I have often been accused of a reluctance to chastise evil men, which amounts to cruelty toward the good; but I cannot do violence to my nature, least of all with those I love. . . . And though it is undeniable that rebels must sometimes be punished by way of example, . . . yet upon this one point I must ever insist, that even when rebellious they are still sons."

The Inquisition was now in full blast at Rome, under the especial patronage of Pole's whilom friend, Cardinal Caraffa, and the breach thus established between the two old associates was destined to go on widening until the death of Pole.

The great and general Council of Trent assembled in 1545. The Pope had been reluctant to summon it; the delegates, remembering the abortive attempt to hold a council in the same place two years before, went thither without enthusiasm. Pole was one of them, and the letters, or reports of the preliminary proceedings of the council, which it devolved upon him to send to the Pope are singularly lifeless and perfunctory. A strenuous attempt had been made by some of the delegates to have the seat of the council removed, and the inaccessibility of Trent and its disadvantages as a winter residence were forcibly set forth in a memorial signed by the three presiding officers, Cardinals del Monte, Santa Croce, and Pole, and forwarded to Rome by the latter's secretary, Beccatelli. "If it is the opinion of your Holiness," this petition proceeds, "that his Majesty the Emperor would not object, on a reasonable showing, to have the sessions of this council transferred to some other place, allow us further to allege the narrow accommodations of this town, the lamentations of the prelates, the scarcity and high price of food, . . . the severity of the winter climate, and the excessive coldness of the church, which renders it not merely difficult, but fairly impossible, to hold meetings in it before spring."

There was, in truth, a great deal of illness among the assembled clergy, and every facility was afforded them for contracting colds and rheumatism. Pole suffered severely in this way, as well as from his constant dread of assassination; and the fact that a professional cut-throat, known to be in the pay of England, was now and again seen loitering about the streets of Trent seemed to prove that his fears were not unfounded. But when, to crown all, news came that imperial troops were to be sent to Trent and billeted on the ecclesiastics, there was a general outburst of the liveliest remonstrance. A formal petition for

removal was presented to the Pope, and the author¹ of a private letter to Cardinal Maffei, quoted by Quirini, expresses himself with great freedom: "We have no desire — and I speak for the majority of the prelates — to stay on here and lodge soldiers, and be completely at their mercy; nor does it help the matter to say that they are merely *passing through* the country, for they can come back whenever they like, and we shall have no power to prevent them. Our original purpose, as you will have gathered from our joint letter, was to be absent when they should arrive. . . . It appears that Cardinal Pole has got leave of absence and is going immediately to Trevilla, while the rest of us, though very likely we stand in as much need of a holiday and change of air as he, are to be detained here about the article of justification until the soldiers are upon us."

Pole's enemies have always asserted that he left for the express purpose of avoiding the discussions of the council on the dogma of justification by faith; but since all the delegates had to do was to register their adherence to the doctrine as formulated in Rome, we can hardly imagine that so loyal a churchman as Pole would have hesitated, or, if he had done so, that he would have retained, as we know he did to the end of his life, the friendship and favor of Paul III. And as a matter of fact, we have Pole's own explicit statement, in a letter to one of his fellow-cardinals, that he did heartily accept the deliverance of the head of the Church upon this vexed question; regarding it as broad enough to include and reconcile the seemingly incompatible views of the apostles James and Paul.

From Trevilla, a country-seat of Priuli's in the neighborhood of Padua, Pole kept up a lively correspondence both with friends at Rome and with his fel-

¹ Cardinal Cervini, afterwards Pope Marcellus II.

low-delegates at Trent. On the 13th of July, 1546, he writes to Cardinals del Monte and Cervini: "Concerning the state of my health, I can hardly say more than that it is better rather than worse since I left Trent: not that I am ever free from pain, but I certainly suffer less. I have had three nights of quiet sleep since I came here, and the horse- and -carriage exercise I am able to take helps me more than all the rest. Yesterday two doctors came out from Padua to see 'me, and held a very careful consultation; and their decision was that I must take the utmost care of myself, for if my malady were to become chronic I might be in danger of paralysis."

Early in September Pole went to the mud baths of Padua, where there seems to have been a goodly gathering of truants from the council. "I have endeavored," he says, "to impress on all whom I see the duty of returning to Trent; and those who are well appear quite ready to do so, should there be any special or urgent need of their presence."

For himself, after having taken the regular "cure," he found that he was in much the same condition as before, and applied to Rome for further orders. In response he received permission to return there, of which he availed himself with alacrity, making it his business earnestly to advocate with the Pope the advisability of changing the seat of the council, which finally, in the early spring of the ensuing year, was removed to Bologna.

But Reginald Pole was to attend its sittings no more. The death of Henry VIII., in January, 1547, reopened the whole English question at Rome, where,

as indeed all over the Continent, an inveterate idea prevailed that it lay with the reigning sovereign to impose what religion he would upon the English people.¹ Pole wrote letters in this sense both to the Privy Council and to Edward VI., but neither communication was so much as acknowledged, and the would-be restorer of the faith had still to bide his time.

Meanwhile, shortly after the demise of Henry another death occurred, which affected Pole far otherwise and more sadly, — that of Vittoria Colonna. She had named him an executor of her will, and left him a large legacy, which he subsequently added to the dowry of the niece and namesake of the marchesa, Ascanio's daughter Vittoria, on her marriage to Don Garcia of Toledo.

The three years or so which intervened between this great bereavement and the death of Paul III. were divided by Pole between his government at Viterbo and Rome. He was at the former place when, in November, 1549, the serious illness of the pontiff caused all the members of the Sacred College to be summoned in haste to Rome. The conclave which followed the death of Paul III. was a long and memorable one. Pole's own candidature gained in favor day by day, until at last the needful two thirds of the voices appeared assured, and his election to the papacy on the first ballot of the following day a foregone conclusion. But late at night the tide turned suddenly, and, after a few moments of intense excitement, Cardinal del Monte was chosen Pope by acclamation.

Whatever Pole may have felt concerning this reverse, his behavior was perfect, and the high-bred self-command which was one of his finest qualities was never lives, believing what he believes, and finally doing whatever he commands in the way of conforming to him, rather in outward seeming to avoid falling into disgrace than from inward zeal, for they would be equally ready to turn Mahomedan or Jew were the king to show such faith and desire."

¹ Micheli, the Venetian ambassador, wrote home in 1557 from London: "As for religion, rest assured that the example and authority of the prince are all-powerful with them; that the English esteem and support religion to exactly the extent which may fulfill the obligations of subjects to their ruler, living as he

more admirably displayed than in his prompt and graceful congratulations to the genial and worldly cardinal who was henceforth to be known as Julius III. Having acquitted himself of this duty, Pole returned tranquilly to the patrimony, and continued to act as its governor until late in 1552, when he resigned his appointment. Death had been busy among his dearest friends: Sadoletto, Bembo, Giberti, and Contarini were now gone, and Pole, who had succeeded the latter as patron of the Benedictines, craved and received permission to retire to a certain house of their order in the north of Italy. Thanks to a legacy left him by Giberti, he was now once more in easy circumstances; his chosen retreat was an exquisite spot, and the cardinal's contentment of spirit during the brief time he was permitted to pass there appears to have been complete.

But it was not here and thus that the checkered career of Reginald Pole was to end. On the 6th of July, 1553, the sickly young occupant of the English throne succumbed to the disease which had so early sapped his vitality, and within a month Pole received his commission as papal legate to the new queen, about whose religion there was no question. He accepted the charge at once, and sent a long letter of congratulation to Mary, who duly acknowledged the receipt of the favor of her "best cousin Pole," but at the same time requested that he would delay somewhat his arrival in England.

At the Pope's suggestion, therefore, Pole began traveling northward by slow stages, trusting that by the time he had reached the coast all would be ready for his reception. But again in November Mary wrote him that it would be neither safe nor desirable for him to cross over from the Continent at present, and the queen's cousin came nearer to betraying irritation in his reply to this cavalier announcement than that amiable and polished churchman often allowed himself to do:—

"SERENISSIMA, — When I first received your Majesty's Latin letter, inasmuch as it had been done up in the same packet with the others, and as the person who forwarded them to me from the royal palace made no mention of your Majesty, nothing was less in my thought than that I had had any communication from you at all. But when, having read the other letters, I came to open this one, I fancied that I recognized your Majesty's hand in the signature upon the last page. However, since it was written in Latin, and not in our mother tongue, which it is more customary for princes to employ, whether in writing or speaking to members of their own family, and which you yourself had used to me only a few days before, I found myself considerably bewildered. If your Majesty acted on the supposition that, owing to my long exile from my native land, I might have lost the use of the language to which I was born, and even ceased to understand it, you were of course quite right to address me in Latin. This thing does happen, of course, and I must confess that in sustained discourse I have sometimes found myself embarrassed¹ for the want of a certain word which had escaped my memory. Nor need I say what a great pleasure it is to me to receive and read letters written by your Majesty in any language," etc.

Pole goes on, however, to say, ceremoniously, but still somewhat dryly, that he thinks it will be safer if, in addition to his Latin reply, he send her by a special messenger another in the vernacular, and that he hopes he shall be able to make himself intelligible through that medium. Pole evidently suspected, and not unnaturally, perhaps, that Mary's hesitation about receiving him might be due to the fact that she was toying with the temptation to assume along with the reins of government the headship of the English Church. He points out with much perspicuity how doubly sacrile-

¹ He says *hæream*, "stuck."

gious it would be in her, as a woman, to dream of such a dignity, and closes with prayers for the righteousness, peace, and prosperity of her reign, and by earnestly recommending her to the grace and guidance of the King of kings.

This letter, dated December 1, 1553, was written from the monastery of Dillingen, in Swabia, where Pole spent many months. Charles V., who had no notion of allowing him free access to Mary until the latter's marriage with Philip was definitely concluded, had pleasantly intimated to him that he had better not carry out his original intention of moving on as far as Brussels. Yet the emperor, like most of those who came in contact with him, had a strong personal liking for Pole, and when the gorgeous wedding ceremony at Winchester had been duly accomplished (July 5, 1554) he became most civil, and placed no further obstacle in the cardinal's way. Pole, on the other hand, seemed quite to forget his own former pretensions to be Mary's consort, in his joy at finding himself the chosen instrument for leading England back to her allegiance to Rome. He sent a letter of earnest congratulation to Philip, and something very like intimacy seems to have grown up between the two men, who must both, after all, have felt like aliens in England, and who had doubtless many points of sympathy in their views of insular affairs.

Pole was now summoned to a consultation with the emperor, and he learned that extensive preparations were at last making for his reception in England. The bill of attainder was reversed by Parliament, and a company of English gentlemen, under the direction of Lord Paget and Sir Edward Hastings, was sent to Brussels to escort him home. He took leave of Charles on the 12th of November, and the following morning set out on something like a triumphal progress. He made six stages of the journey to Calais, partly on account of his deli-

cate health, but also because he felt that it be seemed his dignity to move slowly. At Calais — then, it will be remembered, an English port — a royal ship was awaiting him, and, a favorable breeze having miraculously sprung up after days of bad weather, his crossing was speedily effected. At Dover letters of welcome were brought him from the king and queen. Philip had even written, in his own hand, and in Spanish, a few lines of poetry, wishing Pole a prosperous journey and safe arrival, and great numbers of courtiers came down to Dover to offer their congratulations on his return; so that when he started Londonward he had four hundred horsemen in his train, and by the time he reached Rochester the number had doubled. At Gravesend the company embarked on the boat sent to meet them, and the cardinal taking the lead in an open boat with a cross at its prow, they came easily up to London on the rising tide. This was a great marvel in the eyes of a certain Italian in Pole's suite, to whom we are indebted for a minute narrative of the cardinal's progress and reception.

"At the place where you disembark," says the chronicler, "on account of the shallow water of the stream, there is a sort of open bridge which goes a fifth part of the way across the river. To the head of this bridge, when he heard of the legate's arrival, hurried my Lord Bishop of Winchester" (Stephen Gardiner), "chancellor of the kingdom. . . . The king and queen, also, being advised of his arrival, rose from table" (the court was then at Westminster Palace), "and the king, coming to the legate, with a marvelous air of dignity, met him just at the first gate of the palace on the river bank, and there greeted and embraced him with many demonstrations of affection and kindness and joy at his coming. The queen, accompanied by all her ladies, received him at the head of the staircase of the first great hall, and she too embraced and kissed him, after

the manner of the country, telling him that his return safe and sound to his native land once more gave her as much pleasure as she had felt when first she took possession of her kingdom. . . . In the hall they stood and talked together for a quarter of an hour, and the legate presented his credentials to their Majesties. After this, my Lord Paget presented the legate's household, who kissed their Majesties' hands, and who were received one at a time, and all most graciously. And this ended, the legate took leave, and went back to the lodging prepared for him in a great palace belonging to the archbishopric of Canterbury, lying over against Westminster on the other side of the river in a place called Lambeth."

The see of Canterbury had been declared vacant a year before, on Cranmer's

attainder for complicity in Northumberland's plot for the elevation of Lady Jane Grey to the throne; and Cranmer is thereafter mentioned as the "late archbishop." Pole was not consecrated archbishop till March 22, 1556, after Cranmer's execution. He enjoyed the revenues of the see, however, and may be said virtually to have attained the preferment when, on the 25th of November, 1554, he took up his residence at Lambeth Palace. From this day, at all events, and during the few remaining years of Mary's reign, he played a great part in the history of England.

Of this period of fruition, long delayed and brief, but crowded with interesting and too often tragical events, abundant memorials also exist in the correspondence of Reginald Pole, but their examination must be reserved for another time.

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

BOSWELL'S PROOF-SHEETS.

IN the summer of 1893 I spent nearly three months in the pleasant village of Barnstable, on Cape Cod, with an Italian sky above my head, and a sea blue as the Mediterranean stretching out before me. For some days I had an occupation so little likely to befall any one in so out-of-the-way a spot that I never lost the feeling of its delightful incongruity. That I, an English scholar, should take up my abode there seemed strange enough. That I should there be reading the proof-sheets of the first edition of the *Life of Johnson*, and be copying the corrections made on them in Boswell's clear, large hand, seemed almost a marvel. Even Johnson, who would scarcely allow that anything was extraordinary, aware as he was of "the natural desire of man to propagate a wonder," would have owned that here there was something greatly out of the

common. If the country folk, as they passed to and fro, had known what I was doing, as I sat under the wide veranda, and had been able to understand all the strangeness of the circumstances, they would surely have gazed at me with wonder. There was an old gentleman of the village who, eighty years before, when sailing with his father in the Cape Cod and Boston packet, had been captured by an English frigate. I wish that he had chanced to drop in when I had the proofs open at the passage where Johnson, "breathing out threatening and slaughter" against the Americans, "roared out a tremendous volley which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic." It would have added still more to the sense of incongruity.

There often came into my mind "the sudden air of exultation" with which, a few months before his death, at a meeting

of his club, Johnson exclaimed, "Oh! gentlemen, I must tell you a very great thing. The Empress of Russia has ordered the Rambler to be translated into the Russian language; so I shall be read on the banks of the Volga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of the Rhone; now the Volga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace." When he was shown over Keddlestone, Lord Scarsdale's country-seat, finding in his lordship's dressing-room a copy of his Dictionary, "he shewed it to me with some eagerness," writes Boswell, "saying, 'Lookye! *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*' He observed also Goldsmith's Animated Nature, and said, 'Here's our friend! The poor doctor would have been happy to hear of this.'" How widely are the works of genius scattered! In the frozen ocean, on the shores of King William Island, a copy of the Vicar of Wakefield was found in a boat by the side of the skeletons of two of Franklin's sailors. My proof-sheets came to me on Cape Cod from the very borders of Canada,—that "region of desolate sterility," to use Johnson's own description, "from which nothing but furs and fish were to be had." To these borders Goldsmith had led his "pensive exile:"

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps
around,

And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound.

Where beasts with man divided empire
claim,

And the brown Indian marks with murder-
ous aim."

There on the shore of Lake Erie and on the bank of Niagara, a nobler river than either the Rhone or the Volga, in the flourishing town of Buffalo, I had found a finer collection of Johnsonian and Boswellian curiosities than exists anywhere on our side of the Atlantic. There were not only first editions of all their works and ten or twelve original letters of the two men, but in addition

a large and most interesting collection of autographs, portraits, and engravings in illustration of my editions of the Life and Letters of Johnson. Whoever was mentioned in the text or in the notes of either of these works, from Burke and Reynolds, Goldsmith and Garrick, downwards, of him, if they could be found, a likeness and an autograph letter had been procured. The devout Johnsonian, after visiting Lichfield, Pembroke College, and Fleet Street, after following the great man's footsteps in Scotland, will henceforth have to cross the Atlantic and end his pilgrimage on the pleasant shores of Lake Erie. From Mr. R. B. Adam, the liberal owner of these treasures, he may count on receiving a warm welcome. Let him prove his title to *Johnsonianissimus*, and the shrine will be thrown open to him. I shall never join in the lament that is raised among us Englishmen when the autographs and rare editions of our great writers are bought by an American. Each becomes a link to bind its new owner to the old country; each reminds him that he too is of the great English stock; each makes him

"Cast a long look where England's glories
shine,

And bids his bosom sympathize with mine."

Great as has been the liberality of some of our collectors in letting me see their stores, Mr. Adam, in his liberality, has far surpassed them all. A fresh proof of this I was to receive soon after my arrival at Barnstable. A few weeks after I had taken leave of him, he acquired, at the cost of one hundred and forty-seven pounds (about seven hundred and twenty dollars), Boswell's proof-sheets. These he sent me by post. I was to keep them as long as I needed. They were shortly followed by Johnson's proof-sheets of his Life of Pope, with the corrections in his own writing. How unlike it is to Boswell's big hand! yet it does not deserve the description which Hawkesworth gave of it to one of his cor-

respondents. "Take," he wrote, "his own testimony in his own words; they are written, indeed, not in letters but in pothooks, a kind of character which it will probably cost you some time to decipher, and perhaps at last you may not succeed."

I had once tried to penetrate into Auchinleck, Boswell's ancestral home. I had hoped, in the library where his father and Johnson "came in collision over Oliver Cromwell's coin," to find many curious memorials. Permission was refused me. My attempt even excited suspicion; for soon after I had made it I received the following letter, which, now that the venerable writer is dead, may without impropriety be given to the world. "I hope," wrote Boswell, in the Preface to his Account of Corsica, "that if this work should at any future period be republished care will be taken of my orthography." This pious care I have taken of the orthography of his granddaughter.

44 QUEEN STREET, EDINBURGH,
June 1, 1889.

DEAR SIR, — I am told you are about to publish another addition of My Grandfathers book — 'Boswell's Life of Johnston' and that you have 'some papers from Ayrshire'! May I ask you to be so good as inform me from whom you received them and oblige

Yours faithfully

M. E. VASSALL.

I may tell you that I am daughter of Sir Alexander Boswell.

The letter was addressed to "G. Berbick Hill Esq."

I could scarcely complain of her not knowing that my "addition" of Boswell had been published full two years when she wrote, or of her misspelling my name, when *Johnson* was changed by her into *Johnston*. "Are you of the Johnstons of Glencro or of Ardnamurchan?" the Laird of Lochbuy bawled out

to him, when he was visiting his castle on the Island of Mull. "Dr. Johnson gave him a significant look, but made no answer." Mrs. Vassall's contemptuous ignorance of the great man's name came to her from her father. "I have observed," wrote Sir Walter Scott, "he disliked any allusion to the Life or to Johnson himself, and I have heard that Johnson's fine picture by Sir Joshua was sent upstairs out of the sitting apartments at Auchinleck." He was killed in a duel seventy-two years ago. Scott lamented his fall, and Jeffrey defended his adversary when he was put on his trial. His daughter died but a year or two ago. So unexpectedly near were brought these "unhappy far-off things." Her only brother, Sir James Boswell, shared in the prejudices of his family. An elderly lady, who was his guest at Auchinleck, told me that one day, when the talk fell on his race horses, he said that he did not know what name to give one of them. She suggested Boswell's Johnsoniana, "which made him very angry."

That which was refused me on the spot where Boswell "walked among the rocks and woods of his ancestors with an agreeable consciousness that he had done something worthy" was granted me on Cape Cod. May more of our old libraries fall under the auctioneer's hammer, and more of our collections be carried across the Atlantic, provided that they come into the hands of citizens as enlightened and liberal as my friend Mr. R. B. Adam.

Interesting and curious as these proofs are, they would have been still more interesting and still more curious had they been the first which Boswell corrected, and not mere revises. Doubtless many a passage was modified, many an insertion and many an omission made, when he first went through his task. Nevertheless, even in this revision there is a good gleanings to be made. To recover the passages on two canceled pages

is in itself no small triumph. It is a pleasant thing, moreover, to be admitted, as it were, into Boswell's study, and to see him at work as he corrects the book which is to make his name famous wherever the English tongue is spoken. He is, on the whole, on good terms with his compositors, though he now and then shows an author's impatience at the slowness of the press. "I request a little more despatch," he wrote on one sheet. A few sheets later on, he entered: "This is very well done indeed. Pray gentlemen compositors let me have as much as you can before Christmas."

"Mr. Compositor," said Johnson on one occasion, "Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon again and again." But this was when, without any just cause, he had sent for the man in a passion. Boswell's complimentary language is clearly for the sake of putting the compositors into good humor. On September 20, 1790, nearly half the book was in type. On March 4 of the following year, he wrote on the last sheet but five: "I hope by Monday to have *All the remaining copy in the Printing House*. If possible let us be out this month." It was not till May 16, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the day on which he first met Johnson, that the immortal biography, the *magnum opus*, as he used to call it, was published. A delay was sometimes caused by his desire "to ascertain particulars with a scrupulous authenticity." "Sheet yyy," he wrote, "is with Mr. Wilkes to look at a note." The note contains "the *sentimental anecdote* with which Mr. Wilkes with his usual readiness pleasantly matched" one of Baretti's stories.¹ A short delay is caused in ascertaining the number of years the Rev. Mr. Vilette had been Ordinary of Newgate. A blank had been left in the text. On the margin Boswell wrote: "Send my note to Mr. Vilette in the morning and open to answer. Or inquire of Mr.

Akerman [the keeper of Newgate, "my esteemed friend," as he called him] for the number of years. Get it somehow." To a man who had Boswell's morbid love of seeing the hangman do his work, accuracy on such a point was of great importance, for almost every year of the reverend gentleman's spiritual duties was marked by his attendance at a score or two of executions, at least. On page 505 of the second volume Boswell writes: "I could wish that the form in which page 512 is were not thrown off till I have an answer from Mr. Stone, the gentleman mentioned in the note, to tell me his Christian name, that I may call him Esq." Mr. Stone, it seems, did not reply, for "Mr. Stone" he remained, and still remains, in all subsequent editions. In Boswell's eyes there was a great difference between *Esq.* and *Mr.* "You would observe," he wrote to Malone, "some stupid lines on Mr. Burke in the Oracle by Mr. Boswell. Sir William Scott told me I could have no legal redress. So I went *civilly* to Bell, and he promised to mention *handsomely* that James Boswell Esq. was not the author of the lines." His rival biographer he described as "Mr. John Hawkins, an attorney," in return for the description which Hawkins had given of him as "Mr. James Boswell, a native of Scotland." To Hawkins himself he had complained of the slight thus put upon him. "Well, but Mr. James Boswell, surely, surely, Mr. James Boswell."

He now and then reproaches his compositors. *Stephani* had been printed *Stephen*. "Don't you know the Stephani the famous Printers!" he wrote on the margin. "You do not put a semicolon often enough. Pray attend to this," he entered on another sheet. The reproof, he reflects, is not just, so he adds, "But it is *my duty* to point. So I have no right to find fault." In the margin of the passage in which he quotes the inscription on a gold snuff-box given to Reynolds by Catherine II.,

¹ See the Clarendon Press edition of my Boswell's Life of Johnson, iv. 347.

he writes, "Pray be very careful in printing the words of the Empress of *all the Russias*." There is nevertheless an error in the French, due probably to Boswell, who, though he was Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy, was but a poor French scholar. Opposite the long note where he praises the anonymous editor of Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian he writes in the margin, "*This page* must not be laid on till I hear from Dr. Parr whether his name may be mentioned." Accordingly, he wrote to him requesting "to hear by return of post if I may say or guess that Dr. Parr is the editor." Apparently the letter was not answered, or else permission was refused, though the authorship could not have been a secret. Parr's name does not appear in the note. Boswell was more fortunate in obtaining a name for another entry, which had originally stood, "He was in this like who, Mr. Daines Barrington told me, used to say, 'I hate a *cui bono* man.'" In the margin he filled up the blank with "a respectable person;" but before the sheet was "laid on" he learnt this respectable person's name. In the published text he figures as "Dr. Shaw, the great traveller."

Quoting Johnson's published letter to Mrs. Thrale about the Gordon Riots, he gives the spelling *jails*, as she had given it. The "reader" queries *gaols*. Boswell replies, "Either way, *jails* or *gaols* is in his Dictionary." Two pages further on, where the word recurs, the "reader" rejoins, "Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary says jail is an improper way of spelling *gaol*." Johnson, under *gaol*, writes, "It is always pronounced, and too often written *jail* and sometimes *gaol*." The "reader" has his way, and it is *gaols* in the text. Boswell hesitates over the word *divines*, in a passage where he had described a letter to a young clergyman as containing "valuable advice to divines in general." For *divines* he first substituted *Parish priests*, but at

last added, "Stet Divines but with D cap." He rejoices in the result of all the care which he takes. "How lucky it is that I have had this *Revise!*" he enters on the first sheet. "*Franly* for *frankly* would have looked ill. I trust we shall have a *very* correct book." Later on he records, "By revising this sheet again I have caught an Island which I had omitted." The island was Inchkenneth, about the spelling of which he thus warns the compositor: "Pray observe that in Inchkenneth there is first an H and then a K. As these letters are apt to be mistaken in M. S., I mention this. The first syllable of the word is the same with the measure Inch." On another proof he writes, "I am sorry that there must be a little over, running on in this sheet. But we must make as good a Book as may be." On the top of almost every sheet, from the first to the last, he enters, "For Press when carefully looked at by Mr. Selfe, and corrected."

The "reader" sometimes suggests a doubt or a correction. He does not like the repetition where Johnson says, "We may be excused for not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own children." He would strike out the last word. Boswell replies, "The repetition is the Johnsonian mode." Miss Hawkins, in her Memoirs, mentions this "Johnsonian mode." "In this way," she writes, "I heard him take the part of Sir Matthew Hale, saying, 'If Hale had anything to say, let Hale say it.'" The "reader" queried *senility*. "A good word," Boswell replied. It is not, however, in Johnson's Dictionary. "Aversion from entails" was objected to. Boswell would not admit the objection. "It is," he wrote, "right as in Johnson's letter. Averse from is legitimate language." In his Dictionary Johnson says that "averse to" is "very frequently but improperly used." Dr. Murray gives lists of eminent writers who have used, some one construction, some the other, and some both.

In the margin of Johnson's Greek lines on Goldsmith the "reader" notes: "The accents are very wrong. Would it be better to omit them? If you choose to keep them, I will take care of them." Boswell replies: "I leave it optional to you to have accents or not. Mr. Thomas Warton used none." A kind of compromise seems to have been arrived at: all the accents were removed but two.

Many of the corrections are curious. Thus, where Johnson, speaking of "a gentleman of his acquaintance," said, "I should be apt to throw * * * * *s verses in his face," in the proof, instead of the six asterisks there was a simple dash. Boswell, it is clear, made this change so that the minor poet might be recognized by his friends. William Seward, I conjecture, was the man. A few pages further on, he objects to the dash which stands for George the Second. "Make the — a little longer," he writes. In the second edition he has three dashes given, so that it may be more clearly seen who was the king who destroyed his father's will. He now and then suppresses a name. In Johnson's diary of his tour in France an entry had been printed, "At D'Argenson's I looked into the books in the lady's closet, and in contempt shewed them to Mr. T." Boswell writes, "As the word is not quite clear, and it is at any rate more polite not to name the Lady, make it thus, At D——'s." Instead of the dash eight asterisks were substituted in the second edition, whence the name was easily conjectured; for "Mr. Argenson" had been mentioned just before. Boswell was, I suspect, capable of suppressing a name because he disliked a man. At the end of the account of the altercation between Johnson and Beauclerk he had at first written, "Dr. Johnson with Mr. Steevens sat with him a long time after the rest of the company were gone." In later years he had more than once suffered from Steevens's malignity, and so, I surmise, would not let him have the honor of be-

ing thus distinguished. He substituted for his name "another gentleman." His dislike of Gibbon was sufficiently expressed in the text as he published it. "Mr. Gibbon," he writes, "with his usual sneer controverted it, perhaps in resentment of Johnson's having talked with some disgust of his ugliness, which one would think a *philosopher* would not mind." To this passage he added in the margin, after Gibbon's name, "the historical writer, and to me offensive sneerer at what I hold sacred." The addition was not made. Boswell probably was persuaded out of it. A little more respect was shown to the great writer in the correction of the proof of the Index, where he had appeared as "Gibbon, the historian." This was changed by Boswell into "Gibbon, Edward, Esq." In the same place an addition was made to the entry about Alexander Wedderburne, Lord Loughborough, whose rapid rise Boswell envied. It had stood, "Loughborough, Lord, his great good-fortune." After "his" was inserted "talents and." Thurlow is treated as unceremoniously as Steevens. In 1785, in a Letter addressed to the People of Scotland, Boswell informed them that "now that Dr. Johnson is gone to a better world he[Boswell] bowed the intellectual knee to Lord Thurlow." In the proof-sheets there was a fine compliment to his lordship in the passage where Boswell attempts to pay "a suitable tribute of admiration" to Warren Hastings. "But how weak," he wrote, "would be my voice after that of a Thurlow." The last two words he changed into "the millions whom he governed." If Thurlow was thus slighted by the correction on this sheet, Johnson was magnified. Boswell had spoken of Hastings as "a man whose regard reflects consequence even upon Johnson." *Consequence* was changed into *dignity*, while the compositor was directed to print *Johnson* in "SMALL CAPS," so that the line ran, "a man whose regard reflected dignity even upon JOHNSON."

In the text, as it was published, John Nichols, the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is thus mentioned: "The Editor of that Miscellany in which Johnson wrote for several years seems justly to think 'that every fragment of so great a man is worthy of being preserved.'" These lines were inserted instead of the following: "That Mr. Nichols urged him to dispatch is evident from the following sentence in one of his Letters to Mrs. Thrale, 'I have finished Prior; so a fig for Mr. Nichols.'" A hit at a Secretary of the Treasury was not allowed to stand. In speaking of Taxation no Tyranny, Boswell had originally said: "That this pamphlet was written at the desire of those who were then in power I have no doubt; and indeed he owned to me that it had been revised and curtailed by some of them, *he supposed, in particular, Sir Grey Cooper. How humiliating to the great Johnson!*" The words which I have italicized were all struck out. Beauclerk "could not conceive a more humiliating situation than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies." For Johnson to be corrected by Sir Grey Cooper was perhaps even one step lower in humiliation.

Epithets are occasionally modified, being sometimes strengthened, sometimes softened. Johnson, says Boswell in the *Life* as it now stands, "was treated," at Sir Wolfstan Dixey's, "with what he represented as intolerable harshness." *Intolerable* has been substituted for *brutal*. An attack on Macpherson, and his advocate the Rev. Donald M'Nicol, was made severer in the revise. It had originally stood thus: "At last there came out a scurrilous volume, larger than Johnson's own, filled with *rancorous* abuse, under a name real or fictitious of some low man in an obscure corner of Scotland, though supposed to be the work of a man better known in both countries." For *rancorous* Boswell first substituted *scurrilous*, and then *malignant*, while the words which I have italicized

he changed into "another Scotchman, who has found means to make himself well known both in Scotland and England." Macpherson was meant. An attack on Mrs. Thrale he made more severe in the passage where he says that "she frequently practiced a coarse mode of flattery." *Coarse* is substituted for *trite*. To make up for this he modified his mention of her in his note on Mrs. Knowles, the ingenious Quaker lady. He at first wrote, "Dr. Johnson, describing her needle-work in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, uses the learned word *sutile*;" which Mrs. Thrale not learned has mistaken, and made the phrase injurious by writing *futile*." *Not learned*, on second thought, he struck out, contented perhaps with having previously let his readers know that Johnson had once said that "her learning was that of a school-boy in one of the lower forms." In quoting one of Johnson's letters to her, he omits some details about health. In a note he had said, "I leave out a few lines, the contents of which are partly too insignificant and partly too indelicate for the public eye." The "reader" queries, "If not better omitted." Boswell altered it as follows: "I have taken the liberty to leave out a few lines which Mrs. Thrale has printed, but which it appears to me might have been suppressed." The "reader" rejoins, "I think the whole Note would be better omitted and the * * * * put in a line to shew there was an omission, for it should not be supposed Dr. Johnson wrote anything indelicate to a lady." Boswell yielded so far as to strike out all the note but the first eleven words. The chief indelicacy — and it was a very great one — consisted in Mrs. Piozzi letting the world know that her first husband, after his mind was weakened by a stroke of apoplexy, had been in the habit of eating too much.

In the descriptions of Johnson there are two curious suppressions. "Garrick," Boswell writes, "sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into

a punch-bowl, with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the company and calling out, 'Who's for *poonsh*?' " Boswell added in the margin, "and hands not over-clean. He must have been a stout man, said Garrick, who would have been for it." The "reader" queried, "Should not this be omitted?" The suggestion was taken, and the addition was scored through. In an account of Johnson with which Boswell "was favoured by one of his friends," — most probably Mr. Bowles of Heale, — after the words "powerful mind" the following paragraph came in the proof: "He valued himself a good deal on being able to do everything for himself. He visited without a servant when he went to stay at the houses of his friends, and found few or no occasions to employ the servants belonging to the family. He knew how to mend his own stockings, to darn his linen, or to sew a button on his cloaths. 'I am not (he would often say) an [*sic*] helpless man.'" Boswell first corrected "He visited without a servant" by inserting *sometimes*; but in the end he struck out the whole paragraph, writing in the margin, for the compositor's information, "I doubt this, therefore let it go; and thus you may more easily get in a note to Dr. Burney in the next page." Johnson generally took his man with him, the negro Frank Barber, but in his visit to Heale he had left him at home. That he gave but little trouble to servants we know from Mrs. Piozzi, who said that "he required less attendance, sick or well, than ever I saw any human creature." That to some extent he could use a needle is shown by the books which he bound in his old age. The art he had acquired in his father's shop. Nevertheless, when Dempster's sister undertook to teach him to knot, he made no progress.

That after the sheets of the *Life* had been struck off there were two cancels was known by passages in letters written by Boswell to Malone. On January 29,

1791, he wrote: "I am to cancel a leaf of the first volume, having found that though Sir Joshua certainly assured me he had no objection to my mentioning that Johnson wrote a dedication for him he now thinks otherwise." The passage objected to, which came on page 272 of the first volume, was as follows: "*He furnished his friend, Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore, with a Dedication to the Countess of Northumberland, which was prefixed to his 'Reliques of ancient English Poetry,' in which he pays compliments to that most illustrious family, in the most courtly style. It should not be wondered at that one who can himself write so well as Dr. Percy should accept of a Dedication from Johnson's pen; for as Sir Joshua Reynolds, who we shall see afterwards accepted of the same kind of assistance, well observed to me, 'Writing a dedication is a knack. It is like writing an advertisement.'*"¹ In this art no man excelled Dr. Johnson. Though the loftiness of his mind prevented him from ever dedicating in his own person, he wrote a great number of Dedications for others. After all the diligence I have bestowed, some of them have escaped my inquiries." The lines italicized have disappeared; while after "Dedications for others" the following was inserted: "Some of these the persons who were favoured with them are unwilling should be mentioned, from a too anxious apprehension, as I think, that they might be suspected of having received larger assistance." It was said that Johnson had assisted Reynolds in his Discourses. That the Dedication was written by him was, I should have thought, revealed by the style. Who but he could have said that "the regular progress of cultivated life is from necessities to accommodations, from accommodations to ornaments"? Nevertheless, in Leslie and Taylor's *Life of the great painter* we are

¹ By "advertisement" Reynolds meant a short notice or introduction.

told that in his Dedication "Reynolds preserved his quiet dignity even in contact with royalty." On this same canceled page I found a passage which Boswell changed perhaps out of regard to his own dignity. He had written, "I wrote to him frequently in the course of these two years while I was upon my travels, but did not receive a single letter in return." This was altered into, "He did not favour me with a single letter for more than two years."

The second cancel was due to William Gerard Hamilton. On February 25, 1791, Boswell, writing to Malone, said: "That nervous mortal W. G. H. is not satisfied with my report of some particulars *which I wrote down from his own mouth*, and is so much agitated that Courtenay has persuaded me to allow a *new edition* of them, by H. himself to be made at H.'s expense." In this new edition the amended passage is as follows: "Care, however, must be taken to distinguish between Johnson when he 'talked for victory,' and Johnson when he had no desire but to inform and illustrate. '*One of Johnson's principal talents (says an eminent friend of his) was shewn in maintaining the wrong side of an argument, and in a splendid perversion of the truth. If you could contrive to have his fair opinion on a subject, and without any bias from personal prejudice, or from a wish to be victorious in argument, it was wisdom itself, not only convincing, but overpowering.*'" The italicized lines, as Boswell first wrote them, had stood thus: "His friend, Mr. Hamilton, when dining at my house one day expressed this so well that I wrote down his words: 'Johnson's great excellence in maintaining the wrong side of an argument was a splendid perversion. If you could contrive it so as to have his fair opinion upon a subject without any bias from personal prejudice, or from a wish to conquer—it was wisdom, it was justice, it was convincing, it was overpowering.'" The

blank in the present text, which comes a few lines lower down, was in the proof filled up with the name of Hamilton. Hamilton, there is good reason to believe, as I have shown in a note at the end of the first volume of my edition of Boswell, when he lost Burke's services in politics had sought Johnson's aid. Whatever engagement was formed between the two men was kept concealed. The clue to its existence was given by Johnson's Prayer on "engaging in politicks with H——."

One morning in June, 1784, Boswell "was present at the shocking sight of fifteen men executed before Newgate." Having gratified his miserable curiosity, he naturally went to Bolt Court, hard by, to moralize on free will. "I said to Dr. Johnson I was sure that human life was not machinery, that is to say, a chain of fatality planned and directed by the Supreme Being, as it had in it so much wickedness and misery, so many instances of both, as that by which my mind was now clouded. Were it machinery, it would be better than it is in these respects, though less noble, as not being a system of moral government. He agreed with me, and added, '*The small-pox can less be accounted for than an execution upon the supposition of machinery; for we are sure it comes without a fault.*'" For the words italicized the following were substituted: "now, as he always did, upon the great question of the liberty of the human will, which has been in all ages perplexed with so much sophistry." In a note for the compositor Boswell added: "I strike out this tho' in my notes, because I do not see the meaning and I may have erred. If you want room *in all ages* may be omitted." Happily, room was found, and *in all ages* stands in the received text.

The insertion of two words in the text led to a note by Croker which provoked an attack by Macaulay in his review of the new edition of the Life of Johnson.

"There is," Macaulay wrote, "a still stranger instance of the editor's talent for finding out difficulties in what is perfectly plain. 'No man,' said Johnson, 'can now be made a bishop for his learning and piety.' 'From this too just observation,' says Boswell, 'there are some eminent exceptions.' Mr. Croker is puzzled by Boswell's very simple and natural language. 'That a general observation should be pronounced *too just* by the very person who admits that it is not universally just is not a little odd.'" *Too just* was inserted in the proof.

One of Croker's conjectures I find confirmed. "Johnson," writes Boswell, "repeated some fine lines on love by Dryden, which I have now forgotten." Croker suggested the verses quoted in the Lives of the Poets which begin : —

"Love various minds does variously inspire ;
It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid ;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade."

That he was right is shown by the passage in the proof which originally ran, "He repeated his lines on love ('gentle tempestuous, etc. —')." "

In the reports of Johnson's talk a few corrections are made, most of which might be due to previous inaccuracy. That errors were made in copying is shown by a passage in one of his letters, where Boswell, falling into a Scotticism, had at first made him write, "*I will* long to know." *Will* is changed into *shall* in the margin. That Boswell consulted his own manuscript we can see by the correction of his report of a saying about Burke. As it stood in the proof Johnson had said : "Yes, Burke is an extraordinary man. His vigour of mind is incessant." The last line Boswell changed into, "His stream of mind is perpetual," adding in the margin, "I restore, I find, the exact words as to Burke." How he gave the wrong words at first is not easy to see, for they were not an isolated saying, but part of a conversation. In like manner he corrects

one word in Burke's saying about Croft's imitation of Johnson's style. The line originally stood, "It has all his pomp without his *sense*." *Sense* was altered into *force*. He now and then inserts *Sir* in the report of the talk, either because it had been omitted by mistake, or — which perhaps is more likely — because it is more the Johnsonian mode. A few of the changes seem to go beyond corrections of the copyist's errors ; thus in the proof, Johnson, speaking of the character of the valetudinarian, had said, "He indulges himself in every way." For the last two words was substituted *the grossest freedoms*.

On Easter Sunday in 1773 Boswell recorded : "He told me that he had twelve or fourteen times attempted to keep a journal of his life, but never could persevere. He advised me to do it." "The great thing to be recorded (said he) is the state of your own mind ; and you should write down everything that you remember, for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad, and write immediately while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards."

"I again solicited him to communicate to me the particulars of his early years. He said, 'You shall have them all for two-pence. I hope you shall know a great deal more of me before you write my Life.' " The "reader," it is clear, noticed the different ways in which the talk is recorded in these two paragraphs, and queried against them both, "This almost verbatim?" Boswell replied, "It is much varied, so *stet*." Where he reports the speech in the first person we have Johnson's exact words ; where he throws it into the third person we have only an abstract of them. In an earlier passage he had first written, "He recommended to me to keep a journal of my life, fair and undisguised." For *fair and undisguised* he substituted *full and unreserved*. One slight correction is not without interest. In

those famous words where Johnson so vigorously gave his opinion of Lady Diana Beauclerk, he had in the proof been made to conclude by saying, "and there's an end of't." *Of't* is changed into *on't*.

If Boswell prided himself, and justly prided himself, on "the most perfect authenticity" of his records of conversation, he seems to have thought that, so far as what he had himself said or written, he might now and then indulge in a variation. Thus, in the passage where he reports Johnson's account of his failure to learn knotting, according to the proof, he himself went on to say: "So it will be said, 'Once, for his amusement he tried knotting,'" etc. This he changed into, "So, Sir, it will be related in pompous narrative," etc. Writing to Johnson on February 14, 1777, he said: "You remember poor Goldsmith when he grew important and wished to appear *Doctor Major* could not bear your calling him *Goldy*. Would it not have been somewhat wicked to have named him so in your 'Preface to Shakespeare'?" *Somewhat wicked* he changed into *wrong*. In a letter dated June 9 of the same year, speaking of "what is called 'The Life of David Hume,' written by himself, with the letter from Dr. Adam Smith subjoined to it," he continued, "Is not this an age of daring effrontery?" In the margin he substituted *indecenty* for *effrontery*, but in the end he struck it out. A few lines lower down he had written, "I agreed with him [Mr. Anderson] that you might knock Hume's and Smith's heads together, and make vain and impudent infidelity exceedingly ridiculous." *Impudent* he thought too offensive even for this offensive passage, for he changed it into *ostentatious*. One change he apparently made to avoid repetition. He had ended one of his letters to his great friend with saying that he was "with affectionate veneration, most affectionately yours, James Boswell." For *affectionately* he substituted *sincerely*. The conclusions of John-

son's letters to him vary, apparently quite by chance, from "Your humble servant" to "Yours most affectionately." A hit at Blair was softened in a passage which now stands, "He praised Blair's sermons: 'Yet,' said he (willing to let us see he was aware that fashionable fame, *however deserved*, is not always the most lasting) 'perhaps they may not be reprinted after seven years; at least not after Blair's death.'" The words in italics were added, while the following, which came at the end of the parenthesis, were suppressed, "and to do justice to less showy divines." John Home he had originally described as "the author of Douglas;" this he expanded into "to whom we owe the beautiful and pathetick tragedy of Douglas." Having to mention a Duke of Devonshire, he had merely spoken of him as "the grandfather of the present Duke." This, he saw, was too bald a way of mentioning the owner of Chatsworth; so "Duke" he changed into "the present representative of that very respectable family." *Respectable*, it must be remembered, in those days "soared fancy's flight" above "a man who kept a gig." George III., when he signed the treaty of peace with the United States, sighed over "the downfall of this once respectable empire." Chesterfield described religion "as too awful and respectable a subject to become a familiar one," and the hour of death as "at least a very respectable one." Adam Smith speaks of "the respectable list of deities into which Alexander the Great had been inserted," and contrasts "the amiable virtues" with "the awful and respectable." Johnson's dead body was called "his respectable remains." A further change was made in this passage about the duke. In the report of what Johnson said of him, after the statement, "He was not a man of superior abilities," came in the proof, "though Basil would persuade us he was." These words are struck out, Boswell writing in the mar-

gin, "This name is too much obliterated for me to read. It begins with K and ends with t — about six or seven letters. I think Kennet." Kennet, no doubt, is the name. Basil Kennet's brother, Bishop Kennet, had preached a funeral sermon on the first duke, who had recommended him to Queen Anne for a deanery. It must have been of the early years of this duke that Basil spoke, for he did not live long enough to see his full manhood. When he was chaplain on a ship of war, he cured one of the officers of his habit of interlarding his stories with oaths by parodying him. The words which he inserted in his talk were, however, nothing worse than *bottle*, *pot*, and *glass*. The same story is told of a later divine, — Robert Hall, if my memory does not deceive me.

Boswell, in one passage, spoke of "the roughness which often appeared in Johnson's behaviour." *Often*, when he came to revise the proof, he must have thought too severe, for he changed it into *sometimes*. He hesitated over a word in the humorous account which he gave of Garrick's vanity in his intimacy with Lord Camden. "Why (replied Garrick, with an affected ease, yet as if standing on tip-toe), Lord Camden has this moment left me." For *ease* he substituted *indifference*, then struck it out, but finally adopted it, so that it is *affected indifference* in the text as he published it. In the passage where Boswell tells how Addison and Parnell "were intemperate in the use of wine," he continued, "which Johnson himself in his Lives of *these ingenious, worthy* and pious men has not forborne to record." For the words in italics he substituted "those celebrated writers." The dissenting minister Dr. Towers he had described as "one of the hottest heads of The Revolution Society." *Hottest heads* he changed into *warmest zealots*, perhaps moved by the esteem which he

felt for this divine as "a very convivial man." His own Jacobitism he shows in the change which he made in the passage where he speaks of Lord Trimblestown, "in whose family," he originally wrote, "was an ancient Irish peerage, *which was forfeited* in the troubles of the last century." For the words in italics he substituted, "but it suffered by taking the generous side."

He makes now and then an addition to the description which he gives of Johnson. Thus, in his account of one of his great friend's "minute singularities" he had written, "In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly, under his breath, *too, too, too*." Full of life as this description is, how much is it improved by the following addition which Boswell made in the proof: "all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile." In like manner, the addition of a single word gives liveliness to the famous speech in which Johnson said, "No, Sir, claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy." *Smiling* was added in the revise.

Though I have by no means come to the end of Boswell's corrections, yet I must trespass no further on the pages of The Atlantic Monthly or on the patience of its readers. However willing I may be to ride my own hobby to death, I must not either attempt to drag the rest of the world over the whole of the course, or forget that other people have their hobbies, too.

George Birkbeck Hill.

HADRIAN'S ODE TO HIS SOUL.

I READ in a newspaper, not long ago, the sufficiently remarkable statement that the hymn beginning,

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,"

was written by the Emperor Hadrian. That a hymn in the English of Dryden and Addison, containing phrases out of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, should have been written by a pagan philosopher, who ruled Britain when Pict and Caledonian contended with "Icenian, Catieuchlanian, Coritanian, Trinobant," is a conception worthy of that singular hash of half-correct knowledge which does duty for scholarship in so many of our publications. That Alexander Pope had the emperor's ode in mind when he wrote his hymn is reasonable enough, though the connection between them has been grossly exaggerated. We know Pope's ideas of translation were free; but his Messiah is really nearer a version of Virgil's Fourth Eclogue than his hymn is of Hadrian's ode.

What Hadrian really wrote was this:

*"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospesque comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis joca?"*¹

This strange lyric has been the wonder of all readers, for its melody, so fascinating, yet so utterly past metrical analysis, hovering as it does on the confines of quantity and rhyme, its strange combination of skepticism and belief, and the still stranger petting tenderness of the phrases. It cannot help suggesting to an English reader a parallel to Mrs. Barbauld's "Life, we've been long together," much more than to Pope's rich and edifying but more artificial and Scriptural hymn.

¹ I am aware that some texts give *jocos*; but until I see Hadrian's autograph, I will not

It may seem to some a cold anatomizing of this frail and gentle stanza if we subject it to anything like philological and antiquarian analysis. Yet this, I venture to think, is an error. There are peculiar depths of language and meaning in Hadrian's farewell which will be missed by a superficial reader. I hope, through the path of what may seem at first a pedantic discussion, to lead the way to an attempt at translation which shall preserve something of the original softness and perfume.

These five lines constitute one of the most perfectly Latin strains in all Roman literature. Every one knows that Latin poetry, for its six centuries from Plautus to Claudian, was a singularly exotic growth. It borrowed its metrical forms, it largely borrowed its subjects, and it recast the ancient language of Camillus and Fabius in almost servile admiration of Greek models. We are offended when Dryden introduces into his masculine English such needless French words as "flambeau" and "fraîcheur" to please an imported taste. Yet really great poets like Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace condescend to very similar Hellenic insults on their own more ancient tongue. There was a whole vocabulary and grammar of household Latin—for the Romans were the most domestic of nations—that is almost wiped out in the court Latin of the early empire.

Now, it will be noticed that Hadrian's little poem is purely national in every word and construction; but it bears one especial mark of the old home Latin which we find nowhere else except in the writings of that transcendent genius, Catullus, at once the Burns and Byron of Rome. This is the free use of diminutives. This poem lacks one of its most delicate touches.

tives, both of nouns and adjectives. It is the language of petting, the language used only to one's precious home companions. Here it shows

"'T is hard to part when friends are dear,"

and brings Hadrian, perhaps the most complete cosmopolite who ever lived, back to the very inmost recesses of the plain but devoted Roman home.

But, beautiful and homelike as the language is, it must be regarded as something of a *tour de force*. The very fact that between Catullus and Hadrian there are two hundred years without a single poem in this style shows what an effort it was for a literary man to write in that strain. It was as hard for a Roman poet, a hundred and fifty years after Christ, to cast a Greek strain out of his lines, and adopt a purely Latin one, as for Byron to write in the style of Spenser. As I have said, Hadrian was the most cosmopolitan of men; he had absolutely absorbed the characteristics of every quarter of his vast empire till he had become at home in all its parts. A Spaniard by descent, he was equally a fellow-citizen of the Briton, the Athenian, and the Egyptian, as well as the Roman. Hence, his ode, though in imitation of the most distinctively Latin models, is artificial, a *tour de force*, and should have a touch of the same artifice in a version.

But, deeper than the language, there is in the sentiment the most singular because unconscious revelation of the ancient theory of death, exhibited to the full in Homer, and abundantly illustrated in a score of authors since, — perhaps nowhere better than in some of Horace's odes. The strange language of Hadrian's fourth line tells the story with an unsuspected accuracy, which I fear will only be marred by developing it.

Homer's conception of man is wholly material. He is a body. When he himself is prostrate on the ground, a prey to the birds and beasts, his soul, whatever that may be, flies to the unseen

world. The man, a solid structure of bones and flesh, derives his warm, sentient, hearty life from the liquid part, the blood, and his shape from the viewless air. This shaping breath is not the man, but only an empty shade, which, when it flies to Hades, utters a thin shriek, like air escaping from a jet. In that unseen world it still keeps its form, but no real conscious life. This it can recover only by drinking blood. The solid part, the bones and flesh, being no longer kept in continuity and life by the blood and shaped by the breath, falls into dust, and mingles with the earth from whence it came. But if offerings of blood and of generous liquid food — milk, honey, and wine — are poured on the grave, the poor, thin, airy, bloodless ghost may draw in a portion of sentient life, may recognize and speak to those it knew, and recover at least a longing memory of that strong, real, solid body which it formerly inhabited and to which it gave form.

Now, the real, generous, warm life being in the blood, when the blood is shed, the breath or spirit which parts is not merely naked by the loss of the flesh, but cold by loss of blood; and to an inhabitant of south Europe, cold is in itself horror and death. The frame without warm red blood seemed to the ancients no life at all; it was a mere shivering copy of existence. When the Stoic suicides, just before Hadrian's time, let the blood run from their veins, there was a solemn symbolism in that method of death. This notion of the chill that attends the end of life is that so delicately and richly expressed by Gray in the lines, —

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day?"

Hadrian thinks of his spirit, as it leaves the companionship and hospitality of the body, as shivering and bare. But it is also *pallidula*. Now, the meaning of *pallidus* is simply "bloodless." When

the blood leaves the cheek of a Teuton, his face becomes white ; not so with a south European. The dark complexion of the sunny land shows yellow ; and that is the meaning of the Latin *palleo* in all its derivatives. To translate it by "pale" wholly loses the force of a word which Propertius adopts as giving the color of the metal gold when opposed to silver. But there is no idea of color in Hadrian's lyric. It is the thought of the poor little unclothed hungry spirit going forth into unknown places, —

"That lingers, shivering on the brink,
And fears to launch away."

Bearing in mind all these character-

istics in this poem, so slight yet so profound, — its metrical character with just one touch of rhyme, its perfectly native Latin, demanding as native English, the petting tone of its diminutives, the slightly artificial air that their construction indicates, — and anxious to preserve the ancient materialism without a hint of the coarseness which hangs round the very purest songs of Rome, I offer with diffidence the following translation : —

Lifeling, changeling, darling,
My body's comrade and guest,
To what place now wilt betake thee,
Weakling, shivering, starveling,
Nor utter thy wonted jest ?

William Everett.

THE KITTEN.

SMALL, sinuous thing, sleek shape of grace,
Within thy drowsy babyhood
There dwells that smouldering spark of race
Which flames forth in the jungle brood ;
In thy curled softness lies asleep
The splendor of the tiger's leap.

Thine eyes a jewel-gleam disclose,
Where lurks that soul of fierce desire
That through the tropic midnight glows
In two bright spheres of baleful fire.
So Nature, in some wayward hour,
Draws in small lines her types of power.

Thy velvet footfalls, as they glide,
Recall the beauty and the dread
Of that long, crouching, sinewy stride,
That furtive, fierce, forth-reaching head ;
We feel that deadly presence pass, —
The dry, slow rustle in the grass.

Since in thy lithe, swift gentleness
Such hints of power and blight are shown,
What kinship must the soul confess
With forces mightier than her own ?
What beast, what angel, shall have sway,
When we have reached our utmost day ?

Marion Couthouy Smith.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK: A DRAMATIC IMPRESSIONIST.

I.

THE literary movement in the modern drama has become a marked and interesting one. Steadily gaining ground during the past dozen years, it has now reached a degree of self-assertion and activity which begins to demand and attract critical attention. More and more men of literary attainment are devoting their time and strength to dramatic production; more and more plays are being staged, which call for consideration as art-product, and are published in book form as well, thereby making a direct appeal as literature. Henrik Ibsen is, as much as one man may be, the origina-tive cause of all this development; more than any other playwright he has been potent in effecting the union of the stage and letters after their century-long divorce. Various emanations and influences have gone forth from the Norwegian; influences which, as they widened from the disturbing cause, displayed themselves in very different shapes, until the father was hardly to be recognized in his children. Thus, in this sense, and so far as their dramatic work goes, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, and Oscar Wilde are begotten of Ibsen; while such an English play-maker as Pinero, if he be not of kin, has certainly gone to school to the northern master.

Of these names, Maeterlinck's is the most striking and provocative of study. The restless, probing spirit of the age is exemplified in such a man: its deification of art for art's sake; its Alexander-like desire to conquer new worlds of thought and expression; its drift towards pessimism, and fondness for exploration in the dark domains of psychological horror; and its literary method, with a substitution of experiment and suggestion for personal creeds.

Ibsen, a pessimist in his later interpretations of the social complex, differs widely from those who preach the gospel of despair. He is too stalwart, too truly a descendant of the Norse heroes of his native land, to moan forth his *Weltschmerz* in weak impotence. If his be a sombre individuality, there is tonic in his writings for those who read him aright. But Maeterlinck is of another stripe. He does, it is true, carry on the psychologic method of the elder master; but he colors it with an entirely different personality, and pushes it to an extreme. More than this, Maeterlinck is end-of-the-century, as the phrase goes, and he substitutes mystical poetry and a phantasmal dreamland for the mind-drama of Ibsen, with its realistic dialogue and superb stagecraft. Maeterlinck is rather poet than playwright, in his intense pre-occupation with subjective states, and in creating the dramatic fantasy has shown himself a literary impressionist, vaguer than a Corot in his landscapes, believing in the efficacy of *premier coup* and in the validity of moods. Ibsen cannot be classed, in justice, with the *décadents*; one thinks not so much of the Twilight of the Gods in commerce with him as of personal regeneration and freedom. But Maeterlinck does belong to that school; he is of the fellowship of Verlaine and Mallarmé, Carducci and Stechette, Heuley, George Moore, and Oscar Wilde, workers in literary art whose stimulation is considerable, whose technique is for the admiration of the nations, but whose atmosphere has nightshade in it, and whose impulses are not those of the open air. Yet the contribution of these younger men can neither be overlooked nor belittled; they have done bold and exquisite work, and have broadened our conception of artistic possibilities. Moreover, in Maeterlinck we

meet with a member of the guild who is free of its by no means infrequent grossnesses and its besetting sin of unideality; whose natural walk, in sooth, is among the diaphanous clouds of Fancy, through the thin air of legend, and in the dim domain of No Man's Land. He is far away from realism, in the usual acceptance of that word, yet, paradoxically, in one aspect of his work — the dialogue — makes a striking use of that popular latter-day method. Another proof of this young dramatist's affiliations with the Parisian *décadents* is the fact that, though a Belgian, he writes in the French of Paris, and his plays are such as are in demand at the Théâtre Libre. This, too, when the main current of national life and thought in Belgium expresses itself in Flemish, — a distinct linguistic reaction towards the homespun, a strong bias for an independent social and political activity, being there noticeable. Maeterlinck turns his back on all this, and, with a sort of instinct for a sophisticated capital, displays his marionettes to the frequenters of the boulevards. Of Ibsen it may be said that he is only to be thoroughly comprehended in the light of his personal history and that of his nation; we may apply to him the words of Voltaire on Swift: "Pour le bien entendre, il faut faire un petit voyage dans son pays." Not so with Maeterlinck; he is cosmopolitan, and his local color is of the most indefinite.

The question whence our dramatist derived his particular *genre*, the drama of atmosphere and symbolism, may well be set aside for the more practical query, What has he made of this form of the drama, now that it has become his own? Has he justified his method? Has he inspiration, originality? Is he a master hand in technique? These inquiries may be met best by a discussion of the quality and drift of his plays, with some consequent conclusions as to his claim and true position in contemporary stage literature.

II.

It is still easy to get at the man directly, since little of critical value has yet been written. Here again Maeterlinck contrasts sharply with a veteran like Ibsen, about whom already lies a bibliography of alarming proportions. So far, with the Belgian, there is no danger of not seeing the forest for the leaves. For so young a man, the amount of his work suggests industry and oneness of purpose. Ignoring his other literary product in the way of verse, essay, and translation, eight plays from a writer in the neighborhood of thirty years of age are no mean record in respect of quantity; but the question here is of quality. For the purpose of illustrating Maeterlinck's method and idiosyncrasy, some of the leading *soi-disant* dramas may be passed in review, not by way of cataloguing, but because they display his personality. Concerning his latest volume, *Trois Petits Drames pour Marionnettes*, which contains three pieces, *Alladine et Palomides*, *La Mort de Tintagiles*, and *Intérieur*, it may be dismissed at the outset as offering an effect of sameness when the earlier work is in mind; no new note is struck in it, and hence analysis would be wearisome, if undertaken, although necessary, of course, if a complete survey of Maeterlinck were the object.

It is fair to take for illustrative material the three slight one-act plays, *The Intruder*, *Blind*, and *The Seven Princesses*; and the two remaining pieces, *The Princess Maleine*, and *Pelleas and Melisande*, written in the heavier, more conventional five-act form, which, from the days of the Greeks, has been looked upon as a norm of dramatic construction. These dramatic productions reveal Maeterlinck's main characteristics, and by them he stands or falls.

Curiously enough, — and herein lies food for the thought that Maeterlinck is less playwright than impressionist and mystic poet, — the very compositions which have attracted most attention and

applause are those departing furthest from the stereotyped canon. The Intruder and Blind, not The Princess Maleine and Pelleas, are the dramas which have made their author famous. Possibly, the same influence which in fiction brings about the apotheosis of the short story as against the full-length novel is at work in giving the preference to the curtailed play. It is not too much to say of this group of dramatic productions that it embraces as gruesomely unique a collection of literary documents as the stage has taken under its ample wings. The present writer is skeptical whether they had ever been included in the acting drama were it not for the current tendency toward giving the stage a literary complexion. Maeterlinck's work rode into the playhouse, as it were, on the shoulders of this movement. Frankly conceding all this, as closet productions, even as stage spectacles, their power is indubitable, though not dramatic, if by that name we would denominate the effects secured by Augier, Sardou, and Zola. This strong impression comes by gradual induction into individual plays with a sort of cumulative influence upon the student. If he chance to begin with *The Intruder*, he will, little by little, be conscious of the dramatist's spell.

The situation, showing a commonplace family sitting in a room of their house, and conversing in a homely, realistic way while they await the issue of the illness of a member of the household who, lying in a room hard by, has given birth to a child, is not one which offers dramatic interest in itself, it would seem. There is a lack of incident and action which, when contrasted with a brisk-moving, romantic play like the version of Dumas's *Three Musketeers*, is fairly laughable. Nor can the simple announcement of the woman's death to the group of very ordinary folk, by the nun who enters and makes a mournful gesture for sign of the human life snuffed out by the wind of Fate, be regarded as a

dramatic *dénoûment*, in the conventional sense. Yet few, in reading or seeing this scene, will deny to it the element of sensation, holding the attention, and exercising a peculiar influence upon the nerves and the imagination. This is secured, in one way, by the skillful use of a prosaic background for psychologic dread and intensity. The spectacle is unheroic, natural; so are the personages. But the stress of feeling is suggested and cunningly accentuated in such wise that the most matter-of-fact externals become surcharged with inward excitation. The sound of a shutting door, the sigh of the night wind in the park outside, the shifting of the lamp with its redistribution of shadows, the impotence of the blind old grandfather roused by the mysterious Somewhat, but only groping his way to an understanding of it,—all these phenomena as mirrored in the minds of the *dramatis personæ* make a blend of excitement held in leash which is curiously startling. Everything has its value as symbol rather than as fact. The catastrophe, so bare and simple when set forth in detached fashion, is immensely heightened by the subtle way it is led up to, and so comes to have in it all the reverberations of human tragedy. The play is a lesson in "values," which are quite as important to literature as to painting. The French landscapist Lacroix is credited with saying that if you gave him a free hand as to values, he would make a dab of mud as effective as the flesh-tint of an angel.

For the securing of this effect Maeterlinck uses language in a definite and remarkable way. Read a single one of his dramas, and you are cognizant of this. He obtains a result of strength and of poetry by the marshaling of simple, sonorous words and idioms with a repetition which has in it a rhythmic charm. The repetition, or refrain, is one of the artistic traits of verse, lying at the base of its power: the repetend, in a broad sense, is what is meant, including rhyme,

alliteration, the recurrence of phrases (as with Poe), and the beat and beat of like stanzas. This well-defined rhythmic repetition, which is so all-important to poetry as music, Maeterlinck endeavors to press into the service of prose: he has declared explicitly that he writes *vers libre*, — an attempt at a looser metric form which suggests the dubious experiments of Walt Whitman, and after him of W. E. Henley and William Sharp. Maeterlinck, reversing these efforts to give more latitude to verse, would steal from it one of its methods, to the end of enriching prose style. And whatever our theory as to the advisability, or even possibility, of a more constrained prosaic music than tradition allows to prose, some success in the attempt may be granted him. A sympathetic reader once in the atmosphere of a play like *The Intruder* experiences a sort of strange, lulling fascination in this peculiarity. It tends to put him in touch with the whole eerie affair: he would not, an he could, have the medium of expression other than it is. A brief bit of dialogue may be given by way of illustration. The old grandfather, unable to see the faces of the rest of the family, yet nervously sure that their countenances reflect the vague dread of the hour, is speaking.

"*Grandfather*. How many of us are there here?"

"*Eldest Daughter*. We are six sitting around the table, grandfather.

"*Grandfather*. You are all around the table?"

"*Eldest Daughter*. Yes, grandfather.

"*Grandfather*. Are you there, Paul?"

"*The Father*. Yes.

"*Grandfather*. Are you there, Oliver?"

"*The Uncle*. Why, yes: I am in my usual place. You must be making fun of us.

"*Grandfather*. Are you there, Genevieve?"

"*The Third Daughter*. Yes, grandfather.

"*Grandfather*. And you, Gertrude?"

"*The Second Daughter*. Yes, grandfather.

"*Grandfather*. And you, Ursula?"

"*Eldest Daughter*. Yes, grandfather; close beside you.

"*Grandfather*. And who is that seated there?"

"*Eldest Daughter*. Where, grandfather? There is no one else present.

"*Grandfather*. Here, in the midst of us.

"*Eldest Daughter*. But there is no one else, grandfather.

"*The Uncle*. We have assured you of that over and over again.

"*Grandfather*. Then it is you others who are blind."

The person "in the midst," seen alone by the sightless eyes of the aged blind man, is of course Death, and the laconic commonplace of the dialogue quoted has its value in contrast with, and in forming a background for, this gruesomeness, as a blank white wall sets off a mysterious figure in black; and it immensely heightens the pathetic soliloquy that follows:

"*Grandfather*. It is so long since I have seen my daughter! I took her hands in mine yesterday, and yet I could not see her. I know not how she looks now, — her face has grown unfamiliar to me; she must have changed in all these weeks. I felt the bones of her cheeks beneath my fingers! There is a gulf of darkness between her and me, and between all the rest of the world also. . . . You are sitting near me, with your open eyes watching my dead eyes, and no one of you has any mercy on me. . . . Why have you stopped talking?"

Wide associations and implications, an important theory, indeed, lie behind Maeterlinck's tentative essay in language-use. The mere matter of verbal simplicity, an insistence on the avoiding of the flowery and the circuitous in speech, he has; but herein is nothing novel, Ibsen being a master hand in this aspect of style, which is a tendency of the time. But the endeavor to make a sort of prose

poetry for dramatic purposes is something which, by so much, constitutes our writer an original. Looking to his language in its broadest significance, a phrase of George Meredith's occurs to mind. That unique novelist says, in reference to the social interrelations of the Pole family in *Sandra Belloni*, "This is the game of *Fine Shades and Nice Feelings*." With some fitness may this be applied to Maeterlinck's manipulation of the tongue of his choice. It is veritably a game of fine shades and nice feelings, played by vowels and liquids and speech tunes, where a *nuance* counts for more than color, and sound and suggestion outweigh sense. A rhetorician would describe him as a stylist whose connotation was greatly in excess of his denotation. One other characteristic, running through all his work, is marked in *The Intruder*, to wit, the conception of death as a constant factor in human thought and action. Modern Christianity tends to regard the last enemy as a negative thing, its terror and power being minimized as much as may be, and made use of in art and literature chiefly as serving to heighten the dramatic value of life by the introduction of elements of danger, uncertainty, and pathos. Not so Maeterlinck. With him it assumes the rôle of a positive and potent entity: it is the most real force in *The Intruder*, the motif and mainspring of the piece, and a quasi-originality is thereby imparted to the drama; and this central part is played by Death throughout his work. Here is a new note, sombre, unhealthy, very typical of the pessimist mood of the day, yet, when all is said, a comparatively fresh application of hackneyed material.

The modernity and realism which mark *The Intruder* are not (save in the matter of dialogue) so apparent in the other plays. The allegory grows more insistent, the mystic atmosphere deepens, less stress is laid on the contrast between externals and subjective states; far-away *locale* and dim fantasy usurp all else, only

related to us because of their psychologic adumbrations. The other one-act piece, called *Blind* (also Englished as *The Sightless*), affords a text for these statements. The baldness of plot here quite equals that of the play already described; there is no shift of action or stage-setting; it is one scene, and the situation of a bewilderingly simple sort. We are now fairly within the domain of the dramatic fantasy, Maeterlinck's peculiar stamping-ground. Dialogue, personages, spectacle, are full of suggestion, atmosphere, uncannily symbolic, surcharged with poetry.

A group of blind men and women have strayed from their asylum down to the sea border, under the guidance of an old priest, upon whom, in their heart-appealing helplessness, they utterly depend. There they sit and have converse in the shadows of an ancient forest, under a southern sky thick-sown with stars; and the consummate delicate art wherewith their evil case is figured, and with them the plight of all mortals blind of eyes or soul; the shadowy sketch of their solemn isle, magical as *Prospero's*; and the slow, awful terror up to which the beholder is led when the dénouement announces, by the hand-gropings and guessings of these unfortunates, that the priest and guide sits dead in the midst of them, so that they may not return to safe harborage as the night waxes and wanes, — all this makes a deep impression, however gloomy in tone and forced in conception. Each line, each moment, has its symbolic hint, and the sphinx-like inevitableness of Fate has seldom been bodied forth more convincingly, more subtly, within the confines of art. A psychologic *tour de force*, this, but such as only a man of puissant gift would have dared and been able to achieve. Defend it as drama we may not, yet how, save in the actual stage spectacle, obtain the scenic quality entering into the very warp and woof of the texture? To read *Blind* is to start

a whole hive of imaginings buzzing in one's brain, for many things seem to be implied and prefigured in the play. Whether such particular conventions as religion, art, and society are in the dramatist's purview may be left to the individual imagination; they, and more than they, are certainly suggested in a hundred subtle indirections.

Of Maeterlinck's plays it is peculiarly true that they repay in exact proportion to the amount of sympathy and responsiveness that is brought to bear on them; they are a stumbling-block to the Philistine, who demands, above all, his meaning and his moral. For such, here and elsewhere, he is a sealed book; but to whom impressionism has a preciousness of its own, *Blind* will prove an alluring if baffling piece of literature. Viewed simply as a pathological study it is remarkable, while as æsthetic product and pictorial representation it has claims on our interest. Maeterlinck's fondness for the analysis of psychic states has awakened the ire of others beside Philistines. Thus, the brilliant German critic Max Nordau, in his striking study called *Degeneration* (*Entartung*), discusses our playwright along with such other "degenerates" as Whitman, Wagner, Tolstóy, and Ibsen, as examples of a disease of the age. He regards these workers in art and literature as unsound, mentally and emotionally, and he fixes some picturesquely contemptuous phrases on the Belgian. He explains his vogue as originating in Octave Mirbeau's whimsical championing of Maeterlinck, the French critic having sufficient authority to cram his new "find" down the throat of the public. Nordau is an ardent disciple of Lombroso, and inclines to the theory of the cousinship of insanity and genius; his interest is of the scientist rather than of the literary student. Hence, what he says is to be accepted with reservation. Nevertheless, only the blinded admirer of Maeterlinck will blink at the grain of truth in his strictures.

In the remaining play which has the one-act form, and presents but a single scene to the spectator, *The Seven Princesses*, still more stress is put on symbol, and the action is harder to explain and to justify. Such a production is to be taken as one takes a Chopin nocturne. That it begets a sensation, and that it appeals to the feeling for poetry, is all that one would claim for it, and to some this will be sufficient. Impressionism in the dramatic form, nay, in literature, can no further go. To secure this effect, all Maeterlinck's art is expended in the setting of the piece. The dilapidated castle, with its circumambient moat, its sad, still cypresses, and its nearness to the sea, stands in some remote land, one knows not where, and is inhabited by an old king and queen who seem to typify the dead past. To them return from his travels their grandson prince, to find his kinswomen, the seven princesses, asleep in a mysterious hall which is out of sight, and looked into through windows by those on the stage, not by the spectators. In this arrangement the curiosity and apprehension of the audience are played upon, for, naturally, that hall, those seven fair sleepers (with reminiscences of Grimm and Andersen), are tenfold more suggestive and stimulating than if shown to aught but the eye of the imagination. For some occult reason this great salon may not be entered for fear of waking the princesses, who have ailed during the day, and grandfather and grandmother restrain the impetuous youth, who would in and greet Ursule, whom he sees less plainly than the rest. Most of the time and action is thus expended, until the old queen tells Prince Hjalmar of a subterranean ingress by which he may come at the sisters without disturbing their slumbers too violently, which he does, whereupon the beautiful maidens awake and lift themselves up in stately wise, all save one, — Ursule, whom he loves. She is dead, and the six remaining cousins bear

her up the broad marble steps as the curtain falls. To fashion such a scene as this, which I summarize in a way to strip it of all light and color, and to call it drama, is to lay one's self open to several charges, prominent among them being improbability and *bêtise*. Yet many will feel the charm of the episode as treated: the piquant allurements of that dim-lighted hall we are permitted to look into only through the eyes of others; the vanishing song of the sailors who bring Hjalmar, —

"O'er the Atlantic we roam,
We shall return no more ;"

the delicate allegory, too, hanging over the whole picture like a flower-scent in the air; the imaginative stimulus resultant on leaving so much to be filled out by the spectator; the subtle implication of that old chateau, with our dramatist's stock properties of mild decay and dark tones of nature, creaking doors and morbid memories, backward-dreaming illusions, indefiniteness of place and misty accessories of *mise en scène*. In some respects this Seven Princesses may be called the most poetic of Maeterlinck's dramatic work, though the least satisfactory. It tantalizes, sets many chords to vibrating, and its spell is of the kind which deepens with greater familiarity, the severest of tests. One of the plays hardest to justify, it is one the student would be most loath to give up.

The dramas which illustrate the playwright's method in the more customary five-act form of workmanship are *The Princess Maleine*, and *Pelleas and Melisande*. In the former, a characteristic of Maeterlinck's is so marked as to strike even the most careless: this maker of fantasies has himself said that he tries to write Shakespeare for a theatre of marionettes, which may be interpreted to mean a re-handling of the plots and personages of the master poet adapted to modern psychologic demands. The imitation is plain enough in this case, and stands for much of his work: a king

living with his paramour wishes his son to marry the daughter of this evil queen from another country; but the son loves the inoffensive, sweet Maleine, and the weak monarch is egged on by the afore-said paramour to do her to death, — which the pair effect. Hints and tokens of Shakespeare are to be found in the plot and action of this story: the bloody-minded, masculine woman luring the royal man on to murder inevitably recalls Macbeth; the king's final crazed remorse, upon which the curtain goes down, Lear; Hjalmar, the son, is Hamlet, in his irresolution and pale cast of thought; the nurse reminds one of Romeo and Juliet; and Maleine herself has suggestion both of the heroine of that star-crossed tragedy and of witless Ophelia. Nordau's remarks on the play are sufficiently amusing, and in some measure just. A few sentences may be translated. "When one begins to read this piece," he says, "one pauses to inquire, Why is all this so familiar? Of what does it remind me? After a few pages it suddenly becomes clear: the whole thing is a sort of cento out of Shakespeare!" And further on in his analysis he adds, "Maeterlinck's *Princess Maleine* is a Shakespeare anthology for children, or Patagonians." While these resemblances, however, are unmistakable, and none of the devices are new or striking, it is equally true that some strong and individual effects are secured; the manner and setting, at least, have personality and attraction. This dim chateau with its mysterious doors and echoing corridors, and, without, the silent cypresses and weeping willows, its black pools and moon-glimpses through the ebon-wood, its mournful cemetery hard by, whither the body of the hapless girl shall be borne before she has fairly begun to live, — all this is conveyed with a marvelous result of weird night-witchery and wan fatalism. The physical, animal fear of the play is begotten by keeping one on the *qui vive* for some-

thing anticipant, vague, creepy; it is, again, not so much what happens as the imaginative dread of the may-be that produces the magnetism and shock of *The Princess Maleine*. There is always a horror not visible, veiled, on the other side of the door, an hour hence. Indirection, implication, ghoulish suggestiveness, walk like mutes between the lines of the dialogue, and hide just back of every scene. The episode of the strangling of poor Maleine is not a whit more horrible than that preceding it, where she lies in her deserted, far-removed room, while a night storm comes up, and her big dog crouches in a corner, shaken with dumb fear. Maleine dies several deaths through nervous agony of lonesomeness and apprehension before the guilty couple burst into her chamber and dispatch her. One is reminded, in reading this scene, of Guy de Maupassant's terrible little tale *Lui*, wherein the same sensory nerves are tortured. The two speeches most often made by the main characters are, "*Je ne sais pas*" and "*J'ai peur.*" The acute remark of Mr. H. M. Alden, that the playing upon the primitive sensations of fear and apprehension lies at the basis of Maeterlinck's art or method, is nowhere truer or better illustrated than in *The Princess Maleine*.

In the five-act play *Pelleas and Melisande* we get another unwholesome castle, with an ill-smelling subterranean vault, and much made of the opening of doors and what is on the other side. Our dramatist harps on these details in a way that implies deep meaning, and which certainly has a high-wrought effect upon the reader. *Melisande* is the girl wife of an old king, innocent, weak, the creature of events too big and potent for her to cope with. She is in love with *Pelleas*, a young kinsman of her husband, their passion being vague and symbolic, never grossly guilty. In the tragic catastrophe, the husband, *Golaud*, surprises them together, kills *Pelleas*, and wounds

Melisande to her death, she leaving a babe born out of time to struggle in her stead in a world which proves too much for the girl mother. Both the murder scene at the fountain, closing the fourth act, and the final act, which shows the young wife dying, while her grisly husband probes her with questions in respect of her innocence, have in Maeterlinck's hands decided dramatic value of his genre, though the mere incidents are threadbare enough. Again, one thinks of *As You Like It*, in the wood scene in the first act; and the situation in which King *Golaud* surprises the lovers may suggest to one quick to scent literary resemblances the deathless story of *Francesca da Rimini*. Be this as it may, the play is rich in symbolism, in its marginal notes on the meanings and mysteries of life. To some, fond of a cryptic or allegorical significance in Maeterlinck, *Melisande* is the type of the new world of ideas and aspirations, wrecked because cooped up in old conventions, symbolized by her loveless marriage, gloomy palace, and groping childish ignorance of men and things. But perhaps it were better to look on her simply as the creature of an honest art impulse, a ewe lamb fallen on evil days and ways. Whatever its inner intent, the play has a sort of fascination, and scattered through it are pictures and passages of deep beauty. There is a constant temptation to quote, yet this impressionist, for the very reason that he is such, yields remarkably few brief excerpts that at all do him justice. So much, with him, depends on atmosphere and setting. This may account in part for Nordau's apparent success in his satiric illustrations of what he is pleased to deem Maeterlinck's incompetence and sheer lunacy.

III.

From the vantage of this cursory survey of his dramatic product, a few words by way of summarizing the significance and claim of Maeterlinck. M. Mirbeau has dubbed him the "Belgian

Shakespeare," but this surely may be taken as a phrase born of over-enthusiasm, descriptive rather than discriminating. His apparent aim has been to make drama of psychologic interest and power, and full of suggestion from the teeming literary past, the modern auditor being wrought upon by these associative effects. He has tried to substitute the spiritual, the subtle, the self-conscious, for that play of more elemental passions, that lust for objective life, that romantic atmosphere, which both conditioned and inspired earlier play-making. He has displayed a conspicuous talent in the application of this idea. Yet he has done too little and too much to assure his place either as dramatist or *littérateur*. On the one hand, his work is so sketchy, so impressionistic, as to disqualify it as drama in any true sense: it lacks reality, progress, action. On the side of literary art more broadly viewed, and looking aside from the play as a form, the morbid introspection, the esoteric nature of the appeal, the want of red blood and open-air oxygen in Maeterlinck, must all be taken into account in any serious and calm estimate. He is, be it confessed, an expression of a mood of today; but a healthy skepticism that he will be a master holding his own for a long to-morrow may well be the critic's attitude. Healthiness, and its close kinsman naturalness, are saving qualities in

literature, and the young Belgian hardly possesses either. Nor by healthiness is meant a merry theme and a cheap-john optimism, but simply a recognition of Life as many-sided, actual, big, tragicomic, and above all, the best thing we have, and not mere dream-stuff. Yet literature is literature, whether it be morbid or mellow with wholesome humanity; otherwise would John Ford, Cyril Tourneur, and Otway, Poe, Beddoes, and Emily Brontë be ruled out of court. Subjectively, too, we all have our twilight moods, our moments when obscure thoughts are welcome for a dream-while or so, as Lamb would say. The man who can make fear poetical, who can fill the chambers of memory with visions and crowd the imagination thick with phantom fancies, elusive, yet not to be forgotten, is a conjurer after his kind, though not the coequal of one who stands in the sunlight, looking outward and upward for inspiration.

While deprecating the ill-judged attempt to place this dramatist on his pedestal as a statue of heroic size, one may still feel grateful that he has widened our conception of dramatic and poetic possibilities, and achieved work strong in suggestion and distinctly personal. So much it would be as idle to deny him as it is mistakenly generous to hurry him on to his niche while yet in the clay-mould.

Richard Burton.

TAMMANY POINTS THE WAY.

PERHAPS it would not be premature to say that the question of municipal misgovernment in the United States has come to a head. What is the remedy? Is there any remedy? If any be found, it will probably be only by the concurrence of many minds and wills, only after many experiments have failed, and

very likely by some combination of influences or circumstances which is not dreamed of at present. Nevertheless, it should be possible to clear the ground; to discover, if not how the thing can be done, at least how it cannot be done; to ascertain some of the conditions essential to success.

In the first place, experience has made plain, what common sense might have told beforehand, that the most cunningly devised system of city government will avail nothing as a protection against corruption or inefficiency. It was thought at one time by many, and it is still the belief of a learned few, that all would go well in municipal affairs if only a proper system of checks and counter-checks could be established. Such a system was established in St. Louis some years ago. The mayor was played off against the aldermen, the aldermen against the common councilmen. Every official had some other official as a watch and a drag upon him. The collection and payment of moneys were regulated so ingeniously that if any went astray, the guilty person — so it was thought — would inevitably be discovered. But alas! it was only a short time before this elaborate machinery broke down, and the St. Louis government became, as before, notorious for corruption. Chicago has to-day almost as good a charter as could be devised; the mayor's responsibility for appointments is undivided, and the Australian ballot law is in force. Still, we have the word of Chicago herself for it that her government is corrupt and inefficient.

Some persons, again, cling to the notion that this or that change in the machinery of nominating or of electing city officers would work a revolution. An enthusiastic reformer, who made a speech not long ago, based his hopes upon the reform of the "primary." "This is," he cried, "the one safe foundation on which we can build up, by the Hudson and by the Delaware, great cities which shall fitly represent and be the glory of America." What could be more fatuous! Alexander Hamilton himself could

not devise a primary which Tammany would fail to assimilate. Even civil service reform, applied to city offices, would be of little or no avail, in the present state of public opinion. That is to say, if the law were enacted, it would be disregarded and annulled in practice. Civil service reform has been established by law in the departments at Washington, but it is not obeyed there. During the Harrison administration, Secretary (then Senator) Carlisle publicly declared that the law was systematically evaded in the governmental departments, or in some of them. Recently, Senator Lodge has made the same statement in regard to the present administration. There is no doubt that both statements were true; and if civil service reform is little better than a mockery at Washington, what would it be in New York or Chicago!

Others, again, believe that we have only to adopt the charters and practices of the model cities of Europe — of Berlin, London, or Birmingham — to obtain at a bound good municipal government. But the conditions in this country differ so widely from those which obtain abroad that there is but the faintest analogy between them.¹ Mr. Leo S. Rowe, who has made a special study of foreign municipalities, declares: "As regards mere administrative forms, foreign cities have but little to teach us. The two best governed cities in the world, — Birmingham and Berlin, — when judged from a purely administrative standpoint, are open to much of the adverse criticism bestowed upon American municipalities. . . . The form transplanted to American soil would, under present conditions, beget evils far greater than those we now complain of."

The truth is that no change in the form of city government, or in the form

¹ For instance, Berlin has a class system of voting which gives the wealthier class the balance of power, and office-holding in Berlin is practically obligatory. In London, ninety-five per cent of the population are natives of Eng-

land or Wales; sixty-three per cent, of London itself. In this country, some of our cities have a population, one half, and even three quarters of which, are of foreign birth or parentage.

of nominating or electing city rulers, or of filling the various city offices, can be of any substantial or permanent avail. The trouble lies deeper than that. The trouble lies with the voters themselves: they do not properly discharge the function required of them; they elect unfit men. When we come to inquire why this is so, we find a remarkable diversity of opinion. The reformers, to use a homely phrase, pull and haul in opposite directions. Perhaps the reason is that they differ, tacitly for the most part, upon some fundamental points, and chiefly in their view of the common, the uneducated people.

Reformers, as a rule, distrust the people: they put their faith in what is called the educated class; they are committed to the old fallacy, disproved by experience a thousand times, that knowledge is virtue, and they believe that good city government can be obtained by "education," through an "enlightened self-interest," through the public schools, by taking power away from the illiterate. A very brilliant and accomplished reformer exclaimed in a recent address, "See to it that your librarians are men of ideas and of public spirit! Who can estimate what men like" Folio of Worcester, Primer of Providence, and Vellum of St. Louis "have done for the reforms which we have at heart!" And he added, "If we cannot have culture, broad and well-directed intelligence in control, then we shall have anarchy."

All this proceeds upon the assumption that the only safety is in education; that the "uneducated," the mass of the people, are a dangerous element. Folio of Worcester, Primer of Providence, and Vellum of St. Louis! — worthy men, no doubt; conscientious recommenders of historical and ethical works, perhaps even writers of "leaflets." But what are they among so many? Not Folio, nor Primer, nor Vellum, nor a thousand like them, could produce any appreciable effect upon the voters of this country. To

rely upon Folio and Primer and Vellum is to be an aristocrat, an oligarch, in theory. But this is a country of universal suffrage, a country governed by the people, the mass of whom are, and must ever remain "uneducated," in any real sense. And yet, uneducated as they are, our institutions will stand or fall according as they are honest and true, or dishonest and false.

Moreover, it is precisely the "educated" class who are most remiss in their civic duties. It is the "educated" who stay away from the polls in New York, and who pay tribute to Tammany rather than go to the trouble and expense of asserting their civic rights. The same thing is true of Chicago. Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, of that city, after describing at the Philadelphia conference for good city government what an excellent charter, what excellent laws, have been given to Chicago, said: "Now, Mr. Chairman, what is our trouble? If this environment is all right, if all these institutions are right, what is it that we lack? Our trouble, sir, is your trouble, — the indifference and the neglect of the so-called good citizens." Thus utterly and quickly breaks down the assumption that "education" is going to produce good government, or that the educated class are more honest or conscientious than the uneducated. The converse is the fact. The superiority lies the other way.

Of course I do not mean to say that a man is necessarily better or a better citizen for being ignorant. Education, of itself ("instruction" would be the more exact word), certainly does tend in some degree to make men honest. It enables them to see more clearly and to grasp more firmly the difference between honesty and dishonesty. Undoubtedly, also, a really "liberal" education, such as college graduates and professional students sometimes receive, has a certain elevating effect. A man who knows the history of the world, or has attained to a correct view of the course of nature, or

has pondered upon justice, such a man will have acquired some strong arguments in favor of honesty. But this effect of a liberal education is perhaps not very binding; and the liberal education itself is totally beyond the reach of the great mass of the people. When we speak of "educating" the people, we mean giving them a "common school" education, and the very slight tendency toward honesty which such an education confers is far more than counterbalanced by the increased opportunities and motives for dishonesty which it indirectly furnishes. Our common schools, our newspapers, the stories and novels most commonly read, have little to do with religion or morality. Moreover, the temptations to be dishonest which the richer and more instructed people experience, as compared with those of the laboring class, are very great. Competition in modern mercantile life is so fierce as almost to compel men to be dishonest. This is just as true of wholesale merchants as of retail merchants. A day laborer, on the other hand, has none of these temptations. His honesty, like the virtue of a poor woman, is almost the only thing of which he can be proud. He has no wealth, no knowledge, no cleverness, no fine clothes or equipages, upon which to plume himself. Honesty and courage are his only jewels, and he values them accordingly.

As to the charity, the generosity, the sympathy, of the "uneducated" and the poor, there is no question. It is notorious that the poor give of their poverty more freely than the rich give of their abundance. We may deplore the foolishness of a laborer who goes out on a "sympathetic" strike, but there can be no doubt about his generosity. There is a deep-seated instinct in the laboring man to stand by his fellows. A profound student of modern social problems remarked the other day, "The laboring class will have this one immense advantage in the approaching struggle

between the rich and the poor: it is the only class in the community the individuals in which are willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of the whole."

In an after-dinner speech at the Philadelphia conference, Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, made a notable reply to the advocates of "education" as the source of good citizenship. He said: "What do you mean by education? When you break a horse to fit him for his part in life, you make him a different kind of animal from what he was when you took him in hand. Now, let your schools make men and women fit for the work before them, not by merely pumping into them a certain amount of instruction, but by developing those elements of character which they must have to discharge creditably the duties which you have imposed upon them."

The point is that such training or such education as Mr. Bonaparte spoke of is, to a certain extent, derived by a day laborer from the experience, from the toils, from the privations of his life; but it is not derived from schools or colleges, from books, plays, or lectures. Let the idle and dissolute lads who are graduated annually at our public high schools testify to the value of "education" as a factor in good citizenship. Are they or their ignorant and hard-working fathers the better citizens?

The second line of cleavage between those persons who have good city government at heart is furnished by the theory that city government is purely a matter of business. It has been a frequent assertion of late years by the members of a certain school that the government of a city should be as purely a business matter as is the government of a railroad, a bank, or a factory; that there ought to be no "sentiment" about it. In a sense, of course, but in a very restricted sense, this is true. The technical employees of a city, such as the architect, the engineer, the superintendent of streets, ought to be

selected for their technical capacity, and the best results can be obtained only when they hold office for life, or at least for a long term. But in no other sense is the government of a city a purely business matter. The very people who are loud and constant in their assertion that there is no difference between a municipality and a factory are, as a rule, the same people who hold up for our imitation the model cities of Europe. But in those foreign cities the theory that a city corporation is simply a business corporation is unknown. In Berlin, a citizen who is called to public office is bound by law to assume the obligation, under penalty of losing his franchise and of incurring a substantial increase in taxation. In Birmingham, public office is looked upon as an honor; and accordingly, the best and ablest citizens are proud to take office under the city. It was so in Athens, it was so in Rome; it used to be so in every town in New England; and wherever the notion that no honor attaches to the holding of public office obtains, wherever, in short, the theory that government is a mere form of "business" prevails, there we have political decadence and disgrace, inefficiency and corruption. What follows from the principle that a city corporation is purely a business corporation? Why, this: that there is no moral obligation upon any citizen to make it better.

There was mentioned lately the instance — and it is only one of a thousand similar cases — of a rich citizen in New York, a Republican by conviction, who pays several hundred dollars annually to Tammany in order to be "let alone." Why should he not do so, if city government is a mere matter of business? It is not for the interest of any rich resident in New York to set about the purification of the city government. It is cheaper and easier and in every way more convenient for him to pay blackmail, even to pay excessive tax rates

(they are not very excessive), rather than to expend his valuable time and energies in political efforts. As Mr. Bonaparte (whom I am forced to quote so often) remarked, "It is perfectly hopeless, ladies and gentlemen, to found any moral movement upon self-interest."

Here, then, is another fundamental point upon which it behooves the reformers to clear up their ideas, to range themselves upon one side or upon the other. Will they make it their business to convince men that good city government is a matter of self-interest, or to persuade them that it is a matter of duty? Is it a question of dollars and cents, or a question of morality and patriotism? I see nothing absurd in the following statement of the functions of a city government: "Business corporations exist for money-earning and profit-sharing, but a city has a higher purpose. It lives not only to protect all its children, but especially to restrain the wayward, to guard the defenseless, to care for the needy and unfortunate, remembering that they are all the children of God."¹

I have suggested two lines of cleavage between those who have at heart the improvement of city government; but it is probable that in most cases these two lines will be found to coincide. That is, the men who believe in the moral efficacy of education and "culture" and the public schools, and who do not believe in the plain people, are also, generally speaking, those who consider that the government of a city is merely a matter of business. The type is a well-known one; it is found almost exclusively in our Eastern cities.

But as for us (I venture to put the reader in the same category with myself) who have no confidence in the moral efficacy of "culture;" who do not expect to see the world reformed by Folio of Worcester, nor by Primer of Providence, nor even by Vellum of St. Louis,

¹ From an essay by Mr. S. B. Capen, of Boston.

— upon what shall we base our hopes (if we have any) of ultimate good government in American cities? Perhaps we can base them upon certain old qualities in human nature which have accomplished great things in the past; perhaps we can base them upon the feeling of loyalty, upon sympathy, upon that passion for a totem which has moved whole nations, inspired wars, and operated as an immense dynamic force in the history of the world.

I cannot describe what I mean better than by quoting the words of a reformer who has expressed the very opposite notion. He said, and he spoke with undisguised contempt: "The people will not come out for a principle, but they will for a man. . . . It is possibly true that average character and intelligence are so low in some cities that there is nothing but personal leadership and some temporary and attractive *coup* that will further the cause of reform; but, as a rule, I think the leagues of the country should take higher ground, in deference to the superior popular intelligence and character," etc.

Now, the fact is that since the dawn of history "average character and intelligence" have been "so low," and they are so low to-day, that nothing but "personal leadership" "will further the cause of reform" or any other cause. The great theologians tell us that religious truth itself has little practical effect until it is illustrated and made alive by personal example and leadership. Personal leadership has made men march fifty miles in a day, who otherwise would have dropped to the ground after, let us say, thirty miles. Personal leadership has carried forlorn hopes. All the great political battles in this and in every other country have been won and lost under personal leadership. Give your voters the right sort of personal leadership, and instead of dragging them to the polls in carriages you will not be able to keep them from the polls with

shotguns. This is the first powerful motive which might be made of beneficent use in the government of cities.

The second great motive upon which we can rely is that of the totem, — some bond, that is, however trivial or irrational in itself, which binds men together, which leads them to make common cause, which inspires them with a contagious enthusiasm. Political parties are totems, and nine times out of ten they are, to the individuals composing them, nothing more than totems. How many Republicans or Democrats could give an intelligible or logical reason for the faith that is in them! They are Republicans or Democrats, in most cases, by pure accident; but this fact serves rather to increase than to diminish their party spirit. They are ready to break their opponents' heads, or to have their own heads broken, for the sake of "the party," the totem. If two trains on parallel railroads happen to run along together for a time, every passenger on each train identifies himself with that train; is jubilant when it forges ahead, or mortified if it falls behind. It becomes for the time being *his* train, *his* locomotive, *his* railroad. A totem has sprung into being, and a temporary bond connects the drummer in the smoking-car, the brakeman on the platform, and the lady in her seat.

The same thing is seen conspicuously in the case of professional ball games. Nine hireling players are dubbed with the title "New York" or "Boston," and they contend against nine other hirelings as loosely affiliated with some different city. Five thousand men will go out to witness the contest, and will shriek themselves hoarse if *their* nine wins, or will strive to mob the umpire if *their* nine is in danger of being beaten. Here is an immense force in human nature, which, so far as concerns the good government of cities, is absolutely running to waste, — like a mighty river which could be made to turn the wheels of a thousand mills, but which in fact is allowed to find

its way, unemployed and unrestrained, to the sea.

Nor is it a mark of weakness for a man to submit to a leader, and to be swayed by an honest enthusiasm which he shares with his fellows. We hear a great deal about the beauty of independence, about freedom and equality; but the sense of loyalty is a more noble, a more potent thing than the sense of freedom or the sense of equality. Loyalty is an emotion founded on some of the plainest, most striking facts in human nature. Napoleon is estimated, I believe, to have been equal in war to a hundred thousand ordinary men, more or less. His superiority was indeed excessive; but men differ so greatly in capacity, in force of character and of intellect, that a few are always fitted by nature to lead, and the many are fitted to obey. The instinct of loyalty is based upon this difference; in a word, it is based upon the truth. So, also, the passion for a totem is, in the main, a normal, wholesome passion; it takes a man out of himself, and makes him capable of sacrifices and exertions which neither self-interest nor the bare sense of duty could ever command.

But all this, it might be objected, is very much in the air. There is, to be sure, the great power of personal leadership; there is the great power of common enthusiasm, of a party, of a totem; and Tammany itself is a proof that these powers, or the second of them at any rate, can be employed to immense effect in the misgovernment of cities. But how can they be employed for the good government of cities? I do not know; perhaps nobody knows. Yet it is easy to imagine various ways in which they might thus be utilized; and it is impossible to conclude that permanent good government in our cities can ever be obtained except by means of them. They are, after all, the elemental political forces, — the coherent, dynamic forces which only can knit men together, and inspire them with the necessary heat and fury.

Mr. Edmond Kelly, of New York, gives us a hint of what might be done in the direction that I have indicated: "The difference between their system [that of the Tammany Clubs] and ours is this: that their philanthropy goes hand in hand with their politics, whereas our philanthropy is cunningly devised so as to leave behind it little gratitude, little sense of obligation, and not a single political principle. Is this wise or right? The immigrant voter is a stranger in a strange land, speaking a strange language, with no political sense and no political education: into whose hands is he to fall? Into those of machine politicians who can only corrupt him, or into the hands of an intelligent propaganda which will lift him out of his needs into a sense of his personal dignity and of his political responsibilities. I do not believe in divorcing philanthropy from politics. . . . I believe the municipal evil to be a many-headed one; we must simultaneously attack all the heads, or while we are subduing one we shall become victims to the other. I see the forces tending towards evil coöperating with fatal concentration; I see those tending towards good dissipated with fatuous indifference. I contend that when we take the hand of a fellow-creature, to lift him out of want, poverty, or crime, we should not let go his hand till we have raised him to the level of the franchise which he is destined to exercise. And this is what I believe to be the ultimate mission of our Good Government Clubs."

Why should there not be a big political club in every large city, taking in all ranks and conditions of men, holding out rewards and honors, and opportunities for friendship and society with club-houses in every part of the city; a club in which the rich should help the poor, and in which rich and poor should be united by ties of self-interest, of fellowship, of loyalty to common leaders, of devotion to a common purpose? Why should there not be two such clubs, rivals

for the control of the city? Why should not the two great political parties maintain organizations of this sort in every large city? It matters not that state or national political issues have nothing to do with the policy of a city. It was said by a learned man, "To elect a city magistrate because he is a Republican or a Democrat is about as sensible as to elect him because he believes in homœopathy or has a taste for chrysanthemums." This statement, taken literally, is true; and yet the implication which it contains is utterly untrue. If all the citizens in a city could be divided into two parties, each eager for success, and each prepared, in case of defeat, to keep the successful party up to the mark, why, then good government would be insured (at least government as good as we get in state or national affairs), and it would make no difference what was the line of division, — whether it were Republicanism, or homœopathy, or chrysanthemums.

Perhaps the most obvious objection to the existence of such clubs as I have imagined is that they imply, practically, a form of municipal government which is certainly not the democratic and the constitutional form. That is true. But the democratic form of government has been tried in our great cities, and it has failed. In New York it has ceased to exist. For twenty years, New York has been governed by a very different form: it has been governed by the leader of a club, by a man called a "boss," who exercises more power in his jurisdiction than is enjoyed by any sovereign in Europe, with the possible exception of the emperor of Russia.

However, I am not concerned to defend city government by means of such clubs as I have vaguely suggested. Possibly they would not work; possibly they would involve evils worse than those which we now endure. But the point upon which I insist, and which, I think, will be clear, upon reflection, to every

fair-minded man, is that good government in cities can never be obtained, as a permanent thing, except through the forces of personal leadership, and of such sympathy and enthusiasm as are aroused by a common cause. Neither mere self-interest nor mere sense of duty will make men vote; much less will it make them vote right. There must be something more: there must be a leader and a totem.

The reformers, in general, believe that the thing can be done without a leader and without a totem. They believe, some that self-interest, others that the sense of duty, will be or might become sufficient. They would be right if all men were like themselves. But the great mass of men — fortunately or unfortunately, as we may think — are very different from the typical reformer. The trouble with the reformer is, therefore, not that he has a wrong conception of government, but that he has a wrong conception of human nature. The majority of men, and especially the uneducated, are both better and worse than what I call the typical reformer supposes them to be; they are more honest and more generous than he thinks, but less easily moved by abstract ideas and impersonal motives.

As to the men of "culture," the "good" citizens, they are so far outnumbered that it matters little whether they vote or not; and it is possible that a vague realization of this fact is, partly at least, at the bottom of their much-condemned indifference. The really important function of this class is to supply leadership. The people are not only willing to be led, they like to be led; but their leader must be one who can sympathize with them. He must be of a type very different from that of the typical reformer. It would seem that in cities of half a million people and upwards, a few such men might be produced now and then; and the example of Tammany Hall shows how great is the scope of their possible exertions.

Tammany furnishes the best object lesson in city government which this generation has seen; and it would be wiser to take a leaf out of her book than to content ourselves with condemning her course. The rank and file of Tammany are, in the main, honest men, good citizens. They do not share the plunder; the enormous sums raised by blackmail

go into the pockets of a few leaders. Nor do they all hold office, or desire office. The rank and file number about two hundred thousand, and the places number only about twenty-seven thousand. What, then, holds Tammany together, — what but the power of personal leadership and the power of the totem?

Henry Childs Merwin.

THE ACADEMIC TREATMENT OF ENGLISH.

THE condition precedent of a satisfactory academic treatment of English is the acquisition of a reasonable familiarity with English literature and good usage in elementary and secondary schools. It is true that our colleges have to receive many students, otherwise qualified, who have no familiarity with any but the most recent and it may be ephemeral literature, who have even no such acquaintance with the English Bible as their fathers had, and whose knowledge of good usage has been far too dependent on the accident of their companionship; it is true, also, that for this reason much of the work done in college to-day is the repair of defective preparation. But in any proposition covering the logical method of teaching English literature and English composition in college, we have a right to assume this condition precedent; and as a matter of fact, the application of reasonable principles to the study of English in schools of a lower grade is spreading so rapidly that we may hopefully turn our attention to the legitimate consequences in the college curriculum.

In a former paper,¹ I sought to point out the place of reading and writing in the educational process of a boy or girl up to, say, the age of sixteen, the relation

that reading held to writing in this period, the limitation of each by the immaturity of the pupil, but also the wide and rapid development possible in the taste for reading great literature, and in the apprehension of its power. It was found that by the time a boy or girl was nearly ready to enter college, a systematic reading of English literature would have put such a one in generous possession of a large stock of poetry and prose, with a constantly increasing ability to assimilate the material; but that the progress of the same person in the power of expression would be slow, and unattended by more than merely negative excellence for the most part, although a very positive influence would be exerted over the faculty of speech and writing by the models to which the student had been accustomed. In all this, the end kept in view was the enrichment of the nature through acquaintance with humane thought and high poesy, and the gradual perception of a standard by which one should measure his own efforts at composition.

Supposing, then, one to have read well, under wise guidance, in literature native to him, for ten years, when college would be in view, and his course of study would be shaped with special reference to an academic career of five or six years more; and supposing him,

¹ The Educational Law of Reading and Writing, *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1894.

by constant practice, to have reached a point where he could handle his language with correctness, if not with ease or conspicuous elegance: would any new educational law come into play? or would it be possible to achieve a valuable result simply by continuing the same course as before, only making wider excursions in literature, and attempting more difficult essays in writing? And how should the economy of the last year or two of the secondary school and the whole college course be brought to bear upon the well-being of the student in this particular?

The main answer must be looked for, as before, in the nature and growth of the mind. As I pointed out in my previous article, the critical faculty, the judgment as a whole, is of slow development, and its formal exercise in literature should be discouraged up to this point. The period has been one of appropriation, not of estimation. But as the critical faculty, which till now has been trained chiefly in science, mathematics, and grammar, comes into more vigorous use, there arises in the healthy course of nature a curiosity about one's self, the beginning of those questionings which are to find some answer in experience, in philosophy and religion. And this dawn of an intelligent self-consciousness, which comes earlier in some than in others, is attended by a response to those notes of other selves which have found musical expression in verse or pregnant prose. It may be only at full sunrise that Memnon gives forth its own melodies, but it is gathering in the dawn the rays of light which are finally to awaken its voice. Happy the youth that has felt the thrill of its own consciousness at the sound of some speech from the upper sky of poetry!

As, then, great literature is the note of men who have found themselves and have entered into the large places of the spirit, and as this literature offers to the awakening mind the surest, most satis-

fying answer to its unreasoning, instinctive appeal, so when the hour comes that brings the sharp questioning, the insistence upon the truth about self, the adolescence which is no longer content with an external authority, but needs to find the throne of its own kingdom, there can scarcely be a better field for the exercise of the critical faculty than that same domain of literature on which the mind has pastured with unreasoning delight. For though the specific object of study be any one of several, — linguistic forms, æsthetic structure, personal elements, — the content, already more or less familiar as a whole, constantly throws out a stronger light, as it is analyzed from each point of view. Supposing one, for example, to have read Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* with his attention given only to the story, with its absorbing unrolling of scenes, culminating in its superb human judgment-day; and then, in the after-year of his collegiate study, to subject the play to critical analysis for its fidelity to documentary history, or its differentiation from other forms of tragedy by the same master, or even its contribution to the knowledge of words: it would be morally certain that the deeper he drove his share into it, the richer would prove the great thought of the whole play; and the life of the student would be still further enriched by the exercise now of a judgment, practicing in detail upon that which his receptive mind had already entertained as a whole.

In the development of the entire nature, therefore, which is the very end of formal education, a logical process is carried on when the great literature which has been the ranging-ground of the appropriating mind continues to be the field for the exercise of that same mind quickened by the very substance on which it has lived into an active, speculative inquiry. There is no change in the material, but a change in attitude of the person toward it brings to light new values

as the person grows in intelligent judgment. Taking literature, then, as an object of study, the directions in which it may be explored seem to be, broadly, threefold.

There may be an analysis of the material and structure. The opportunity for the study of words, historically, is made far more possible when the student's reading has ranged over many periods, and his vocabulary has been enlarged, though not necessarily so widely in speech, by a generous acquaintance with varied literature. Undoubtedly, a student in the history of words is largely dependent upon a knowledge of Latin, and greatly assisted by some familiarity with the Romance languages; it is the business of college to see that this aid is given. In any full course of study in the history of English words these auxiliaries are requisite. Still, the main field of operation is in English speech itself, as subject to influences which are only partly foreign and ancient; and a most fascinating pursuit is open which considers chiefly such historical phenomena as lie before one who knows English authors not by name only, and the guides to such research will be yet more serviceable when the Oxford Dictionary is completed. The growth of the English language can be studied effectively only as one has acquired a reasonable familiarity with the development of the literature which the language serves. The grammatical structure, also, offers an allied subject of study; and in my judgment, grammar as a science may well be postponed to this time, especially as the student, if wise, will already have become familiar with the process of study through his approach to Greek and Latin literature; grammar as an art ought to have become known to him through his acquaintance with good usage, as he discovers it in the best literature, recognizes it in cultivated speech, and is trained to it in his writing exercises. Nor can one overlook the relation which writing English has to this spe-

cific study of English words and English grammar; for the stones which one digs out of the quarry become easily those which he uses in building, and the analysis of structure gives fresh meaning and dignity to those rules which have heretofore guided him in his own composition. Moreover, as a large part of the study of rhetoric is expended upon specific training in this direction, such study would economize force by making rhetoric more strictly inductive in its process.

Again, there may be an analysis of the content of literature, and as this content yields itself less to direct attack than to an approach from various sides, there is room under this study for the biographical and historical study of literature, and an inquiry into the exposition which it offers of national life and racial characteristics. More especially is it possible to read literature in the light of spiritual laws; to pursue, for example, such special inquiries as will disclose the attitude of man toward nature at different periods, his prophetic function, his interpretation of current movements in society, the relation which literature at any one time may bear toward the conquest of man in other fields, as in science and philosophy. Then, if one seeks for a direct influence of all this study upon the mode of expression, there are abundant themes for historic and biographic narrative, and for speculative and critical writing.

Once more: along with the analysis of material and structure, and the analysis of content, there is possible to the maturer student an analysis of the form of literature. This may be said to be the last and finest process of study as devoted to literature, the one most elusive and yet fascinating, and that which calls for an appreciation of literature only dimly apprehended by most students. Nevertheless, some sort of study in this direction is possible to all, and the results which it yields are most stimulating. Here the practice in writing comes to the fore as a

most indispensable element in the study itself. The sonnet form, for instance, in poetry, becomes far more intelligent to the student who has diligently conned his Milton or Wordsworth, his Longfellow or Aldrich, when he makes an essay in the same form. Just as some studious work in design, in music, in any form of art, quickens one's power of appreciation in these arts, so the diligent student of literature, whose after-calling may demand no exercise of creative genius, will possess the secret which lies behind poem, story, drama, oration, more surely, and so share more evenly with the creator the great gifts of his art, if he has made that most effective analysis which consists in the copying of models.

By a reasonable series, we seem to have reached a stage where, in the development of the person, what he does himself becomes more distinctly a part of his education, and issues at last directly in a grasp of life. This is especially true of what is formally entitled composition. In its first exercise, it is almost pure imitation; throughout the school course and in the academy, it continues to be based chiefly on imitation, only the thing imitated is seen more comprehensively; in the final collegiate use, composition is still imitative, but in a more intelligent, critical way, resulting still, however, not so much in production of what is the student's own as in the reproduction of the art of others. In all these phases, composition bears a clear, unmistakable relation to the study of literature.

Meanwhile, there has slowly been forming a power of expression which is nothing less than the person himself, and it would be idle to refer the growth of this power to the exercise of formal composition. Every part of the student's training may and should contribute to this growth; and though, as the student comes into full possession of his faculties, he will instinctively rid himself of the notion that the writing of English is exclusively related to the study of English,

it is a pity that, in our ordinary college curriculum, the two should be so bound together that the connection seems essential, and the teacher of English literature is regarded as the sole teacher of English writing. It is imperative, in any sound and healthy condition of school and college training, that every study should be made ancillary to the great end in view, the power of the man to stand on his feet. It is odd how figurative speech gives back new meaning to the fact on which it is based. One of the most convincing orators I know impresses himself upon the eye by the perfect stability of his posture, and the sculptor Bartlett has shown in an interesting series of photographs how the characteristic pose both of Lincoln and of Emerson was one of tranquil self-reliance, planted squarely on the feet, with no hand stretched out to grasp any support. Uprightness in the body has a good deal to do with uprightness of character.

So, little by little, under the influence of wise training, and of those forces which no one seeks and no one misses, the student is finding himself. Now, no single aid to the formation of clear thought is so great as the practice of clear expression, and common sense no less than educated experience shows unmistakably that it is a blunder when lucidity and finish of expression are neglected in any study. It is as important to state a mathematical problem exactly as it is to use figures which permit no doubt as to their value. As well confound 3 and 8 in setting down those figures as to omit proper copulatives in presenting the sum in which they are used. And as one comes into the field of the humanities, the demand for faultless expression is more imperative. A slovenly historical statement, though it contain all the facts correctly; a half-finished answer to a question in philosophy, though it show that the solution is held; a bald translation which succeeds, as a boy says, in giving the sense of the

passage, should not be tolerated; and any teacher, however learned in his science or art, who did not know the difference between good English and cheap colloquialism should be regarded as disqualified. If one could be sure that every instructor in college possessed a thorough discrimination in this regard, the chair of rhetoric might safely be left vacant. Indeed, such a vacancy would be eloquent in its witness to the important educational truth that English literature and the power of writing do not form a monogamous union.

In all this consideration of the academic treatment of English, it has been assumed that the result to be aimed at is, not the training of men of letters, but the true growth of the student, so that he may finally come into the harmonious activity of his own power. It may well be doubted whether it is within the province of college to produce authors, or whether it would be very happy if it made the attempt. Certainly, a close application to the study of English literature would be a questionable course for any one to pursue who aimed at distinction in literature. The indirect way is often that which brings one to the end of his route most richly laden; and it would be no fanciful advice to an aspirant in literature that bade him look to Greek, to Italian, to French, to mediæval history, rather than too exclusively to occupy himself with English literature. But since the author stands in the great succession of the men whom he has been studying, it is more to the point that, as he comes into the possession of his particular power, he gets steadily away from imitation and the copying of models, a purely academic proceeding, and his own expression is an independent product, to be added to the stock of literature, great and small.

It is questionable, also, if the contribution which the study of English literature makes to the final result in a bachelor of arts ought to be classed too

closely with that made by other, even similar studies. We have seen that its relation to expression is by no means exclusive; it is not, perhaps, commanding. The disciplinary value of a thorough study of Greek and Latin, it may be even of modern European languages, is greater; and, for the development of the logical faculty, so powerful an element in the educated man, political economy may be held to be a more responsible factor. But English literature has its own part to play, and it is one more distinctly allied to philosophy and ethics than to Greek and Latin. For, however one may analyze it, as I have already suggested, the spirit of this literature remains, as at first, the finest possession of the student; and no critical or historical study of elements and forms, properly pursued, can do other than heighten the influence of the content itself, — an influence which is spiritual and pervasive rather than resolvable into definite force. Thus, the study of English literature cannot be made a substitute for the study of Greek or Latin. It does not accomplish the same result; and even though the study of Latin and Greek were made far more contributory than it is to one's conception of the human spirit, that study could not do for one what a study of English literature can do, for this is, in the last result, a study of one's self projected on a broad screen of the masters of the secrets of the human soul, and race, speech, religion, ideas, native to the student, are all involved in the great theme. The subjective inquiry, which in his collegiate years especially is never remote from his mind, here finds an objective interpretation of infinite consequence to him, and answers which Æschylus might give to a Greek youth sound but faint in the ears of an ingenuous American who hears as at his side the voice of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, or Emerson. The function of English literature, even in college, can never be reduced to merely academic

terms. It is too vital a force, too intimate in its relations to our breathing life, to permit of that; but because this literature is what it is, and because it has its being in the citadel of our politi-

cal, social, and religious nature, schools, academies, and colleges alike must reckon with it as a commanding force which one joyfully accepts as the great liberator of education.

H. E. Scudder.

WHITTIER'S LIFE AND POETRY.

THE publication at the same time of a detailed life of Whittier¹ and a well-annotated collection of his poetry² in a single volume gives a good opportunity for a study of his life as affecting his poetry, and of his poetry as illustrating the facts which are brought out in the narrative of his life. Mr. Pickard has been diligent in collecting a number of very interesting anecdotes concerning Whittier. Individually of no striking value, they serve, in a cumulative way, to throw a good deal of light on his character, and by the skillful manner in which they are interwoven in the narrative they perform the other function of lightening what must be, from its nature, a somewhat grave record. The letters, which fill a considerable part of the two volumes, do not in themselves carry forward the story of Whittier's life in a very important way; and a merely documentary biography would in this case have been a disappointing book, for though Whittier wrote naturally and freely, he said very little, on the whole, about himself. He put more of his real life into a few of his poems than into all his letters. Yet the letters intensify the impression created by the biographer's work, and they bear a valuable testimony to the fidelity of the biographer, and in one or two instances to his rare honesty and acumen.

It would seem at first glance that there was nothing new to tell about Whittier, and that so retired a life could scarcely afford much scope for speculation, even. But except to the few who knew Whittier intimately the Life and Letters will tell a great deal that is novel and significant; especially is this true when one considers that the real history of the man lies in the period, sixty years ago, when he was an obscure young man, and that its arena is in the spiritual field, where conquests are not always easily understood until one is made acquainted with what the man renounces as well as what he achieves.

After all, the life of a poet depends for its interest chiefly on the disclosure of the forces at work for the production of his poetry, and it is this disclosure which makes the volumes before us singularly interesting. The circumstances of Whittier's boyhood were very confined. The family life, touched with the light that shines with such mellow lustre in *Snow-Bound*, was one of high principle, yet the pressure of poverty was always upon it, and the hard lines of a New England farm life were drawn severely round the home. As Mr. Pickard well says: "Our fathers, coming from the milder climate of England, had the traditional English slowness in adapting themselves to changed climatic conditions. The pio-

¹ *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier.* By SAMUEL T. PICKARD. With Portraits and other Illustrations. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

² *The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier.* Cambridge Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

neers, and their descendants for four or five generations, adopted the policy of 'toughening' themselves by exposure to cold, and they saw no reason for making their cattle more comfortable than themselves. Their boys were expected at an early age to take their part in the work of subduing the wilderness, and they housed and dressed themselves much as they had done in the milder climate of the mother country. Almost two centuries passed away before barns were made comfortable, and flannels and overcoats ceased to be regarded as extravagances. Mr. Whittier was accustomed to attribute the delicacy of his health throughout life to the methods of toughening the constitution in vogue when he was a lad. No flannels were worn in the coldest weather, and the garments of homespun, though strong and serviceable, were of open texture compared with modern goods. Only a short spencer for overcoat, and mufflers and mittens, were provided for extremely cold weather; and the drive to the Friends' meeting at Amesbury, eight miles away, twice a week, on First and Fifth days, with no buffalo robes or warm wraps, was thoroughly chilling and uncomfortable, and the meeting-houses of those days were seldom provided with means of heating. These were among the hardships of the time and country, common to all classes of the people, and were endured as inevitable. But while lamenting this needless exposure to cold, Whittier never complained of other hard youthful experiences, — the unending contest with the rocky acres of his father's farm, and the difficulties of obtaining an education."

The spiritual democracy profoundly implied in the Quaker faith, combined with the political democracy of a New England country town, and the necessity for hard labor, conspired to produce in Whittier a sympathy with common life and a perception of its value which find very noble expression in his poetry. In the Cambridge edition of his poems

there is a division under the title *Songs of Labor and Reform*, and in it are disposed those cheery, intelligible, but not especially inspired songs in which the Fishermen, the Shoemakers, the Shipbuilders, the Lumbermen, the Drovers, and the Huskers are each heartily honored. In the dedication which introduces these songs, Whittier says: —

"So haply these, my simple lays
Of homely toil, may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things
below.

"Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plough, may gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong
the working brain."

But his deliberate spoken creed is of less consequence than the whole drift of his poetic expression and choice of subject. His verses carry straight to the heart of plain people, not alone because they deal with forms of life which are familiar to such readers, but because they assume, without controversy and without self-consciousness, the worth, the dignity, and the permanence of free human labor. There is a world-wide difference between the poet who treats the plain people as a class and the poet who quietly and absolutely ignores any distinction. Burns sang the song of the people with an inspired independence and brave self-confidence; yet again and again one hears the note of protest, the insistence upon the great truth of "a man's a man for a' that." There is no need to emphasize the distinction between a formal democracy and a formal aristocracy, but one may well consider the immense advantage which the farmer boy in New England had over the farmer boy in Scotland as regards the consciousness of human equality and individual independence. In the one case, there was the assertion of self; in the other, ranks and classes were

merely outside terms which stood for nothing in his own consciousness. Hence, there was for Whittier an entire freedom in his handling of all sorts and conditions of men. For those of simple life, like himself, he had a special kindliness; but his democratic instinct showed itself plainly in the absolute negation of all accidental distinctions.

When we come to consider the formal educational influence to which Whittier was subjected, it would seem as if no poet could well have been less indebted to schools. He took the chance learning of the district school, though here he had the good fortune twice to fall into the hands of genuine teachers. The story of such higher training as he had is well told by his biographer. Whittier had won the interest and favorable regard of Mr. Thayer, the editor of the Haverhill paper to which the farmer's son had contributed some verses. "Mr. Thayer had such a high opinion of his young contributor that, in January, 1827, he went to his father, as Mr. Garrison had done a few months earlier, to urge him to give his son a classical education. A new academy was soon to be opened in Haverhill, and he could attend it and spend a part of each week at his home. The old gentleman took into consideration the fact that, two years before, Greenleaf had seriously injured himself by attempting farm work that was too heavy for him, and was at length inclined to yield, though protesting it was contrary to Friends' custom to acquire the polish of literary culture. The mother asked Mr. Thayer if he would take Greenleaf into his family, and this was readily promised. . . . The young man had permission to attend the academy, but he must pay his own way. This task he set about with a glad heart. An opportunity soon appeared. A man who worked in the summer upon his father's farm made a cheap kind of slipper in the winter, and he offered to instruct young Whittier in the art. The offer was gladly accepted,

and, as it was the simplest kind of sandal that was to be made, the mystery of the trade was soon acquired. The retail price of the slippers was only twenty-five cents a pair, and he received but eight cents a pair for his work; and yet during the winter of 1826-27 enough was earned to pay the expense of a term of six months at the academy. He calculated so closely every item of expense that he knew before the beginning of the term that he would have twenty-five cents to spare at its close, and he actually had this sum of money in his pocket when his half year of study was over. It was the rule of his whole life never to buy anything until he had the money in hand to pay for it; and although his income was small and uncertain until past middle life, he was never in debt."

Twelve months in all he spent at this academy, where he had an introduction to the knowledge of French, but found the fullest reward in an ardent study of classic English literature. Aside from this slight foray into a larger world, it is hard to discover any education in Whittier's case which was not native, indigenous. Unlike Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, and Holmes, he was an uncollegiate man; unlike these and Irving, an untraveled man. Any education not native, indigenous? Well, there was one force so familiar that one might forget for a moment it was not native, indigenous. The Bible, in the English tongue, has so inwoven itself in the very texture of our thought and experience as to have effaced almost all obvious traces of Hebraic, of Hellenic, of Oriental origin. Time was, and we are not far out if we make that time to have been the period of Whittier's boyhood, when the Bible was read as a whole, with little discrimination as to its parts; when the effort was made not so much to read it as if one were a contemporary of its scenes as to realize those scenes upon the plane of the reader. The historic sense was not cultivated, but the imaginative was, and

the prophets and apostles walked the streets and hills of New England, in the imagination of the people, much as they showed themselves once in Venice to painters and to those who looked on the pictures painted.

We must not fail to take into account the profound educative influence of the Bible in its entirety upon Whittier's genius. His earliest poems were largely paraphrases of Scriptural themes, but even more indicative of its influence is the almost unconscious witness which he gives in poem after poem not immediately connected with the Bible. His strong imagination fed upon it, and as its very phraseology is blended with his familiar and his poetic speech, so, more than this, his whole nature drew upon the fountains of its waters. It is interesting to observe how, throughout his poetry, allusions to Biblical characters and passages fall as naturally from his lips as Greek or Roman allusions from Milton's. When he sees a storm coming over Lake Asquam, and throws the whole scene into one of his most striking poems of nature, how instinctively he begins!

"A cloud like that the old-time Hebrew saw
On Carmel prophesying rain."

When, like a Hebrew prophet himself, he pronounces judgment upon Webster in one of the loftiest, sternest, yet most compassionate poems in our literature, not only does he name his poem Ichabod, but there is scarcely a stanza which does not yield some word, some phrase, traceable to Biblical language, yet so absolutely his own that a reader unfamiliar with the Bible would not for an instant suspect any foreign influence. He wrote this poem in 1850. Most interesting is it to note that in the afterpiece, *The Lost Occasion*, written thirty years later, there is but a single phrase,

"Like the green withes that Samson bound,"

which recalls the Bible; and the poem is unusually, for Whittier, decorated with secular ornament:—

"Jove's own brow."

"In port and speech Olympian."

"As turned perchance the eye of Greece
On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece."

"The Saxon strength of Cædmon."

"The Roman forum's loftiest speech."

"As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,
Crushing as if with Talus' flail."

The change marks not only the large, generous spirit of the poet, mellowed by the lapse of years, but the expansion of intellectual sympathy.

Yet great as was Whittier's debt to the Bible on his intellectual side, so that his very diction was tinged and marked by Biblical phrase, we should fail of accounting for his profoundest power if we did not recognize how surely he penetrated the outward form of the book, and entered into its secret places. It can scarcely be questioned that the religious associations and training of Whittier conspired to this end. Under the limitations imposed by the hard lines of New England country life, and by the restrictive principles of the Society of Friends, the Bible was the great literature on which he fed, and upon which, as material, his imagination first had free play. But the cardinal doctrines of the Friends emphasized those spiritual properties of the Bible which had been largely suppressed in the theology and philosophy current in Whittier's boyhood. These doctrines he not only heard at meeting, but he found them exemplified in the journals and memoirs which formed his father's library, and constituted for a long time his principal supply of reading. Hence there grew in his receptive nature that conception of God as eternal Goodness which is the deep note sounded in his poetry. Hence, also, through the doctrine of the elevation of the spirit and the negation of the form taught by Quakerism came that steadfast adherence to the great elemental, underlying principles of Christian faith, which from the beginning never have been lost out of sight, though frequently obscured. The belief

in God as goodness, the unquestioning confidence in his fatherhood, the perfect trust which interprets all disorder as finite, and order as infinite and eternal, — these large, inexhaustible sources of content were his, and found such transparent expression in his verse that they impart to it something of the same imperishable quality.

If Whittier, like some of his fellow Friends, had been distinctly a mystic, his verse partaking strongly of this characteristic would have been welcome to like-minded eremitic souls. But there were two constituents in his personality which forbade such an issue: his humor, which is scarcely less than another word for sanity, and his grip on human life in its homeliest and in its most exalted expression. The humor which pervades so much of his writing as a kindly, smiling presence was perhaps even more demonstrative in his talk, his familiar converse with men and women. One recognized it, not as a plaything which he used, but as a certain constant element in his nature, which might suddenly become a shaft of wit, but always was at hand to correct a one-sided view of things and persons. It was not used as a weapon for wounding, and we suspect it was often withheld, reserved for his own private delectation. Persons often mistook Whittier's charity for blind good nature; but he was keenly discriminating, and occasionally even his friends were set up as targets for his winged shafts, as when, after praising a notable woman of the day for her great qualities, he suddenly turned and said, "But she has n't a particle of magnetism, and she has worn the same bonnet for twenty years."

So, too, his private life no less than his published verse bears witness to an abiding and intense interest in all things human. If he turned homely life into song, it was because this life constantly lay close to his thought. He was no recluse, though he shrank from publicity,

and particularly from occasions which seemed to put him on a pedestal. When, in 1877, the publishers of *The Atlantic* gave a dinner in honor of his seventieth birthday, they were in the greatest consternation at discovering that Whittier himself intended to dine quietly at home. It was only at the last hour that he yielded to the solicitation of friends, and out of compunction for his hosts came to his own celebration. In late years, his summer outings were almost secret hidings, so reluctant was he to be the centre of a crowd. But in the common intercourse of life, in the meeting with friends unceremoniously, and in the simple affairs of the neighborhood, he was unfailingly open and honest. Otherwise he scarcely could have been the keen, shrewd observer, the unerring judge of men, that he was. It has been said on authority that no important nominations were made in his district without a preliminary conference with Whittier, and during the great political movement of which he knew the inception, and out of the penumbra of which the nation was slowly passing when he died, he was constantly consulted by statesmen, who resorted to him not as to a mystic oracle, but as to one of the most sagacious, broad-minded, and politic men of his generation. The secret of his power unquestionably lay in his lofty moral sense, his clear conception of righteousness; but this was rendered immediately serviceable in counsel and action by qualities which are not always so evidently allied to a high moral sense, — by keen insight into character, by just discrimination, by a judicial faculty which was more than a balance of opinions, it was a balance of mind. Thus it is that Whittier's religious spirit, as it finds expression in his verse, guarded from the peril of other-worldliness by his sane humor and his practical touch with men and women, appeals to that in the religious nature which is universal.

So far, the influences of his education

and circumstances upon Whittier's poetic expression have not been difficult to trace, and they are fairly open to view to any one who knows the New England of Whittier's youth, and reads his poetry with an appreciation of the spiritual forces which were immanent in Quakerism and in the Friends' interpretation of the Bible. But there is a third force to be reckoned with, and it is in the pages of his biography that one discovers it most emphatically. Yet even here, a scrutiny of his poems, taken in their chronological order, offers a hint. There is at the end of the Cambridge Whittier a list of the poems in the order of their production, dating from the poem *The Exile's Departure*, in 1825. A reference to the index shows the earlier poems to be included in the Appendix, where Whittier placed them, since they had been too effectively published to permit him to follow his wiser judgment and cast them out altogether.

Let any one read these early poems — and there are many others not included in the volume — and ask himself what evidence they bear of the Whittier he knows; indeed, what signs they give of poetic power at all. It is hard to discover anything beyond fluency, dexterity, a certain loftiness of spirit, and a marked religiousness of tone. Now and then one strikes a dramatic force; but if he wants poetry, he can find more of it in Kettell that is better than this of Whittier's, and yet never has got beyond a Kettellian immortality. Nevertheless, a reference to Mr. Pickard's pages will show that not only Whittier's mother and sisters and near friends treasured these verses, but they were copied into other papers than those in which they were first printed, and the young poet was treated to phrases which assured him fame. Fame was indeed to come, but for verses unwritten and undreamed of.

Now, these smooth, commonplace poems were not merely the productions of a boy, to pass into vigorous verse as

maturity came. A little glimpse of one turn of his mind is seen in *Moll Pitcher*. It is not impossible that the young journalist, with his home-bred wit and his curiosity about the world around him, might, under conditions of peace and prosperity, have pursued with increase of skill the legendary themes of New England, and have become a sort of Allan Ramsay. The actual development came, not by orderly process, but by a kind of cataclysm. Mr. Pickard has divined the change in Whittier's mental attitude, and it is not difficult to apply the result in his poetical career. "Up to 1832," he says, "when he returned from Hartford to his home in Haverhill, Mr. Whittier's highest ambition had been to make his mark in politics. . . . It was in this direction that he was looking for his life work. . . . His work as a political editor had brought him in contact with the leaders of his party, and his marked ability as a writer and his honesty and sagacity in the party councils were appreciated. He was becoming known as an anti-slavery man, it is true, but that did not then disqualify one for leadership in either party, in New England. Besides, his Quakerism was a good excuse for his conscience. Our orthodox fathers in that generation were taking more kindly to Quakers than to heretics in other sects, like Unitarians and Universalists, and were ready to humor what were regarded as their whims. So that up to 1833, when Whittier was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, whatever thought he had for the future, outside of his work as a farmer, was in the direction of politics. In 1833, his attention had been called by Garrison, of whom he had seen little for the past three years, to the importance of arousing the nation to a sense of its guilt in the matter of slavery. He did not need any change of heart to become an abolitionist. As a birthright Quaker, he inherited the traditions of his sect against the institution of slavery. But he had

been hoping, by moral means, and by efforts within the lines of the old parties, to secure the gradual extinction of a system so out of harmony with our otherwise free institutions. A word from Garrison caused him thoroughly to study the situation. All the literature of the subject within his reach was examined carefully. . . . He found that both the great parties of the North were beginning to discipline their members who were too urgent in pressing measures that might lose to them the support of the Southern States. He had learned something of this change in the popular feeling from the experience of his friend Garrison, who had been imprisoned at Baltimore for his free utterance of anti-slavery sentiments. . . . Whittier counted the cost with Quaker coolness of judgment before taking a step that closed to him the gates of both political and literary preferment. He realized more fully than did most of the early abolitionists that the institution of slavery would not fall at the first blast of their horns. When he decided to enter upon this contest, he understood that his cherished ambitions must be laid aside, and that an entire change in his plans was involved. He took the step deliberately and after serious consideration."

The immediate product was the vigorous pamphlet *Justice and Expediency*, an historical arraignment of the institution of slavery, thoroughly reasoned out, and driven home with warmth and felicity. How strong the blow was may be guessed from the fact that Dr. Crandall, of Washington, was imprisoned for lending it to a brother physician. It was Whittier's gauntlet thrown down resolutely, and thenceforth he stood committed as that despised and hated fanatic an abolitionist. But Whittier differed widely from some of the more pronounced abolitionists, from Garrison in particular, by his willingness to use political weapons, and his skill in handling them. The two chapters in Mr. Pick-

ard's *Life*, headed *Enlistment in the War against Slavery*, and *Initiation into Politics*, show clearly the remarkable fight which Whittier made, and the astuteness with which he plied the arts of the politician. There are one or two expressions in his letters, in the early years of his engagement in politics, which make one see how sharp a partisan was in the making; but after his political sagacity had been consecrated to a great cause, there is keenness still of invention and persistency of management, but no trace of selfishness or double dealing, or suppression of higher to lower ends. His handling of Caleb Cushing, as detailed here, was masterly.

The enlistment in the war against slavery was for no limited term, but for the war, and the whole complexion of Whittier's life was thereby affected. To stand up before mobs, to act as secretary to anti-slavery conventions, to go forth preaching the gospel of emancipation, to write letters and editorials and give himself freely in sacrifice, — this is the history of thirty years. And what became then of his poetry, of that literary ambition which smote him early, sent him to the academy, and set him planning books in his early manhood? The answer is most impressive. He had, and he knew he had, a poetic voice. Pamphlets and editorials were well enough, but they were secondary. This poetic voice, also, he brought to the altar. From singing smooth lays, he suddenly pitched the key in those *Voices of Freedom* which, beginning with remote themes like *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, soon seized upon the story of the day and turned it into a cry, a lyric summons. As the editor of the *Cambridge Whittier* says: "He rushed into verse in a tumultuous fashion, careless of the form, eager only to utter the message which half choked him with its violence. There was a fierce note to his poetry, rough, but tremendously earnest. This was the first effect, such a troubling of the waters as gave a some-

what turbid aspect to the stream, and for a while his verse was very largely declamatory, rhymed polemics."

There never was a nobler illustration in literature of the great law "Whosoever shall lose his life shall save it." Whittier perceived the application in his own case. "In later life," says Mr. Pickard, "in giving counsel to a boy of fifteen, Mr. Whittier said that his own early ambition had been to become a prominent politician, and from this ideal he was persuaded only by the earnest appeals of his friends. Taking their advice, he united with the persecuted and obscure band of abolitionists, and to this course he attributed all his after-success in life. Then, turning to the boy, he placed his hand on his head, and said in his gentle voice, 'My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause.'" The resolution which he took was a loosening of the bands that held him, and his whole nature leapt into the light.

The movement of his life as traced in the biography is illustrated in the chronological list of his poems. The broadening of his outlook upon the world, past and present, finds exemplification in the ever-widening range of his choice of subjects, and the tranquillity of his later days is delightfully reflected in the mellow tones of poetry which has exchanged the smooth shallowness of early manhood for the liquid flow through a deep-cut channel. That ingenuity, moreover, which was heightened by the necessity of encountering an unscrupulous enemy in politics, may be said to reappear in the fertile invention which characterizes so much of his poetry. It will be remembered how jauntily Sir Walter Scott, when he wanted a motto for the heading of a chapter in one of his novels, used indifferently some snatch of a Scottish song, or two or three lines of his own,

invented on the spur of the moment, and accredited to some indefinite Old Ballad or Old Play. So it was with Whittier. If he had a story or legend handy when he wished to give expression to some poetic thought or kindly sentiment, well and good, he used it; but if he had not, then he made it; and many of his poems which have all the air of a leaf out of some old book, as *The Gift of Tritemius*, for example, are wholly his own.

This power of invention expresses the freedom with which he worked, the spontaneity of his mind. Longfellow was a masterly artist. Not only by practice, but still more through his native gift of a most delicate ear, he came to have an exquisite sense of fitness. Every poetic conception was instinctively given its most apt expression. His sonnets demonstrate his wonderful technical skill, but quite as remarkable was his unerring choice of measure for *Hiawatha* on the one hand, and *Evangeline* on the other. With Whittier it was not so. His distinctive power of expression lay in what might be called his natural voice, which was melodious within a certain easy range, flexible to a certain extent, but not trained to its full capacity. Such training as he had came by use; hence it was that the first spontaneous expression which was necessary to his free nature was marred often by infelicities which were the result of a lack of specific literary training in his early years. In later life he made fewer slips. Nevertheless, as Longfellow's finely modulated instrument will carry some of his light conceptions farther down the years than they would be likely to win through their own force, so we may reasonably have confidence that the entire naturalness of Whittier's art, despite its narrow technical range, — he never wrote a sonnet, for example, — will continue long to please the lovers of poetry.

AMERICA, ALTRURIA, AND THE COAST OF BOHEMIA.

IN *A Traveller from Altruria*¹ Mr. Howells has turned aside for a moment from fiction, and written the confession of his faith. It is not put forth as an apology or a personal confession; he is far more preoccupied with the gospel itself than with the circumstances of its revelation; but it can hardly be amiss for us to glance back at the origin and growth of his creed as far as they can be traced in his novels, for to try to enter into an author's thought by the door through which he has himself approached it is to obtain a base for criticism. Mr. Howells began as a poet and suburban idyllist, with defective literary and historical standards, but with fine literary gifts and delicate observation of contemporary traits. The poet heart is still alive in him, the historic sense still undeveloped. He is still too contemporaneous, but the main factor in the rise of his later art and of his new creed has been the element, not of poetry, but of realism. Turning to the life about him for his subjects, he studied it more and more closely, reproduced it more faithfully, and, from an idyllist, became a realist: at first, a realist in method, as in *Silas Lapham*; afterwards, under the influence of Tolstóy, a realist by conviction, with a deep sense of the sacredness of the real, and of the value of those simple and homely virtues which seem to have wandered least from the underlying truths of life. In *The Minister's Charge* and *Annie Kilburn* this faith has produced a final and reorganizing stamp; altruism is already there, but its part is that of an interpretative faculty. As such, it is distinctly a new note in our literature. The separate traits of New England life have perhaps been rendered as vividly by other

writers, but nowhere else do we find the common mind delineated with such tenderness and comprehension. No such attempt has ever been made to unravel the divers threads of our social life; to reveal mind to mind and class to class; to show the part of ignorance in human failings, of kindness in human virtue. So far, these two novels, together with the admirable *Hazard of New Fortunes*, express the same feeling as *A Traveller from Altruria*, only less distinctly formulated, and we cannot but look upon them as the high-water mark of Mr. Howells's achievement, both as thinker and writer; but the evolution of the Utopian from the realist was a step perhaps no less necessary, and certainly no less interesting.

When we demand that the artist, face to face with the realities of life, shall remain wholly an artist, and pipe to our dancing, we are apt to ignore the fact that comprehension, to be rounded and complete, must pass into action of some sort, and that it is only at certain high periods of culture that art is in itself an active force, and an adequate answer to the claims of life. A close relation to the real brings a deepened perception of pain and discord, and an inevitable sense of "the pity of it." Tolstóy, who of all writers of fiction had the clearest, strongest, and, one would have said, the most serene perception of reality, abandoned realism and art together under the impulse of this vision, and sought refuge in a new altruistic gospel which reads like an altruism of despair. Mr. Howells has not experienced the reaction with this Slavic excess: realism has retained its hold upon him; he has searched the skies for promise of a better dawn, and has evolved an altruism of hope, a Utopia.

If men are inclined to smile at any Utopia, they are apt to be especially crit-

¹ *A Traveller from Altruria*. Romance. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

ical of one belonging to their own day, and struck off on the reverse side of existing social conditions. Mr. Howells bids us "look here, upon this picture, and on this." Altruria looms up vaguely, but the counterfeit presentment of America is unmistakable in its clearness, and, except for a few unimportant details, it is a just and vigorous representation. In a series of conversations which are at once thoroughly colloquial and well sustained, our political system and social organization are passed in review, and looked at not only from the point of view of the Altrurian and of his hardly less allegorical literary host, but also as the most intelligent thinkers in the country are coming to regard them. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find elsewhere, in so short a space, so able and clear-sighted a report of the trend and status of our social life. Alongside of those great economic problems which are closing in our horizon — problems of labor, competition, relation of employer and employed — we find the more unnoticed and intangible questions of our private and social intercourse dwelt upon with equal stress, and given a relative importance which may easily seem exaggerated. The loneliness of farm life, which we are wont to attribute merely to the number of acres, and that other loneliness belonging to town as well as country, and arising from endless social laminations, — the loneliness experienced by the Laphams in Nankeen Square; the position of the summer boarders in a country village as a population wholly apart from the resident one; the lack of any common basis of sympathy between rich and poor; and the constraint of intercourse, — all these matters are treated, not as accidental or individual manifestations, but as coming under the same head, and forming part of an unconsciously systematized habit of social snobbery or social indifference. We can point out exaggerations here and there in the detail of this arraignment, but they do not affect its gen-

eral truth. We can show that some of the instances are unimportant, and others probably due to that difficulty of social intercourse which belongs to us as a people, or to our defective resources for amusement, rather than to any lack of good will; but we should have to go back and inquire what has clogged our intercourse as a people, when we are noted in our society relations for facility in conversation.

In this examination of our public and private life, Mr. Howells is making a new synthesis, from the American point of view, of the theme treated by Carlyle in *Past and Present*; but whereas Carlyle attributed the evil to the spread of democracy, and to the weakening of such ties of responsibility and of duty between man and man as had existed in older and more unequal traditions, Mr. Howells sees in it a departure from the democratic ideal and a denial of the principle of equality. Both would agree that the dangerous element was individualism, the right of the individual to act for his own interest without regard to that of his fellows; and so far both would lay the blame at the door of that glorious liberty which is fast ceasing to be our pride. Both turn to love as the solution. Carlyle prescribes it with an admixture of obedience on the one hand, and of rightly exercised authority on the other; Mr. Howells would have it mingled with equality: the one is the historical idea, the other the Utopian.

In the light of this gospel, men move and have their being in Altruria. America prostrates herself before the millionaire. Altruria will have no hero, save perhaps "some man who, for the time being, has given the greatest happiness to the greatest number;" she has discarded ideals, which she regards as uncertain and meteoric lights, for a steadfast and universal ideal. Money is abolished, and trade in kind is carried on peacefully, with no thought of gain. The danger of most socialistic schemes lies

in the tendency to look for salvation to a widespread material well-being, and to a general spiritual well-being which would be practically no less material. There are passages which indicate that Mr. Howells is not altogether free from this tendency, but it attaches to the letter, not to the spirit of his doctrine. It is the spirit which is distinctive in Altruria, but we must confess that this does not make its realization seem the nearer. Mr. Howells would have this realization brought about by popular vote, which has so far been an effectual instrument in the establishment of competition and millionaire worship. By force Charlemagne baptized the Saxons, but it would take a miracle, and an altruistic one, to bring a modern Anglo-Saxon people as one man to the waters of grace, to induce men to vote for the abolishment of all that they have lived by heretofore. Regarded as a working political programme, Altruria presents many difficulties of this sort. The narrative or practically dialogue form in which the book is cast gives Mr. Howells the opportunity of answering beforehand many of the objections to his scheme, and his answers show a remarkable combination of rapt conviction with dexterity of argument. His method is not a sentimental one. His appeal is to that Christian ideal of brotherly love which we outwardly profess, and to that democratic idea of equality which we openly despise; and his argument is not addressed to the feelings alone, but consists in examination of the intellectual grounds on which we base our unchristian theory of *laissez-faire*, and our undemocratic habit of regarding the majority of our fellow-beings with a stereotyped contempt. Unless the one consideration of practical unfeasibility be held to outweigh all the others, it must be owned that the balance often tips in favor of the Altrurian.

But to make practical adaptability the sole, or even the primary test of a Utopia is to take a puerile and short-sighted

view of the matter. The real test lies in its value as a thought, and in the relation of this thought to actual life. Utopia can never be a fact, but it should always stand before us as an ideal, in the same way that the perfect state or action is held up as an ideal to the individual mind. Whatever great change in the structure or conditions of society may occur in the future (and some such change is to be expected, if only from the natural tendency of all social organisms to put on new forms in the course of time) will hardly result from a movement on the part of one class, or from a specific measure or plan. But the tendency of the change will be due to the impetus given by right or wrong thought and action. We have no right to say that evils are irremediable till they have brought about the catastrophe that ends in death. The idea that the spring of life can be wholly regulated by legislation we justly dismiss as facile and mechanical. But the doctrine of *laissez-faire* is no less mechanical; held up as a necessary law for human action, it is a discreditable one, and it is slowly being discredited the world over. Against this doctrine Mr. Howells has entered a significant and beautiful protest in *A Traveller from Altruria*. Its peculiar strength lies in the fact that it is made at once from the intellectual and from the emotional side. No superstition is more rife among us than that of treating all public questions by cleverness alone, and reserving heart for our private affairs. We need to go a little way from realism towards Utopianism, if only to get free of the argument that because things are, therefore they must be. The notion of the divine right of kings perished, not through revolution alone, but because of the gradual awakening of men's minds to the fact that it had no foundation; and we may some day discover that the theory of the divine right of millionaires is not built upon a rock. When we have got rid of this popular

cult and of a few of our intellectual Philistinisms, we may be able to compare notes with a traveler from Altruria on more equal terms.

If we need any further indication of the fact that Mr. Howells, in becoming a Utopian, has preserved his mental balance and his realism, it is to be found in the circumstance that he can turn from the thoughts which have filled his mind in these latter years to the production of a novel like *The Coast of Bohemia*,¹ a piece of light literature, very much in his earlier manner, but in no disaccord with any later thought. It is a love story, pure and simple, in which the course of true love is hindered from running smooth by a touch of extra conscientiousness on the part of the lady, a fine degree of chivalry on that of the lover, and a slight excess of romanticism on that of the friend and confidante. These motives are indicated with great sureness and delicacy, and worked out with admirable fidelity to life. Slight as the story is, it is true throughout. The characters belong to our every-day American life: their leanings to Bohemia carry them no farther than its coast; their devotion to art does not lift them too high above their surroundings; and the poetry of their love is enveloped in no unreal glamour, but is part of the common poetry of the world. Artistically, the book is as good

as anything Mr. Howells has done: the proportions are well preserved, the story winds and unwinds itself in an easy manner, the characters are attractive and clearly outlined. There is a good deal of detail, but there is no stress laid upon one feature to the disregard of others; everything is in keeping. We could wish that Mr. Howells had allowed us to become a little more intimate with his charming heroine, and had been willing to engage our sympathies a little deeper. In his novels, as in Altruria, he is too distrustful of ideals, too jealous lest an individual should draw away something of the interest with which the common life should inspire us. If a Utopia points the way to happier things for a society, surely the height attained here and there by human lives is the most palpable evidence given to us of the possibility of higher good for all. But we should lose a great deal if Mr. Howells were to wander from the path of realism in search of ideal characters for his novels. It is by making us see America more truly, by bringing out its light and shade, exposing its evil and its good; it is by his sincere delineation — which is at the same time an interpretation — of American and of human life, that Mr. Howells points the way toward that comprehension and justice which lie on the attainable side of Altruria.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The Potter's Thumb, by Flora Annie Steel. (Harpers.) Mrs. Steel has seldom done better work than is to be found in this novel, or more graphically and convincingly shown her really marvelous knowledge of Indian life, — the life of the native millions as well as that of the ruling thousands. This being so, we the more re-

¹ *The Coast of Bohemia.* By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

gret that the complexities of the plot and the occasional allusiveness of the writer's manner in treating it may somewhat repel certain readers. For, in truth, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the story is profoundly and even painfully interesting. In brief, the tale turns upon the endeavors of the Dewan of Hodinugger to obtain the key of the sluice-gates of the canal, and his use of Mrs. Boynton, an amiable, all-

fascinating woman, with little heart and an easily persuaded conscience, as an instrument to that end. Between them, the brave, straightforward, honest lad who guards the key is brought to despair and death, while the woman who is mainly responsible for the tragedy goes scatheless. As usual, the very atmosphere of the East pervades the story, and, incidentally, we are made vividly conscious of the unchronicled courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice which hold for England her Indian Empire. — *The White Crown, and Other Stories*, by Herbert D. Ward. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* will not have forgotten the capital story of *The Missing Interpreter* which Mr. Ward contributed to it two or three years ago. The ingenuity which he displayed, though marked, was in fine subordination to the more enduring quality of human portraiture under simple conditions. In his other stories as here collected, there is more than once a disposition to give undue weight to the merely ingenious, and to overvalue the details of invention. In *The Semaphore*, for example, Mr. Ward has taken infinite pains to understand, and repeat for his readers, the details connected with the management of a signal station on a railway. Yet in the movement of the story all these details choke the action at the most critical point, and we doubt greatly if most readers are patient enough to master them. This is a minor error, however, and is something of an evidence that Mr. Ward is not going to be slovenly in his work. We look to see this interesting book followed by others of the same zest, but with more ordered material. — *The Maiden's Progress, a Novel in Dialogue*, by Violet Hunt. (Harpers.) A very "modern" tale, whose heroine, the daughter of a *savant* absorbed in his studies, and an amiable, affectionate, but weak mother, is appropriately renamed *Moderna* by her friends. After going through the usual experiences of a successful *débutante*, she begins to find the life of society unsatisfying, and so dabbles a little in art and literature, and finally essays a plunge into Bohemia, but is speedily rescued by her earliest and worthiest admirer. The author has insight, vivacity, and humor, and her dialogues are always piquant and entertaining, and sometimes exceedingly clever. Her cynicism is not very profound, nor her satiric exagger-

ation greater than is permissible in scenes of "genteel comedy," to adopt a term familiar to our grandparents, and no serious harm comes of her heroine's escapades. Considering the achievements of some of her compeers, Miss Hunt deserves credit for her self-restraint, and one feels that *Moderna*, with all her waywardness, will live happy ever after. — *The Doomswoman*, by Gertrude Atherton. (Tait, Sons & Co.) A story of California just before the American occupation. In a series of brief scenes, the story-teller aims to set forth the old story of fascination of a woman by a man who is an enemy of the house, and to weave some notion of the life of the day, and the attitude taken by native Californians toward the new-comers. She does not succeed in impressing the reader with the truthfulness of the story, and partly, perhaps, because, although told in the first person, the teller seems singularly outside of it all. — *Baron Montez of Panama and Paris*, by A. C. Gunter (Home Publishing Co., New York), is quite another sort of story. Here haughty typewriters, and American business men, and the great blizzard, and conversation as it is, and the Panama canal, and kodaks, and large sums of money, and Paris and New York, with a real street car and conductor, are whipped into a frothy mass in which float a few crumbs of solid food. — *A Modern Wizard*, by Rodrigues Ottolengui. (Putnams.) The Wizard laid claim to being a descendant of Mexican priests, and to possessing many secrets which modern science is only now bringing to light. Thus he put himself in the very lead of his time by administering to his two wives the bacilli of diphtheria, and in the end, in order to evade the law against sane murderers, by chaining himself in a crypt, and taking his own newly discovered drug, sanatoxine, which made a maniac of him. It is a fit conclusion for an unbalanced tale. — *A Protégé of Jack Hamlin's, and Other Stories*, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) If Bret Harte is not so altogether interesting as he used to be, it is not because he does not tell his stories so well, — he tells them, on the whole, rather better, — but because his stories are not so well worth telling. In the California of nowadays Bret Harte would not find so much that really suits his literary aptitudes as he found in the California of the fifties. Of

those times, the reader of this latest batch of stories will catch, now and then, some affectionate reminiscence. — A Washington Symphony, by Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler. (Putnams.) A knowledge of Washington society is scarcely a substitute for a training in the writing of novels, but perhaps this is not a novel. It has conversation, a few persons who carry the conversation on, and a mystery, which is solved before the book is ended. — Carlotta's Intended, and Other Stories, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (Harpers.) Several of these tales show a little effort, a little lack of truth. Possibly the reason is not far to seek. For the most part, these are not stories of negro life, with the humor and pathos of which Mrs. Stuart is so intimately familiar. Of such tales, however, there is one, and a very charming one, — Duke's Christmas. It seems to come, like the narrative of Miss Murfree, for instance, of Miss Wilkins or Miss Jewett, of a disposition to find a soul of good in things ugly, if not evil ; and of a conviction that the more or less uncouth characters of which these stories tell are abundantly worth knowing. Such a disposition and conviction are natural in the art of a democratic age. — Hypnotic Tales and Other Tales, by James L. Ford. (George H. Richmond & Co., New York.) An amusing collection of Puck stories. The notion of the Hypnotic Tales, that a hypnotist should make all the people in a company tell true stories of their experience, is a clever one, and it is a pity Mr. Ford did not make cleverer use of it. — Charley, a Village Story, by S. D. Gallaudet. (Putnams.) A pathetic little story, told with simplicity and directness, though the various figures, at least the principal ones, lack outline, so to speak, and are done with a wash. — Micah Clarke, the earliest, and as yet the best of Dr. Conan Doyle's historical novels, has heretofore borne the imprint of the Messrs. Harpers only on the blue paper covers of the Franklin Square Library ; but they have now reissued the work in a handsome cloth-bound volume, and it will doubtless be welcome to many readers, old and new, in this more attractive and permanent form. — Late issues in Harper's Franklin Square Library are : Van Bibber and Others, by Richard Harding Davis ; Sarah, a Survival, by Sydney Christian ; A Cumberer of the Ground, by Constance

Smith ; and With the Help of the Angels, by Wilfrid Woollam. Love and Shawl-Straps, by Annette L. Noble, appears as the first volume of Putnams' Hudson Library ; and The Queen of Ecuador, by R. M. Manley, begins the Traveller's Library (The Hagemann Publishing Co.). Weyman's The House of the Wolf is reprinted in the Globe Library (Rand, McNally & Co.), and the same publishers issue The Red Sultan, by J. Maclaren Cobban. Another paper-covered novel is The Bachelor of the Midway, by the Author of Dr. Jack. (The Mascot Publishing Co.)

Poetry and the Drama. We have received from Longmans new editions of Owen Meredith's Lucile, The Wanderer, and Selected Poems. In an Introduction to this last volume, the author's daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, writes with discrimination of her father's work, but does not help matters at this late day by giving the reasons for the failure of successive volumes to capture either the public or the critics. No such apology would have been needed had Lord Lytton put into much of his verse the directness and grasp that mark such a poem, for example, as Twins, unpublished before the appearance of these Selected Poems. The text of The Wanderer follows that of the first edition, 1857 ; and wise it was to discard the changes by which the author, in later life, sought to make these poems of youth conform with the thoughts of middle age. Lucile, even in new dress, strikes the pathetic note of a song that is no longer sung. What sadder fate is there than that which overtakes sheet music that is turning yellow without winning the dues of lovely old age ! — Columbus the Discoverer, a Drama, by Walter Warren. (Arena Publishing Co., Boston.) Mr. Warren does not scrimp his stage. Some forty figures appear and disappear, besides the citizens, officers, soldiers, courtiers, sailors, settlers, women, etc. No doubt Columbus had to do with quite as many persons in real life, but the dramatist's art demands more selection and concentration. In his desire, moreover, to make his drama properly psychological, Mr. Warren appears to have resolved it into a sort of conversational narrative. — Theatricals, Two Comedies, by Henry James. (Harpers.) Mr. James has no hesitation in acknowledging that these plays "had not the good fortune to consort" with the con-

ditions under which it was hoped that they would be presented upon the stage. He accordingly recommends his "melancholy subterfuge" of printing the pieces in a book "to his numerous fellow-sufferers." Truly, it does, not seem extraordinary that the comedies, and particularly *Tenants*, the first, were not deemed suitable for acting. One is fully aware that a play which "reads well" may, for the same causes, act ill; but the contrary position, that reading ill means acting well, could hardly be maintained. It cannot be said that either of these plays reads especially well. The plot of the second, *Disengaged*, being an adaptation of one of Mr. James's short stories, is far the cleverer of the two; but in each the dialogue has the fatal quality of sounding nearly always like the careful, characteristic English of Mr. James, and not like the speech of persons who are shown in many ways to be but every-day mortals. Yet is it not a form of praise to say that an author fails to put appropriate words into the mouths of commonplace characters? — *El Nuevo Mundo*, by Louis James Block. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) It is not altogether easy to divine Mr. Block's argument in this dignified verse. He makes a poetical survey of history, with the view, apparently, of discovering the growth of the conception of liberty, and finds at last the consummation in America. There are fine phrases, and the general impression produced by the poem is that of a loftiness of design fairly well sustained; but there is an impression also of vagueness, as if somewhat too wide a landscape was surveyed for any distinct, well-composed picture. — *Allegretto*, by Gertrude Hall. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. (Roberts.) If the verses in this book are not invariably satisfactory, it is because the labor of the file has been spared. The thought is nearly always suitable for a maker of what Mr. Austin Dobson calls "familiar verse;" and when Miss Hall has taken the trouble, or has had the happy fortune, to do her work well, it is charming. Much of the rhyming is for young readers, and the illustrations are delightfully appropriate. Taken for all in all, they stand upon a level more constantly high than that of the verses, and in a few instances, as for example in *A Kitten*, their cleverness is the salvation of the rhymes. — *The Fairest of the Angels*, and

Other Verse, by Mary Colborne-Veel. (Horace Cox, London.) A volume of poems by a writer in New Zealand. There is a delicate fancy and a pure, cheerful sentiment pervading these verses which commend them to readers of refinement. Now and then a stronger note is struck, and one comes to believe that the writer may some time do even better things; for there is no forcing of the note. It is a simple, sometimes playful fancy that controls rather than a vivid imagination, but here again the fancy comes easily.

Sociology and Finance. Pleasure and Progress. An Attempt to prove that the Pursuit of Pleasure is the *sine qua non* of Intellectual, Moral and Social Development, and that the Promotion of Pleasure is the Duty of Philanthropy and Statesmanship. By Albert M. Lorentz. (The Truth Seeker Co., New York.) The proper publisher for this entertaining though scarcely conclusive book would be the Half-Truth Finder Company. After reading the author's diagnosis of our social disorders, one looks eagerly for the remedy, and finds it to consist in executing the law of Individual Sovereignty; and on further inquiry, this is to be brought about by Wholesale Distribution on the part of the government. "Each can then work according to inclination, and indulge according to desert; none need then want, if he is willing to work." — *Prisoners and Paupers*. A Study of the Abnormal Increase of Criminals and the Public Burden of Pauperism in the United States; the Causes and Remedies. By Henry M. Boies. (Putnams.) There is an undercurrent of thought in this book which we are likely to meet frequently hereafter, namely, a recognition of the paramount interests of society in any concern for the individual. Thus, Mr. Boies holds firmly to the opinion, which appears to be gaining ground, that the only course to be taken with the deplorably vicious is to seclude them from the world, especially with a view to checking the increase of the vicious class through reproduction. It may be so, but possibly there lurks in the principle that as yet ill-defined defect which may be characterized as social selfishness, a most portentous evil, which is attending the development of a conscious socialism. — *Progressive Taxation in Theory and Practice*, by Edwin R. A. Seligman. (American

Economic Association, Ithaca, N. Y.) The simplest definition of progressive taxation would seem to be, taxation at a rate which increases with the increase of the income, and Mr. Seligman undertakes to show how this principle has been more or less involved in schemes of taxation from the outset. A graduated income tax has, in the United States, rarely found adequate expression, but he seems to look for a more thorough application of the principle in the case of corporations. He anticipates the day in America when federal taxation will consist in "a well-considered system of indirect taxes, possibly supplemented at intervals by some form of a direct land or income tax. State revenues will be derived almost exclusively from corporation taxes and inheritance taxes, while real estate will be relegated to the local divisions." — *Elements of Life Insurance*, by M. M. Dawson. (The Independent Printing and Publishing Co., Chicago.) A clearly written treatise, dealing with the principles which underlie the various forms of life insurance, and the application in the conduct of the business. The book no doubt has its value chiefly for those engaged in the organization of companies, but it is interesting reading to all students of society, for it is not impossible that in this association we have the basis for a far-reaching organization of social relations, not perhaps superseding savings-banks, but extending their scope. — *Governments and Politicians, Ancient and Modern*, by Charles Marcotte. (The Author, Chicago.) In a high tone of voice the writer inveighs against democratic institutions, calls upon all inhabitants of a republic to see how much better a monarchy is, and to Americans, especially, points out the inconsistencies between their beliefs and their practices. Much of what he says has a basis of truth, though there is not in the method of its deliverance that philosophic breadth and sureness which one would expect from the author of a circular accompanying the book; for there we read, "This treatise refutes the ideas of Voltaire, Rousseau, Thomas Paine, Bentham, Mills [*sic*], Victor Hugo, R. G. Ingersoll, C. W. Eliot, and other philosophers." — *An Introduction to the Study of the Dependent, Defective, and Delinquent Classes*, by Charles Richmond Henderson. (Heath.) Among Dependents

are the homeless and orphans; among Defectives, blind and deaf mutes, the insane, the feeble-minded; among Delinquents, criminals, political, occasional, habitual, professional, and instinctive. It helps to make these distinctions, since upon a just discrimination depends much of the value of such therapeutic agencies as are at the disposition of society. Dr. Henderson analyzes the whole subject with care, and though he aims at a scientific discussion, his real interest is a humane one, and looks to a sound and healthy condition of society out of love for humanity, and not out of professional zeal.

History and Biography. Noah Porter, a Memorial by Friends. Edited by George S. Merriam. (Scribners.) Stern justice, if that must be involved, would emphasize the fact that the book before us is a memorial by friends; that it lovingly and unconsciously puts President Porter's life in the perspective of its importance to his own world rather than to the world at large. Nevertheless, the world at large should be interested in preserving an ample, adequate memory of this most notable representative of a type of college president. For whatever else may be said of that type, it had in it an element of permanent strength; it set character above scholarship. Though, unfortunately, it also hampered the freedom of scholarship by the authority of tradition, at all events it produced in Noah Porter a nobly efficient man. — *Maximilian and Carlotta, a Story of Imperialism*, by John M. Taylor. (Putnams.) The time has not yet come for a complete and authoritative history of the latest Mexican empire to be written, but Mr. Taylor has constructed from such materials as are easily accessible an intelligent and well-arranged narrative. He tells the story of the empire from its inception to its tragic close, and writes fairly and sympathetically of the two principal actors, or rather victims; the pair to whom nature and fortune had given so many good gifts, and who were so strangely and fatally misplaced amidst the turmoils of a Mexican revolution. The author's style is somewhat crude and over-rhetorical, but he is so deeply interested in his subject, which is in itself so interesting, that he seldom fails to hold the reader's attention. If the latter is of a literal turn of mind, he will find the writer's various references to "Hapsburg

House" slightly confusing; for in this, so to speak, residential manner Mr. Taylor usually designates the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine. — *Recollections of a Virginian in the Mexican, Indian, and Civil Wars*, by General Dabney Herndon Maury. (Scribners.) A frank, hearty, and entertaining narrative, in which the Virginian pride in family and associations is delightfully expressed. General Maury tells his brief anecdotes well, and is far from being a mere random storyteller. One of the most amusing and honorable passages in his life was when, after the war for the Union was over, he set up a school, and then ran away from it as soon as the boys began to come, leaving it in the hands of a capable teacher. That is a characteristic sentence in which he states that McClellan, for whom he had a high regard, was in sympathy with the Southern States, yet "never wavered in his natural allegiance to Pennsylvania." There is a whole history of a Southerner's mind in that sentence. — *My Paris Note-Book*, by the Author of *An Englishman in Paris*. (Lippincott.) Two years ago, *An Englishman in Paris* had for a short time a quite exceptional success; its compiler, in describing the supposed author, having adroitly made it appear that he could be no less a personage amongst the English in Paris than the late Sir Richard Wallace, and some critics were deceived who should have been slower to do such injustice to that gentleman's memory. The "Englishman" proved to be a Parisian journalist of Dutch extraction, a considerable portion of whose recollections antedated his birth. The Note-Book is greatly inferior to the earlier work in cleverness and readability. To compensate for a rather scanty supply of material, everything is told at the utmost possible length, including certain stories of "my uncle," said to have been related by the Emperor Louis Napoleon to the great-uncles of the writer. The conversations, however, are hardly convincing, and the revelations contained therein are mostly second-hand tales. The author has neither the lightness of touch nor the literary grace which may give a certain value even to idle gossip, and his latest volume does not rise above the level of "personal" journalism. — *Two German Giants*, Frederic the Great, and Bismarck, the Founder and the Builder of the German Empire, by John

Lord, D. D., LL. D. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) All the unity this book possesses is brought out in this, the main portion of its title-page. Except that one man delivered the two lectures that make up the bulk of the volume, and that the subject in each instance was a "German Giant," there is no connection between them. Nor is the general cohesion strengthened by the addition of Bayard Taylor's *Character Sketch of Prince Bismarck*, and the "Iron Chancellor's" speech before the Reichstag in 1888 on enlarging the German army. Nevertheless, each section of the book has an interest and value of its own. — *Heinrich Heine's Life Told in His Own Words*. Edited by Gustav Karpeles. Translated by Arthur Dexter. (Holt.) An intensely interesting patchwork of poems, letters, and memoirs. They give us the man, — his morbid self-consciousness, the lack of complete dignity and self-respect, the almost unearthly conjunction of wit, humor, and pathos, and his deep-down earnestness. Strange incongruity of a man in motley wearing the sword, as he himself said, "of a brave soldier in the Liberation War of humanity"! His cap and bells we never can keep quite out of sight and hearing, but we shall remember Heine most by token of the sword with which he smote the Philistines.

Psychology. *Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory, a Treatise of the Phenomena, Laws, and Development of Human Mental Life*, by George Trumbull Ladd. (Scribners.) Professor Ladd belongs to the older school of psychologists, who are ready to accept the results of physiological and biological investigation, but refuse to limit their inquiries to such contributions. The phenomena of the human mind, they believe, cannot all be referred to somatic influences, and in their study of the will especially they discover a process of development which supposes psychic laws not to be crowded back into the physiological envelope. The volume before us has great value as a full, vigorous, and independent study, which takes up material from a large and varied supply without loss to the writer's own productive power. — *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) Mr. Lang's last appearance was in a book of verses; the next may be in literary history, letters to the shades of the great, or what not. Though there is hardly any telling where he

will "turn up," it is almost certain that he will present himself attractively. This book is a series of essays on subjects of psychical research and the like. As the author's Custom and Myth showed the permanence of certain folk stories throughout the world's history, the present volume sets forth the resemblances between psychic phenomena of widely various times and places. Clearly, no single age or country can boast a monopoly of levitation, second-sight, spirit-tappings, and haunted houses. It is amusing, by the way, to remember in connection with the treatment of this last topic the clever lines *The Haunted Homes of England*, in the recent volume of verses. — *The Law of Psychic Phenomena, a Working Hypothesis for the Systematic Study of Hypnotism, Spiritism, Mental Therapeutics, etc.*, by Thomson Jay Hudson. (McClurg.) Mr. Hudson essays to bring the results of a number of students and experimenters into a comprehensive order, and his working hypothesis which is to systematize these results is that the duality of man furnishes the explanation. He presents this hypothesis in three terms: that man has two minds, an objective and a subjective; that the objective mind is constantly amenable to control by suggestion; and that the subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning.

Science. *The Physiology of the Senses*, by John Gray M'Kendrick and William Snodgrass. (Scribners.) One of the series of University Extension Manuals. The aim of the book, as explained in the preface, is "to give a succinct account of the functions of the organs of sense as these are found in man and the higher animals." The work is confined pretty strictly to this purpose, and the authors appear to have yielded only in a very slight degree to the temptation to make excursions into the field of physiological psychology. — *The Science of Mechanics, a Critical and Historical Exposition of its Principles*, by Dr. Ernst Mach. Translated from the second German edition by Thomas J. McCormack. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) Dr. Mach's method is to treat successively the development of the principles of statics and dynamics by reference to the results obtained by the great philosophers, from Archimedes downward, subjecting each to a critical analysis. Then he considers the extension of the principles discovered in the deduction of mod-

ern science, and finally examines the formal as distinguished from the deductive development of physical science. A brief final chapter discusses the relations of mechanics to other departments of knowledge. — *Total Eclipses of the Sun*, by Mabel Loomis Todd. (Roberts.) The first volume in the *Columbian Knowledge Series*. A lively and well-illustrated little book, which is descriptive, explanatory, historical, and readable. Mrs. Todd answers, before they are asked, all the questions that the layman would be likely to ask regarding this curious subject.

Religion. *The Spirit of God*, by P. C. Mozoomdar. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) A most interesting book in its personal, and probably to a large extent representative expression of the fusion of Christianity and Hinduism in the faith of the Brahmo-Somaj. How active is the life which results we cannot say; it is not easy to determine in any such statement the devotional, contemplative spirit and the energizing principle. But there is a very sweet, pure note in this volume, rendering it a beautiful exposition of one of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith, and helping the Christian student to an apprehension of the universality of the doctrine. — *The Meaning and the Method of Life, a Search for Religion in Biology*, by George M. Gould. (Putnams.) Dr. Gould essays to explain, through living organisms, the presence of the invisible force which makes them living. But does he not make a fundamental error in separating the apparently active organisms from the apparently inactive ones? Perhaps, if his theory could carry with it a more penetrating sight, he would double the force of the theory. Behind his cloud of words there is light which breaks through now and then in a warming as well as illuminating fashion. — *How to Begin to Live Forever*, by J. M. Hodson. (Randolph.) Neither better nor worse than a thousand and one other sermon-like tracts — still unpublished.

Travel and Adventure. *Hawaii*, by Anne M. Prescott. (Chas. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco.) A paper-covered book of 250 pages, giving, apparently, in the form of letters, a variety of bits of information, comment, and sentiment respecting Hawaii, by a lady who appears to have been a resident, and perhaps a teacher, in Honolulu. It is intelligently written; it yields rather frequently to the seductive charm of the air,

but it is in good taste. An appendix gives considerable statistical and recent historical information. Miss Prescott's sympathy appears to be with the late queen, but it is not obtruded. — *The Kingdom of the "White Woman,"* a Sketch, by M. M. Shoemaker. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Fifteen years ago Mr. Shoemaker spent a winter in Mexico, when it had not become the great resort for travelers it now is, and this volume is, in effect, the portfolio of a man of letters, — studies, sketches, occasional pictures; many of them interesting either in subject or treatment, and none over-labored. The book, besides, has several half-tone pictures, chiefly of views, which poorly represent the author's own artistic sense. — *Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War.* (The Century Co.) A group of seven sketches detailing such thrilling experiences as Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison, the Locomotive Chase in Georgia, and the Escape of General Breckinridge. The adventures and exploits were on both sides, and the narrators are those who took some part in the scenes. Thus the stories are at first hand, and they form a permanent contribution to our history. Such incidents make novels tame.

Textbooks and Education. Logic, Inductive and Deductive, by William Minto. (Scribners.) One of the University Extension Manuals. Professor Minto has attempted, in this manual, to put the study of logical formulæ on a historical basis, and to increase the power of logic as a practical discipline. In the latter regard, he has rendered his book especially valuable by taking illustrations of errors from familiar and yet far-reaching instances, and introduces thus a considerable body of highly instructive fact. Throughout the book one perceives the presence of a quickening spirit. — *The Science of Education*, by Johann Friedrich Herbart. (Heath.) The translation of this classic of pedagogy, published first in Germany in 1806, must prove of inestimable service to teachers, particularly to those — and they are many — who forever tend to shrink and harden into mere schoolmasters. It will enlarge their conception of the aim and scope of education, and put mere instruction in its right perspective. At the same time, it will give to the part the schoolmaster plays a new meaning and dignity. The new philosophy will pick a few flaws — the wonder

will be how *very* few — in Herbart's ethics and psychology, and in his application of these sciences to education; but the enthusiasm and large-mindedness of the book before us must make it, for teachers, permanently inspiring. — *Public Libraries in America*, by William I. Fletcher. (Roberts.) To a reading man this little volume is truly fascinating, for it sets forth in excellent order the history, function, organization, and methods of public libraries; it shows what is to be expected; it illustrates buildings and librarians; and is throughout marked by precision, good judgment, and enthusiasm. To the young man or woman entering on the noble vocation of librarianship it is of great service, and a patriotic American may well take pride in the movement which it celebrates. — *History of Modern Philosophy*, by Richard Falckenberg. (Holt.) The translation before us, by Professor Armstrong of Wesleyan, is from the second edition (1892) of Professor Falckenberg's admirable work. It has the benefit, however, of additions and corrections sent on by the author, and of a practically new section on British and American philosophy by the translator. Thus we have here, for the period which the history covers, — the period from Nicolas of Cusa to the present time, — the latest, and, for its purposes, the best compendious account of modern philosophy. It will serve not only, of course, as a textbook, but for the general reader as well. — *Elementary Composition and Rhetoric*, by W. E. Mead. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston.) The most vital thing in this little book is Professor Mead's belief that students should be brought up to look upon composition not as a mere school exercise, but as something *real*. For this very reason, oddly enough, Professor Mead devotes a third of his book to stock subjects, model plans, and the like, instead of emphasizing the uselessness and the danger of doing anything but inducing a pupil to choose subjects out of his own experience, and to treat them in his own way. To such, however, as seem hopelessly blind to their own experience, this simple and generally sensible little book may be of some transient use. Otherwise it hardly makes good any reason for existence. — *The Step-Ladder, a Collection of Prose and Poetry, designed for Use in Children's Classes in Elocution, and for Supplementary Reading in Public and Private*

Schools, by Margaret A. Klein. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.) A better selection than one usually finds in books of this class, though it is not altogether easy to see the ground of the compiler's classification or the end to be attained.

Essays and Reprints. Ruminations, The Ideal American Lady, and Other Essays, by Paul Siegvolk. (Putnams.) There is an air of sobriety about these papers which takes one back to a school of staid American writers who followed Irving at a distance, Tuckerman being perhaps the best illustration of the class. The reflections are sensible, eminently respectable, and sometimes charged with solid wisdom, but the manner is not very enlivening, and the leisure which they suggest is a somewhat sleepy leisure. The topics touched on, or rather handled, are, Concerning Women, Touches of Nature, Every-Day Talk, Shreds of Character, Social Hints and Studies, Author and Artist, Concerning Life and Death. — In Maiden Meditation, by E. V. A. (McClurg.) The compiler and writer of this little book describes it as a "simple record of a woman's moods, caprices, tendernesses, dreams." Under the titles, After the Ball,

After Dinner, After Church, After a Wedding, After One Summer, she embroiders upon her own personal reflection suggestions from her reading so deftly that it is not easy to say what is her own and what borrowed. The general effect is light and agreeable, and perhaps the secret is disclosed when she says: "Often when sewing or dressing, I have before me a book with marked passages or a newspaper clipping that I am conning again and again, or I am repeating some verse or sentiment that has struck my fancy. I believe that the most delightful and satisfactory education is gained in this way, little by little, until it is wrought in the memory, is a part of one's being, and seems but the echo of one's thought." But not every one can thus make bits of stuff form a graceful pattern. — Two more numbers of the Temple Shakespeare, Love's Labour's Lost and Much Ado About Nothing (Macmillan), continue the pleasure which this delightful little edition is giving readers of Shakespeare. We might almost say "readers" in distinction from "students," since the scheme of editing is such as to be most agreeable to those who wish to enjoy their Shakespeare intelligently.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Last of
the Great
Poets of
France.

AT the burial of Leconte de Lisle in the Paris cemetery of Montparnasse, on Saturday, July 21 of this year, French letters seemed to be mourning the century's end. The poet had died four days before, in the house of Meyerbeer's niece, for whose gracefully feminine book (*La Voie Douleur*, signed "Jean Dornis") he had written his last words to the world of letters in a preface full of his fine Olympian disdain for the romance of realism. The names of those who walked in procession to do him a last honor, or who had heaped his funeral car with flowers, reached from the veteran poet and politician Auguste Vacquerie, who was of the household of Victor Hugo, and Judith Gautier, to the daintiest of the new generation, like Stephen Liégeard and Paul Hervieu. President Casimir-Périer trampled once more on the *protocole*

which prescribes what the head of the French state shall and shall not do ceremonially, by sending his own special representative to this non-official funeral train. The Minister of Public Instruction (M. Leygues, who is also a "young" poet) came forward to make one of the customary discourses at the tomb, "in the name of the government." In a happy epigram he gave the dead man's place in French literature: "Scarcely known to his contemporaries, he dies immortal."

In the name of the French Academy, where eight years before Leconte de Lisle had taken the seat of Victor Hugo, his champion and friend, M. Gaston Boissier uttered the melancholy of a passing age: "Before its end, the century sees disappearing, one after the other, all those who made its glory. Shall they be worthily replaced? and what is in store for us in the

century which is soon to begin? Who can say?"

Yet more pronounced in the same sense was the third brief panegyric, by M. de Heredia, the latest successful French poet, though not the youngest either in matter or in form: "France has lost the last of her great poets. None shall take up the sceptre which he received from the failing hands of Victor Hugo."

Perhaps only the Olympians become immortal in the after-life of literary fame. Certainly, nothing could have been more remote from the doings of the every-day world than the career of Leconte de Lisle. Born and reared in an island of the southern seas, there was no creole softness of human sympathy manifest in him. Once only has he confided something of himself to his hewn and chiseled cyclopean verse. It is, very briefly, that one whom he had seen passing down the mountain side in the sweet mornings of his own youth —

"Dans ta grâce naïve et ta rose jeunesse" —

now lies sleeping beneath the wild grass that grows along the arid sands by the sea, far away at La Réunion.

"Maintenant, dans le sable aride de nos grèves,
Sous les chiens, au bruit des mers,
Tu reposes parmi les morts qui me sont chers,
O charme de mes premiers rêves!"

A lifetime in Paris had not destroyed this charm of early dreams that came in a land where no great city was, and few dwellers to break outwardly the solitude which resounded interiorly with the mighty echoes of Homer. Those who can appreciate, to their own satisfaction, the qualities of a poet only when they can label them diversely make out Leconte de Lisle at once a pessimist and a Buddhist. But remembering his enchanted youth and the rude independence of character he had inherited from his Breton ancestors, it is not necessary to seek for names before understanding the threefold quality of his work.

His youth was scarcely over when he was first confronted with the great world. Sainte-Beuve, to whom he had a favorable introduction, invited him to dine, and recite some of his verses before two of the literary celebrities of the day, now utterly forgotten. One of these, an old man forgetful of his cue, surprised the young poet, who had not yet published a line, by greeting

him effusively, — "Happy to press the hand that has written such beautiful things!" In spite of his revolt at such manifest insincerity, Leconte de Lisle went through his part, and, with the dessert, recited his first, and, as time has proved, his most famous piece, "Midi, roi des étés épanché sur la plaine!"

The noonday splendor of such verse at least won the sincere admiration of the great critic, and Sainte-Beuve's *Causerie* of the next Monday was given over to the new poet. The praise passed unheeded by a generation that was everywhere drunk with the revolutionary wine of 1848.

"On what did you live, master," asked a disciple, when the poet, after many years of waiting, had become a *chef d'école*, "between your twentieth and fortieth year?"

"On privations and Greek roots," was the grim reply.

It should, perhaps, be noted that, in these later years of comparative fame, Leconte de Lisle could never hear without a quiver of revulsion that first piece, which even young ladies had now learned to recite as a compliment to his presence. The climax was reached when Alexandre Dumas *fils*, who had been appointed to receive him into the French Academy, found nothing better in his work wherewith to adorn the solemn discourse of reception.

From disappointment and grinding poverty, and a sad irony that often goes along with such timidity as made the poet almost fiercely haughty at first approach, came the pessimism which astonishes in so uneventful a life.

"Où ! le mal éternel est dans sa plénitude !
L'air du siècle est mauvais aux esprits ulcérés.
Salut, oubli du monde et de la multitude ;
Reprends-nous, ô Nature, entre tes bras sacrés !"

This disposition, as his verse had but just recounted, arises in the spirit of the man who, "held by weariness, turns pensive back toward the forgotten days." And the Buddhism, if such it be, can spring only from the yet earlier days, when life and death and all things that do but seem were contemplated in the solitude and under the sun of the tropics, where the universal light makes the individual to pale and fade.

"Et toi, divine Mort, où tout rentre et s'efface,
Accueille tes enfants dans ton sein étoilé ;
Affranchis-nous du temps, du nombre et de l'espace,
Et rends-nous le repos que la vie a troublé."

But it must have been that early and almost exclusive reading of Homer which gave to Leconte de Lisle's verse its savagely classical character. He remitted never an iota in the strictest rules of French versification, and the resonant roll of his alexandrines would have pleased the severest classicist of them all. "Marmorean verse" was his own special praise of what he admired in Victor Hugo, whose romanticism was not carried into the form of his best lines. Leconte de Lisle could not endure the fantastic meddling of the younger school with French prosody. Yet his own language had an Oriental richness under all its Greek emphasis; and Theodore de Banville said truly that "he forged gold in his workshop."

Fortune and popular fame could never come to such a poet. But something better happened to him. A choice circle of disciples gathered round him in the seventies, and from them came the last renaissance of poetry in France. Three of them are already consecrated by the Academy, — François Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, and De Heredia. Catulle Mendès and Verlaine were of the number. There were yet others who were not poets, such as Anatole France, who, with Alexandre Dumas père and Leconte de Lisle, once perpetrated a — *Dictionnaire de Cuisine*! and two years ago refused, lovingly, to fight a duel with the fiery old poet. All these were *Parnassiens*; it is their master who has died.

The Old-Time — I suppose that when civil service reform has become established in its widest application, the old-time politician will be an extinct animal whose lineaments are preserved only in literature; and doubtless such a consummation is to be desired. The reformers tell us so, and all respectable people are, or pretend to be, reformers. Nevertheless, in the confidence of the Club, I venture to say that the old-time politician had his good points. It might even be contended, without manifest absurdity, that he is (or was) the last lingering exponent of Feudalism. The essential characteristic of Feudalism I take to be that, under it, the relation between one man and another was based partly on self-interest, partly on kindly feeling. There was protection on the one side, and there was dependence on the other, — the sense of responsibility and the sense of

loyalty; so that between superior and inferior there was a give-and-take of mutual good will and advantage. Whereas, under our modern, democratic, competitive system, the only bond between man and man is that of pure self-interest, — the "cash nexus."

The old-time politician had his feudal superiors and his feudal inferiors: he looked up to and obeyed the former, he looked after and protected the latter. He was a genial, sociable fellow, and, above all things, sympathetic. Governor Andrew used to say, "I like folks;" and that was the characteristic of the typical politician. Of course he cultivated and exaggerated this feeling, and sometimes he was actually cold-hearted, his apparent sympathy being mere affectation. I was once introduced to an ex-governor of Massachusetts, a man who was, and still is, extremely popular. We met in a business office where some business was in progress, and I really think that he tumbled over half a dozen chairs before he got near enough to grasp my hand. He shook it warmly, and smiled an unctuous smile. Then I understood, as I never had done before, why he was so popular. This was one type of politician, but not the best nor even the most common type.

I remember another meeting with another politician, — no less a person than a Senator of the United States. With this man's career I had long been familiar. I had read his speeches and knew his history, and often I had wondered what might be the secret of his success, for he had shown no indication of strong intellect or of strong character. When I met him, the mystery was solved. He had in a very high degree that sympathetic quality of which I am speaking. There was a native kindliness, a fellow-feeling about him, which gave a certain charm to everything that he said or did, and carried with it a conviction of sincerity. No doubt he had fostered this quality, and perhaps he professed a little more than he felt; still, there was something there by nature, a genuine sympathy with and concern for his fellow-men. Such a quality is a very beautiful one, and it ought to be attractive. Probably it was this gift which made Franklin Pierce a President of the United States, and an intimate friend of Hawthorne. Historically considered, Franklin Pierce's personality

seems very thin and shadowy ; but the fact remains that he was esteemed and loved by Hawthorne, the most fastidious and the most discerning man of his time.

Under the old system, men who had this gift of sympathy and its accompaniment of tact were naturally drawn to politics, and they found there ample scope for the exercise of their gifts and talents. Nor was there any lack of scope in old-fashioned politics for the gift of command, of leadership. Mr. Roscoe Conkling, for example, and Mr. Dean Richmond before him, were political bosses, but these gentlemen were bosses in the grand style. They were great feudal lords, who scorned the arts of popularity, and ruled because they were born to rule.

"But what of it?" the conscientious reformer will ask. "Why should your genial, kindly man meddle with politics. Why should he bring his favoritism and his 'magnetism' into the matter of office-holding? And isn't it better that the offices should be filled by competitive examination rather than by Roscoe Conkling?" Yes, no doubt; but still there is something to be said in behalf of the old system. It gave to certain qualities their natural supremacy. If a man had the capacity to lead men and to manage them, he became a leader and a manager. And so, on the other hand, there was developed in his followers an instinct of loyalty. But who can be loyal to a person selected by a process of competitive examinations? Who can be loyal to a mere idea? Doubtless a few persons are capable of loyalty to an idea; but the great majority of us have not this capacity. The old-fashioned politician, the boss (I will not shrink from the word), had toward his dependents that mingled feeling of kindness and superiority which befits a born leader of men. There was a remark made some years ago by a politician (whose party had just come into power) which was much quoted at the time, and quoted with horror. He said, "We really ought to take the boys in, and give them a chance to warm their toes;" *videlicet*, let them have a share of the spoils. This was a wrong sentiment, but still it was a kindly, humorous sentiment; and the relation between such a boss and his followers is not, as the reformers think, a purely mercenary one.

The reformers, it must be confessed, are, as a rule, somewhat cold in temperament,

a little thin in mind, a trifle deficient in sympathy; not quite so close to nature as might be wished. We all know the type. It is peculiarly a Boston type. The reformer is usually a man whose circumstances in life have been so fortunate that he was never obliged, even as a boy, to black his own boots. Now, it is very hard (I do not say impossible) for a person who has never blacked his own boots to have that wide, democratic sympathy with "the plain people" which is really almost as necessary in a successful reformer as it could be in a corruptionist.

I was talking, the other day, with a very eminent and acute reformer (not a Bostonian), — a man whose name is known all over the country; and he spoke of a certain politician as a murderer, pure and simple. That was all. But upon inquiry I found that the fellow was not a murderer, in the ordinary sense. He had indeed killed a man, but it was in the course of a *vendetta*; it was the slayer of his brother whom he had killed. This put a different face upon the matter; but the difference was ignored, it was not even perceived, by the reformer to whom I refer. To him the man was a murderer, and nothing more. Such want of discrimination comes from being too respectable, from taking a conventional, formal view of life, from overlooking some essential facts of human nature.

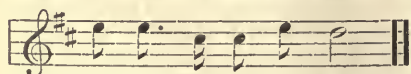
Perhaps — as indeed I have admitted — the old-time politician was a little too much the child of nature; but if the reformers could only appreciate his good as well as his bad points, reform might come more quickly and with less friction.

Songs with Variations. — Not being a noted scientific bird-lover, but just a common, ignorant, obscure bird-lover, it may be presumption to think that I can add anything to the sum of bird-lore already accumulated. Perhaps, too, what I have to tell is not new. Yet no one can be expected to read all that ever was written upon this rich subject, and I am able to say truthfully that I have still to meet with a mention of what has been my own little private, unaided discovery. Even among those friends of mine who watch the ways of wild songsters, I find nobody who has observed this particular fact; or, observing, has given it thought; or, giving it thought, has, as it seems to me, rightly interpreted it.

Not long ago I heard some one say, "The orioles don't sing as they used to." The tone bespoke a state of feeling such as Solomon certainly meant to reprehend when he wrote, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" I, too, had noticed that the orioles were not singing as they used to sing year before last; and year before last I noticed a distinct variation in their songs from the previous year. The fullest phrase I ever heard from an oriole consisted of seven notes, thus:—



I took it down on paper right out of his mouth, and all the orioles I happened to hear for a long time after gave the same number and arrangement of notes, with the same rhythm, like a bugle-call. Then—very gradually it came about—I learned to listen for a variation in this perfect musical phrase. It was at the beginning of my interest in birds, and, being without assistance from people or books, it took me some years to recognize their songs by the tones, not by the themes. Thus I lost my orioles for a time, often thinking I was listening to some other bird. Then discovering that there were two kinds of oriole, I naturally explained the difference to myself by this fact. But the orchard oriole is by no means a common bird in our region, and now, as the result of watching the gay and gorgeous individual of the Baltimore class that builds year after year outside my window, I am convinced that these birds never give quite the same song for many consecutive seasons. For a number of years this outdoor neighbor of mine used to come with the following cheerful greeting,—cheerful, with a pretty slurring note of sentiment:—



I'm here, my love, I'm here.

For so did the mellow notes plainly seem to speak. I could not feel certain that he meant me, particularly when I spied his not too coy companion blazing about the larch-tree; yet I always answered him back, that he might know he was welcome. Here was substantially the same phrase, less one

note, but the bold joyousness that I had come to associate with him was wanting. Gradually he docked his song yet more, so that for the last year or two it has been, "I'm here, my love," or only the curt announcement, "I'm here." And I will add that all his relatives in the town where I live have of late been similarly sparing in their remarks.

So much for a single class. But I have noticed the same thing in many other kinds of bird,—the song sparrow, for instance. The song sparrow has the most elaborate theme of any that may be called the simpler singers, as contrasted with the bobolink, the catbird, the mocking-bird.

This summer, a friend told me that she was "able to detect by their songs the *nine* different kinds of song sparrow." She was very triumphant over it, and it gave me pain to explain to her what, from my own observation, I believed to be the truth, namely, that there are almost as many different songs as there are song sparrows; moreover, that not only do individuals among them differ from one another in their arrangement of the three parts of their theme, or in the finish they bestow upon the separate parts, but the individual himself varies his notes from time to time, taking endless liberties with them according as the spirit moves him or his vocal powers permit. He may choose to stop short at the trill, though this is a rare occurrence; more often he begins with it, ending with the three sharp notes. Again, he practices the turn which at best is an uncertain phrase, singing it over by itself a number of times; quite discontented, it would seem, with its indeterminate character. Then, perhaps, he bursts out in a reckless, don't-care manner, as if snapping his claws at practice and perfection, jumbling his notes together like a music-box suddenly gone mad. It is a mistake to think that all the birds of a kind are equally gifted with all their fellows, as if they were little mechanical toys struck off by the gross, and warranted to produce precisely the same song. Why should it be so? Men differ in this respect; so do various domestic animals,—all of them, for aught I know. Two black-and-tan terriers living next door to each other have distinctive barks; the one can boast of a far wider compass than his friend,—I mean

his enemy, — as well as of a more hideously exasperating quality in the tones.

I have the honor of acquaintance with a cat of high lineage. He is outwardly magnificent, and inwardly all that a cat should be, — the beau-ideal of cathood. But he has an inchoate mew. It is his one limitation, and one with which his owners do not quarrel. Cocks are notably many-voiced, and I doubt not that close observation would disclose fine characteristic shadings in the voices of those familiar creatures that respectively squawk, cluck, neigh, bray, and moo.

So, when we reflect that, next to man, the singing bird is, in the matter of vocal gifts, the most highly endowed of beings, it is hardly remarkable — except for the reason that people do not generally remark it — that he should have also the gift of varying expression.

Lately, I was obliged to stand up for the English sparrow's powers of vocalization. (I have undergone much contumely in his defense on the score of morals.) Three intelligent, well-bred people sat in a row and simultaneously laughed me to scorn because I asserted that this *canaille*, at certain times of the year, has a very sweet and winning voice. (Methought I heard some one snicker just now.)

Robins' voices vary widely. There be virago robins that shriek; nervous robins that jerk out their tones; lymphatic, conscientious robins that vocalize perfunctorily, giving never a note more or less, nor a compromising intonation. Then there are the rich-natured robins, whose capacity for joy and affection is expressed in the softest, richest, fullest sounds, in songs suggesting much more than mere unaccompanied melody, so sweet that the harmonies of each tone seem to be audible.

Does it sound fanciful to speak so of birds? I have long thought that the voice, above all other physical manifestations, is the *person*; I have learned to go by it largely in the interpretation of character. Few, perhaps, will grant me much in the way of bird personality. For my own part, I am willing to accept a psychology for pigs; I question whether every common porker can be made proficient in whist. I will swear that I have discovered "odds" in mosquitoes; there are *gourmets* and *gormandizers* among them, while in their

"operatics" a sensitive ear may find scope for a wide exercise of taste. (I like the screamers, because they are the easiest caught.)

Wood thrushes make known their minute personalities by the differing musicalness that is in their throats. Sometimes they utter only the harsh click of the cicada, or squeak like the hinges of a little gate that needs oiling. I cannot be made to believe that a wood thrush with such a voice has the same soul-traits as that last wood thrush I heard. I did not see him, — one hardly ever sees him; I could not tell whether he was far or near. He seemed to be far, very far, yet his song was near: it filled all the wood, not with its loudness, but with its penetrativeness. It gave me a deliciously superstitious feeling, a mythological thrill, a strange sense of extreme ancientness; I was no analytic, investigating modern, but a simple, savage being with a rudimentary soul. I stood amid deep forests of the *Ur-Welt*, and heard tales of a vast past and a vaster future in the magic strains of this "Prophet Bird."

— In the September number of the Contributors' Club, in the article Impressions of the Theatre, a writer says: "Her enunciation, whether she spoke or sang, was perfect, — clear and well defined. When she came to the word 'maiden,' for example, the two syllables 'mai-*den*' must have dropped like pearls in the remotest corner of the upper gallery. In fact, her whole performance showed long and careful training," etc.

Of course, enunciation is not pronunciation, but does not the writer of the words quoted imply that "mai-*den*" is a good pronunciation of "maiden"? As a matter of fact, however, is not such a pronunciation as objectionable as "hea-*ven*" for "hev-*vn*," "e-*vil*" for "e-*vl*," "dē-*vl*" for "dev-*vl*"?

Is not over-refined pronunciation more objectionable than careless pronunciation? We all know persons who say "a-*gāin*" with frightfully exact inaccuracy. "Citizen" is another word that suffers in a similar way, and there are those who make a religion of "at all." Cannot some new and ingenious form of torture be invented as a punishment for those ignorantly exact caecopists who inflict such sufferings on their fellow-beings?

An Organ Interlude. — I could never tell how it happened, — whether because our engineers had lost their way, as had been alleged of the great Pathfinder when he essayed these same regions, or whether our negro guide had fallen asleep in the hot sun, and so been left behind, — but we were lost. The battlefield of Piedmont lay behind us, the Natural Bridge was on our left, and Staunton, our objective point, was — where ?

After wandering hopelessly for some time, it became apparent to those whose sense of locality was an instinct that we were drifting aimlessly, after the usual device of the lost, in a series of circles, and our bewilderment was at its height when up rode a staff officer, galloping furiously, while flecks of foam upon his new uniform, and moisture dripping even from his sabre, attested the anxious eagerness of his errand. With a few hurried words reinforced by appropriate oburgation, this officer pointed out the right way, which having indicated, he disappeared in a whirlwind of dust which seemed to emit sparks — as the soldiers said — of profanity.

Now came a struggle. We were told to hasten for our lives, take any step we liked, carry our arms any way we chose, and proceed to Staunton across lots, as it were, since there were those upon our track who might make delay dangerous. The heat was terrible. It was the first time in my recollection when battle had brought no rain to temper the fever wrought by the elemental disturbances. The leaves of the forest drooped languidly in the breathless air. The little birds sat with open mouths, panting from exhaustion, and wholly undisturbed by the clatter of hurrying hosts. The few wild four-footed creatures that we passed were so oppressed by the heat as to make no attempt to escape, and indeed some of our men actually caught a beautiful little baby fawn, which, overcome by noon, had fallen asleep under an azalea bush. Emerging into the clearings, we noticed the same evidences of overpowering caloric : the cows would stand knee-deep in some stagnant pool and let the flies do their worst ; horses and mules fared scarcely better, and were less patient under the affliction. Of course the suffering on the part of our warmly clad and heavily armed men was extreme, and every few minutes some poor fellow would

fall forward on his face, sunstruck. The medical officers and their attendants were kept busy pouring water upon the prostrate forms of the fallen, — pouring it from a height as great as was attainable, sometimes standing up on their saddles for this purpose. Such, at the time whereof I write, was the approved method of treating *coup de soleil*.

Fortunately, Staunton was not very far away, and having eluded our crafty enemies by what was called "leg strategy," we soon had the happiness of marching into the captured town, where already "the marshal held the market-place." General Crook was there with fifteen loyal Virginia regiments, while, riding about in proud possession of roadway and sidewalk, could be seen the cavalry of Averill, with clanking sabres, jingling spurs, and patriotic sentiments.

Some sixty or more of our own men, who had fallen by the way from sunstroke, were now removed to a temporary hospital which had been improvised in the principal church of the town. Here already a goodly number of those who had been wounded in the battle of the day before were ensconced on some extemporized couches, in tranquil enjoyment of the light breeze that floated in through the pointed ecclesiastical windows.

The colors were about equally divided. The rebel wounded, cared for by our medical officers, were mingled indiscriminately with our own men ; the various party-colored uniforms of gray and butternut-brown making, with the blue and the red and yellow facings of our cavalry and artillery uniforms, a curiously variegated tartan as viewed from the organ-loft above by a Scotch surgeon whose work it was to oversee the preparing of supplies.

The communion between victor and vanquished was friendly in the extreme, as was usually the case among the actual participants on the field ; the hating being done mostly by politicians and other non-combatants who had more time for the indulgence of profitless rage and insidious distinctions.

The matter of supplies being arranged, it was not long before the hungry rebels were regaled with unwonted coffee and almost unassuageable hard-tack, luxuries whereof they had long forgotten the taste. Sisters of Mercy were to be seen, moving with noiseless tread, administering cooling drink, sponging the faces of the fever-

stricken, and covering up the features of those who, after life's fitful fever, were sleeping well. A goodly number of Confederate officers in full uniform were chatting freely and comparing experiences with officers of our own army, not a few of whom discovered in the opponents of the day before classmates of auld lang syne at West Point, or comrades of Mexico or the plains; our army, in ante-war days, having been so small that all officers were known to one another. Then there would appear at the church door, from time to time, deputations of ladies from the town or vicinity to inquire for such of their kin as were being cared for under that hospitable roof: the calm, sad face of the Southern mother, realizing at last the bitterness of civil war, and now intent on such amelioration as might reach her son within those walls; the indignant Southern belle, whose unreasoning scorn we deplored, but could not help admiring. Occasionally there would appear negroes bringing fruit, milk, or wine, with the touching loyalty of old trusted house servants. One or two clergymen there were, and a Catholic priest, who added to sacerdotal functions the gentle mission of bringing letters, messages, etc. Beside these gentlemen and a stray hospital official, males there were none in the town, as every hand that could grasp a musket had long before been impressed for the cause.

The reaction which follows the excitement of a great battle usually finds expression in the writing of a multitude of letters, and now, throughout this large, cool church-hospital, could be seen men, in every attitude betokening weariness or languor, engaged in writing home. These letters might never reach their destination, for we were far within the enemy's lines, but it was a relief to the surcharged masculine heart to write, and at least try to convey the news that the writer was still in the land of the living, even though sorely hurt.

Gradually, as the day wore down, the fragrance of many flowers began to fill the church; for the Virginia ladies were not content with sending meat and wine to such of their friends as lay suffering there, but supplemented those gifts with large offerings of flowers, of royal hue and almost tropical luxuriance, such as the generous Southern climate loves to foster. They were sent to the rebels, but were equally enjoyed by all

present, because community of goods was one of the necessary conditions of the place. The perfume of roses could not help dividing itself among friend and foe, even had our gallant adversaries desired otherwise, which I am sure they did not. Before the red Virginia sun had set on that hot June day, almost every water-pitcher was filled with June roses, every table was covered with them, while yet more flowers were sprinkled profusely on pillow and counterpane; and indeed it needed the piled accoutrements, the stacked muskets, with other paraphernalia of a military hospital, to enable the beholder to realize the fact of war, although the victims of the struggle, to the number of many hundreds, were there, breathing the flower-scented air, and watching the setting sun through the open windows of the church.

Suddenly there was a sound from the large organ of the church. Some unknown experimenter was trying his hand at the bellows, — a 'prentice hand it seemed, from the bustling and creaking that he made, — and I was a little surprised when I discovered that the "artist," as the boys dubbed him, was a Confederate officer in full cavalry uniform, pumping till he grew red in the face, while, seated at the keyboard, was the Scotch surgeon whose roving eyes had made tartan of the variegated hues in the motley array below. Now he was intent on what Tyndall, quoting from Helmholtz, calls "sound-tint." First came experimental chords, with a few tentative stops, to gauge the mettle and volume of the sonorous monster, which proved to be one of the best organs in the South, — one of those sweet-toned, old-fashioned, wooden-piped instruments like that whose melody has for half a century gone to the hearts of Sabbath worshipers in St. Paul's, New York. Soon the scheme expanded; chords modulated into fragments of chant, of symphony, and finally settled down into a military march, to the manifest delight of the listening men below. One by one, all the stops which represented the different instruments of a full military band were brought into requisition, until the walls of the building began to vibrate with these deep-toned volumes of sound, and the faintest of the wounded strove to beat time to the swaying rhythm. It is needless to say that the music thus evoked was all intended for

Federal inspiration. Gradually the music from the vast organ grew more patriotic, more significantly suggestive. At last, when the great crash of the first few bars of the Star Spangled Banner shook the church, the meaning of the musician had become so clear that, as with one voice, Federal and Confederate, officer and soldier, wounded and dying, joined in the chorus, and sang, so far as I could judge, every man of them, to the end. Then each looked at the other, mute with the surprise of men whose hearts have been taken by storm.

The bitterness and cruelty, the ferocity of civil strife as compared with that which is international, are obvious enough, but in the former there is some compensation in the greater facilities afforded for the restoration of peace after the cessation of active hostilities. A common language; in the main a common faith, political and religious; and above all, such association of ideas as must exist among combatants who have been comrades in previous wars, would seem to conduce to the reestablishment of good feeling when the *casus belli* shall have been removed.

The Star Spangled Banner is not a patriotic anthem of enthralling interest. The music is from an old English glee; and as to the words, the American does not live who can remember all of them. But on this occasion the song represented so much that was common to us all that when the defeated rebels found themselves singing it, they almost wondered that they ever could have rebelled. There were at this time, upon the political and military horizon, many gleams of the coming arch of peace, many evidences that the South was tired of the war, and that the North never loved it; and I think it may safely be assumed that one of the harbingers of the peace so soon to follow might have been detected in the sound of the organ at Staunton, and in the voices caught singing in unison with it.

Don't Feren- — We are told by Emerson that tea. gifts should be representative of the giver. The florist should send his flowers, the gardener his fruits, the poet his poem, and the young girl her needlework, as, severally, the most befitting offerings. Each should bestow himself with his gift. From an economic point of view this system is an admirable one. Surely, a birthday gift

of the sort thus indicated might suitably typify the "unbought grace of life." But suppose the estimable qualities which the would-be giver possesses prove not transferable? Is there any reason why a poet, who dearly loves a friend with no taste for verse, should refrain from sending that friend something the latter wants, rather than a poem which he does not want? Is there any reason why the dainty maiden, whose needlework is askew and stammers, as it were, should insist upon doing badly, for love's sake, that which another can do flawlessly, and which she can procure for a little money? Is there any reason why, because a man is a painter, he must needs send a picture to a blind friend, when something more available, though less representative of the giver, is at his command?

The essayist whose injunction furnishes my theme has so well covered whatever ground he has touched that to allude to topics consecrated by his pen savors of hardihood. Yet his insistent discrimination on this head seems to me of very doubtful utility. Gifts, one might say, should be representative not so much of the giver as of the receiver, who is to use them: to the *bon vivant*, a bottle of old Madeira; to the poet, a ream of such stationery as his Muse doth most affect; to the statesman, a handsomely engrossed copy of the Constitution; to the clergyman — but here humanity gives pause, for is not the largest room in the parsonage crammed with Bibles presented by blind good will? As in mixed company we adapt our conversation to the capacity, even to the professional comprehension, of those we meet, so should a like appreciation of the "fitness of things" accompany our acts of bestowal. Most serviceable, perhaps, are those gifts which cover a multitude of feelings and emotional occasions, which, by their very uselessness, or rather their purely ornamental efficacy, seem to sum up what is most needful in the giving of gifts, — some proof of the love of the giver, some evidence that the friend is remembered, some desire to afford pleasure, and through that pleasure to be remembered by the recipient. Such universal solvent of the question, What to give? has been reached by the world at large, which, waiving Mr. Emerson's doctrine of individualism in giving, merely sends flowers!

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THE TRUMPETER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

It was at Laramie, between the mountains, and Henniker was celebrating the present and drowning the past in a large, untrammelled style, when he received a letter from the quartermaster-sergeant at Custer, — a plain statement until the end, where Henniker read: —

“If you should happen at any time to wish for news of your son, Meadows and his wife have taken the child. They came on here to get him, and Meadows insisted on standing the expense of the funeral, which was the best we could give her for the credit of the troop. He put a handsome stone over her, with ‘Meta, wife of Trumpeter Henniker, K Troop —th U. S. Cavalry,’ on it; and there it stands to her memory, poor girl, and to your shame, a false, cruel, and cowardly man in your treatment of her. And so every one of us holds you, officers and men the same, — of your old troop that walked behind her to her grave. And where were you, Henniker, and what were you doing this day two weeks, when we were burying your poor wife? The twenty dollars you sent her by Billy, Meadows has, and says he will keep it till he sees you again. Which some of us think it will be a good while he will be packing that Judas piece around with him. — And so good-by, Henniker. I might have said less, or I might have said nothing at all, but that the boy is a fine child, my wife says, and must have a grand constitution to stand what he has stood; and I

have a fondness for you myself when all is said and done.

“P. S. I would take a thought for that boy once in a while, if I was you. A man does n’t care for the brats when he is young, but age cures us of all wants but the want of a child.”

But Henniker was not ready to go back to the Meadows cottage and be clothed in the robe of forgiveness, and receive his babe like a pledge of penitence on his hand.

The shock of the letter sobered him at first, and then the sting of it drove him to drinking harder than ever. He did not run upon that “good thing” at Laramie, nor in any of the cities westward that one after another beheld the progress of his deterioration. It does not take long in the telling, but it was several years before he finally struck upon the “Barbary Coast” in San Francisco, where so many mothers’ sons who never were heard of have gone down. He went ashore, but he did not quite go to pieces. His constitution had matured under healthy conditions, and could stand a good deal of ill-usage; but we are “no stronger than our weakest part,” and at the end of all he found himself in a hospital-bed under treatment for his knee, — the same that had been mulcted for him twice before.

He listened grimly to the doctor’s explanations, — how the past sins of his whole impenitent system were being vicariously

reckoned for through this one afflicted member. It was rough on his old knee, Henniker remarked ; but he had hopes of getting out all right again, and he made the usual sick-bed promises to himself. He did get out, eventually, without a penny in the world, and with a stiff knee to drag about for the rest of his life. And he was just thirty-four years old.

His splendid vitality, that had been wont to express itself in so many attractive ways, now found its chief vent in talk — inexpensive, inordinate, meddling discourse — wherever two or three were gathered together in the name of idleness and discontent. The members of these congregations were pessimists to a man. They disbelieved in everybody and everything except themselves, and secretly, at times, they were even a little shaken on that head ; but all the louder they exclaimed upon the world that had refused them the chance to be the great and successful characters nature had intended them to be.

It need hardly be said that when Henniker raved about the inequalities of class, the helplessness of poverty, the tyranny of wealth, and the curse of labor ; and devoted in eloquent phrases the remainder of a blighted existence to the cause of the Poor Man, he was thinking of but one poor man, namely, himself. He classed himself with Labor only as he might feel his superiority to the laboring masses. There were few situations in which he could taste his superiority, in these days. The "ego" in his *Cosmos* was very hungry ; his memories were bitter, his hopes unsatisfied ; his vanity and artistic sense were crucified through poverty, lameness, and bad clothes. Now all that was left him was the conquests of the mind. For the smiles of women, give him the hoarse plaudits of men. The dandy of the garrison began to shine in saloon coteries and primaries of the most primary order. He was the star of sidewalk convocations and vacant lot meetings of the Unemployed. But

he despised the mob that echoed his perorations and paid for his drinks, and was at heart the aristocrat that his old uniform had made him.

In the summer of 1894, a little black-eyed boy with chestnut curls used to swing on the gate of the Meadows cottage that opens upon the common, and chant some verses of domestic doggerel about Coxey's army, which was then begging and bullying its way eastward, and demanding transportation at the expense of the railroads and of the people at large.

He sang his song to the well-marked tune of Pharaoh's Army, and thus the verses ran : —

"The Coxeyites they gathered,
The Coxeyites they gathered,
And stole a train of freight-cars in the morn,
And stole a train of freight-cars in the morning,
And stole a train of freight-cars in the morn.

"The engine left them standing,
The engine left them standing,
On the railroad-track at Caldwell in the morn.
Very sad it was for Caldwell in the morning
To feed that hungry army in the morn.

"Where are all the U. S. marshals,
The deputy U. S. marshals,
To jail that Coxey army in the morn,
That 'industrious, law-abiding' Coxey's army
That stole a train of freight-cars in the morn?"

Where indeed were all the U. S. marshals? The question was being asked with anxiety in the town, for a posse of them had gone down to arrest the defiant train-stealers, and it was rumored that the civil arm had been disarmed, and the deputies carried on as prisoners to Pocatello, where the Industrials, two hundred strong, were intrenched in the sympathies of the town, and knocking the federal authorities about at their law-abiding pleasure. Pocatello is a division town on the Union Pacific Railroad ; it is full of the company's shops and men, the latter all in the American Railway Union or the Knights of Labor, and solid on class issues, right or wrong ; and it was said

that the master workman was expected at Pocatello to speak on the situation, and, if need arose, to call out the trades all over the land in support of the principle that tramp delegations shall not walk. Disquieting rumors were abroad, and there was relief in the news that the regulars had been called on to sustain the action of the federal court.

The troops at Bisuka barracks were under marching orders. While the town was alert to see them go they tramped away one evening, just as a shower was clearing that had emptied the streets of citizens; and before the ladies could say "There they go," and call each other to the windows, they were gone.

Then for a few days the remote little capital, with Coxeyites gathering and threatening its mails and railroad service, waited in apprehensive curiosity as to what was going to happen next. The party press on both sides seized the occasion to point a moral on their own account, and some said, "Behold the logic of McKinleyism," and others retorted, "Behold the shadow of the Wilson Bill stalking abroad over the land. Let us fall on our faces and pray!" But most people laughed instead, and patted the Coxeyites on the back, preferring their backs to their faces.

It seemed as if it might be time to stop laughing and gibing and inviting the procession to move on, when a thousand or more men, calling themselves American citizens, were parading their idleness through the land as authority for lawlessness and crime, and when our sober regulars had to be called out to quell a Falstaff's army. The regulars, be sure, did not enjoy it. If there is a sort of service our soldiers would like to be spared, doubtless it is disarming crazy Indians; but they prefer even that to standing up to be stoned and insulted and chunked with railroad iron by a mob which they are ordered not to fire upon, or to entering a peaceful country which has been sown with dynamite by patriotic labor

unions, or prepared with cut-bridges by sympathetic strikers.

We are here to be hurt, so the strong ones tell us, and perhaps the best apology the strong can make to the weak for the vast superiority that training gives is to show how long they can hold their fire amidst a mob of brute ignorances, and how much better they can bear their hurts when the senseless missiles fly. We love the forbearance of our "unpitied strong;" it is what we expect of them; but we trust also in their firmness when the time for forbearance is past.

Little Ross Henniker — named for that mythical great Scotchman, his supposed grandfather — was deeply disappointed because he did not see the soldiers go. To have lived next door to them all his life, seven whole years, and watched them practicing and preparing to be fit and ready to go, and then not to see them when they did march away for actual service in the field, was hard indeed.

Ross was not only one of those brightest boys of his age known to parents and grandparents by the million, but he was really a very bright and handsome child. If Mother Meadows, now "granny," had ever had any doubts at all about the Scottish chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, the style and presence of that incomparable boy were proof enough. It was a marked case of "throwing-back." There was none of the Bannock here. Could he not be trusted like a man to do whatever things he liked to do; as riding to fetch the cows and driving them hillward again, on the weird little spotted pony, hardly bigger than a dog, with a huge head and a furry cheek and a hanging underlip, which the tributary Bannocks had brought him? It was while he was on cow-duty far away, but not out of sight of the post, that he saw the column move. "Great Scott!" how he did ride! He broke his stick over the pony's back, and kicked him with his bare heels, and slapped him with his hat, till the pony bucked him off into a sage-

bush, whence he picked himself up and flew as fast as his own legs would spin; but he was too late. Then, for the first time in six months at least, he howled. Aunt Callie comforted him with fresh strawberry jam for supper; but the lump of grief remained, until, as she was washing the dishes, she glanced at him, laughing out of the corner of her eye, and began to make up the song about Coxey's army. For some time Ross refused to smile, but when it came to the chorus about the soldiers who were going

"To turn back Coxey's army, hallelujah!

To turn back Coxey's army, hallelloo!"

he began to sing "hallelujah" too. Then gun-fire broke in with a lonesome sound, as if the cavalry up on the hill missed its comrades of the white stripes who were gone to "turn back" that ridiculous army.

Mother Meadows wished "that man Coxey had never been born," so weary did she get of the Coxey song. Coxeyism had taken complete possession of the young lord of the house, now that his friends the soldiers had gone to take a hand in the business.

In a few days the soldiers came back escorting the Coxey prisoners. The "presence of the troops" had sufficed. The two hundred Coxeyites were to be tried at Bisuka for crimes committed within the State. They were penned meanwhile in a field by the river, below the railroad track, and at night they were shut into a rough barrack which had been hastily put up for the purpose. A skirt of the town little known, except to the Chinese vegetable gardeners and makers of hay on the river meadows and small boys fishing along the shore, now became the centre of popular regard; and "Have you been down to the Coxey camp?" was as common a question as "Are you going to the Natatorium Saturday night?" or "Will there be a mail from the West today?"

One evening, Mother Meadows, with little Ross Henniker by the hand, stood close to the dead-line of the Coxey field,

watching the groups on the prisoners' side. The woman looked at them with perplexed pity, but the child swung himself away and cried, "Pooh! only a lot of dirty hobos!" and turned to look at the soldiers.

The tents of the guard of regulars stood in a row in front of a rank of tall poplar-trees, their tops swinging slow in the last sunlight. Behind the trees stretched the green river-flats in shadow. Frogs were croaking; voices of girls could be heard in a tennis-court with a high wall that ran back to the street of the railroad.

Roll-call was proceeding in front of the tents, the men firing their quick, harsh answers like scattering shots along the line. Under the trees at a little distance the beautiful sleek cavalry horses were grouped, unsaddled and calling for their supper. Ross Henniker gazed at them with a look of joy; then he turned a contemptuous eye upon the prisoners.

"Which of them two kinds of animals looks most like what a man ought to be?" he asked, pointing to the horses and then to the Coxeyites, who in the cool of the evening were indulging in unbeautiful horse-play, not without a suspicion of showing off before the eyes of visitors. The horses in their free impatience were as unconcerned as lords.

"What are you saying, Ross?" asked Mrs. Meadows, rousing herself.

"I say, suppose I'd just come down from the moon, or some place where they don't know a man from a horse, and you said to me: 'Look at these things, and then look at them things over there, and say which is boss of t'other.' Why, I'd say *them* things, every time." Ross pointed without prejudice to the horses.

"My goodness!" cried Mrs. Meadows, "if these Coxeyites had been taken care of and coddled all their lives like them troop horses, they might not be so handsome, but they'd look a good deal better than what they do. And they'd have more sense," she added in a lower voice. "Very

few poor men's sons get the training those horses have had. They've learned to mind, for one thing, and to be faithful to the hand that feeds them."

"Not all of them don't," said Ross, shaking his head wisely. "There's kickers and biters and shirks amongst them; but if they won't learn and can't learn, they get 'condemned.'"

"And what becomes of them then?"

"Why, you know," answered the boy, who began to suspect that there was a moral looming in the distance of this bold generalization.

"Yes," said Mother Meadows, "I know what becomes of some of them, because I've seen; and I don't think a condemned horse looks much better in the latter end of him than a condemned man."

"But you can't leave them in the troop, for they'd spoil all the rest," objected the boy.

"It's too much for me, dear," replied the old woman humbly. "These Coxeyes are a kind of folks I don't understand."

"I should think you might understand, when the troops have to go out and run 'em in! I'm on the side of the soldiers, every time."

"Well, that's simple enough," said Mrs. Meadows. She was a very mild protagonist, for she could never confine herself to one side of a question. "I'm on the side of the soldiers, too. A soldier has to do what he's told, and pays with his life for it, right or wrong."

"And I think it's a shame to send the beautiful clean soldiers to shove a lot of dirty hobos back where they belong."

"My goodness! Hush! you'd better talk less till you get more sense to talk with," said Mrs. Meadows sternly. A man standing near, with his back to them, had turned around quickly, and she saw by his angry eye that he had overheard. She looked at him again, and knew the man. It was the boy's father. Ross had bounded away to talk to his friend Corporal Niles.

"Henniker!" exclaimed Mrs. Mead-

ows in a low voice of shocked amazement. "It don't seem as if this could be you!"

"Let that be!" said Henniker roughly. "I did n't enlist by that name in this army. Who's that young son of a gun that's got so much lip on him?"

"God help you! don't you know your own son?"

"What? No! Has he got to be that size already?" The man's weather-beaten face turned a darker red under the week-old beard that disfigured it. He sat down on the ground, for suddenly he felt weak, and also to hide his lameness from the woman who should have hated him, but who simply pitied him instead. Her face showed a sort of motherly shame for the change that she saw in him. It was very hard to bear. He had not realized fully the change in himself till its effect upon her confronted him. He tried to bluff it off carelessly.

"Bring the boy here. I have a word to say to him."

"You should have said it long ago, then." Mrs. Meadows was hurt and indignant at his manner. "What has been said is said, for good and all. It's too late to unsay it now."

"What do you mean by that, Mrs. Meadows? Am I the boy's father or am I not?"

"You are not the father he knows. Do you think I have been teaching him to be ashamed of the name he bears?"

"Old lady," cried Henniker the Coxeyite, "have you been stuffing that boy about his dad as you did the mother about hers?"

"I have told him the truth, partly. The rest, if it was not the truth, ought to have been," answered Mrs. Meadows stoutly. "I have put the story right, as an honest man would have lived it. Whatever you've been doing with yourself these years, it's your own affair, not the boy's nor mine. Keep it to yourself now. You were too good for them once, — the mother and the child; they can do without you now."

"That 's all right," said Henniker, wincing; "but as a matter of curiosity let me hear how you have put it up."

"How I have what?"

"How you have dressed up the story to the boy. I'd like to see myself with a woman's eyes once more."

Mrs. Meadows looked him over and hesitated; then her face kindled. "I've told him that his father was a beautiful clean man," she said, using unconsciously the boy's words, "and rode a beautiful horse, and saluted his captain so!" She pointed to the corporal of the guard who was at that moment reporting. "I told him that when the troops went you had to leave your young wife behind you, and she could not be kept from following you with her child; and by a cruel mischance you passed each other on the road, and you never knew till you had got to her old home and heard she was dead and buried; and you were so broke up that you could n't bear your life in the place where you used to be with her; and you were a sorrowful wandering man that he must pray for, and ask God to bring you home. You never came near us, Henniker, or thought of coming; but could I tell your own child that? Indeed, I would be afraid to tell him what did happen on that road from Custer station, for fear when he 's a man he 'd go hunting you with a shotgun. Now where is the falsehood here? Is it in me, or in you, who have made it as much as your own life is worth to tell the truth about you to your son? Was it the truth, Henniker? Sure, man, you did love her! What did you want with her else? Was it the truth that they told us at Custer? There are times when I can't believe it myself. If there is a word you could say for yourself, — say it, for the child's sake! You would n't mind speaking to an old woman like me? There was a time when I would have been proud to call you my son."

"You are a good woman, Mrs. Meadows, but I cannot lie to you, even for the

child's sake. And it's not that I don't know how to lie, for God knows I'm nothing but a lie this blessed minute! What do I care for such cattle as these?" He had risen, and waved his hand contemptuously toward his fellow-martyrs. "Well, I must be going. I see they're passin' around the flesh-pots. We're livin' like fighting-cocks here, on a restaurant contract. There'll be a big deal in it for the marshal, I suspect." Henniker winked, and his face fell into the lowest of its demoralized expressions.

"There's no such thing!" said Mrs. Meadows indignantly. "Some folks are willing to work for very little these hard times, and give good value for their money. You had better eat and be thankful, and leave other folks alone!"

Little Ross coming up heard but the last words, and saw his granny's agitation and the familiar attitude of the strange Coxeyite. His quick temper flashed out: "Get out with you! Go off where you belong, you dirty man!"

Mrs. Meadows caught the boy, and whirled him around and shook him. "Never, never let me hear you speak like that to any man again!"

"Why?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you why, some day, if I have to. Pray God I may never need to tell you!"

"Why?" repeated the boy, wondering at her excitement.

"Come away, — come away home!" she said, and Ross saw that her eyes were red with unshed tears. He hung behind her and looked back.

"He's lame," said he, half to himself. "I would n't have spoken that way if I'd known he had a game leg."

"Who's lame?" asked Mrs. Meadows.

"The Coxeyite. See, He limps bad."

"Did n't I tell you! We never know, when we call names, what sore spots we may be hitting. You may have sore spots of your own some day."

"I hope I sha'n't be lame," mused the boy. "And I hope I sha'n't be a Coxey."

The Coxeyites had been in camp a fortnight when their trial began. Twice a day the prisoners were marched up the streets of Bisuka to the court-house, and back again to camp, till the citizens became accustomed to the strange, unrepudicable procession. The prisoners were herded along the middle of the street; on either side of them walked the marshals, and outside of the line of civil officers the guard of infantry or cavalry, the officers riding and the men on foot.

This was the last march of the Coxeyites. Many citizens looking on were of the opinion that if these men desired to make themselves an "object-lesson" to the nation, this was their best chance of being useful in that capacity.

For two weeks, day by day, in the prisoner's field, Henniker had been confronted with the contrast of his old service with his present demoralization. He had been a conspicuous figure among the Industrials until they came in contact with the troops, and then suddenly he subsided, and was heard and seen as little as possible. Not for all that a populist congress could vote, out of the pockets of the people into the pockets of the tramp petitioners, would he have posed as one of them before the eyes of an officer, or a man, of his old regiment, who might remember him as Trumpeter Henniker of K troop. But the daily march to the court-house was the death-sickness of his pride. Once he had walked these same streets with his head as high as any man's; and it had been, "How are you, Henniker?" and "Step in, Henniker;" or Callie had been laughing and falling out of step on his arm, or Meta — poor little Meta — waiting for him when the darkness fell!

Now the women ran to the windows and crowded the porches, and stared at him and his ill-conditioned comrades as if they had been animals belonging to a different species.

But Henniker was mistaken here. The eyes of the pretty girls were for the

"pretty soldiers." It was all in the day's work for the soldiers, who tramped indifferently along; but the officers looked bored, as if they were neither proud of the duty nor of the display of it which the times demanded.

On the last day's march from the court-house to the camp, there was a clamor of voices that drowned the shuffling and tramping of the feet. The prisoners were all talking at once, discussing the sentences which the court had just announced: the leaders and those taken in acts of violence to be imprisoned at hard labor for specified times; the rank and file to be put back on their stolen progress as far westward, whence they came, as the borders of the State would allow; there to be staked out, as it were, on the banks of the Snake River, and guarded for sixty days by the marshals, supported by the inevitable "presence of the troops."

But the sentence that Henniker heard was that private one which his own child had spoken: "Get out with you! Go back where you belong, you dirty man!" He had wished at the time that he could make the proud youngster feel the sting of his own lash: but that thought had passed entirely, and been merged in the simple hurt of a father's longing for his son. "If he were mine," he bitterly confessed, "if that little cock-a-whoop rascal would own me and love me for his dad, I swear to God I could begin my life again! But now, what next?"

There had been a stoppage ahead, the feet pressing on had slackened step, when there, with his back to the high iron gates of the capitol-grounds, was the beautiful child again. A young woman stood beside him, a fine, wholesome girl like a full-blown cottage rose, with auburn hair, an ivory-white throat, and a back as flat as a trooper's. It was Callie, of course, with Meta's child. The cup of Henniker's humiliation was full.

The boy stood with his chin up, his hat on the back of his head, his plump

hands spread on the hips of his white knickerbockers. He was dressed in his best, as he had come from a children's fête. Around his neck hung a prize which he had won in the games, a silver dog-whistle on a scarlet ribbon. He caught it to his lips and blew a long piercing trill, his dark eyes smiling, the wind blowing the short curls across his cheek.

"There he is, the lame one! I made him look round," said Ross.

Henniker had turned, for one long look — the last, he thought — at his son. All the singleness and passion of the mother, the fire and grace and daring of the father, were in the promise of his childish face and form. He flushed, not a self-conscious, but an honest, generous blush, and took his hat away off his head to the lame Coxeyite — "because I was mean to him; and they are down and done for now, the Coxeyes."

"Whose kid is that?" asked the man who walked beside Henniker, seeing the gesture and the look that passed between the man and the boy. "He's as handsome as they make 'em," he added, smiling.

Henniker did not reply in the proud word "Mine." A sudden heat rushed to his eyes, his chest was tight to bursting. He pulled his hat down and tramped along. The shuffling feet of the prisoners passed on down the middle of the street; the double line of guards kept step on either side. The dust arose and blended the moving shapes, prisoners and guards together, and blotted them out in the distance.

Callie had not seen her old lover at all. "Great is the recuperative power of the human heart." She had been looking at Corporal Niles, who could not turn his well-drilled head to look at her. But a side-spark from his blue eye shot out in her direction, and made her blush and cease to smile. Corporal Niles carried his head a little higher and walked a little straighter after that; and Callie went slowly through the gates, and sat

a long while on one of the benches in the park, with her elbow resting on the iron scroll and her cheek upon her hand.

She was thinking about the Coxeyites' sentence, and wondering if the cavalry would have to go down to the stockade prison on the Snake; for in that case Corporal Niles would have to go, and the wedding be postponed. Everybody knows it is bad luck to put off a wedding-day; and besides, the yellow roses she had promised her corporal to wear would all be out of bloom, and no other roses but those were the true cavalry yellow.

But the cavalry did not go down till after the wedding, which took place on the evening appointed, at the Meadows cottage, between "Sound off" and "Taps." The ring was duly blessed, and the father's and mother's kiss was not wanting. The primrose radiance of the summer twilight shone as strong as lamplight in the room, and Callie, in her white dress, with her auburn braids gleaming through the wedding-veil and her lover's colors in the roses on her breast, was as sweet and womanly a picture as any mother could wish to behold.

When little Ross came up to kiss the bride, he somehow forgot, and flung his arms first around Corporal Niles's brown neck.

"Corporal, I'm twice related to the cavalry now," said he. "I had a father in it, and now I've got an uncle in it."

"That's right," the corporal agreed; "and if you have any sort of luck you'll be in it yourself some day."

"But not in the ranks," said Ross firmly. "I'm going to West Point, you know."

"Bless his heart!" cried Callie, catching the boy in her arms; "and how does he think he's going to get there?"

"I shall manage it somehow," said Ross, struggling. He was very fond of aunt Callie, but a boy does n't like to be hugged so before his military acquaintances, and in Ross's opinion there had

been a great deal too much kissing and hugging, not to speak of crying, already. He did not see why there should be all this fuss just because Aunt Callie was going up to the barracks to live, in the jolliest little whitewashed cabin, with a hop-vine hanging, like the veil on an old woman's bonnet, over the front gable. He only wished that the corporal had asked him to go too!

A slight misgiving about his last speech was making Ross uncomfortable. If there was a person whose feelings he would not have wished to hurt for anything in the world, it was Corporal Niles.

"Corporal," he amended affectionately, "if I should be a West Pointer, and should be over you, I should n't put on any airs, you know. We should be better friends than ever."

"I expect we should, captain. I'm looking forward to the day."

A mild species of *corvée* had been put in force down on the Snake River while the stockade prison was building. The prisoners as a body rebelled against it, and were not constrained to work; but a few were willing, and these were promptly stigmatized as "scabs," and ill treated by the lordly idlers. Hence they were given a separate camp and treated as trustees.

When the work was done, the trustees were rewarded with their freedom, either

to go independently, or to stay and eat government rations till the sixty days of their sentence had expired.

Henniker, in spite of his infirmity, had been one of the hardest volunteer workers. But now the work was done, and the question returned, What next?

Again he was a free man, as he sat one evening by the river. A dry embankment, warm as an oven to the touch, sloped up to the railroad track above his head; tufts of young sage and broken stone strewed the face of it; there was not a tree in sight. He heard the river boiling down over the rapids and thundering under the bridge. He heard the trumpets calling the men to quarters. "Lights out" had sounded some time before. He had been sitting motionless, his knees drawn up, his head resting on his crossed arms. The sound of the trumpets made him choke up like a homesick boy. He sat there till, faintly in the distance, "Taps" breathed its slow and sweet good-night.

"Last call," he said. "Time to turn in." He took off the rags in which his child had spurned him.

"The next time I'm inspected," he muttered, "I shall be a clean man." So, naked, he slipped into the black water under the bank. The river bore him up and gave him one more chance, but he refused it: with two strokes he was in the midst of the death-current, and it seized him, and took him down.

Mary Hallock Foote.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS DAY AT AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE.

My friend Mr. Foster, after a second visit to the old country house in Somersetshire, put his journals into my hands, giving me leave to print as much as I pleased of them, and in any shape I thought best. His reason for not doing

the work with his own hands may appear hereafter. I have done it for him as well as I was able, and as it seemed to me that my friend, in his former account, sometimes got his facts and fictions a little mixed, especially as to

names, I will here say that the children of the squire will be called by the family name of Knighton, as he himself will be if occasion requires it, though he will generally keep the name of squire, as is usual in Somersetshire.

The ground and the trees, the hedges and the roofs, were white with snow when Mr. Foster drove through the gateway in the old wall and stopped at the tower door. The squire and his daughters came out to meet and to welcome him, and the elder lady threw back the folds of the heavy red and black curtains which hung before the inner archway, and gayly said,

"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall."

Mr. Foster answered, "Most willingly, if Giant St. Loe's great sword does not come clattering down upon me as Douglas's did on the Knight of Snowdon. But no," he added, looking up, "I see it is safely wreathed with laurel." In the hall, already known to our readers as well as to Mr. Foster himself, a bright fire was burning on the hearth. The walls were festooned with bunches of evergreens, kept in place by the frames of the pictures, the sparkling red and green of the holly contrasting with the red and gold of the uniforms of the old Indian heroes, Clive, Watson, and Kirkpatrick; and the pale mistletoe berries recalled the days when the stately dames who now look down so demurely, with prayer-book in hand, from their portraits on the walls, might have pouted saucy maiden lips to meet the kisses of their bachelors. In the middle of the hall, planted in a gayly-painted tub, was a small spruce fir-tree, about seven or eight feet high. This the ladies had been decorating when Mr. Foster arrived, and they now went back to their work. On tables within reach were boxes of red, green, and blue tapers, some half empty, some not yet opened; small tin mirrors with facets to reflect the light; crackers in colored gelatine; little bags of gold, silver, or colored paper filled, or ready to be filled, with sugar-

plums; and rows of dolls, horses, cats, dogs, knives, whistles, writing-desks, and work-boxes.

Mrs. Knighton. You are doubly welcome, Mr. Foster; first for your own sake, and next because we want your help for our Christmas doings. My husband has hardly got back from the unusual autumn and winter sitting of Parliament when he has to attend to all manner of business at home, — Petty Sessions, Board of Guardians, Highway Board, School Board, and, next week, County Council and Quarter Sessions, besides all manner of parish and estate business; so you may suppose I cannot get any help from him in trimming Christmas trees, though he will be here with the children to see the show.

Foster. What, then, is your own programme?

Mrs. Knighton. This evening, for our children, snapdragon and flapdragon, and afterwards, for all the children of the parish, our own included, the Christmas tree and a magic lantern. To-morrow, Christmas Day, my father-in-law likes, and thinks that other people like, that every home should have its own festivities. And on the day after Christmas we have an old-fashioned sort of ball for the tenants, farmers, and cottagers, our servants, and ourselves and friends, in or out of the house, who can enjoy such homely revels.

Foster. You remind me of Bracebridge Hall.

Squire. "With a difference," I hope. I should be sorry to be thought like Washington Irving's squire, even if you are willing to take the place of Mr. Simon.

Foster. I should be content with the part of the traveling visitor. But may not your friends speak of you as "a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time"?

Squire. No. Leave out "fine" and "olden," and I will try to do what I can to deserve the rest. Washington Irving

was a genial humorist, and there is probably something of real regret for a vanished past in his description of the absurd efforts of the squire of Bracebridge Hall and of his relative, Mr. Simon, to renew and bring back that past by the efforts of a lifetime, though, like all humorists who give rein to their imagination, he runs into caricature. And though caricatures are very admirable fooling, they must not be taken for portraits.

Miss Knighton. I have heard my aunt say that she once spent an evening at Woburn, looking over a volume of Punch with Lord John Russell, and that the minister was greatly delighted when they came to a caricature of himself.

Foster. And a young lady told me of another of our statesmen who amused himself with showing her a scrap-book of caricatures of himself.

Squire. Very likely. Yet Lord John Russell would not have admitted that the queen thought him too small for the place, or that he had run away when Cardinal Wiseman looked out of the window, or that he was truly represented by Punch on these and such like occasions.

Foster. I certainly did not mean to imply anything of caricature or ridicule in my reference to Bracebridge Hall. I was thinking of Irving's serious reflections and expressions of regret for the good old times. You always used to prize old traditions, whether of your own family or of the old house in which you live. And Mrs. Knighton's programme, as I call it, seems to me only a Christmas holiday version of those traditions.

Squire. There is, I believe, some real beneficial use in all such traditions as long as they live, and if it is so, it is our business and duty to keep them alive; but they are for the most part perishable in their very nature. They die because they have done all that it was in them to do, and also that they may make room for new and better forms of the old life. We must bury the dead thing out of the way, not pretend that it is

still alive and galvanize it into a sham appearance of life. We make many blunders, no doubt; we allow to perish, or even ourselves destroy, many things which had life still in them, and we go on trying to keep many things alive long after they are dead and have become a nuisance to every one, including ourselves.

Foster. "A live dog is better than a dead lion."

Squire. Except for the look of the thing, and then only at a safe distance, he is better even than the live lion. Depend upon it, the good new times are far better than the good old ones. It was the actual "Marshal Forwards," not the ghost of Frederick, who led the Prussians to victory. I often think of the description of an exploring expedition which Lieutenant (afterwards Sir George) Grey took down from an Australian native, consisting of whole pages of "Onward, through a forest onward: onward, onward, through a forest onward." And Shakespeare makes Ulysses preach this same doctrine of Onward, though with a different object: —

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are
devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to
hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where but one goes abreast: keep then the
path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they
do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
yours:
For time is like a fashionable host

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things past,

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More land than gilt o'er-dusted."

The speech is of universal application, though Shakespeare, as his way is, puts it into the mouth of a speaker, a soldier in this case, who has his own particular occasion in view.

Foster. And then, though it seems to go against my own argument, I will cap your quotation with one from my favorite Sir Thomas Browne:—

"Knowledge is made by oblivion, and to purchase a clear and warrantable body of truth we must forget and part with much we know."

Squire. Still, all progress must be continuous. Tradition is the accumulated wisdom as well as the accumulated folly of past generations, and we must be careful not to pull up wheat along with the tares. The wisdom of an individual, or of an individual generation, is a poor thing.

Mrs. Knighton. Mr. Foster, you really must come and help us with the tree. If you go on talking philosophy with the squire, I shall quote Hamlet's somewhat musty proverb, as he calls it. Here are all these candles to be fastened to the branches and then to be balanced with oranges, and the ends of their wicks wetted with turpentine.

So the preparations went on: the ladies and Foster at work at the tree, and the squire arranging the magic lantern.

When everything was ready for the evening, the squire proposed that they should take a walk. The sun shone brightly, though without melting the snow on the ground, while on the trees, where it had melted and frozen again, every twig and spray glistened with clear gem-like drops.

"Children and old people," said the squire, "seem to me to like snow better than the grown-up young ones. Perhaps it is that the sense of wonder is invoked in the child's mind by the unwonted apparition when he wakes in the morning. So I saw the face of my eldest boy lighted up with sudden wonder when, on an early spring morning, he saw the whole lawn sparkling with daisies where he had seen only grass the day before. In after life, from the sight of the sea, of a range of mountains, or from the view which bursts on us when we have got to the top of a mountain, we have something of the like sense of wonder. And then, in old age, if the snow no longer brings with it the sense of wonder, it brings the recollection of what that wonder was when we did feel it."

They were now in the village street; and Mrs. Knighton said, —

"We must be going home, or the ringers will be there before us. I see them just coming out of the vicarage."

Foster. Who are the ringers?

Squire. The church bell-ringers. At Christmas time they come out of the belfry which they are supposed to share with the owls, and go round to the neighbors' houses, with small bells, one in each hand, on which they ring the Bob Major, Bob Minor, and other changes that they have first practiced in the old church tower itself.

Miss Knighton. Does not Wordsworth somewhere charge Cowper with inaccuracy of language in the phrase "the church-going bell"? It always seems to me the exact expression for that delightful sound of the bells as we walk up to church on a Sunday morning.

Squire. When he said that, he forgot his own English. "Church-going" exactly corresponds with "passing," as the epithet of the church bells. The bell itself neither goes nor passes; but in the one case it tells that the people are going to church, and invites you to go, too; in the other it tells that in some house in the parish a soul is passing away. But the passing bell, like the curfew, has lost its original meaning, and both are, I suppose, nearly obsolete. By the bye, our new parson and his sister have just arrived. It was only last Monday that he went through the ancient rites of locking himself into the church and then tolling the church bell, after which he and his sister took possession of the vicarage.

Foster. What is his name?

Squire. The Rev. Frank Woodburn.

Foster. Then I was with him at Balliol, but I have not heard of him since. Where does he now come from?

Squire. His health has broken down from overwork in an East London parish, and he has taken this little country living as all that he is fit for at present.

Foster. He will have an opportunity for verifying the truth of a saying which always seems to me a shrewd one, that the country is the grammar and London the dictionary for the study of human life, but we usually begin with the grammar. I hope you will like him better than his predecessor: what is become of him?

Squire. He has been made an arch-deacon at the other end of the diocese. He was a "man to been an Abbot able," if he had lived in the days of Chaucer; a worthy man, but very high and dry. I am certainly glad of a preacher who talks of Maurice and Lux Mundi, instead of Pearson on the Creed and the Whole Duty of Man. Anyhow, I will not judge the new vicar and his sister so severely as old Madam Jones of the neighboring manor house did their predecessors more than a hundred years ago.

Foster. What was that?

Squire. When my grandfather and grandmother came down from town, they called on Madam Jones, and asked whether she liked the new parson and his wife. She answered that she had not yet seen them, but she heard that they sat in the parlor, burning two candles and ringing the bell. She herself was a grand maiden lady, — you may read her virtues on the great mural monument of marble in the church, — with three manors and manor houses, a pack of hounds, and "everything handsome about her;" though she used to sit neither in her parlor nor her drawing-room, but in the bedroom of her maid, Dinah Spreat, whether for economy or for society, I cannot say. And I suppose they burnt only one candle, and that no doubt of tallow if not a dip. But of Mr. and Miss Woodburn you shall judge for yourself.

Foster. He must be an acquisition to you, squire.

Mrs. Knighton. And to us, too. And his sister is charming. But you shall see them this evening; they dine with us after the Christmas tree.

Foster. We may hope, then, that you and he will not lead the proverbial cat and dog life.

Squire. Even Henry and Becket could not escape that Law of the Universe, as Carlyle would have called it, though, as I once said when proposing the health of the clergy at a county dinner, both cat and dog are necessary to every well-ordered household.

On getting back to the house, they found the ringers entertaining the children and the servants in the porch which opened into the hall. They were succeeded by a party of boys, with blacked faces, and fantastically dressed, who sang and danced. "These," said the squire, "are the last remains of the Mummings. When I was a boy, and the Great War had not been long over, the Mummings proclaimed repeatedly, 'I am the gallant

Frenchman,' and 'I am the gallant Englishman,' and Father Christmas looked on as they fought, and he mistook a tallow candle for his pipe."

The children were becoming clamorous for the snapdragon, and led the way into the dining-room, where the remaining daylight had been already excluded by the closed shutters and curtains. On a table small enough to be within the reach of all was the largest dish which the kitchen afforded, strewed with raisins: the squire poured over them as much brandy as the dish would hold, held a little in a spoon to a candle till it caught fire, and cautiously spread the blue flame over the whole dish. And then one after another began to "snatch a fearful joy," and whisked a flaming raisin into his or her mouth, or more often upon the floor, till the needful supplies of the bottle came to an end; and the performance was concluded by the throwing a handful of salt into the still flickering flames, and so giving a ghastly look to all the faces in the room.

Then Mr. Foster said: "Snapdragon is an old friend; but now for flapdragon. I hope, Mrs. Knighton, that you will not call on me to drink off candle ends to please the children, as Pains did to amuse Prince Hal."

Mrs. Knighton. You shall see; but my husband says we had better put off the flapdragon till to-morrow, and be content with the Christmas tree for this evening. I hear the voices of the village children already.

The winter sun was just setting, "shorn of his beams," and they could see as well as hear the children of the village, who were crossing the little bridge over the waterfall at the end of the avenue. They were marshaled by the vicar and his sister and the village schoolmistress, and on their arrival took their places in the hall. Here the Christmas tree had been drawn back into the bay window, and was hidden by the sheet now hung up for the magic lantern. The squire

was the showman, who expounded the successive men and beasts, ships and comets, and their eccentric performances, with appropriate comic gravity. The children listened in admiring silence, which now and then broke into a half suppressed murmur of delight, especially when the rat ran into the mouth of the old gentleman asleep in his bed, and continued to repeat the feat over and over again. Then the last disk of light upon the sheet disappeared, and was succeeded by the twinkling of minute lights behind. There was breathless expectation; the sheet was drawn back, and the tree in all its glory was brought into the middle of the hall. The murmur of half suppressed delight came again from the rows of children, some of whom saw the fairy scene for the first time, while to others the renewal of the pleasure was perhaps even greater than its first awaking; and one little one whispered in an awe-subdued voice, "I think it is like heaven." On the very top shoot stood an angel, with a Union Jack in one hand and a lighted red taper in the other; on every branch were like tapers of red, blue, yellow, white, and green, skillfully fixed and counterpoised so that they should not set fire to the tree, nor to the smaller toys and trinkets hung upon the branches. All round the foot of the tree, and on a table near, were the larger toys for the children and the more useful presents for their elders. Behind was the gardener, with a bucket of water and a garden syringe, — happily not to be needed. These fruits of the magic tree had already been labeled with the name of a boy or girl, — children of the farmers or the cottagers, or the squire's grandchildren. Each name was called out in succession, and the hall soon resounded with joyful voices intermingled with the sound of the crackers which were drawn with exclamations of surprised triumph: paper caps, and aprons, and bonnets, and mottoes in the most execrable verse that ever wit of man

has devised. There was a due quota of penny whistles, trumpets, and accordions. The oranges and bonbons from the tree were followed by slices of cake from the table, till the hands and arms of every child were laden and overlaid. Then they gathered round the dismantled tree with its tapering lights, and sang Hark the herald angels. This was followed by God save the Queen, and then the procession re-formed, and the happy little ones went home in the moonlight. The vicar and his sister remained behind. Then Miss Woodburn said, "It has been a delightful evening. It was so pleasant to see the lighting up, every now and then, of these children's faces, of which the habitual expression is so grave, almost sad. At least, so it seems to me, after the merry liveliness of our London poor children (I mean that portion of them, happily a large portion, who are not actually suffering from cold and hunger)."

Squire. An old friend of mine, Matthew Davenport Hill, a philanthropist in every thought and feeling, and not in name only, once said to me: "Never lose an opportunity of making a child happy: it is often beyond your power to make a grown man or woman happy; but a child you can always make happy."

Here Mr. Woodburn and Mr. Foster, who had been renewing their old college acquaintance with the pleasure which such occasions always bring, joined the squire and Miss Woodburn, and Mr. Foster said:—

"Am I right in supposing that we owe the introduction of the Christmas tree into England to the queen, who had heard of it from Prince Albert?"

Squire. I believe so. There were no Christmas trees when I was a boy. The children's holiday was Twelfth Night, the 6th of January, when we had a great sugared cake, like a wedding cake, only that it had gaudily colored chalk kings and queens and other like ornaments on

it, and there were paper pictures of kings, queens, and courtiers which we drew by lot. This was followed by some sort of game, in which we acted our respective characters and eat cake in proportion to our rank. All that has vanished. In the present generation, I know no one who has ever heard of a Twelfth cake. But I cannot remember when the transition took place, nor when I first saw a Christmas tree.

Mr. Woodburn. I wish Prince Albert had been able to transplant along with the tree the pretty parable—I will not call it fable—that the tree with all its presents had been brought into the house by the Child Jesus.

Squire. It could not be. When Luther, on coming home from a journey, told his children that he had met the little Jesus on the way, and that he had sent them messages of love, there was much more of fact than of fiction, to himself as well as to his children. In the lifelong war which he was waging, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, it was his conviction that all his strength lay in a Divine Presence, so real that it almost seemed visible, and could not have been more real had it been actually visible; and if the Man Jesus was thus the sustaining power of his own manhood, he must have been sure that the Child Jesus was in like manner present with the little ones so dear to himself. To use your very appropriate phrase, Luther told his children a parable, not a fable.

Mr. Woodburn. I might have quoted Mr. Gore where, in *Lux Mundi*, he speaks of the books of Deuteronomy, Jonah, and Daniel as dramatic representations.

Squire. We know how very nearly the impressions of dramatic representations come, for the moment, to those of actual fact. But all this demands a certain suitable correspondence and relation between the reason and the imagination, and this relation differs in different ages of our history. Reason

is one, but the rules of reason, to which each age sends its children bound, are many. Imagination is far from being feebleness than it was in the days of our fathers; the very sciences which have compelled it to give up so many of its old forms of expression have provided for it new forms not less worthy. So we may well be content, though we may still speak of the days that are done with a tender regret.

Mrs. Knighton. I was reading the other day an account of a Christmas-tree festivity somewhere in Germany, in which it was mentioned that the children were told the traditional story that the tree had been brought in by the little Jesus that evening; but that only the very little ones believed it. I am sure that if I had told our own children any such story I should have been asked, "Is it really true?" or have been told triumphantly, "I saw the gardener bring it in this morning."

Mr. Woodburn. Then must we be content, with Carlyle, to say that all the old forms of belief are dead, and that we have only to wait till Goethe and his followers have made us a new set of forms?

"Great God, I'd rather be
A pagan, suckled on a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
And hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!"

Squire. So would I, but I hope there is no need for that yet. Richter tells us that when his mind recurred to the doubt of the existence of God, he read again his Vision of a Godless World; and so it is to me enough to read the miserable substitutes which Goethe and Carlyle offer us for the old faith, to reassure me that the dead are not dead but alive.

Dinner soon followed. As the squire offered his arm to Miss Helen Woodburn he said, "We should, by rights, dine in the hall; but except when we have a

large party, we turn the old parlor into our dining-room."

Miss Woodburn. It sounds more romantic to dine in a hall; but probably a dining-room is more comfortable. The accounts of the ancient feasts are not very attractive; though my brother tells me that Homer has made them the subjects of true poetry.

Squire. Don't believe him. But he hears me; so I must defend myself as well as I can.

Mr. Woodburn. Do you not think that Homer has thrown the charm of true poetry over his descriptions of the killing, and cooking, and carving, and eating, and drinking of his heroes' feasts?

Squire. I certainly shall not contradict, for I agree with the universal judgment of more than two thousand years, that the stamp of true poetry is upon them; but when we come to analyze them we find that they would lose almost—or, indeed, I think quite all—of that charm if they were deprived of the double halo of distant time and place which now surrounds them. Every traveler knows how the vulgarest incidents of the day lose all their vulgarity and offensiveness when they come upon him in a foreign garb and language. It is odd and entertaining to be abused by a cabman in Paris or Berlin; and you may eat with pleasure in Naples or Rome a dinner of frogs and snails which would disgust you in London.

Mr. Woodburn. Do you allow nothing for the intrinsic beauty of thought and language in the classic poetry?

Squire. Yes, a great deal. Yet here again the halo of an ancient and a foreign language counts for much. Even among educated writers who have taken pains to cultivate their style, it is not uncommon to find a resort to words and phrases in another language than their own, because they fancy them to express some shade of meaning not conveyed by the vernacular word. Pitt, Fox, and

Sheridan pointed an argument or a sophism with a line from Horace or a Greek play, while old Indians among themselves quoted Saadi or Hafiz. Our novelists give us dialogues in Scotch, or intersperse their mother talk with French phrases; and Persians and Turks emphasize their thoughts and words by Arabic texts from the Koran. I was just going to convict myself of the like charge.

Foster. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, as I guess. Yet whatever may be said for the halo of the unknown, or the imperfectly known, the intrinsic beauty of Greek and Roman poetry surely becomes more, not less, apparent, the more thoroughly we know it.

Mr. Woodburn. Then we get back to the old question of the comparative merits of the classical and the romantic in art, and if so, much as I value the Latin and Greek which I brought away with me from school and college, I shall give them up if that is the condition on which I may keep the English Bible and Shakespeare.

Miss Knighton. Do you call the Bible romantic?

Mr. Woodburn. In opposition to classical: I do not know any other term which would express my meaning so concisely, though I fear I may fall under the squire's censure, as one who quotes German instead of English phrases.

Squire. No. Coleridge has made the distinction thoroughly English, and the distinction is real. Classical art, be it in poetry, sculpture, or architecture, has a perfect beauty of its own, different in kind from the romantic, and with which the romantic does not attempt to compete. I do not think it is mere playing with words, to say that the one is perfect because it is finite, and that the other is imperfect because it has something of the infinite in it. Take the instance with which we appropriately began, as we were coming in to dinner. Homer makes a description of a feast a

work of art: but I venture to set beside it Sir Thomas Malory's, "He was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies." It was an essential mark of the true knight that he should be "of his port as meek as is a maid," gentle not merely by birth but still more by culture, and this culture was tested, as it was in great part carried on, by eating in hall among ladies. Where do you find me anything in Homer like that?

Foster. Let us hope that you will have some knights from among the boys whom we just now saw eating in hall the fruits supplied them by the ladies from their beautiful Christmas tree.

Mr. Woodburn. You will admit that the romantic in art has inherited or acquired much from the classical, both in thought and in expression. This is really true indirectly of Shakespeare, and directly of Milton and Tennyson.

Squire. Yes. And I do not wonder at the fascination which that classical beauty exerts over some minds, even in the presence of a still higher beauty. Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, see deeper into the life of men and things than Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, and Horace did, and their language is the perfect expression of their thought. Yet the classical works are great masterpieces, and have a beauty and a charm of their own which nothing can surpass, or even rival, — a difference in kind and not of degree.

Here Mr. and Miss Woodburn got up to take leave.

Foster. Miss Woodburn does not yet know the mysteries of this house, so I will take on myself to warn her that in going out she will have to pass the door of the turret stairs down which credible witnesses have seen the giant St. Loe and Lord Clive coming, and perhaps even the Lady Basilia de Sutton, who once lived in the tower.

Squire. You should not tell family secrets, though I dare say Miss Woodburn will answer you as Cowper answered

a friend on a like occasion, only that a bustard, not a ghost, was in question.

Miss Woodburn. I don't know what that was; but I can quote Shakespeare like a very learned clerk:—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir
abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to
charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Squire. So I have heard, and do in part believe it.

Foster. Well, I will, if I may be permitted, at least escort Miss Woodburn to the gate at the end of the Black Walk, which Mr. Symonds has told us was so called from the shrieks of another family ghost, though Dr. Dryasdust says it was because it was made with cinders from the neighboring colliery.

Next morning Mr. Foster was just waking to the thought that he might now carry on the quotation of the night before, and beginning to repeat to himself "But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill," when he heard a pattering of little feet on the terrace under his window, and the voices of children singing:—

"As I zot on a zunny bank,
Zunny bank, zunny bank,
As I zot on a zunny bank
On Christmas day in the marnen,

"I zaw two ships cwome zailen by,
Zailen by, zailen by,
I zaw two ships cwome zailen by
On Christmas day in the marnen.

"And who d' you think was in those ships,
In those ships, in those ships,
And who d' you think was in those ships
But Joseph and his Mary.

"An' he did whistle and she did zing
An' all the bells of earth did ring
Because our Saviour Christ is king
On Christmas day in the marnen."

Then the little feet were heard again, and presently under another window he could hear, though less distinctly:—

"The first good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one;"

and so on through the seven joys of the Virgin Mother.

Mr. Foster came down, exchanging wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with the assembling family, young and old; and later, while they were still at breakfast, three little girls and two boys, the eldest not looking more than eight years old, appeared outside the window and began to sing. To the astonishment of Mr. Foster, and perhaps to others of the party inside, though all were too good-natured to laugh, the carol certainly began:—

"While shepherds washed their frocks by
night
All seated on the ground,"

and then went on in stricter accordance with the hymn-book. Mrs. and Miss Knighton began to spread thick slices of bread and butter, and to pour out, and put sugar into, large cups of tea. These, the younger ones of the breakfast party gave through the opened window to the children outside when they had finished the carol, and they went away delighted when they were told farther that each would get an orange at the back door.

Foster. Pray, Mrs. Knighton, do tell me the meaning of that extraordinary beginning of the hymn to which you listened with such gravity.

Mrs. Knighton. Our sheep do not browse on the commons, but are kept in fields, so that our village children can attach no meaning to watching flocks by night. But washing frocks has a real and distinct meaning for them; and I dare say many of them, poor things, have been scolded for making their frocks so dirty by day that, having no change, their mothers have been obliged to sit up at night to wash them. Children are more anxious than grown-up people not to use words without a meaning. I remember

one of my children calling her father "feather," because, she said, feather had a meaning, and father had not. And I have heard on good authority another story of the same kind of a little girl, who, being told to choose her own hymn, asked for the one about the little bear. No such hymn being known, she was told to repeat the beginning of it, that it might be identified, upon which she said :—

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?"

Squire. I suspect, or more than suspect, that a good deal of the profound discoveries in what the Germans call the higher criticism is not a bit more wise or true than that of these poor children. After all, the great fact remains for us and for all mankind, however little we may understand it, and however ill we may express it. So let us take the wise advice of Henry VIII. to his Commons, and be neither too stiff in our mumpsimus, nor too curious in our sumpsimus. Hark! "the holy bells are knolling us to church."

Foster. My old friend told me he should give us a short sermon. I did not remind him of the story of Canning—I think it was Canning—and *his* friend's sermon.

Miss Knighton. What was that?

Foster. The statesman went to spend a Sunday with his old college friend, now clergyman of the parish. On coming home from church, the clergyman said, "How did you like my sermon?" Canning, wishing to be at once truthful and courteous, answered, "It was short." "Yes," replied the other, "I like to avoid being tedious." Then the habit of the ready debater triumphed over friendship and courtesy, and the wit replied, "But you *were* tedious."

Squire. "It was cruel, but perhaps it was irresistible," as Sydney Smith said of the still wittier sarcasm of a learned judge. But I do not think you need fear having to choose between your wit and

your friendship. Our vicar will offer you no such dilemma.

Foster. Were those the same singers that I heard under my window before I was up?

Mrs. Knighton. I am not sure. But we have them at intervals all day, and I rather suspect that some at least of these little choirs go round and round, like stage armies; and if some get more cakes and oranges in this way, they give us more of their carols.

The sermon was short, and not tedious. The church was crowded with men and women come to keep Christmas and to hear the new parson for the first time. They had found themselves sharing, as they had not been accustomed to share, in the earlier part of the service, which was led by the young minister in tones of earnest English, and not of pompous and dreary monotony, or irreverent gabble. And now every face was turned to that of the preacher, whose gentle and delicate features showed signs of still lingering illness, notwithstanding his piercing eye, his lips compressed with an almost fierce earnestness, and a grand, deep, bass voice, as he read out his text: "For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given."

When they came out of church again they walked for some time in silence, through the churchyard, and down the little village street of cottages and gardens, the vicarage and the schoolhouse and the great trees with their frost covered branches sparkling in the sunshine.

Then the squire said: "We have not heard the prayers so prayed since my old friend Maurice was here with us. The sermon, too, was not unworthy of Maurice, as the preacher threw himself with histrionic truth, first into the natural thoughts and feelings of the Jews when Hezekiah was born to them, and then into the deeper Catholic faith in the coming of a greater than Hezekiah, in whose coming all nations of the earth

should be blessed. And then, how the self-consciousness of the messengers of these glad tidings seemed to pass away before the greatness of the message, and of its Sender." Here they were joined by the vicar and his sister, who were then invited to dinner by Mrs. Knighton. "For," she said, "though we all like to dine at home on Christmas Day, you have not yet had time to make your new home ; so you had better share our old one."

In the afternoon the squire's children and grandchildren, Mr. Foster assisting, made a snow man on the terrace, and pelted it, and each other, with snowballs till they were tired. Afterward they turned to tobogganing on tea trays down the steep bank at the end of the terrace, after what they supposed to be the fashion described to them by their cousins at Davos. When daylight was done, they spent the evening till dinner-time in games in the hall, which the elder people diversified with talk grave and gay. I find no Homeric record in Mr. Foster's journals of roast beef and turkey, mince pies and plum pudding. But he tells that when the dessert only remained on the table, he said to the squire, "Are we not now to see you drink off candle ends for flapdragon ?"

Squire. No, no. We leave that form of the function to you and Pains and the Grand Duke Constantine. Here are the materials ; so fill your glasses, — with wine or water, as you like.

A small dish of almonds in their brown skins was handed round, and each of the squire's children and grandchildren made a little boat out of a split almond, lighted the mast-head, set the whole afloat in his or her glass, and tossed it down alight.

Squire. This was my father's fashion of flapdragon when I was a boy. I confess I never succeeded in the feat myself ; but my youngest son and my eldest grandson are experts, as you have seen.

Foster. But what had the Grand Duke Constantine to do with the matter ?

Squire. He was the jolly Russian prince who was set aside in favor of his younger brother Nicholas on the death of Alexander I. The story goes that at a great dinner given by him to the officers of the army, he performed the good old custom of eating candle ends, a number of tallow candles being put on the table for the purpose. The effeminate successors of the men who fought under Peter the Great made wry faces ; but when the Grand Duke bit off a large piece of his candle and ate it up, they were obliged to follow his example, and it was not till afterwards that they learned that the candle of his Imperial Highness had been a French bonbon of white sugar, while theirs were genuine Russian tallow. Whether it was this freak which excluded him from the succession I do not know. If it was so, it may have been that, in the judgment of the people, he had wrongfully declined a favored form of the national food. For my father used to tell another story, how, before the days of gas, a Russian ship having come into Leith harbor, the street lamps went out soon after they were lit ; and on a watch being kept to discover the cause, the sailors of the ship were seen stealthily climbing the lamp-posts like monkeys, and drinking the train oil which should have fed the lamps.

When flapdragon was over, a little voice from Mrs. Knighton's end of the table called out, "Now read us the Head Monkey, grandpapa."

Squire. I knew that would come, and have him in my pocket.

Miss Woodburn. What is the Head Monkey ?

Squire. (Taking a paper from his pocket.) It is a letter to my grandmother, showing how she entertained her grandchildren. It will explain itself ; only you must see the funny spelling. (He reads.)

"My Lady,

Agreabel to order James Botten and Company will attend Tomorrow evening at 5. But begs to inform that

the Bear Being Laim am afeard cant perform. But the doggs and munkees is in good condishon and will I hopes be aproved with the musik.

“My terms is as follows per nite

Bear	10.	6
8 doggs for cotillin {		
at per dog 2.		16
Musik	5	
Drum and ornes	7	
head munky	7	
3 others	9	
keeper	2.	6

Punch is a seprit consarn and cums high but can order at same time though not in that Line since Micklemuss. He belongs to Mr. Valentine Burstern at the Marmaid 14 Princess Court Holborn.

I am,

my Lady

Your most dutiful
humbel servant

JAMES BOTTEN.

Tuesday. 19 PICCADILLY.

P. S. Pleese Let the head munky Jacko cum down the airy on account not making no durt in the haul.

“The gentleman says consarning tubb for the crocodile but I never Lets her out nor the ostrigis as I explained to him for your satisfaction.”

Then at Mrs. Knighton’s signal they all got up, and went back into the hall, the squire offering Miss Woodburn his arm, while she said, “I should have liked

to see that cotillion with Jacko leading the brawls, in this very hall.”

Blindman’s Buff, and Post, and other romps began, again varied with games of cards and conjuring tricks, which the elders sometimes joined in, and sometimes left to the children while they talked among themselves. The squire took his share in it all with manifest enjoyment. At last he said, “Now let us have the other half of this morning’s sermon.”

The vicar and his sister, who were at this moment talking to Mr. Foster, looked puzzled, and the vicar asked, “What can he mean?” Mr. Foster answered, laughing, “It is only his way. Like John Gilpin, he loves a timely joke, and to put his thoughts into a merry guise. Look; Mrs. Knighton and Mr. John Knighton, who has almost as good a bass voice as your own, are going to the piano, and the rest of the household are coming into the hall. The squire, like Coleridge, loves music, though he has no ear; and he always says that Handel is the greatest of the commentators on Isaiah. You gave us Isaiah this morning, and now we shall have Handel’s version of ‘The people that walk in darkness,’ and of so much of ‘For unto us a Child is born’ as a piano can give.”

So it was. Then followed the church collect for the day, and the Lord’s Prayer, and Christmas Day closed in at the old manor house.

Edward Strachey.

GHOSTS.

GHOSTS enjoy a curious popularity in England to-day. Years ago they fell into unmerited disfavor; and for a century and a half they battled with scant success against that arrogant wave of reason and common sense which chilled the fair fields of poetry, swept romance from the land, and left the soimbre glades

of superstition tenantless and bare of every horror. From time to time, indeed, the exiled ghosts, like the exiled gods of Olympos, strove to regain their lost ascendancy; but there was something pitifully vulgar about their trivial triumphs. Apparitions whose modest mission was to sell a volume of dull sermons

upon death, or to stir up a clamorous mob in Cock Lane, could scarcely aspire to a dignified position in the spirit world. Even their local coloring, though it lent them a transient estimation with the public, told against them in the end; for the city streets, and that highly vaunted bulwark of the nation, the great respectable middle class, are not harmonious accessories of the supernatural. As for the educated people, who now reverently await each new development of the impossible, theirs was a different attitude one hundred years ago. Men who read Pope and Swift and Addison, whose heads were clear, whose hearts were cold, whose faith was limited, and whose digressions defied high living, could ill attune their minds to the "dark sweet horror" of mediæval ghost lore. "The Deevil never appears to a man that's no frigtened aforehaun out o' his seven senses," says the Ettrick Shepherd; and *he* lived in Scotland, where skepticism failed to attain the easy supercilious composure of her English sister; in Scotland, where the exiled fairies and witches shared with the exiled Stuarts the just affections of a loyal race.

There is little doubt that Sir Walter was secretly enamored of the superstitions which he affected to disregard, and which the stupid prejudices of his day would not permit him to enjoy in peace. What can be more pathetic than the contrast between his robust denials and his quick, half smothered sympathy for all eerie things? How well he tells the tale of the apparition seen by Lord Londonderry, — the naked child who emerged from the dying embers of the grate, and who, like Faust's terrible hound, increased in size as he approached the curtained and recessed bed. Lord Londonderry, Scott explains somewhat peevishly, was the only man he knew to whom a veritable ghost had ever appeared, and he is burdened with the conviction that it may be his duty to offer some explanation of the mystery. As for the supernatural ele-

ment in his novels, it is almost always a failure; not from lack of imagination or of vivid power, for the mingled horror and humor and pathos of *Wandering Willie's Tale* have never been surpassed, but because the atmosphere in which he lived was unfavorable to the full development of such lawless fancies. The *White Lady of Avenel* is one of the tamest spirits in all fiction. Good Protestants may have rejoiced in the soundness of her religious principles; but it is not the place of apparitions to be progressive and enlightened. If they know what is best for them, they will cling to the old order, for when it passes away it takes their strongest constituency along with it. I sometimes fear that modern ghosts are being lured to their destruction by the new semi-scientific methods of research, which beguile them with a show of respect and a little worthless notoriety, but which in the end will rob them of their heritage, — that shadowy power which has come down from the dim past to be bartered away at last, like Esau's birthright, for a mess of pottage.

If proof were wanted of the low estate to which the English eighteenth-century ghosts had been reduced, it might be found in the spasmodic efforts made to win them a place in literature. That Walpole, of all men in Christendom, should have attempted this, is one of those pleasant ironies which cheer the humorist's path. That educated adults should have read *The Castle of Otranto* with little thrills of horror helps us to understand what otherwise would be a hopeless mystery, — the amazing popularity of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. We are required to believe, on excellent authority, that when the newly printed *Mysteries of Udolpho* appeared in quiet country homes it was literally torn to pieces, so that each eager member of the household could seize a portion without unnecessary delay. Thousands of young women lived, like Catherine Morland, in a delightful atmosphere of gloom

and excitement, whispering by candle-light, with bated breath, of dungeons, and black-robed messengers of evil, and awful secrets forever on the tantalizing verge of revelation. Yet Mrs. Radcliffe never got beyond the bare machinery, the stage work and scaffolding of mystery. Her novels are as much akin to the terrible tales of Germany as are the frolicsome apes and witches of Mr. Irving's *Faust* to Goethe's ministers of sin. What is there in all the endless pages of *Udolpho* to compare with that single incident in the story of *Pretty Annerl*, when the child goes with her grandmother to the house of the headsmen, and the great hidden sword, by which she is destined to die, is heard stirring uneasily in the cupboard? *Annerl*, believing it to be an animal, is frightened, and begins to cry; but the headsmen knows for what drink the sword is thirsting, and begs the grandmother to allow him to cut the little one's neck very gently, so that a few drops of blood may be drawn, and the weapon be appeased. To this excellent advice the old woman refuses to listen; and the sword bides its time until the inevitable hour when *Annerl*, grown into unhappy womanhood, is brought upon the scaffold to die.

In this simple tale there is that element of horror which is the birthright of German fiction. Truly has Heine observed that his is the motherland of superstition, the favored home of all that is fanciful, and terrifying, and unreal. "You French," he writes, — before the days of Maupassant, be it remembered, — "must see for yourselves that the horrible is not your province, and that France is no fit home for ghosts of any kind. When you call upon them, we must needs smile. Yes, we Germans who remain serious at your most pleasant witticisms, we laugh all the more heartily at your ghost stories. For your ghosts are always Frenchmen, and French ghosts, — what a contradiction

in terms! In the word 'ghost' there is such a suggestion of loneliness, surliness, and silence. In the word 'French' there is so much that is social, witty, and prattling. How could a Frenchman be a ghost, or how could ghosts exist in Paris?"

They have existed, however, in England, and even in London, for a good many centuries; and bid fair to exist for as many more, if they are not decoyed out of their seclusion by unwise notoriety and attentions. In China and Japan, Mr. Lang assures us, ghosts do not live a "hole-and-corner" life; but come boldly forward, and play their parts in the business and pleasures of society. This is the example which English apparitions are being urged daily to follow, and this is the behavior which their modesty and native conservatism have hitherto conspired to forbid. It is easy for Japanese ghosts to assume definite duties in the world. They know precisely what is expected of them. The "well-and-water" spectre, an inert shapeless thing, all slimy and limp and white, haunts the drinking fountains, and peers malignly from the cold unruffled depth. The "chink-and-crevice" logic takes upon itself the congenial task of dropping on you from some dark corner of the ceiling, and strangling you in its serpent-like embraces. The pale, shadowy larva that rises, uncoiling like a mist-wreath, from the grave, never deserts the burying-place which is its congenial home. The bestial vampire, glutting itself with blood, crawls forever amid the desecrated tombs. These unpleasant creatures, and many more as bad, have had their especial privileges and their especial lines of labor marked out for generations, and they adhere steadfastly to their posts. But the trouble with English phantoms seems to be that they have not yet learned what they are good for, and their miserable vagueness of purpose is the most disappointing and disheartening thing about them. "The

modern ghost," complains an irascible critic, "appears, nobody knows why. He has no message to deliver, no secret crime to reveal, no appointment to keep, no treasure to disclose, no commissions to be executed, and, as an almost invariable rule, he does not speak, even if you speak to him."

Nevertheless, in this utilitarian age, his popularity is ever on the increase, and there are plenty of enthusiasts who think they will yet overcome his silence, and persuade him to assume a more rational line of conduct. He has friends in every class of life who ardently desire his confidence, and who, in brief moments of self-deception, are prepared to think they have received it. Far back, in 1584, that devout writer, Reginald Scott, author of the *Discovery of Witchcraft*, ventured to ask with somewhat premature triumph, "Where are the soules that swarmed in times past? Where are the spirits? Who heareth their noises? Who seeith their visions?" To which last questions Mr. Lang makes prompt answer for the nineteenth century: "Protestant clergymen, officers in the army, ladies, land-agents, solicitors, representatives of all classes except the Haunted House Committee of the *Psychical Society*." Fashions have changed since people sneered a little even at Dr. Johnson because he stoutly persisted in fearing ghosts, if not in believing in them all his life. We are beginning now to remember everything that has been said, and well said, in favor of such fear. We are beginning to acknowledge that what universal reason proudly denies, universal apprehension tremblingly admits. We read with pleasure Shelley's modest words, written it is true after an evening profitably spent in listening to some of the most ghostly tales that "Monk" Lewis and Lord Byron could relate. "I do not think," muses the poet in the solitude of his bed-chamber, "that all the persons who profess to discredit these visitations really dis-

credit them; or, if they do in daylight, are not admonished by the approach of loneliness and midnight to think more respectfully of the world of shadows."

This is candor itself, and Shelley was singularly fitted for such "melancholy, pleasurable fear," because he possessed in an unusual degree that extreme sensitiveness to surroundings which is a proper attribute both of the poet and the ghost-seer. "Certain dark gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck," says Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson; and Burns condenses the same thought into that incomparable line, "ghaist-alluring edifices." No one can read the fragment of Shelley's *Speculations on Metaphysics*, in which he describes the subtle horror which thrilled him at sight of an ordinary and well-remembered landscape, without recognizing the close connection which existed for him between the seen and the unseen, between the supernatural element and its supremely commonplace setting. It was while walking with a friend near Oxford that he suddenly came upon a bit of country familiar to him in dreams, and associated with half painful, half terrible emotions.

"The view consisted of a windmill, standing in one among many plashy meadows, inclosed with stone walls; the irregular and broken ground between the wall and the road on which we stood; a long low hill behind the windmill, and a gray covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. It was that season when the last leaf has just fallen from the scant and stunted ash. The scene surely was a common scene; the season and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought. It was a tame, uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge in serious and sober talk to the evening fireside, and the dessert of winter fruits and wine."

Yet this quiet English landscape, with

its dull monotony of tint and outline, awoke within the poet's breast such bewildering sensations of terror that he lacked the courage to describe them, and Mary Shelley affirms that the mere recollection of those fearful moments agitated him beyond control. The most curious circumstance in the case is the presence of the windmill, that homely and friendly little building, which, for some inexplicable cause, carries with it, in every land, an unwarranted flavor of ghostliness. Heine was quick to recognize its uncanny attributes, and shivered when he saw the slow arms turning softly in the twilight, or standing, stiff and spectral, under a starlit sky. Sir Walter Scott, who was less sensitive than most men to impressions of this order, confesses in his journal that from childhood he had secretly feared a mill, even those cheerful, noisy mills where the great wheels revolve briskly to the sound of rushing water; and that the sight of one at sunset filled him with uneasiness and gloom. In the north, mills are not only the chosen haunt of witches, but have familiars of their own, the mill-goblins who hold the wheels still in the water with their strong bony hands; and Asbjørnsen, in *Round the Yule-Log*, tells us that he tried vainly to induce a peasant lad to remain with him in one over night. "My mother has often told me that there are evil spirits dwelling in these mills," said the prudent boy, and declined all risk of their companionship.

In truth, the terrible ghosts and demons of the north are not helpless, harmless, speechless, purposeless creatures, to be courted and coddled like English drawing-room apparitions. Their hands can strangle and slay; their strength is greater than the strength of men; their wills are evil always; their malignity can never be appeased. When overcome, they are to be dreaded still; for, long ago, Grettir the Strong slew the Ghost of Glam, slew it manfully by the seashore, and

hoped that peace had come into his troubled life. But when the moonlight shone upon the sands, and Grettir looked on the creature he had killed, he beheld for the first time the horror of its awful eyes. Then fear seized him who before had never feared, and from that hour he dared not be alone at night, but trembled like a woman in the darkness, beseeching companionship and comfort. Even the Scottish spectres are stronger and more malign than their English cousins; and Mr. Lang, in his *Angling Sketches*, tells us a ghastly tale of three Highland shepherds, who sat talking of their sweethearts in a lonely sheiling on Loch Awe, and wishing, each one, for the presence of the girl he loved. Suddenly the three young women entered, smiling, and two of the lads received them joyously, and went with them into dark corners of the hut. But the third, fearing he knew not what, sat quietly by the fire, and played on a little Jew's-harp. "Harping is good, if no ill follows it," said the semblance of his sweetheart angrily; to which the boy made no reply, but kept on playing steadfastly. In a few minutes he saw, trickling from one dim corner of the sheiling, a tiny stream of blood, and presently a second stream from the other corner joined it sluggishly in the fire-light. Then he arose, still playing, and fled into the night, leaving his dead comrades in the embraces of the vampires who had worn so falsely the masks of familiarity and love.

These are not spirits to be tamed by psychical research, and invited to make themselves at home in good society. There is not even a great deal gained by calling them, in the scientific language of the day, "phantasmogenetic agencies," as if that elucidated the mystery or made them comfortable companions. It were better, perhaps, to remember Porphyry's warning that all ghosts and demons are by nature deceitful and fond of travesty. It were wiser to give heed to old Richard Burton, who knew

more about such matters than a wilderness of scientists, and who assures us plainly that the most illiterate devil is an unsafe antagonist for the most learned man. It were true sagacity to fear the powers of evil rather than to patronize them. Faust is supercilious enough when Mephistopheles first comes upon the scene, but he learns a little later on the ruthlessness of the spirit he has invoked. "Ghosts are rare, but devils are plenty," says Cotton Mather, and in tracking the first we may stumble unaware upon the second. At its best, the companionship of spectres makes but a dubious surrounding in which to pass our days, even though we escape the stake and fagots which the stern conservatism of our forefathers provided as a barrier for such intercourse. The gift of second-sight was ever an unviabable as well as an unhallowed possession, and the man born to such a fatal heritage had scant cause to rejoice in his accomplishment. "It is certaine," says Kirk truly, "he sie more gloomy and fearfull things than he do gladsome;" and the ever-present possibility of being burned as a warlock was hardly calculated to enhance the cheerfulness of his visions. Cassandra's powers, it will be remembered, were neither soothing to herself nor serviceable to her neighbors. Theoclymenus had probably but scant appetite for the Odyssean banquet after he had seen the shrouds woven slowly around the doomed woovers. The old woman in Mr. Frazer's narrative who beheld a sailor boy "walking in his wind-ing-sheet, sewed up from top to toe," besought in vain that the lad might be left on shore. Her words were unheeded, and the little fellow sailed away to his death; another instance of the futility of portents. The Scottish minister who, in 1811, unwillingly confessed to having seen the corpse candles rise at night from the graves of two children and proceed to the house of their father, who died the following day, had especial cause for vexation at his own inopportune testimony.

For years he had preached against the wicked credulity and superstitions of his parishioners, and it seemed hard that he, of all men, should have been selected by the ironical humor of the spirit world to be a witness of these uncanny and unwelcome manifestations.

Search where we will, read what we may, we find little to warrant us in the belief that ghosts will ever develop into reasonable creatures, or that we shall ever succeed in piercing the mystery of their perverse and wavering natures. They do not change with the changing centuries. Our attitude towards them varies with every new current of thought, every successive tide of susceptibility or skepticism; but they are the same freakish and elusive phantoms that they were in the days of Thessalian magic or of Salem witchcraft. Mr. Lang, sifting the subject through the five hundred and fifty-seven pages of *Cock Lane and Common-Sense*, turning on it every light, and patiently exploring every avenue of approach, comes at last to the conclusion that we know nothing at all about it, and are not in the least likely to find anything out. How one, reared in wholesome fear of the supernatural, and looking back upon a childhood of "variegated and intense misery, recurring with especial vigor at bed-time," should have the hardihood to write so flippantly of ghosts and ghost-seers passes my comprehension. "We do not know the laws of that country," says Charles Lamb, and he who has ever trembled trembles still when loneliness and midnight bring him face to face with "the terror that walketh in darkness." Stories may be amusing, and apparitions may lack every quality which a self-respecting and fear-inspiring ghost should possess. "Many of them," says Mr. Lang reproachfully, "have a perfect craze for announcing that bodies or treasures are buried where there is nothing of the sort." Many make no announcements, and appear to have no distinct notion of

what they want, or why they are manifesting themselves. Many find a somewhat childish pleasure in moving furniture, or breaking the kitchen crockery. Many can do nothing but rap, and practice this solitary accomplishment with monotonous and purposeless fidelity. And many more, like the fabulous *esprit d'Orléans*, have an unpleasant flavor of charlatanism and quackery. Yet our hearts confess to a survival of the old, unreasoning fear, the primitive emotions which centuries do little to efface. Long,

long ago, in Greece, the dogs howled dismally when Hecate stood by the crossways; and even now her presence overshadows us, when we waken at night to hear the melancholy sounds. Long, long ago, the ghost of Caligula walked in the gardens of Lavinia; and superstition whispers to us even now that the troubled spirits which haunt the abodes of man are no friendly shades of departed mediocrity, but phantoms evil in every instinct, and linked with inexpiable crime.

Agnes Repplier.

THE LARK-SONGS.

It was not thou alone I heard,
First lark that sang from English skies,
And to mine ears seemed less a bird
Than chorister of Paradise:

Full sweet from heaven thy music fell,
Yet with it came two voices more,
Two songs that blent with thine to tell
The praise I knew of thee before.

Thy truth to home and heaven sang one —
And Wordsworth's note serene and strong,
With earth and sky in unison,
Made of thy flight itself a song.

The other blither strain I caught
Bore never a message but "Rejoice;"
Song of thy very song, methought.
Exultant with thine own glad voice.

And unto this, I knew not how,
Rose answer from the sons of men:
"The world is listening, Shelley, now,
As thou didst listen then."

M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jr.

AN OLD-TIME SOROSIS.

As you ascend the narrow valley of our New England Thames, and notice here and there a ship dropping down the placid little river, the sight of the infrequent craft may remind you of the fact that many vessels ploughed those waters at the opening of the present century. Trade with the West Indies was brisk at that time, and to the dwellers in the stately houses of Chelsea or "The Landing," as what is now the business portion of Norwich was called, Spanish Town must have been almost as familiar a name as New London. The thrifty community, however, was not wholly absorbed in material things,—the voyages of the Charming Sally or the Little Joe, for instance, and the incoming of sugar and old Jamaica,—and there was at least one concerted attempt at mental culture, an account of which is given to the public, for the first time, in this paper.

In the year 1790 some thirty-eight ladies, members of the Congregational Church in Chelsea, agreed to meet weekly for the purpose of assisting each other in their Christian course. In subscribing to "a form of sisterly covenant," they promised to attend the exercises regularly "at the time of lighting candles;" to spend the hour in reading the Bible and other good books, in conversation on religious topics, in singing, and, above all, in prayer for each other and for all their fellow-creatures. They promised not to divulge the infirmities of fellow-members, nor anything the discovery of which might be a disadvantage to the circle, resolved to be charitable to each other, to advise, caution, and admonish, and in turn to accept reproof kindly and thankfully. Provision was made for the exclusion of members committing any offense and refusing to heed admonitions until evidence was given of sorrow for past conduct. The covenant resembles

the "orders" used in religious societies of young men as described in Cotton Mather's *Essays to do Good*, and reads like a page from some chronicle of the early Church. Probably nowhere but in New England, at that date, could a sight have been witnessed such as these elect ladies presented from week to week, when, ignoring social distinctions, they assembled in each other's homes to converse in the language of Zion or to kneel side by side. One was the daughter of a judge of the supreme court, another a tailoress, another the granddaughter of Ursula Wolcott and Matthew Griswold, and a fourth has been described as "an aged dressmaker." To read the list of members is to lose one's self in a genealogical maze, and since, in any part of the world, the meeting of a Huntington and a Perkins necessarily produces good society, we have, with the addition of Lanmans, Howlands, McCurdys, Breeds, Coits, Rockwells, Williamses, and others, a company into which, even if saintliness were not a sufficient magnet, the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson, of Cranford, would have felt proud to enter.

The family papers from which these preliminary facts have been drawn give no further details, but a book of manuscript records is extant which states that, in 1800, a literary society was "founded" in Chelsea, and inasmuch as this did not differ greatly from the religious society already described, we must conclude that the latter had been discontinued before the new century came in. The admission of a member, it seems, was no longer left to the discretion of an individual selected to decide on her qualifications. Prayer is never mentioned as a part of the exercises, strangely enough, and the circle had become more catholic, including now the daughters of Rev. John Tyler, rector of Christ Church, for instance, and

probably some of other "persuasions;" but its constituency was largely the same as before, and it still embraced matrons advanced in years and young women scarcely out of their teens. The name of Miss Sally Smith, a lifelong school-teacher, no longer appears on the roll, and the names of Fitch and De Witt are there for the first time. The De Witts may be regarded as new-comers in another sense, as their residence as a family in Chelsea did not date back of 1750, but the Fitches had rightful place by virtue of long settlement, if not because of their desire to be illumined by the lamp of knowledge.

The slurring old lines,

"Constantia took a serious fit,
Resolved to give up balls and plays,
And only read what saints had writ,"

could not be applied to these ladies of Chelsea. Although dancing-masters found employment in the place, they must have piped in vain to the covenanted sisters, whose thoughts would seem to have been above the world from their youth upward. Why Mrs. Keziah Norris, the founder, encountered some gloomy prophets, as it seems she did, is unaccountable. The fact that Mrs. Lucy Trumbull edited the *Norwich Packet* for one year (1802-3) tends to prove that in the region drained by the Yantic and Shetucket the limits of woman's sphere had not at that time been fixed by public sentiment. The unobtrusive way in which the prayer-meetings had been held, even the children, it is said, being ignorant of the errand that called their mothers from home on certain afternoons, must have commended them. Was it because she considered gatherings with a literary bent but a waste of time that Miss Mary Harris "declined joining"? It is rather late to inquire, and it may be none of our affair, but it would be a great relief to know the reason.

The first convention of the Ladies' Literary Society of Chelsea was held January 29, 1800, at the house of Mrs.

Keziah Norris, "out of respect to her as founder," so runs the record. The meeting was opened with the reading of the articles, one of which states that the special object of the society is to enlighten the understanding and expand the ideas of its members, and to promote useful knowledge. "Then, by request of Mrs. Lanman and concurrence of the Ladies present was read by the presiding member a part of the 2nd Chapt. Proverbs. Our thoughts were insensibly drawn to consider the importance of improving the Tallants given us; the beautiful lines of Miss Hannah More were quoted:—

'If good we plant not vice will fill the mind
And weeds despoil the place for flowers designed.'

The evening was closed with reading the Hist. of Columbus, the first discoverer of this vast Continent, with suitable comments on the Heroic act of Queen Isabella in being his patroness." At the second meeting, after the twelfth chapter of Proverbs and extracts from Watts's Treatise on the Mind had been read, "the evening was concluded by Mrs. Norris beginning Trumbull's History of Connecticut and continued with much elegance by Mrs. Jabez Huntington." The present of a blank-book for a register by Mrs. Norris was accompanied "with an animated address on the exquisite pleasure which a fund might procure by enabling us to assist merit." The reflection of Miss Sally Lanman, secretary *pro tem.*, that "perhaps a mind well stored with history will have more energy than if filled with any other knowledge," deserves consideration by those educators of the present day who are striving to find some substitute for the dead languages.

On February 26, after some pages from Knox's *Elegant Essays* and Fordyce's *Sermons to Women* had been discussed, and the usual amount of history had been read "with much propriety by Misses Susan and Rebecca Breed," Mrs. Norris renewed her plea for a fund to

help the ignorant and hungry, remarking, "If it had not been owing to the Generous aid of a woman's bounty America to this day (for aught I know) would have remained known only to Savages, and we, where should we have been? I tremble at the thought! perhaps our sons chained to the Gallies, our Daughters servants to some pampered Lord — our husbands drag'd into unnatural wars, whilst we wretched Mothers obliged to earn from day to day a scanty pittance — but let us turn from what we might have been to what we really are, daughters of Columbia inhabiting a delightful land freely purchased of the Natives. I recommend that each member contribute one penny every eve. There being 33 members, the amount in one year would be £7.3." A footnote tells us that every hand was raised in an instant, and a few weeks later Mrs. Norris reported that she had placed the moneys "responsibly at interest." A constitution was soon submitted, and a warm debate arose over an article forbidding the introduction of spectators without previous permission, "excepting the relatives of the lady residing in the House." "The benevolence of some," writes Miss Sally Lanman, "who wished to extend the society very largely, and the judgment of others who thought such extension an infringement of the first principles on which the society was founded, clashed." It was ordained that the presiding member should produce "some religious, moral, or sentimental piece, novels excepted;" that religious and political disputes should never enter; and that any member dishonoring herself or the society should be expelled by a two-thirds vote; while another article, introduced by warm-hearted Mrs. Norris, granted the motherless daughters of any member the right to claim the friendship and guardianship of the society, to choose a particular friend therefrom, and to ask for pecuniary aid if circumstances required. There is one reference to a case of expulsion, but that

is so brief and vague that no conclusions can be drawn. Perhaps the offender strove to introduce novels or the discussion of fashion-plates, but in either case, surely, the penalty was disproportionate.

Now that the society was formally organized, one would expect to hear that its sessions continued with monotonous regularity of time and topic, although a believer in the influence of environment would be warranted in insisting that mental dead levels are impossible in Norwich. No meeting was ever held during Thanksgiving week, of course, nor during "the Christmas Festival," as the records call it; a graceful concession, in the latter instance, to the churchwomen, who must have been in the minority. The works selected for perusal were irreproachable. The *Polite Lady*, *Hunter's Sacred Biography*, and *Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs* tended "to improve and instruct," and naturally suggested such subjects of conversation as "the improvement of time" and "sobriety of mind." The phraseology of the secretaries is somewhat set. The "observations" on the Scriptures are usually spoken of as "free and satisfactory" or "few but interesting." The *History of Connecticut* and its successor, *Ramsay's History of the Revolution*, are "continued with much propriety," or "interested the feelings of the hearers till five o'clock," or "were attended to with satisfaction." Occasionally the remarks were "free but not satisfactory," or "serious and without reserve;" and in one place "the pathetic observations of the elder Mrs. Lanman" are alluded to. The rule respecting the admission of members was rigidly observed, and the lady proposed waited patiently for a week while her neighbors and kinsfolk discussed her qualifications. The office of secretary must have been considered onerous, judging by the frequent changes, only one "transcriber," Mrs. Captain Ingraham, offering to continue her services; and one would suppose

from the omission of names of rejected candidates and the guarded language generally used that the book was passed from house to house through the town. Why the Chelsea Courier should be mysteriously referred to as "an esteemed public paper" is by no means clear, and if the "Mrs. B——n" who is spoken of as "an indigent person" was, as is probable, a lady whose home and possessions had been destroyed by fire, and whose misfortunes were matters of public talk from Bean Hill to The Landing, it was useless to attempt to conceal her identity.

At one of the meetings in April, "it was proposed to irradiate distant benighted regions by taking collections for the Missionary Society." The regions aforesaid were neither Hindustan nor South Africa, for the American Board was not organized till 1810, but Vermont, western New York, the Western Reserve, and the Susquehanna Valley. The Connecticut Missionary Society, formed in 1798, had branches both at Town Plot and The Landing, and as Norwich was well represented in the settlements scattered through those sections, the needs of churchless colonies excited peculiar interest. It was in April, too, that the McCurdys entertained "the Friends of Literature," in their hospitable house on the hill overlooking Main Street. On that occasion, "Mrs. McCurdy spoke poetical sentiments from Miss More, and Miss Ursula a beautiful poem called the Bird of Paradise by Dr. Stennet, from Mrs. Rowe two very solemn letters and a select piece from a public paper." As the day was stormy, few were present, but enough to vote that "whenever it rains, we defer each meeting." Those who attended on May 14, after a week's intermission on account of rain, heard Miss Susan King read "a paper on dissipation peculiarly interesting from its intrinsic worth and its being originally addressed to Females. Some doctrinal points were introduced (after the reading of the Scripture) ; however,

no disputes occurred." On the following Wednesday there was presented "an essay on Curiosity: that necessary appendage of woman and generally considered as stigmatical. This piece, however, proved it to be the source of all knowledge." Mrs. L'Hommedieu favored them with an article on the Immortality of the Soul, which led to remarks that were "highly proper," and Miss Foster, of New Salem, Mass., "took a seat, agreeable to previous permission." It was voted that the ladies meet once a fortnight during the hot months. The annals for the rest of the year are not enlivening, but it is stated that at one meeting "a piece of very entertaining morality" was enjoyed; that Mrs. Howland "was admitted without dissent," a fact that should be a source of pride to her descendants, and that practical Mrs. Norris "gave an original dissertation on the art of preserving the teeth."

The first meeting in 1801 was made memorable by the reading of a letter from Mrs. Norris descriptive of her journey to Baltimore, whither she had removed, "and of her present situation there." She announced the formation in that city of a Humane Society, and of her appointment as a member of the visiting committee. This was followed by "a piece on female coquetry which enforced the impropriety of Females arrogating to themselves those pursuits and employments which are more suitable to the other Sex." Miss Lanman, who delivered the first Annual Address, avers that "even female societies for the relief of man are not unprecedented," mentioning "the amiable and highly respected widows society in New York, and the Society at Newport for the Benevolent purpose of Prayer for the universal good of Mankind. Contemplating the common instability of the female character ¹ perhaps we deserve the opinion of the world that this society would be transient as the meteor's glare; an opinion refuted, as the society has rounded

¹ Fie, Miss Sally!

the period of a year, and ardor and sympathy still inspire its members. Mrs. Norris, though absent, does not cease to afford improving entertainment." Further on we find one of the questions propounded from afar by that lamented lady: "How can a daughter, wife or mother be amiable when her actions are wholly unaided by her reasoning powers?"

A chapter on Burgoyne's surrender inspired the following comments, in the beautiful handwriting of Miss Anne Breed: "We, I mean females, are of importance in the scale of beings; let us then enquire what we can do towards securing those rights and privileges we have so nobly gained." The gentle "transcriber," we must suppose, was filled with patriotic exaltation rather than with longings for the emancipation of her sex. An interchange of opinions respecting education led to the conclusion that "a lad naturally inclined to manual exercise would make but a dull scholar in the study of the dead languages," and a timely piece on Consumption, read at one of the December meetings, resulted in "a prevailing opinion that one reason why so many women fall a sacrifice to this fatal disorder is owing to inattention to dress." It is instructive to learn that a Rev. Mr. Woodbridge "waited on the ladies and made many observations approving female attempts for letters." Another important event of that year was the transferring of Miss Ursula McCurdy to the equally select society of Litchfield Hill, as the wife of the Hon. John Allen, Esq.

The Anniversary Address, in 1802, by Miss Mary Tyler, contains the following sentences (the spelling she is not responsible for): "The idea of woman's incapability is intirely preposterous; thier is no summits in the broad field of literature which a female cannot explore. . . . How many shining females do we see who equil in intellectual acquirements the most celebrated men. In this class I think we may rank Mrs. Norris

who has left her heart with us for a season. I feel myself unequal to the task of saying anything which can add to the Brightness of her Character. Trifles engage not her attention for a moment, how capacious is her heart and how extensive her erudition."

The beneficence of the society, which on the same day was "unanimously enlarged from 38 to 40," was further manifested in a vote to provide four children with books and money wherewith to enter school, and by a proposition to hang a bag in the entry or spaceway of each house where the society convened, in which each member from time to time was to deposit money or clothing for the poor. We next read that Miss Tyler presented the ladies "half a ticket in the Norwich meeting-house lottery," and that the elder Mrs. Lanman, whose name was a synonym for sanctity, was requested to purchase the other half. The First Church had been destroyed by fire in 1801, and it ill becomes us who live at a time when grab-bags are used to promote the cause of religion to cast reproach upon these mothers and daughters in Israel.

The ladies seem to have experienced alternate emotions of humility and of pride, as further extracts will show. "Degrading as the truth is it must be admitted that the female sex allow their time to pass in Dekorating their body with far more pleasure than adorning the mind. . . . Instil into youthful minds [the theme was "the Choise of a Husband"] internal beautys of the mind rather than the pleasures of a fine equipage or the splendor of a great fortune. . . . The charitable are never found in the Circle of fashion or the haunts of Disapation. . . . Man is insensible to the charms of a female mind cultivated by polite and solid literature; from what does this dislike proceed? from a want of taste for polite arts or from a consciousness of their own Deficiency the pride of men cannot have a superior female mind." "The character of a Meth-

odist," as delineated in a biographical sketch, was pronounced "very perfect but hardly attainable," and it must have been with feelings of relief that the auditors turned to material things and "proceeded to arrange for the quilting of Mrs. P——n's bedquilt." Menkind are rebuked again in the Anniversary Address of Miss Harris, in 1803. "The pride of man has suffered female genius like the unpolished diamond to be buried in its native rubbish. Some few of every age have burst the shackles and shone forth in their native lustre. Among this class we may rank Mrs. Norris. All the social, all the benevolent virtues are hers." The records go on to say that it was voted to apply the funds at interest "to give better schooling to the misses near relatives of the first members," and that having completed Rollin's *Life of Cyrus*, the ladies "declined proceeding in Ancient History and agreed on reading next the history of Vermont."

During the summer "a dreadful malady" broke out in Chelsea, and "the bonds of sisterhood" were for the first time "severed by death." The funeral of Mrs. Hannah Hubbard was attended by the society "habited in the emblems of mourning," and after the service the ladies "returned to the house of the deceased in the same order they followed to the grave to receive the thanks of the bereav'd companion." The epidemic became so widespread that the society adjourned for several months, and the fact that the funerals of Mrs. Elizabeth Coit and Mrs. Sally Rockwell could not be attended with safety deepened the sorrow of their friends. In September the sessions were resumed. It was voted that a piece of crape be worn on the left arm as a badge of mourning; at a later date there was substituted a black fan suspended from a black ribbon and worn on the right side for one month.

An entry made during October states that a small collection was taken up for Mrs. Congo, whose name relieves us of

the necessity of speculating as to her family and circumstances, and there is another, dated December 1, to the effect that "a voluntary contribution was appropriated for a ticket in the lottery for the relief of poor widows in New York." This business over, some one read "an extract from Mrs. Chapone's letters on the first principles of religion." The ticket having been applied for too late, it was voted to buy one for three dollars in the second class of the Union Lottery. Early in 1804 Mrs. Susan Gordon, another member, died, and her obituary was enriched, we are assured, "with the most serious morality and enlivened with pathos and elegance." A piece on Heaven followed, and was considered "very instructive and entertaining." In March, "a piece from Mr. Dodd's reflections on death called our attention." During April, "a very animated piece on Spring interested our feelings;" the History of Vermont was finished, and Lyttleton's History (of Henry II.?) was begun. The lottery ticket drew a prize of ten dollars, and having added this sum to that already raised for contingent expenses, the good women bought two more tickets, patronizing the Episcopal Academy Lottery and the Union Lottery again. At this rather late day they "completed the charity begun to Mrs. B——r by furnishing a lining to a bedquilt, the outside of which was given last February." Passages from Milton and Cowper enlivened subsequent gatherings, and Mrs. Samuel Woodbridge brought in as one contribution "an anecdote of a young lady who died in New York of a sudden illness who the night before had dreamed that she must read the 7th of Ezekiel, and finally arose to do so." A sermon on the Landing of the Pilgrims "excited humiliating feelings; the contrast between those Pious Emigrants and their degenerate descendants could not but have this effect." The venture in the Union Lottery proved unfortunate, and it is to be hoped that the disappointment the an-

nouncement caused was forgotten when Miss Betsey Tyler arose to read "some anecdotes of Captain Cook his reprehensible conduct among the Heathen."

The Annual Address in 1805, delivered by the queenly Mrs. Jabez Huntington, contained the following remarks: "If you agree with me in sentiment that this society is important as respects this life, and that its consequences extend also to eternity, you will also assent to the propriety of our individually adding to the importance of the female character. It may be thought, perhaps, that we need excitement to *add* to our already excellent opinion of ourselves, but I think we may venture to cherish the sentiment when it comes (not from our sex) but bestowed upon us by those who are eminent for just discrimination, and who would not hazard an opinion without well authenticated proof—they acknowledge the understandings of women are in every respect equal to those of men when equally celebrated and when they acknowledge that the affairs of the world are in a great measure regulated by women—how ought the idea to stimulate us to improve our minds so that our influence shall be directed to promote all that can render life more dignified and useful!" This address, the transcriber adds, ended "with a Him in blank verse."

About this time the spirit of speculation revived, and the treasurer proposed buying a ticket in the Lebanon Meeting-house Lottery, but the members preferred to invest in the Channel Lottery, a plan for improving navigation on the Thames. The feast of reason proceeded, meanwhile. "The Life of Washington was attended to." A lecture by Bishop Porteus was read, and "the author's ideas were coincident with those of the ladies. . . . Miss Coit read a pindaric ode on repentance, and the members conversed with peculiar energy on the 46th Psalm. Miss Nancy Parker 2d read from The Ladies' Library, a piece showing the fe-

male character to be guilty of many deviations from the path of rectitude." Bishop Porteus was again honored, the ideas in another lecture by him being "perfectly agreeable to those advanced by the ladies." The advent of summer seems to have occasioned a demand for lighter literature, for it appears that "a piece on fashion" was read, probably declaiming against its tyranny; another, on the Dew, "one of the many blessings we enjoy which we think little of;" and in August "a beautiful serious drama from Maria De Fleury called the Wanderer." The reading, on October 23, of the twenty-seventh of Genesis led to the unanimous conclusion that it was wrong for parents to show partiality among their children. "A few pages from Mr. Baxter's Saints Everlasting Rest was then attended to with satisfaction, as it is ever new and excellent." The year's sessions closed with the selection of Mrs. Lydia Whiting to deliver the next Anniversary Address, and of Mrs. Nancy Fitch to "transcribe." No records of succeeding meetings have been found.

Miss Caulkins's well-nigh exhaustive History of Norwich does not mention the Literary Society, but speaks of the formation in 1825 of a reading club and society for mutual improvement, one of several organizations of philanthropic character that sprang up in the town as the century advanced, and must have derived their origin from the Chelsea society, which, tradition says, was dissolved about 1820. The memoir of Nancy Maria Hyde, published in 1816, relates that she attended the sessions with profit, and that Grecian History and extracts from The Panoplist and The Churchman's Journal were included in the literature enjoyed. A copy of the Anniversary Address of that year has come down, and contains heartfelt lamentations over the death of Mrs. Eunice Tyler. The wise and beneficent Mrs. Norris did not return to Norwich, but, in 1829, her admiring friends wel-

came to their hearts and homes her daughter Eliza Jane, who had consented to take the arduous journey from Baltimore as the wife of Mr. Andrew Backus Huntington of their city. The last of the

affectionate sisterhood, without doubt, was Mrs. Lydia Breed, who, having sustained the reputation of the Perkins family for longevity, died in 1861 at the age of ninety-four.

Henry Baldwin.

IN JACKSON'S ADMINISTRATION.

I.

HALF an hour before sunset on the afternoon of November 6, 1828, the Whigs of a certain precinct in Virginia were reasonably confident that Henry Clay would be the next President.

The ballot was taken in a long, low, weather-beaten structure, which served as bar-room, post-office, and general store. The long porch in front, and the yard trampled bare of grass, were filled with excited politicians arguing the burning questions of the day. Impatient horses whinnied at the rack, sleek negroes on the outskirts pompously repeated the arguments of their masters, and dogs of high and low degree dozed in the yellow sunshine, or fought out their private quarrels as opportunity and instinct prompted them. On this day, caste distinctions were laid aside. The gentleman mingled freely with the horse-jockey, the negro-trader, and the poor-white, and party feeling drew men together with a tie closer than that of blood.

The sun had almost reached the rim of the horizon, when a florid young man, bearing the unmistakable marks of good birth and bad living, appeared in the doorway, with a glass in his hand.

"Hurrah for Henry Clay!" he cried in a thick voice. "Who'll take a drink to the 'Mill-boy of the Slashes'?"

There was a general stir, indicating a willingness to accept this invitation; but before the thirsty crowd could cross the threshold, a counter-sensation drew

their eyes away to a cloud of red dust on the farthest limit of the horizon. This cloud increased rapidly in volume, and soon resolved itself into a group of ten or fifteen horsemen.

At their head rode a slender, erect young man whom nearly every one present recognized.

"Jack Dangerfield, is n't it, Poindexter?" inquired Major Catesby Ap-Roger, who was short-sighted, of the young gentleman who had invited the crowd to drink.

"Yes, d—— him!" was the sullen answer.

The sun was now about a hand-breadth from the blue summit of the Sugar Loaf Mountain. Dangerfield pointed to it excitedly, as he threw himself from his horse and tossed the bridle to a little negro.

His companions hurried into the polling place, he following. Every one of the crowd who reluctantly made way for him knew that he had spent the day in collecting this posse, and that the number was sufficient to carry the district for Andrew Jackson. The dissatisfaction increased as man after man deposited his ballot. When it was Dangerfield's turn, Poindexter cried with a loud voice, "Gentlemen, this vote is fraudulent! I've known this fellow from his cradle, and he's not of age."

Dangerfield's face turned crimson, but he kept his temper. Drawing a folded paper from his pocket, he said quietly, "I anticipated this charge, and prepared

myself to meet it. This is a copy of the record of my birth, in the register of the parish church. It proves that I was twenty-one the day before yesterday." He held out the paper to Poindexter, inviting him to examine it; but Poindexter struck it aside, with a rejoinder which is not fit to be set down here. It began handsomely with an oath, but was scarcely finished when Jack Dangerfield's arm shot out suddenly from the shoulder, and the slanderer fell senseless on the floor behind the counter.

There was not a man present, Whig or Democrat, whose sympathies were not with the boy who had thus promptly punished the aspersion on his mother's honor. But political animosities run high, and sometimes it is not expedient to express one's convictions. Poindexter's friends crowded round him and got him to his feet. Slighter things than this provoked a duel in those hot-blooded days.

Mr. Poindexter, somewhat sobered by his fall, was quite angry enough to feel that nothing short of a challenge could wipe out the insult he had received. The matter was quickly arranged, for among the motley crowd at the polls there was scarcely a man of the better class who was not familiar with the code.

That night, Major Catesby Ap-Roger, the veteran duelist, invited a party of his friends to drink hot whiskey punch and play cards in his bedroom at the ramshackle tavern hard by. Of course the coming duel was the topic of the occasion.

"Queer that a fire-eater like Jack should have turned so pale at the sight of a challenge," observed one of the party.

"Why, don't you know?" spoke up a beardless youth who had been invited simply to make up the rubber. "It was because Poindexter's cousin is Jack's sweetheart, Miss" —

"Stop, sir!" cried the major sternly. "This is no place to bandy about the names of ladies. I'm sure Mr. Dan-

gerfield would not wish his sweetheart's name to appear in this discussion." And the indiscreet young man, blushing deeply, remained silent for the rest of the evening.

II.

In the afternoon of the following day, Mrs. Fitzherbert sat with her daughters in a large upper room of the family mansion upon her estate of Coton. This room, called the "chamber," was furnished in the stately and cumbersome fashion of the period. The brass-handled dressing-table and claw-footed wardrobe were the best products of British workmanship, but the calico which draped the great four-post bedstead was purely American in style and sentiment. Immense medallions of blue on a white ground represented a female figure seated on a dais, to whom another female was offering, after the manner of Herodias, a number of heads on something that looked like a platter; and round about ran the legend, "Virginia presenting to America, upon the altar of Liberty, portraits of her illustrious sons."

With her dreams thus guarded by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, it is small wonder that the gentle mistress of the household took a keen interest in the affairs of her country. She was a warm partisan of the Whigs, and the recent political contest which had resulted in the election of Andrew Jackson, and the defeat of Henry Clay, afflicted her like a personal misfortune.

When the clock struck five, she rose, took up her basket of keys, and bade her daughters put away their tasks. Sydney, the eldest, who had been reading aloud, from the window-seat, the latest of those charming romances by Sir Walter Scott, closed the volume, and let her blue eyes stray to the fringe of Lombardy poplars around the lawn, now buffeted and beaten by the November rain,

Winifred and Eliza ran away to play battledoor and shuttlecock in the long corridor, and Margaret and little Anne to read *Télémaque* with their tutor, M. Mongrand, the old French *émigré*, who lived in a cottage in the garden.

When they were all gone, Sydney slipped from her high seat, and, kneeling on the sheepskin mat before the fire, drew a locket out of the bosom of her low-necked white cambric frock, and gazed at it with the rapture of a young girl in the exquisite transport of first love. The face which looked back at her from the locket was one well fitted to charm her fancy. The hazel eyes were bold and bright, yet so well had the artist caught their expression that they seemed at once both arch and tender. The aquiline nose had the drooping cartilage and sensitive nostrils which we associate with high spirit and long lineage. The small straight mouth was sweet as a woman's, but the square resolute chin confirmed the energy and determination expressed in the bold bright eyes.

The noise of some one running up the stairs and along the hall made her start guiltily and drop the locket back in its hiding-place.

Without the preliminary of a knock, Phyllis, her maid, burst into the room, her eyes starting, the braided locks of her woolly hair standing almost upright with excitement.

"Miss Sydney!" she cried. "Marse Jack Dangerfiel' done kill Marse Roy'l Poindexter!"

"Nonsense, Phyllis!" cried Sydney, as white as her frock. "How dare you say such a thing?"

"'Deed, miss, 'fo' Gawd it's the truf. Marse Jack Dangerfiel's nigger done brought a letter for ole miss. He tole us about it while he was waitin' fo' de arnser."

Sydney grasped the back of a chair to keep herself from falling. Her mind was too much benumbed by the extent

of the calamity for her to realize the situation fairly. The next moment she heard steps and voices in the hall and on the staircase, and her mother, followed by a train of servants and children, entered the room. Mrs. Fitzherbert was agitated and unnerved. She was wringing her hands and talking excitedly. When she caught sight of her daughter she cried,

"Oh, Sydney, the most dreadful thing has happened. Jack Dangerfield has killed your cousin Royall. Oh, my poor sister! I must go to her at once. There was a letter. Where is the letter? Oh, in my ridicule—but it's no matter. Fly, Sydney, and get me my bonnet and mantle, and tell Martha to fetch a bottle of the Vinegar of the Four Thieves, and tell Boston to get out the carriage, and tell"—

"Give me the letter!" cried Sydney, snatching the reticule.

She had to lean down to the fire in order to read it, for in the confusion no one remembered to light the candles. It ran thus:—

BLADENSBURG, MARYLAND.

MRS. ANNE CARY FITZHERBERT:

My dear Madam,—I write to implore your pardon, to throw myself upon your mercy. A severe wound in the thigh obliges me to keep my bed, otherwise I would come in person to plead my cause with you. This morning at daybreak I fought a duel with your nephew, Royall Poindexter, and it was my fortune to be the survivor. The quarrel was not of my seeking. I do not willingly speak ill of the dead, but he had been drinking, and he insulted me grossly. You will hear a different account of the affair, but this is the true one. Bitterly as I regret the outcome of it, I cannot feel that I am to blame. Although it may ruin my career, my chief concern is for Sydney. For God's sake, do not let it turn her against me. It is for this I write you. In the name of justice, of mercy, of pity, send me by the bearer of this some word to

give me the hope that our engagement will not be broken. We love each other; our lives have been bound up together; without the hope of her I should pray to turn over on my pillow and die. For God's sake, send me some word of consolation.

I remain, honored madam,

Respectfully your Ob't Serv't,

JOHN HAMPDEN DANGERFIELD.

P. S. I am thus urgent about a reply by messenger because to-morrow I must leave this place to go I know not where.

J. H. D.

When Sydney raised her eyes from the perusal of this letter, her mother's toilet was almost completed.

"What answer did you send?" she demanded.

"I sent *none*," replied Mrs. Fitzherbert, turning full upon the girl with flashing eyes. "What answer could I send to a man whose hands are red with the blood of my sister's child?"

"No answer?" faltered Sydney. Never before had she seen her mother look like this or heard her speak in such a tone. She stood for a moment with the paper shaking in her hand, and then she ran quickly from the room down the stairs and through the long covered way which led to the kitchen. She paused in the doorway of the great smoke-blackened apartment, lighted by the open fire and a primitive flaring lamp made by soaking a rag in a saucer of grease, and peered at the host of dusky figures before her.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Dangerfield's body-servant," she said.

Several voices answered. "Law, miss, he done gone!"

"Gone!" She caught at the door-frame to steady herself. "How long ago?"

"He went just soon's he heered dey warn't no arnser. Marse Jack done tole him to make has'e."

"There is an answer." Her words sounded separate and distinct as the tick-

ing of the clock. "Which of you will overtake him and give it to him?"

"I will, miss," and "I'll do it sho'," Miss Sydney," came the response from three or four young negroes, pressing forward, eager for the commission. She scrutinized the applicants with a full realization of how much depended upon her choice.

"You may go, Tobe," she said at last. "Saddle the Black Prince, and come to the back porch for a letter."

It was only one line, but she dropped a great blot of sealing-wax upon it and stamped it with her coat-of-arms. Never before had she revealed her heart to him as in these few penciled words, and her cheek flushed now to think that they might fall into other hands and be perused by other eyes.

"I will keep the lamp burning in the corridor window," she whispered when Tobe came for the missive. "I will hear you when you come back. Wait by the ailanthus-tree until I open the window."

"All right, miss."

"And Tobe, mind you ride fast."

His answer was to rise in the stirrups and stick his heels into the horse's flanks. The next moment he was gone.

"Sydney! Sydney!" cried half a dozen voices from as many directions, and Sydney hastened back to the hall. "Where have you been?" her mother asked, giving her a quick, suspicious glance; but without waiting for an answer, she handed the girl a heavy bunch of keys and gave her a number of rapid directions. The driver gathered up the reins. The mistress of the mansion stepped into the cumbrous old family coach. The wheels rolled away into the rainy night.

Sydney picked up her mother's mantle and adjusted it over her slender shoulders. She soothed the excited children and servants, turned the heavy keys in the locks of smoke-house and granary, presided at the long mahogany table, and read prayers to the assembled household.

When her sisters had been coaxed

into bed, she stole away with her letter and her candle to the long corridor. The thought of Jack, wounded and in peril, outweighed the shock of her cousin's death. Royall's career from boyhood had been a source of pain and shame to all his kindred. Her heart was filled with a passionate resentment against him that he should have forced a quarrel upon Jack which involved them all in this suffering. She was accustomed to think of dueling as the proper method of settling the difficulties of gentlemen. No blame could possibly attach to Jack in the matter. He was the victim of circumstances. She pictured him writhing with mental and bodily anguish, and imagined his despair if his messenger should return empty-handed. Then, in unbearable suspense, she sprang up and paced the corridor. A dozen times mistaking the patter of the raindrops for the sound of hoofs, she flung open the window. At last a guarded voice spoke to her out of the darkness :—

"Dat you, Miss Sydney?"

"Oh, Tobe, did you overtake him?"

"Miss Sydney, he got so much de start er me dat I could n't ketch up wid him. Den it was so dark dat I done los' de road, an' when I got to de river dey warn't no boat dar, so I could n't git acrost, so I giv' it up an' come back agin; but 'deed, Miss Sydney, 'fo' Gawd I done my bes'."

Sydney was turning away with a lump in her throat, when he called to her with a curious note of triumph in his voice :

"But Miss Sydney, I done fotch back your letter!" as if here indeed was a drop of consolation.

He passed it to her on the end of a long switch; and she held it in the candle till the flame burnt her fingers.

"This is the end of everything," she thought. "He will think I have turned against him, like all the rest. To-morrow he will have left Bladensburg, and I shall not know where he is!"

She threw herself down on the floor of the corridor and burst into tears.

The next day, a messenger brought her the following letter :—

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—I write to remind you to have some Black frocks made for yourself and Sisters to ware to the funerall. The Stuf is in the seader Chest in the blue Charmber. Amanda, Polly and Jane can Help you to make them. My pore Sister is more composed but takes no thought for anything. The Feling here is very Bitter against J—— D——. Your cousins vow that he shall never set Foot in the county again. I cannot Help feling I am being punnished for thinking We could ever contract an aliance with a Dimocrat. Politics makes strange Bedfellows and he has doutless been corrupted by associating with "Mr. Jefferson's gentlemen." Strange that a man of birth and breeding should demene himself to belong to such a Party!

I find the Larder here very low. The Negrows have stolen everything. Have Celia boil a large hamm, & roast a pare of fowlls. You may bring them with some loaves of Bread when you come to the funerall. It will be necessary to set Forth a colation for Thare will doutless be a Large crowd of frends and Nighbors. Royall's Body arrived this morning. He looks Peeceful as if sleping. I shuder to think of the Hand that brought him so low. Be sure you kepe the store-room & smoke-house keys. God bless you my dear Daughter prays,

Your devoted mother

ANNE CARY FITZHERBERT.

P. S. The funerall is set for Friday.

In the days that followed, Sydney lived that strange dual life which all know who have suffered overpowering emotion. When, in after years, she looked back upon this time, it seemed to her that she must have been two distinct individuals, so little did her outward actions express the intensity of her

mental experience. She performed sedulously her daily tasks, helped her sisters with their lessons, and read the Bible to the old negroes in their cabins; but whether she talked or worked, whether she were in company or alone, there was not a moment of her waking hours when her mind was not busy with imaginary conversations with Jack. Not a step sounded in the hall but she thought it might be his. Not a negro came to the plantation on an errand but her heart beat to suffocation. Some days she longed with passionate intensity for the sound of his name. But no one spoke it.

"Right or wrong," Mrs. Fitzherbert had said in a family council held after the duel, "I should never give my consent to Sydney's marrying Jack Dangerfield *now*. It is only a young girl's fancy, and she will get over it when she has another lover. Never mention his name again in her presence. That will be the best way to treat it."

"Mother," cried Sydney passionately one day, when she could bear it no longer, "what has become of Jack Dangerfield?"

"I don't know," replied her mother.

"He was severely wounded; is he dead?"

"I don't know."

"Mother, you do know."

"Sydney, you may leave the room. That is not a proper tone for you to take in speaking to me."

"Mother, if he is dead, I have a right to know it. It is cruel, the way you are treating me."

"My child, I love you better than anything in the world, and I tell you now that the sooner you dismiss this fancy from your mind, the better. It can never matter to you whether he is dead or alive."

But a few days later, she came, and without a word dropped a paper into the girl's lap. It contained an account of a detachment of troops recently sent out to fight the Indians in the north-

west, and Jack Dangerfield's name was in the list of non-commissioned officers.

This comforted her a little. It lifted the terrible load of silence and suspense that had weighed upon her. It brought him so near to her to be able to see him, in fancy, marching in his uniform, or sitting beside the camp-fire, that for a day or two she went about the house singing. Then the finality of it all came upon her, and she felt that if he had not given her up entirely, he would have made a fresh effort to hear from her before he went away.

III.

In the days when Andrew Jackson was President, and Martin Van Buren Vice-President, a certain gay and beautiful woman enjoyed the affection of the old chief, and was adroitly used by his wily lieutenant to promote certain political schemes of his own. This lady, who found little favor in the eyes of her own sex, was immensely popular with men, and returned their admiration with such petting and patronage as she found it in her power to bestow.

Upon a windy March morning, a pale young soldier, lately returned from that campaign known as the Black Hawk war, whose wounds debarred him from active exertion, was spending an hour in the drawing-room of this accomplished dame. Her pretty toilet, her arch gray eyes and rich red hair, her vivacity, and her Irish accent would have made her a charming companion for any gallant officer of twenty-three, even if, as in the present case, she had not thrown in all the flattery and the caressing wiles she knew so well how to employ.

"So, me dearr bye," she was saying in her delightful brogue, "if there's anny office or appointment ye're wantin', I think I can get it for ye. Shure I can turn the Preshident and little Van

around me thumb." She held out that pretty member, and laughed with infectious gayety.

"Thank you a thousand times," returned the young officer languidly; "but I have an old plantation down in Loudon which I have neglected too long. If I should decide" — He interrupted himself to call his companion's attention to a pretty scene being enacted upon the street, some distance away. Two young ladies had been approaching along Pennsylvania Avenue: one, in a pelisse of pale blue merino trimmed with swan's-down; the other, in a similar garment of lemon-color. Both wore beaver bonnets which framed with demure austerity their charming faces. Suddenly the wind tossed off the bonnet of the damsel in yellow and blew her raven ringlets over her rosy, laughing face. The fair sister in pale blue tried hard to put it back again; but the high wind and the rebellious curls made her task a difficult one. Every one in the street turned to look at the pretty pair; hats were lifted and admiring glances cast, unrebuked, at the hapless damsels; then, a lady passing stopped her carriage, and, tapping on the glass, invited the girls to get in.

"Who are they?" asked the young officer as the carriage rolled away.

"Two tearin' beauties from the counthry, who've taken the town by sthorm. Allegra and Penserosa they call 'em. Penserosa, they say, is breakin' her heart for a lover who killed one uv her long-legged counthry cousins in a jule. Av co'urse the fam'ly would n't hear of her marryin' him afther that." She directed a lively glance at her companion, and then, uttering a little shriek, sprang up and thrust her smelling-bottle under his nose.

He pushed the bottle away, but caught the hand that held it. "Oh, Peggy," he cried, "sweet Peggy," — for so her admirers were privileged sometimes to address this charming dame, — "for pity's sake tell me that again."

Coquette though she was, the woman of the world was touched by the emotion of this young lover; although perhaps curiosity as well as sympathy led her to draw him on.

"Indeed, an' that's what they say," she answered, "but it's little I thought that you were the hero of the tale. So it's this that's sent you off to shoot the redskins, is it? But why should a man who can fight as well as you be afraid of half a dozen raw-boned young Virginians?"

Jack jumped up and walked about the room.

"Who says I'm afraid of them?" he demanded with boyish bravado. "There is n't a man in their whole tribe who could keep me away if Syd — if Miss Fitzherbert wanted me to come. But if she had cared for me as I care for her, she would n't have let them turn her against me." He was weak yet from his wound, and his face turned red and pale as he talked. He paused, and then asked, with an evident effort, "Who told you that — what you said just now — that she — that she *cared*?"

"I was just givin' ye the idle talk of the town," the lady answered.

Jack threw himself down on a sofa. "It is n't true," he said with a groan.

His hostess went over to him, and laid a light hand upon his hair. No one need say henceforth that a kindly heart did not beat in the bosom of this much-maligned dame.

"Cheer up," she cried. "I will get ye a carrd to one of the Wednesday receptions. She'll be sure to be there, an' when ye've once seen her, all will come right!"

But stubborn Jack said, "No; she hates me on account of her cousin. I will not force myself upon her notice."

"Why, man alive!" his companion cried. "There'll be two hundred people there. Ye've as good a right to go as anny one in Washington. Ye'll have a chance to get a foine look at her, and

in a crowded room there's no need for folks to speak unless they've a moind to."

Then it was that Jack caught the pretty hand and kissed it.

"Peggy," he declared fervently, "if any man ever says in my presence that you are not an angel, I swear that I will thrash him within an inch of his life."

The promised card of invitation arrived duly, and when Captain Dangerfield presented himself at the house of a certain official of high degree, many eyes followed him with interest and curiosity. It was not every night that one saw an officer, so tall, so pale, so distinguished. He found no personal acquaintances, and as the servant who announced him had made a mistake in his name, he felt secure that no rumor of his presence would reach Sydney before he saw her.

The party was in accordance with the fashion of the day. There were card-tables in one room, for the middle-aged; and a pianoforte in another, where, later in the evening, the younger guests would dance a cotillion or two after a decorous fashion. In the dining-room was laid a substantial collation of cold turkey and ham, with beaten biscuit split and buttered, and pound cake, and great blue china bowls of lemon punch and apple toddy. Outside the windows were rows of black faces, gleefully expectant of the first strains of festivity. The rooms were furnished substantially with handsome carpets, and heavy chairs and sofas covered with black satin hair. A sampler done in worsted, a glass case of waxen flowers, and a motley group of stuffed birds did duty as decoration, and long curtains of red moreen covered the windows. Captain Dangerfield ensconced himself in the shelter of one of these windows while he watched the arriving guests.

He could never tell how it was that he missed seeing Sydney when she entered. After all the company had assembled, and still she had not come, his

heart turned to a stone in his bosom. The air seemed to stifle him, and he arose to leave the room. On his way to the door he glanced, almost unconsciously, into the long mirror framed in gilt which filled the space between two windows, and there he saw her. There could be no mistaking that lovely nape, those satin shoulders, those golden curls looped with an antique comb.

She was dressed after the adorable fashion of the time of Josephine, somewhat belated in reaching these barbarous shores. Her frock of India muslin, with its short waist and broad girdle, fell in scant folds to her ankles, and revealed the broad buckles upon her little shoes. Jack's eyes, having taken note of the buckles, traveled upward again to rest with eager scrutiny upon her face, and then he observed with amazement that she was blushing vividly. A crimson wave had spread itself over her neck and arms and into the very roots of her hair. But why? His heart leaped with the sudden thought that perhaps the recognition had been mutual, and then contracted with a fierce spasm of jealousy. He slipped back quickly and resumed his place in the embrasure of the window.

"They are begging Miss Fitzherbert to sing," he heard a lady near him say.

In that time almost every young lady sang. It was expected of her just as nowadays we are not surprised to hear a very respectable carol from even a commonplace bird. It was not thought necessary to evoke the notes from the diaphragm or summon them from the bridge of the nose. No rumors of the Italian method disturbed anybody's self-satisfaction. Every well-brought-up damsel sang ballads and love-songs and patriotic ditties with no thought of vocal gymnastics, and her audience listened well pleased.

"She has the sweetest voice in the world," the lady went on, "and plays with a great deal of taste. She is to sing a new song to-night that one of her admirers sent to London to get for her. I

hear she's been practicing it this great while."

But it was not the new song from London that Sydney sang, but an old song that everybody knew, and that still some old-fashioned people sing for the sake of the sweet and tender sentiment that it contains:—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;

Though the herd have all left thee, thy home is still here."

This is only the beginning, but the rest is all as sweet, and as tender, and as true. The strains sank into Jack's heart as the rain sinks into the heart of the flowers, and he rose unconsciously and followed them as some bewitched mortal follows an elfin horn from fairyland, until he stood at the extreme end of the other long room, close beside the piano where Sydney was singing. She lifted her eyes at the close of the song, and they rested on his face. Then she turned very pale, and some one, thinking she was faint, brought her a glass of water. There ensued a little commotion, in the midst of which the hostess appeared, apologized for the heat of the

room, and led her guest away, promising that she would send a maid to take her home.

But when Sydney emerged from the dressing-room, a few minutes later, it was not the maid who was waiting for her, with her wrap, in the hall, but a tall young spectre, who, when he put the mantle about her shoulders, forgot somehow to take his arms away.

"And what became of the family opposition?" you say. What became of the family opposition to a certain famous Scotch suitor whom the fair Ellen preferred to the bridegroom her parents had provided for her?

No one cares for an old-fashioned love-story nowadays when sentiment is out of fashion, so I will not linger to tell how these two loved each other in their age with all the tender romance of their youth. But the other day I came across an old locket, and, opening it, met the gaze of the same bold bright eyes that had looked into Sydney Fitzherbert's on that November afternoon in 1828; and I closed the trinket with reverent hands, for I knew that it had lain for sixty years above a faithful heart.

Lucy Lee Pleasants.

REGINALD POLE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

THE formal reconciliation of England with the Holy See was the first business undertaken by Reginald Pole in his character of cardinal legate. For the few days immediately following his own official reception he held frequent and anxious conferences with his royal cousins and with Bishop Gardiner, the chancellor of the kingdom, until at last the important ceremonial was minutely ar-

ranged. The result was a scene replete both with Roman splendor and with Spanish dignity, — the English element being less conspicuous, — and by far the best description we have of it is that of an Italian, probably one of Pole's suite, who was also the anonymous author of a small treatise on *The Most Happy Return of the Kingdom of England to the Catholic Union, and the Obedience of the Holy See*:—

"On the morning of Thursday, the

29th of November, 1554, Parliament met at the usual place, which is an old royal palace, about a quarter of a mile from the one where the kings now dwell. You must know that Parliament consists of two grades of persons, nobles and commons; the former comprising the temporal lords and the prelates of the Church, the latter consisting of two delegates from each county of the kingdom. The nobles meet, consult, and decide among themselves, and the commons do the same; but nothing is valid except what is determined by both these halls (which are called indifferently 'houses' and 'chambers') and subsequently confirmed by the king. The proposal was therefore made in both Houses to return to Catholic unity, and submit to the Pope, who is head of the same on earth; and the vote was taken separately, and carried with wonderful unanimity and enthusiasm. For out of a total of four hundred and forty votes there were only two commoners who dissented, one of whom did not vote at all, while the other pleaded a scruple of conscience on account of an oath which he had formerly taken never under any circumstances to submit to the Pope. This raised a general laugh, and the result was that on the following day even these two, perceiving the unanimity of the rest, gave in their adhesion to the act of reunion. But to illustrate the promptitude of their assent, let me tell you what happened. The measure having been brought forward, as I have said, both in the Upper and Lower House, and carried separately in each, neither knew what the other had resolved; and so while the Upper House sent to announce its decision to the Lower, the Lower was doing the same by the Upper, and the two messengers met midway, — a most signal proof that the spirit of God was at work in both places at the same time, bringing the two into conformity. . . . So then yesterday, being the last day of the month" (November), "and the holy and

happy feast of St. Andrew, which his Majesty the king holds in special reverence as the anniversary of the Order of the Golden Fleece, the said king caused the mass of the order to be sung at St. Peter's, Westminster" (the abbey), "and the Knights of the Garter attended in a body, — nobles and barons to the number of five hundred, all in the richest robes, with collars and jewels galore. After them came the king's household, and his guards, more than six hundred persons in bran-new liveries of yellow velvet with bands of white and crimson velvet splendidly embroidered. It was more than the king had done at any of the other great functions which had taken place since his entry into the kingdom, but having to celebrate so solemn an act as the reunion of his new realm, he took this course to exhibit the piety of his own spirit. After mass, which was not finished till two P. M., the king returned to the palace and dined; and directly dinner was over, the members of Parliament assembled in the royal palace, while the king sent the Earl of Arundel, Grand Master of the order, with six Knights of the Garter and the same number of bishops, to escort the legate thither. The legate went in state with all the pontifical paraphernalia; and just inside the portal he was met by the king, and in the third hall by the queen, who keeps rather quiet on account of her pregnancy. These three then proceeded to the great hall, where Parliament was assembled, and seated themselves upon a square dais three steps high, which was spread with tapestry and covered by a magnificent golden canopy, — riches upon riches (*riccio sopra riccio*). The queen sat in the middle, with the king on her left and the legate on her right; but a little nearer to the king than to the legate. The members of Parliament were arranged in the following order: In front of royalty and upon either side were a great many rows of benches, so arranged

as to leave an open square in the centre opposite the tribune. Here sat the nobles in the order of their precedence, ecclesiastics on the right, and lay lords on the left. The rest of the crowd either sat or stood according to custom and the respect due to each individual. I must not omit to notice the great deference shown by the king to the family and person of the cardinal, or his reverence for the apostolic authority as represented by the legate's insignia. . . . When all had found their places, and the noise had subsided, amid deep attention from the surrounding spectators, monsignore the chancellor quitted his place, and after saluting their Majesties and the legate in exactly the same manner, he stepped upon the dais, and proceeded to set forth in the English tongue the resolution taken by Parliament the day before of returning into the unity of the Church. He then asked the members whether they still adhered to that resolution, . . . to which they assented by an unanimous shout. . . . Their Majesties then arose and turned toward the legate, and he arose and turned toward them, and the queen, speaking English, entreated, in her own name and the king's, for the absolution and reunion of the kingdom, after which all three returned to their seats."

One of Pole's attendants then read aloud the papal bull and brief whereby he was appointed legate, and the cardinal preached a short sermon on the sweets of repentance and the privileges of pardon, reminding his distinguished audience how indefinitely the angels' joy over one repentant sinner must needs be multiplied in the case of a whole great kingdom. At the close of this discourse all knelt, their Majesties setting the example, and the realm of England was absolved in due form. "And while the legate pronounced the words," continues the animated narrator, "the queen wept for joy and for devotion, and many of the members did the same. And after it

was over they might be seen rapturously embracing one another and exclaiming, 'To-day we have been born again.'"

It is worth while dwelling for a moment on this dramatic scene, because, when all due allowance has been made for the excitement of the occasion and the effect of an imposing pageant, it undoubtedly goes to show that at the time of Queen Mary's accession a large proportion of the English people still believed, in their hearts, that the Roman Church was the one true ark of spiritual safety. Starting with such an advantage, how easy, one thinks, it would have been, by the exercise of a little tact and a reasonable humanity, for the Catholic rulers of England to preserve, cement, and render durable and dear to the nation the reunion which had been so pompously proclaimed! *Dis aliter visum*. As for Pole, no one who has followed his history can doubt that his preëminent part in this remarkably futile function was performed both in perfect good faith and with conspicuous good grace. Born in the purple, the playfellow of his future sovereign, he had himself come too near to being both pope and king to be dazzled by the homage of Philip and Mary; and, moreover, he had the essentially high-bred faculty of becoming always the more simple and self-possessed, the greater the part he had to play. Personally a man of quiet and even abstemious habits, he had large ideas concerning the befitting dignity of his establishment; and whether or no, as Hook and Froude insist, his dream was to rival Cardinal Wolsey, we gather from that most interesting book, Strype's Memorials, that the requirements for the cardinal's household, submitted to the queen before his arrival by his "steward or some other of his officers," were not modest. There is in Strype's Catalogue of Originals — *pièces justificatives* — a document declaring that the "most rev'd and illustrious father," beside his private revenue and the allowance he received from

the Pope, could not possibly spend more than 1000 Italian crowns a month, — computing the regular members of his household at one hundred and thirty, and the average number of his guests at thirty more. The anonymous author of this estimate then proceeds minutely to apportion 1160 crowns monthly, allowing so much for fish, flesh, and fowl, so much for wine and condiments, and for the food and harness of forty horses and mules ; concluding with the comprehensive entry, “For small charities, ferries, drugs and such like things, fifteen crowns.” Moreover, Pole was to be granted 2900 crowns to “mount” his establishment, and 1000 crowns yearly for keeping it up and renewing his ecclesiastical vestments.

“This extraordinary charge,” says Strype, “the enjoyment of the cardinal’s presence would cost the queen. And well it might be borne, seeing he was to bring such mighty blessings with him !”

Let it be said to poor Mary’s honor that it was borne well and ungrudgingly. She crippled her private resources by her pious restitution of all the Church lands confiscated to the Crown under Henry VIII. ; but “to qualify the cardinal the better to live in the port of a cardinal,” she added to his other resources about £800 a year, being the income of her own principal manors and farms in Kent. Knole, the gem of that beautiful county, was already an appanage of the Archbishops of Canterbury, but the queen’s grant included poetic Penshurst, as well as Chevening Bexley and its woods, and the “Forest of South Frith, which lyeth a mile south of Tunbridge.” All these estates, the chronicler takes care to add, came back to the Crown under Queen Elizabeth.

But Pole had become thoroughly Italianized during his long exile, and though his blameless life, and in many respects noble character, must at least be held to limit the application of the bitter proverb,

“Inglese Italianato
È diavolo incarnato,”¹

he was out of touch from the first with his insular flock. His huge household was composed largely of foreigners, and he showed a singular want of tact and sympathy with the common people in one of his earliest official acts. Having decided that his general absolution of the kingdom ought to be followed by a special absolution of the clergy, he fixed upon St. Nicholas’ Day for the performance of this office ; and on the vigil of the same, “at evensong time,” says Strype, “came a commandment that St. Nicholas should not go abroad nor about.”

There had prevailed in the parishes of England from time immemorial a very foolish, fond old way of celebrating the feast of the children’s saint, whose own glad childhood was reputed to have been a miracle of holiness. A boy was chosen from among the choristers, dressed up in pontifical robes, and provided with a little mitre and staff, and from St. Nicholas’ Day to Holy Innocents (December 6 to 28), at night, this child was called a bishop, and was permitted to read the holy offices and walk in procession, distributing blessings which were especially valued by the humble folk who thronged his footsteps. This mummary, for which the Bishop of London had as usual given permission, plainly struck Pole as both frivolous and blasphemous, and he seized the opportunity to forbid it. But he was by no means universally obeyed, for “so much were the citizens taken with the mock St. Nicholas, that is, a boy-bishop, that there went about these St. Nicholases in divers parishes, as in St. Andrew’s Holborn, and in St. Nicholas Olave’s in Bread-street.”

The prohibition is remarkable as an indication of that essentially Protestant, not to say Puritanical spirit always cropping up in the man who was to be, in part at least, responsible for the slaughter of

¹ “An Italianized Englishman is an incarnate fiend.”

so many Protestant martyrs. For the rest, many of the earlier acts of Mary's reign, to which Pole as cardinal legate appended his signature, show a wise and timely moderation. The private citizens who had received Church lands were confirmed in their tenure by a decree of convocation passed on the 24th of December, 1554, and subscribed by the cardinal; and in general, all acts of the time of schism which did not attack directly the supremacy of the Holy See were legalized, even when, as in the case of marriage within the prohibited degrees, they were forbidden for the future. On the other hand, the bill annulling all such laws as did touch the supremacy of Rome was drawn up by Pole himself, and passed both Houses of Parliament without opposition early in January, 1555. The legate had already heard from his (fast friend, Cardinal Morone at Rome, how King Philip had sent a private letter to his Holiness Julius III. announcing the submission of England, and he goes on to describe the joy occasioned at the centre of Christendom by the repentance of so considerable a sinner, as well as the plans on foot for a suitable celebration of the great event. In Morone's next letter, which is dated December 30, he enlarges upon this theme still further. "And may it please the Divine Goodness," he adds, "after this miracle of the spiritual peace of England, to work us another of temporal peace between Christian princes, which your lordship, by the help of God and the Queen's most excellent Majesty, may be able greatly to promote." Pole acted upon the suggestion of his friend, and, leaving the cure of British heresy to complete itself, went over to France in the winter of 1555, and made an earnest but signally unsuccessful effort to bring about a better understanding between Henry II. and the Emperor Charles V.

The latter, meanwhile, had convened a Diet at Aix, in Provence, for the same general purpose, requesting the Pope to

send a legate, and Morone was chosen for the office. He found it very dull at Aix, and "business," as he tells Pole on the 28th of March, "proceeding so languidly that I do not think any good can come of it." But the disquieting news had just come that Pope Julius III. was desperately ill; "and this," says Morone, "supersedes everything else. . . . If we hear that his Holiness is really dead, the Bishop of Aix and I will both go to Rome and do our duty in helping to choose a good Pope; and may God have mercy upon us, for we deserve rather that he should give us *regem in furore*, as he did to the descendants of the Israelites;" and he adds that he shudders at the recollection of the last conclave.

The souvenir was probably no more agreeable to Pole himself, for it was then, on the 7th of February, 1550, that his own election had appeared all but certain during one midnight hour, until a random joke, exploded by that notorious *bon vivant*, Cardinal del Monte, amid the sleepy electors, had resulted, to the amazement of everybody, in the timely jester's own election to the great vacant office. This time the conclave was both more expeditious and more circumspect. The best hopes of the best men in Christendom seemed near their fulfillment, when, on the 11th of April, 1555, Cardinal Cervini, the blameless, high-minded, and devout, assumed the tiara, under his own name of Marcellus. He, it was fondly believed, of all living churchmen, was the one best able to reconcile under a broad and righteous rule both the contending parties inside the Church and the warring potentates without; but, like his young namesake in imperial Rome, he was barely "shown by the Fates," and he died on the 3d of May, three weeks and one day after his election.

Two letters were addressed by Pole to the Holy Father during this tragically brief pontificate, of which the first is undated, while the second is subscribed Richmond, May 1, 1555, only two days

before the Pope's untimely death. He begins the former by saying that though he has as yet received no direct and formal announcement of his old friend's elevation, he cannot doubt the fact which has been communicated by secret dispatches to the queen, as well as in many private letters. "Nor can I any longer delay expressing to your Holiness the immense joy I have received from these tidings. For it is as if I had already with my own eyes seen accomplished that blessing of blessings, bright with the glory of God, fraught with the salvation of each and all, that reformation of the Church, desired and invoked for so many years in the vows of all pious souls. . . . Happy is it for your Holiness that God should both have given you long since an earnest desire to see the Church reformed, and now the power of accomplishing that end. . . . As for me personally, what rejoices me most of all is the thought that I am now bound by obedience to one with whom I have ever been closely united in zeal and good will. 'T is in fact so very pleasant a reflection that I could wish I were not now your legate *a latere*, but your assistant *ad latus*" (Pole never could resist a solemn pun of this kind), "serving in your very presence. However, though this is what I should like best of all, that will ever be acceptable to me in the future which your Holiness may choose to ordain, and I eagerly await your commands, to whose execution I shall, as is meet, bend all my thoughts and energies, both as pertaining to the custody of religion in this kingdom and to the cause of (universal) peace."

The second letter acknowledges the confirmation by Marcellus of all Pole's offices and appointments; "and may God preserve your Holiness many years," it ends, "to me and to all." Four weeks later he was writing in the same general sense to another Pope, but with far less warmth and confidence of tone.

For the new pontiff, Paul IV., was in

truth no other than Pole's old enemy, Gianpietro Caraffa, Archbishop of Chieti and Cardinal of Naples, founder of the rigid Theatine order, as well as ardent promoter and formal head of the Inquisition, which it will be remembered had been established in Rome in 1542. To this old man — he was born in 1476 — time had brought no softening touch of charity; rather it had deepened his prejudices and hardened his heart. His hatreds were many; he himself may have believed that they were holy, but the two classes of persons who excited his deepest aversion were Spaniards and men tainted with the Protestant heresy. These he would execrate by the hour together, as he sat and sipped the dark, thick southern wine which he loved, and which bore the ominous name of *Mangiaguerra*. Within a few months of his accession, he denounced and threatened to excommunicate both Charles V. and Philip II., allied himself with France, declared war upon Spain, and even appealed to the heathen Turk for help to carry on hostilities against the "most Catholic" king.

But with the European politics of this fierce pontiff we have, happily, little to do. What concerns us is that it suited Paul IV., for the moment, to treat Reginald Pole with consideration, and confirm him in his offices of legate and cardinal archbishop. In return, Pole seems to have made a great effort to meet his new master in a manly and open spirit, mentioning in his first letter, as if it were a matter on which they were substantially agreed, "that work of reform, which, though beset with many difficulties, on account of the depravity of the times, must yet be a most grateful task to the soul that really longs and labors to achieve it; and the more pain it may cost your Holiness, the more richly will accrue to you the blessings of all pious souls." Reforms of a certain much-needed kind, in monastic abuses for example, and in the gross manners and insolent

luxury of many of the Roman clergy, Paul did accomplish, and that sweepingly; but varieties of opinion were less than ever to be tolerated, and Reginald Pole was under no delusion concerning his own possible danger.

It was during the brief interval of Marcellus's pontificate that Queen Mary had ostentatiously withdrawn from London to Hampton Court for her confinement. Everything was made ready for the arrival of the imaginary heir, and the very letters were drawn up in which the auspicious event was to be announced to the proper dignitaries, among which was one to Pole:—

“PHILIP: MARY THE QUEEN.

“Most Reverend Father in God, our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, We greet you well: And whereas it hath pleased Almighty God of His infinite goodness to add unto the great number of His other benefits bestowed upon us the gladdening us with the happy deliverance of a prince, for the which we humbly thank Him; knowing your affections to be such towards us as whatsoever shall fortunately succeed unto us, the same cannot but be acceptable unto you also; We have thought good to communicate unto you these happy news of ours, to the intent you may rejoice with us, and praying for us, give God thanks for this His work, accordingly. Given under our signet, at our house of Hampton Court, the —— day of —— the first and second year of our and my Lord the King's reign.”

We all know the melancholy end of these pompous preparations. Weeks passed away without the expected event, and by midsummer everybody but Mary herself knew that it would never take place, and that instead the unhappy queen was the victim of mortal disease. All the more, on this account, had Philip's presence on the Continent become an imperative necessity. The emperor was now fully resolved to abdicate, and it was essential for father and son to

consult together upon many things, as well as that Philip should be at hand to assume the reins of government when Charles should let them fall. To calm the transports of Mary's jealous distress and tear himself from her side in her melancholy state of health was, however, no easy matter; and it was not until the last days of August, and after many deceitful promises of a speedy return, that the king, in the words of Strype, “took his Journey toward Dover with a great Company. And there tarried for a Wind, the ships lying ready for his wafting over Sea.”

Pole was one of those whom Philip commissioned to keep him informed, as the cardinal was so well able to do, of the exact condition of things at the English court; and the correspondence which ensued was a fairly candid one upon both sides. Pole never could divest himself of his long-winded style, nor even describe the monotony of the queen's forsaken days in any simpler terms than these:—

“During the morning, our Most Serene Sovereign performs the part of Mary, prostrating herself in prayer and praise to God. In the afternoon she gloriously fulfills the functions of Martha, spurring up all her counselors to such a degree that no one of them is permitted to be other than incessantly occupied. And so she soothes the pain of your Majesty's absence, by fancying you in some sort still present at her deliberations.”

Nobody knew better than the cardinal legate with what a rapture of relief the Spanish king and his personal suite turned their backs on England, or how extremely unlikely it was that they would ever be seen there again. He himself was left the mainstay of the royal cousin who had so nearly been his own bride, and his influence naturally became paramount with her, while a new field seemed opening to his ambition when on the 13th of November, 1555, the chancellor of the kingdom died.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was an ecclesiastic of Wolsey's school, who had made the same sort of stepping-stone out of Cromwell's fall as the latter had of Wolsey's own. A prisoner during the greater part of Edward's reign, he blossomed into authority immediately upon Mary's accession, and as chancellor of England had had every opportunity, and neglected none, to avenge himself on the Protestant party. It was he who inaugurated the cruel policy which earned for Mary her ghastly sobriquet. But though religious persecution was repugnant to Pole's kindly nature, he certainly made no sustained effort after Gardiner's death to smother the fires which had been kindled. He dared not again run the risk of compromising himself with the Church, loyalty to which was, after all, his ruling passion. He remembered the blame he had incurred when at Viterbo for his lenity to the heretics of the patrimony, and that the man who had then accused him was now sovereign pontiff.

It has always been said that Pole depended upon succeeding Gardiner in the chancellorship, but there seems to be no stronger proof of the fact than may be found in the wordy and exceedingly diplomatic letter which he addressed to Philip shortly after the bishop's death:

"Your Majesty's letter of Nov. 22^d arrived yesterday. . . . Let me come first to what is there said of Your Majesty's exceeding grief at the death of that Lord Chancellor, of whose distinguished services in his high office Your Majesty and the Queen have enjoyed the benefit, and to your request that I would at once inform you whether I myself knew of any one fit to succeed him. Certainly the experience of the last few days has abundantly proved the truth of what I said in my last letter to Your Majesty, — that the office in question cannot long remain vacant without great detriment to the cause of justice and of religion. Would that I could recommend a suitable incumbent for the place as confi-

dently as I can affirm the needs of the hour, but I am only able to repeat what I have said before, that it should be a person of great religious earnestness, fearing God rather than man, loving justice, reflecting finally in his ministry the image of those virtues which shine so brightly in Your Majesty's person, and that too as promptly as the movement of the limb answers to the action of the brain. Who this man may be, I dare not, at so critical a moment, pronounce. I see many of whom I am disposed to think highly, but of whose lives and conversation I do not know enough, and so I have said to my most gracious queen. She, for the rest, is perhaps in her own person the best judge of this case, thanks to her experience upon this and former occasions, which have afforded her the best possible opportunity of testing the faith and constancy of men, in connection of course with Your Majesty, whom one year's experience of our customs has made wiser than the use and wont of many years might have rendered others. Any new light which I may receive upon this matter I shall freely impart, as Your Majesty seems to desire. All that I have learned hitherto I have communicated to the Queen, with whom, when I converse, I seem to be speaking to Your Majesty's self, whom I will weary no more at present."

How Pole could for a moment have expected to receive the great civil appointment is hard to understand. Perhaps he never did seriously expect it, but merely toyed with a dazzling possibility. He would have required such a dispensation from the duty of visiting Rome as was almost never granted to cardinals for any but ecclesiastical business, and Paul IV. was the last man to bestow so signal a favor upon Cardinal Pole. On the contrary, there were hints abroad that he might soon be summoned to the Vatican, and directed to resign his legatine appointment. One of the objects for which it had been conferred

— the reconciliation of England to the Holy See — had long since been formally accomplished ; the other — the internal reform of the English Church — was said not to be progressing to the new Pope's satisfaction. On New Year's Day, 1556, the appointment of the Archbishop of York (Nicholas Heath) to the vacant chancellorship was duly announced, and Pole's hopes in that line, if he had any, came finally to an end. The queen did all she could for him : she made him chancellor of both the great universities, and he enjoyed the revenues of the see of Canterbury ; but he seems to have had some conscientious scruple about being formally inducted into the office while Cranmer, the degraded archbishop, was alive.

(To him, in his prison at Oxford, where he had now lain for more than two years, Pole addressed a special letter of exhortation to a second act of repentance, while he wrote concerning him to Philip, only a few weeks before Cranmer finally and bravely suffered : " He who formerly presided over the Church at Canterbury, whose sentence of condemnation is now expected from Rome, has not shown himself so obstinate " (as Ridley and Latimer, who had been burned on the 16th of October). " He says that he would like to speak with me ; and if he might indeed be brought back to penitence, the Church would profit greatly by the salvation of that one soul. What hope there may be I expect soon to hear from Father Soto,¹ and I will at once inform your Majesty. The same Father Soto," he adds, " assures me that scholastic learning is deplorably neglected at the university, and that no public lectures of that sort are anywhere given."

Cranmer perished the 21st of March, 1556, and on the very next day, being Passion Sunday, Pole was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury at Green-

wich, where the court was then residing. " March 25 being the Annunciation of our blessed Lady," says Strype, who had ever an eye for a pageant, " Bow church in London (ecclesiastically in the diocese of Canterbury) was hanged with cloth of gold and with rich arras, and laid with cushions, for the coming of the Lord Cardinal Pole. There did the Bishop of Worcester sing the mass mitred : divers bishops present, as the Bishops of Ely, of London, and Lincoln ; as also the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Edward Hastings, the master of the horse, and divers other Nobles. And after mass was done, they went to dinner together, as it seems with the Bishop of London."

At this function Pole preached a sermon in English, and himself received the pallium, which was the formal token of his new office ; but the enthronement at Canterbury took place by proxy, and the cardinal archbishop seems never to have gone there during the two and a half years of his episcopate. Strype says roundly that " he never did, in his own person, either ordain or consecrate or visit, but did all by others." This seems almost incredible, but it is certain that Mary, in her growing despondency about her husband's return, clung pitifully to her cousin, took counsel with him in all affairs of state, and would scarcely bear him out of her sight. The Lent of that year had been kept by the court with great strictness, and on Holy Thursday Mary washed the feet of a certain number of pensioners (to whose representatives the deputy of Queen Victoria still gives a dole on that day), and on Good Friday she " touched for the evil." But Eastertide brought little gladness, for it was marked by the discovery of a conspiracy against the queen's life, and the rumors of a Scottish invasion. By midsummer the smouldering hostilities between the Pope and Philip II. had flamed into open war, ship of divinity at Oxford, and subsequently he became chancellor of that university.

¹ A Spaniard, and at one time confessor to Charles V. Pole had given him a professor-

which raged with varying fortune for something more than a year, but ended in a complete victory for the Spanish arms under the able generalship of the notorious Duke of Alva.

Between the passion of her wifely devotion and her loyalty to Holy Church, poor Mary must have been terribly distracted until peace was made; and it was doubtless under her vehement impulse that the cardinal archbishop composed and dispatched at this time to the militant pontiff two singularly futile and impolitic letters of remonstrance, one in his own name, and the other in that of the queen. After enumerating at pompous length all the obvious reasons why it would seem better for the Pope and the Spanish king not to quarrel, Pole proceeds in his most prolix, inflated, and exasperating manner: "Such and so powerful being the reasons in favor of union between yourself and the monarch in question, how is it that union has been destroyed? Verily, no mere human being could ever have imagined such a severance without aid and counsel from the perpetual enemy of all good men, who has done this thing at this time for the express purpose of disturbing the peace of the Church, through the instrumentality of those very persons from whom more might have been expected for her quiet and tranquillity than from any pontiff or any king who has reigned for many a year. But our hope is that the prayers of Christ and his servants may avail against the wiles of Satan," and so on, and so on, and so on.

Towards the close of this curiously inept epistle, the cardinal becomes a trifle more explicit, for he assures the Pope that the blessing due the peacemaker will descend with special fullness upon him "who shall abate most of his own claims, . . . which palm, the noblest of all, I trust God may have reserved for your Holiness, to whom now has been divinely afforded the best possible opportunity for concluding the peace in

question; and that you may avail yourself of this opportunity, I, in common with all pious men, shall ever implore the Divine Goodness, as well as that your Holiness' self may be preserved in safety to us and to the Church universal."

The same "palm" was energetically waved in the pontiff's face after a humiliating peace had been concluded with Philip; and the effect upon a disposition like Paul's, irritated by the disastrous results of his own state policy, and rendered reckless by the possession of absolute power, may easily be imagined. All his old antipathy toward this wordy correspondent flamed up afresh, and he resolved to crush him once for all. He took his time, however, about answering the letters, and Pole meanwhile proceeded calmly on his pious and magnificent way. In January, 1557, the court was at Greenwich, and we get a glimpse in Strype of the queen and the cardinal standing "on high, . . . at the park gate," and watching a parade of the queen's pensioners, "mustered in bright harness," and each attended by three followers clad in "green coats guarded with white. . . . And so they rode to and fro before her Majesty. Then came a Tumbler and played many pretty Feats," whereat we are glad to know that the queen laughed heartily for once, before dismissing the company with thanks for all "their Pains."

The long-promised and long-avoided visit of King Philip came off a few weeks afterwards. There were formal rejoicings in the streets of London over his arrival, but no real enthusiasm this time among the people; for it was well understood that he had come for a brief stay only, and with the sole purpose of securing English auxiliaries in his war against France. His request for troops met with warm resistance in the Privy Council, but was eventually granted. A land force was equipped, the Channel fleet ordered to coöperate, and war proclaimed for the 7th of June.

This gave Paul IV. exactly the opportunity for which he had been waiting. England having broken the peace with his "good ally and son the king of France," diplomatic relations between the contumacious island and the Holy See were declared at an end, and Pole's legation was withdrawn. A torrent of remonstrance followed. The English minister at the Vatican withstood the surly pontiff in person, while Pole himself, Philip and Mary, the English bishops and clergy, the "Parliament and Nobility,"¹ all protested by letter to one and the same effect, — that the papal action showed glaring ingratitude for Mary's great services to the faith, and would recoil with terrible effect upon the Church itself. Meanwhile, Pole simply declined to recognize the fact that the withdrawal of his legation implied his return to Rome. The Holy Office was in a state of intense activity. Of the cardinal's old intimates, and that liberal party in the Church to which they had belonged, nearly all the few survivors, including Cardinal Morone, were now lodged in the Castle of Sant'Angelo, and he had no desire to join them there.

"As regards the legation *a latere*," he had written on May 25 to Paul, "I will merely say that, in my opinion, it does not greatly matter now by whom its functions are exercised, so only it be to the honor of God and the Holy See, and the profit of the Church in this realm. If, therefore, your Holiness desires to transfer this burden from me to another, there is no occasion for delay; and I, though quite heavily enough weighted by my archiepiscopal duties, will, if such be your Holiness' pleasure, zealously, and to the utmost of my abil-

ity, assist whomever your Holiness may send hither." He adds that he is far from thinking that the time is come to withdraw the legation altogether.

The remonstrance of the joint sovereigns was dignified and temperate, but earnest, and the employment in the Latin text of certain contractions which are peculiarly Spanish gives it the air of having been drawn up by Philip's own hand. The Parliamentary letter was longer, and the point urged with great force that there was no precedent for withdrawing a papal legate, in the midst of his mission, for any other cause than incompetence or misbehavior, whereas Pole's conduct had been irreproachable, and his labors, up to that time, eminently successful. The protest of the "Nobility" was to the same effect.

The Pope allowed himself to be persuaded to continue the legation, but he replaced Pole by Peto, while the former was peremptorily summoned to Rome to answer to the charge of heresy and compounding with heretics. A singular accusation enough to be alleged against the man who was practically for some years prime minister to the fanatical Mary; but there is really plenty of evidence that religious persecution was repugnant to Pole's nature, and now and again we find him decisively interfering on the side of mercy. In the spring of this very year he gave Bonner a sharp reprimand for condemning heretics to the stake on his own responsibility, and in August he released twenty-two prisoners who had been sentenced to death by the same ferocious prelate.

William Peto, the man whom Paul IV. had selected as Pole's successor, was a Franciscan monk. In former days he

¹ Who are meant by these designations is not very clear. It cannot have been the Upper and Lower House, for Parliament was not sitting at the time, nor does it seem very likely, as Froude suggests, that "Parliament" in this case means the Privy Council. It is more probable that letters of remonstrance were drawn up in the form in which we have them, and intended

to receive signatures from as many as possible of the influential men of all classes. No signatures are appended, however, nor is it certain that these general letters were ever sent. The report of the Papal Consistory for June 14 acknowledges the receipt of dissuasive letters from the queen and the prelates, merely.

had been the staunchest of Queen Katharine's defenders; now, at the age of eighty, he was her royal daughter's confessor and personal friend. His appointment was announced to the bishops of England in a most mellifluous letter from the Pope, and the messenger who bore his credentials took with him also the scarlet hat. But the old man was not destined to be cardinal. Shattered and enfeebled though she was, Mary gathered herself up, and showed on this occasion all the spirit of her race. The Pope's messenger was forbidden to cross the Channel, and he was detained at Calais, where he remained until Peto, not long after, died. Technically, the queen and the cardinal could plead that they had never received the Pope's instructions, and after Peto's death the matter was allowed to drop. But Pole was never again legate *a latere*, and he died under the imputation of heresy, which indeed has never been formally removed.

This charge, which his own conscience pronounced so groundless, together with the continued captivity of his dear Morone, weighed heavily upon the mind of Pole, and in March, 1558, he made one more fruitless appeal to Paul. After recapitulating at length his own services to the Church, he reminds the Pope that though the other legates and nuncios whom he had recalled when he went to war with Philip had all been restored since the peace, none had been appointed to England. He then proceeds elaborately to compare himself with Isaac lying bound upon the altar while the father who loves him lifts the sacrificial knife. But he adds rather dryly that the parable fails in one particular, and that it would be quite superfluous for him to inquire, with the son of the patriarch, "Where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" "For when I see your Holiness armed with fire and sword, and the wood made ready which I have carried on my own shoulders,

there is no longer any question about the victim. . . . If this be the will of God, may the sacrifice smell sweet to him! But if it be merely a test of faith, I can scarcely doubt that when the moment of slaughter arrives the slayer will be forbidden, as he was in Isaac's case; and I trust it may be so, not only with myself, but with Cardinal Morone and others, for your Holiness is just now brandishing the sword against us all." He even ventures to suggest that God seems likely to send, not one deterring angel, but a legion, "including their most gracious Majesties, Philip and Mary, Catholic rulers, and defenders of the faith with other pious men." Finally he drops the tortured figure, closing his letter in a simpler strain, and not without dignity: "The sum and substance of what I ask is this, that as your Holiness is the vicegerent upon earth of Christ, who was both God and man, you may also imitate his person and his method in the kindly care of your spiritual children."

The uplifted sword was actually stayed, as we know; nevertheless the end was very near, both for the queen and the cardinal. Their last days were dark and troubled, and the summons away from earth came to them almost simultaneously. "The Nation was now," says Strype, "all in War, France before and Scotland behind." The Scots were conquered, though with difficulty, but the results of the senseless French war, undertaken out of pure complaisance to Philip, were most disastrous, — Calais lost, and a heavy increase of debt. A little energy might have saved Calais, but Mary was now past any strong reaction, whether of mind or body. She could only sit and brood heavily on the failure of her hopes. She had regarded her succession to the throne as a divine miracle, and humbly and devoutly had set herself to act as one should to whom a signal mercy has been granted. And what was the end of it all? England

impoverished and alienated, and the faith, which had been so gloriously revived, once more losing ground on all hands. Her adored husband had used her for his private ends, and then cast her off; worst of all, there were not wanting signs that he, like the nation at large, was ready to transfer his homage to her sister. Mary could perfectly well remember the time when her mother had been displaced by Anne Boleyn, and now Anne Boleyn's daughter, in all the pride of her youth, had somehow emerged from obscurity, and was passing from great house to great house, always with a "goodly train," and everywhere followed by the plaudits of the crowd. Who was left her now except Reginald Pole, and in the dull anguish of her decline she sometimes doubted even his fidelity. But there is no evidence that Pole ever did more than offer a ceremonious and perfunctory obeisance to the rising sun. At court he felt himself bound to remain, and he makes his apology for so doing — naturally at enormous length — in a letter to the Archbishop of Toledo, dated Richmond, June 20, 1558.

After the usual polite and stately preamble, "In your admonitions," he says, "concerning my pastoral duties, and in all you say of the manner in which I am discussed and criticised among you, for living in the palace rather than in my own see, I recognize not only your unfailing piety, but the peculiar affection you have ever shown to me. . . . There is no one whose judgment in this matter I could respect more than that of yourself, whom I know to love me with such singleness of heart in Christ, and you know why I stay here. . . . If others, not acquainted with the circumstances which constrain me, object to my residence at court, I cannot blame them; but you, my most reverend lord and lover in Christ, what do you think? Ought I to conform to the judgment of others about me? Are the reasons with which you are acquainted insufficient

longer to detain me here? Yet in your selfsame letter you seem to approve my course, when you say that you know I remain at court for the public good."

The letter is interesting and plainly sincere, but this is the gist of it all, and we have no room for further quotation. The long summer days wore on sadly at Richmond, and in August an epidemic of low fever broke out in the valley of the Thames, attended by unusual mortality. Late in September, about the time when the news came of the death of the Emperor Charles V., both the queen and the cardinal were attacked by the malady, and little hope was entertained from the first of Mary's recovery. Parliament met on the not yet classic 5th of November, and on the 7th, in answer to a petition from that body, Mary named Elizabeth her successor, "laying upon her only two charges: that she should maintain in the kingdom the old religion, and pay all the debts she herself owed." Two days later came a special messenger in the person of Count Feria from Philip in Brussels, and Mary seemed pleased at the tardy attention, but was past reading the letter from her husband which Feria brought her.

That letter was indeed but half, and the less important half, of the envoy's business. He came empowered by the king to summon a meeting of the Privy Council, and impart Philip's entire approval, not to say desire, that Elizabeth should peacefully succeed. He also waited on Elizabeth herself at Hatfield, but was not received with effusion. "She is an acute, but very vain woman," was the count's clever judgment on the haughty young heiress, "and seems likely to follow her father's policy. I am of opinion that she will take the wrong side in religion, for she seems inclined to govern by men who are reputed heretics; and as for the women about her, I am told that they are all of that party." He then goes on to describe minutely the terms on which Elizabeth

stood with various members of the court circle: "With the cardinal she is in the worst possible humor. She said he had never sent to pay his respects to her, or said anything to her up to the present moment, and she began to tell me all the annoyances he had caused her. I did my best to improve her disposition towards him without appearing openly to take the cardinal's part, . . . and advised her not to show herself revengeful to any one." But Elizabeth was to have no time for vengeance on Pole.

The queen lingered a week longer, and died at her palace of St. James on the 17th of November,¹ in the early morning. The news was quickly carried over the river to Lambeth where Pole was lying, and indiscreetly communicated to him, and we quote from the touching letter of a member of his Italian suite² an account of what followed:—

"My most reverend lord" (on hearing that the queen was dead) "remained in silent meditation for a short while, and then said to his intimate friend, the Bishop of St. Asaph,³ and to me, who were present, that in the whole course of his life nothing had ever yielded him greater pleasure and contentment than the contemplation of God's providence as displayed in his own person and in that of others; and that in the course of the queen's life and of his own he had ever remarked a great conformity, as she and himself had been harassed during so many years for one and the same cause, and afterwards, when it pleased God to raise her to the throne, he had greatly participated in all the other troubles entailed by that elevation. He also alluded to their relationship, and to the great similarity of their dispositions, and to the great confidence which her Ma-

esty demonstrated in him; saying that, considering these facts, as also the immense mischief which might result from her death, he could not but feel deep grief thereat, yet, by God's grace, that same faith and reliance on the Divine Providence which had ever comforted him in all his adversities greatly consoled him in this so grievous and additional infliction. He uttered these words so earnestly that it was evident they came from his very heart, and they even moved him to tears of consolation, at perceiving how our Lord God, for such a wound, received at such a moment, had granted a balm so valid and efficacious, and which might soothe not only himself, but also all who loved him. His most reverend lordship then kept quiet for about a quarter of an hour; but though his spirit was great, the stroke entered into his flesh, and brought on the paroxysm earlier, accompanied with more intense cold than he had hitherto experienced, so that his most reverend lordship said he felt this would be his last. He therefore desired that there might be kept ready near him the book containing those prayers which are said for the dying. He then had vespers repeated as usual, and the compline, which part of the office yet remained for him to hear; and this was about two hours before sunset. . . . And in fine, it was evident that as in health that sainted soul was ever turned to God, so likewise in this long and troublous malady did its thoughts maintain that selfsame tendency, and made its passage with such placidness that he seemed rather to sleep than die."

The cardinal had made his will some days before. Beginning with a dignified confession of the faith of his fa-

¹ So Strype and the author of the next letter. Beccatelli gives the date as the 15th.

² Monsignor Luigi Priuli, a Venetian noble, was a friend of many years' standing, and named by Pole executor of his will. He wrote to several friends accounts of Pole's last hours

which agree in substance. We quote from Mr. Rawdon Brown's translation of that "*al Illmo M. Antonio suo fratello.*"

³ Thomas Wood had been named for this bishopric in the preceding month, but had not received Paul's confirmation of his appointment.

thers and a request for the papal benediction, he went on to regulate his account with the College of Cardinals, and then to devise the whole of his personal estate to Priuli, to be divided among his "poor relations, friends, familiars, and servants," in accordance with the terms of a separate memorandum. But the report having been industriously circulated by the ultra-Protestant party that Pole had enriched himself enormously at the expense of the Crown, one of the first acts of Elizabeth's reign was to appoint a commission to inquire into the amount of the estate. Luckily for Priuli the accounts were found in perfect order, and the net value of the property very small. The cardinal's obsequies were, however, delayed on account of this

commission; and so it came to pass, by one more strange coincidence, that he and his royal cousin were finally interred within the same four-and-twenty hours, December 13-14, 1588. The queen was laid in Westminster Abbey; the cardinal archbishop, by his own request, in the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral, with the simplest possible inscription cut in the stone above, "*Depositum Cardinalis Pole.*"¹

A new era, in some respects the most splendid of her history, had begun for England; but these two fervent champions of the lost cause, united in their lives, and in their deaths not divided, slept well through all the tumult and splendor, "the drums and trappings," of the great period which followed.

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

I.

"I HAVE just one left!" shouted a shrill voice. "Notice the work in it, — four blades, scissors, file, corkscrew, toothpick; cuts glass like paper. A beautiful Christmas gift for man, woman, or child. Can be taken out of the pocket in the finest society without the slightest feeling of embarrassment. Price one mark. Whenever I sell a knife it maddens me. What do I receive in return? Nothing. You who buy receive something for eternity. Have the goodness to pass the knife to the gracious Fräulein in the fur cloak."

The speaker paused as this particular last knife made its way through the group of soldiers, drosky drivers, students, maid servants, and children, until

it reached the hands of Miss Elisabeth Joy, while a second voice cried from under a wide-spreading umbrella, "Wanted, some one to buy an American spider, — will amuse for hours, create a smile on the face of the smileless, bring luck to the entire family, enliven the whole Christmas tree; also I hold in my hand one thousand jokes, — will kill you laughing. Draw nearer, dearest Gretchen and Hans."

It was snowing a little, after the fashion it has of snowing just before the coming of the great December Day; the air was cold, the street cheerless, but neither the state of the atmosphere nor of the walking had any effect in diminishing the number of persons who thronged the square. As Elisabeth Joy slipped the knife in her pocket, she was jostled

¹ So say the contemporary authorities, but no such inscription is to be seen on the brick sarcophagus which is pointed out by the eie-rone of to-day as the tomb of Cardinal Pole,

and which stands naked and forlorn near the spot once occupied by Becket's shrine in the long retrochoir of the cathedral.

by the crowd against a young man who seemed looking for some one.

"Nun, guten Abend," he said; "found at last. I am afraid I have kept you waiting. Are you the gracious Fräulein in the fur cloak?"

The girl laughed merrily. "It was purely accidental, my buying that knife," she explained. "I must have given an encouraging nod at just the right moment, — one is so irresponsible in a scene like this. If you had not arrived exactly as you did, I have n't a doubt I should have been smiling next at the man with the jokes and the spiders. How young all this makes one feel, does n't it? Quite in the mood for embracing every dear little Marzipan herring and pig!"

Crossing the street, they turned away from the passing and tangling of men and vehicles, forever passing, forever tangling, in the busy Leipziger Strasse, and came to a quieter spot where conversation was more of a possibility. Here Elisabeth called her companion's attention to a lighted window in the fourth story of a house on the opposite corner.

"I have to go up there for a moment," she said. "I sha'n't be gone long. I hope you don't mind waiting?"

The girl disappeared, and the young man, walking up and down below, noticed, as he watched the upper window idly, that the light, which before had been rather dim, became suddenly brighter.

Elisabeth Joy and Sydney St. John were lifelong friends and comrades. As children, they had spent the summer playdays together in the pleasant old garden of a mutual great-aunt, where every Sunday afternoon they were accustomed to conduct a religious service, assisted by a flower congregation, the forget-me-nots standing for blue-eyed little boys and girls, the gay rows of asters for tall young ladies in pretty bonnets, the pansies for lovely old grandmothers. At these services the boy Sydney read from a prayer-book once belonging to an English ancestor, and containing prayers

for King George and Queen Charlotte, and King Charles the Martyr. The great-aunt, when consulted as to the efficacy of these prayers, thought they were no longer needed, King George and Queen Charlotte, and King Charles the Martyr, being included in "all Thy servants departed this life in Thy hope and fear." The children felt that this was too general, and that by repeating these petitions they not only showed a proper attention to the memory of these royal personages, but added greatly to the distinction of their services.

It was a long time now since the flowers in the great-aunt's garden had played the part of a Sunday congregation, and to-day the two children were busy students in the imperial city of Berlin. When the girl drew aside her curtains in the morning, she could look across the courtyard to a window where Sydney St. John was already seated before his desk; when she closed her curtains at night, he was still at work. He would be a very learned man some day; indeed, he was that now, in the opinion of the household, whose members often wandered by the wardrobes, cupboards, and tables of lamps lining the corridor, on their way to visit the collection of rare books over which their young American spent so many industrious hours. The books were written for the most part in tongues spoken by those other wise men, who, seeing a star in the east, arose and followed it until they came to the manger where the young Child lay. Elisabeth knew all about these books, — when they were bought, and where, and at what price, and in what condition. Sydney St. John called her the godmother of his library.

"What were you doing up there?" the young man asked, as Elisabeth came back somewhat out of breath.

"I was lighting a lamp. A dear old friend of mine had one given to her for Christmas, and she sent me a note asking if I would perform the opening cere-

mony. All honor to sentiment; it is growing every day more precious and less attainable."

"Was the lamp a pretty one? The question does not sound as if I knew I were talking with the giver."

"A very pretty one, thank you; it looked quite like a big yellow rose in the gloom of the long narrow room, — you know the kind, with the furniture on the two sides, and a path through the middle. Like the true German that she is, my poor old *Fräulein* has got her Christmas tree trimmed and ready to light, and under it she has spread out a lot of family photographs. Don't you call that very forlorn, to sit down on Christmas Eve in front of a lonely little tree, with only the faces of dead and absent friends as companions? I felt as if we ought to give up our walk, and pretend we were some of her relations for the time being. When I told her you were down here and where we were going, she said she did n't see how we could possibly find any pleasure in it; that she always avoided the *Weihnacht's Markt* and the service at the *Dom* as she would a mob."

"I don't much wonder," and the young man dodged his head just in time to escape collision with a talking doll, while the individual offering it for sale shouted in his ears, "Here is a little creature that has neither father nor mother, and yet delights in calling, 'Thanks, dearest papa; thanks, dearest mamma.'"

"On the nearest corner, a blind organ-grinder ceaselessly turned the handle of his instrument, the front of the latter bearing the inscription, "I am the blind father of nine children. Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." By the side of the street, old women seated before low portable stoves were frying cakes and sausages; and close at hand was the village of booths, which every year springs up as in the night around the gray walls of the old Prussian castle.

From the first of these a woman leaned forward, saying with honeyed graciousness of speech, "Approach, heart's dearest little people; observe these doves!" She held in her hand a toy dove-cote, over which a circle of wooden doves hovered, while a second circle surrounded the feet of a figure which represented a young girl wearing a brilliant dress of red and orange. By pulling a wire, the doves in the air went round and round; the doves on the ground nodded their heads as if engaged in picking up the grain which the young girl, whose arms now moved steadily to and fro, was supposed to be scattering. This scene was accompanied by a curious sound proceeding from the interior of the box upon which the toy rested. A person of a sufficiently lively imagination might have interpreted the sound as the cooing of the doves.

Elisabeth opened her purse. "One never sees such toys except at a *Weihnacht's Markt*. I must buy it for Alexander. You don't know about Alexander, Sydney: he is the dearest baby; he lives in the lane back of aunt Marjory's garden; his father is a German shoemaker. I discovered Alexander last summer, and invited him to visit the pansy grandmothers, and the aster young ladies, and the forget-me-not children. He believes in them now as sincerely as we used to do, and do still, for that matter. We never forget our old friends."

"Certainly not; I often find myself thinking of those pretty aster girls. Elisabeth, hören Sie mal! A most delightful idea has suddenly struck me. We can do it next year, if present plans come true and we are at home together. Aunt Marjory is always wanting something novel, and this will be charmingly novel. Let us have a Christmas market of our own. We should need only one booth, but of course that must be very representative; and for our customers we must invite a lot of little children, German children if possible. I will attend to

the outside matters, such as talking dolls and hand-organs that are the blind fathers of large families, and you shall stand in the booth and give out the wares; and instead of appearing as a stout old lady with a shawl over your head, indiscriminately addressing the public as 'heart's dearest little people,' you shall be a beautiful Christmas angel, with real wings, and real 'heart's dearest little people' all about you. I will furnish the wings; I know how to make very pretty ones," and the young man hummed lightly, —

"Voudriez vous avoir des ailes ?
Oui, pour revenir."

How does the proposal please you ?
Would n't you like to play angel ?"

"Yes, indeed. I have already played it once, but this will be better; the other was only a picture. Did n't I tell you about it ? It was two years ago last spring, when we were in Italy, and a painter in our party made a study of me as an angel with long sweeping wings and a dear little crown of jewels. He intends to use the study later as material for one of the figures in a large picture. You always do have the most attractive plans. Aunt Marjory will be simply delighted. Come, let us buy our wares; we shall need a great many."

Under the gently falling snow, they went in and out through the rows of booths, chatting and laughing over their merry purchases, until it was six by the clock in the Rathhaus tower and the bells were ringing from the Dom. Then the basket procured to contain the result of this Christmas marketing being confided to the keeping of an old woman at a cake stand, the two friends entered the church just as the people within were singing : —

"Gelobet seiest du, Jesus Christ,
Dass du Mensch geboren bist
Von einer Jungfrau, das ist wahr,
Des freuet sich der Engel Schar.
Kyrie Eleison."

II.

The holiday week was over. All Berlin and all Germany had eaten its Christmas goose, had heaped its dishes high with Marzipan and Pfefferkuchen, emptied its tempting glasses of fragrant "Bowle," and thrown open wide its windows to welcome the Happy New Year with a lusty "Prosit Neu Jahr" as the clock struck twelve in the Sylvesternight. These pleasant things having been accomplished, the world settled again to a more serious existence, since the happy New Year must of necessity mean also the busy New Year.

One afternoon, early in this same busy, happy New Year, Elisabeth Joy sat in her room industriously reading. Some one knocked at the door. It was Sydney St. John, bringing with him an armful of books just returned from the binders.

"Good-afternoon, dear godmother," he said. "I hope we are not interrupting. We thought perhaps you would like to see us in our new gowns."

"Good-afternoon, dear books; you know you never interrupt, but it is very polite of you to mention it. How fine you are looking!" The girl turned the pages as she spoke, and examined the covers approvingly. "I was reading about Roswitha; are you acquainted with her, Sydney? Would you like me to invite her to meet you and the books?"

"Invite her, by all means," said the young man, pouring some water into a kettle that, with other dainty arrangements for tea-drinking, stood on a low table in the corner. "Shall I set the rose-colored cup for her? It suits the name, does n't it? The books may know her, but I have not that pleasure. Who and what was she?"

"She was a learned nun; she used to read Virgil and Terence, and write plays in Latin. She lived so long ago that even her gravestone has disappeared, and the date with it."

"Possibly that is her rosary," said Sydney St. John; "it looks old enough." He had lighted the lamp under the kettle, and now took down a string of wooden beads hanging from the corner of a shelf above his head. "Really, Fräulein Lisbeth, you ought to label your things, you have such interesting ones," and turning to the writing-desk, he printed "Roswitha's Rosary" in neat lettering, and fastened the slip of paper to the beads. "See how instructive you might make your surroundings. People would inquire, just as I have done, 'Who was Roswitha?' Some, not wishing to display ignorance, might try to discover without asking, even go so far as a journey to the Königliche Bibliothek. I do like to have things labeled. One knows then where one is. I wish people could be labeled. Shall I bring you the rose-colored cup and a nice little cake?" He lifted the lid of a jar and looked in critically. "Your friend Roswitha does n't seem to be coming; at least I do not feel any indications of her presence. Of course she may be here, for all that; if she is, I am sure she would prefer a glass of convent cordial. I don't connect learned nuns who wrote plays in Latin with pleasant little cups of afternoon tea."

"I don't either," said the girl, "and so I will take the pink cup, if you please, with one lump of sugar and no cream. There is n't any reason that Roswitha should be here; she would n't feel particularly interested in us. But seriously, Sydney, I do believe that people now and then come back, — that is, sometimes and some people; only no one knows it, except perhaps half consciously through a sweet counsel given or hope received; and even in that case I suppose the persons thus visited would say it was a dream. What do you think?"

"I think of a little girl whom I knew once upon a time. She had a pretty little head full of pretty little notions. Her name was Bessie. She loved to lie

in the tall grass and blow thistledown straight up to the blue sky. And she believed that her thistledown floated softly into heaven, and that the angels would miss it unless it came every day."

Elisabeth smiled, and asked if the young man also remembered the story which the great-aunt Marjory had woven for them out of this childish fancy, — the story about thoughts, and how far they could be sent, and how the white ones always floated softly into heaven just as the thistledown was supposed to do, and how the angels needed as many white thoughts as possible to blow down to people who had none. "By the way," continued the girl, taking from the table a letter written in a delicate old-fashioned hand, "here is a letter from aunt Marjory, with a message for you. 'Give Sydney my dear love, and tell him I am very much delighted with his plan for next Christmas, and have already been talking with Alexander about it, who understands perfectly because he is growing up with a picture-book which contains an angel standing under a Christmas tree.'" The girl folded the letter and laid it back on the table. "Have you commenced the wings yet?" she asked.

The young man replied that he was spending all his spare time cutting out patterns; and did Elisabeth prefer them short and spreading, or long and drooping, as for instance butterfly wings or conventional angel wings, and of what color, white or rainbow?

"White, and in shape butterfly wings; they would be so much more convenient. How do you think a little crown of white roses would look to wear with them?"

"Charming!" said the young man, gathering up his books. "So that is settled, — butterfly wings and a crown of white roses. Thanks for the tea. I'm glad Roswitha did n't come."

The year grew older; venders of Italian anemones and golden mimosa estab-

lished themselves on the street corners where the much-extolled pocket-knives, the so-called American spiders, and the jokes that would kill you laughing had been so busily sold in the December weather. The year grew older still, and the southern flowers were replaced by snowdrops and narcissi and pots of yellow daffodils. In a week or two the lilacs would appear, and the roses, and the blossoms on the linden-trees.

Elisabeth Joy and Sydney St. John had been taking a farewell walk and saying good-by to all their favorite places, for the girl was about to start on a journey that would lead from the flowers of Berlin back to the flowers of the great-aunt's garden.

It had been such a beautiful afternoon! Coming home, they stopped to rest on the bank of the canal, — there where the willows bend low over the water. Elisabeth had her hands full of buttercups.

"I suppose I have been doing something that is 'polizeilich verboten,'" she said. "I almost wish I had been observed. I should rather like to be detained in Berlin for having picked buttercups. Let us pretend they are money. Here, you may have half. Count them carefully. Each one is a twenty-mark piece."

They counted the buttercups, making all the time nonsensical plans for the disposition of the imaginary wealth. Then Elisabeth swept the flowers in a heap together. "What shall we play next?" she said. "It is your turn to suggest, only you are not playing very well this afternoon. You made no end of mistakes in counting the buttercups. I believe you have grown old and solemn all of a sudden. What are you thinking about, if you please, you are so quiet?"

"I am watching the river boats drift by," the young man answered, "and I am dreaming, wishing, hoping."

"Dreaming, wishing, hoping what? Confide in me. People always confide

in those who are going to a far country. It seems safe, I suppose; one takes the secret with one."

Sydney St. John made no answer. After a while he said, "How pleasant it looks over there on the boat, with the man and the woman bringing their fruit into the city!"

"And the little dog," Elisabeth added. "Don't you see the little dog? Guten Tag, doggie, glückliche Reise! The man does n't look very strong. I am quite sure his wife is going to outlive him. That will make another widow in the world. There are so many of them already! Did you ever notice, Sydney? It seems almost like an especial dispensation, because women, poor things, are apparently so much better adapted than men for the bearing of trouble. When that woman becomes a widow, how she will trudge out to the Kirchhof on his birthday with a wreath over her arm, never forgetting the observance until her own 'Stündlein,' her 'little hour,' itself arrives! Is n't that so German to have a pet name even for the time of one's last sickness! 'Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist' impresses me exactly as if one were speaking in an endearing fashion of something particularly intimate and precious, such as a welcome gift or a joyful surprise. I suppose that is really the way one ought to think of dying, only of course — no one does."

"I suppose so," the young man returned; but he was not thinking of death just then; rather of life, and spring, and the nightingale's song. Presently he said, with grave tenderness of voice: "You were asking what I should like to play next. May I tell you, Elisabeth, I should like to play that we are engaged to be married, and to be happy forever after? This is what I am dreaming, wishing, hoping."

The buttercup money fell from the girl's lap to the ground, and she asked her companion reproachfully how he could go and spoil everything; but after a while

she was led to consider the proposal in a more favorable light, and a little later two people began to dream and to hope, — not to wish, for there seemed to be nothing left worth the wishing. And so the afternoon wore away by the river, on the bench under the willow-tree, which Elisabeth said ought to have been a linden, since, in Germany, lovers always sat under lindens. “Don’t you remember, Sydney ?

‘Und unter der Linden sassen
Zwei Glückliche Hand in Hand.’”

“Then by all means let us play the willow is a linden,” her companion answered. And they played it.

III.

The holiday season again approached. At home Elisabeth Joy was waiting with glad anticipation for the coming of a ship now hurrying westward across the sea from Germany. Its passengers were, two middle-aged women, Miss Eunice Judd and Miss Charlotte King, a painter, a pretty Dutch young lady with a placid German companion, a boy, and Sydney St. John. The second cabin was composed for the most part of German musicians and commercial travelers. It was late on the afternoon of the fifth day out. In the salon, the painter was engaged in making sketches of the pretty Dutch young lady as she sat at the piano, the boy turning her music. The boy and the Dutch young lady were both sixteen. Frau Kringel, the girl’s attendant, sat near by, absorbed in counting the stitches in some complicated crochet work. Miss Eunice Judd had curled herself in a secluded corner, that the dizzy feeling in her head might not be rendered still more unendurable by the sight of the German woman’s restless needle. Miss Charlotte King, who wrote novels and verses professionally, had established herself at the table with a pile of notebooks. Sydney St. John was in his stateroom,

and had just lifted from his steamer trunk a large flat box. He opened this: within, under a quantity of soft paper, was a pair of wings. How pretty they were! How white and shining! His thoughts went back to the afternoon on the bank of the canal, to the willow-tree that should have been a linden, to the boat with the man and the woman bringing their fruit into the city. He began to write a letter.

“My Elisabeth, I feel like a prince in a fairy tale, for who else could be bringing wings to a Christmas angel, who else could have the promise of being always her comrade and playmate? Always, always! Oh, sweet length of love! Always, always! I like to write the words, they sound so long.

“When I was a boy, I used to pray very earnestly upon my knees that eternity might end some day. I was not the prince in the fairy tale then. I did not know” —

What was that, — the sudden crash, the sudden shock, the sudden silence? Sydney St. John started to his feet and went on deck.

The ship had stopped going and seemed almost motionless. The passengers were talking together in low voices. Something had happened, no one knew exactly what. When the dinner hour came, the meal was announced as usual; as usual, also, the young captain took his seat at the head of the table, a reassuring smile on his boyish face. His manner, however, conveyed the impression that it would be more acceptable just at present if no questions were asked. The passengers therefore asked no questions.

“So far as I am concerned,” observed Miss Eunice Judd to the boy, in the subdued tone which every one had unconsciously adopted, — “so far as I am concerned, I find it rather agreeable to be able to hold myself up again. Anything is better than that terrible dizzy feeling, even if it is being on the verge of perishing. I do wish the captain were a little

older. He's nothing but a mere child; only twenty-seven, they tell me. I shall inquire the age of the commanding officer the next time I venture on a ship; that is, of course, if I should ever have another opportunity. I suppose he must have had some experience, else he would n't be in such a responsible position. It is evident he wishes to avoid discussing unpleasant subjects while eating. Well, there is good common sense in that. I believe in keeping one's mind at rest, especially at meals, but I do hope our time is n't being wasted. If we have got to take to the boats, I should like to make one or two preparations. They say that if the captain had n't entered the engine-room just when he did, and opened a valve, — or may be it was closed a valve, — whichever way it was, if he had n't done it at that particular moment, we should have gone down then and there. Now that sounds pretty serious, does n't it?"

"I guess it is pretty serious," said the boy. "There is going to be divine service after dinner."

A little later, the second-cabin passengers entered, and the company thus assembled were told that an accident had occurred, placing the ship for a moment in great danger; but there was no longer immediate cause for alarm, unless indeed a storm should arise, and this was not probable, there being every prospect of pleasant weather, as well as of aid from some passing vessel. The only inconvenience to be apprehended was that of a longer voyage than had been anticipated. The explanation was followed by the service which the boy had announced to Miss Judd. At the conclusion of the quieting words the young captain shook hands with every one present, and expressed a wish that all should remain together, spending the evening in social intercourse. The German musicians therefore gathered about the piano. The painter brought out a portfolio containing photographs of his pictures. Miss

Charlotte King entertained a group by reading aloud an amusing chapter from one of her novels. Up aloft, a sailor kept his faithful watch. In the rigging burned the signals of a ship in distress.

A wise young captain, this man of twenty-seven, with a smile upon his face.

Sydney St. John stood for a time apart, occupied with a photograph found among those in the painter's portfolio. On the left of the picture, and attracting immediate attention as the centre of light and interest, was the dim outline of hills, and above a star. From among the hills radiated rays of light like the light of an opal. Directly overhead an angel floated in the air, swinging a censer, as if this little spot of earth were an altar. At the right were clustered other angels. One held a crown of thorns, one a stalk of lilies. Higher still could be discerned the shadowy forms of innumerable figures, the figures of the heavenly hosts. In the foreground were angel children. Beneath all were clouds whose formation suggested the petals of flowers. Among these clouds birds were flying. The angel with the censer had been painted from the study made in Italy of Elisabeth Joy.

IV.

Before dawn a rescuing steamer came in response to the signals of distress, and now two ships with sails set were following each other over the winter sea, the larger attached to the smaller. As the young captain had predicted, the voyage threatened to be a long one: the painter therefore settled himself to making a portrait of the pretty Dutch young lady; Miss Charlotte King to the planning of her next story; Miss Eunice Judd to the perusal of the ship's library, — she had already finished *The Frozen Deep*, and commenced *The Woman in White*. The boy and the Dutch young lady each began a journal, supposed to contain elaborate accounts of sunsets and of feel-

ings experienced when lost at sea; Frau Kringel contentedly wandered into a still more complicated form of crochet work; Sydney St. John borrowed some paints and Bristol board, and undertook an extensive fabrication of Christmas cards, to be sold on the last day of the voyage, for the benefit of the sailors' invalid fund. People's minds ceased to dwell so much on gratitude for danger escaped, and more on the monotonous length of days still lying between them and land, Miss Judd even going so far as to say it would have been better, perhaps, if the ship had gone down that afternoon; one had to die some time, and a great deal of future suffering might have been avoided in this manner. She had always heard that death by drowning was comparatively easy. She took back her words and felt a little ashamed of them when she remembered the boy's mother, whose last letter had been signed "lovingly but impatiently."

Sydney St. John and Miss King fell into the habit of working together in the salon.

"I think," said the young man one morning, as he took up a clean sheet of paper, "I will next make a big whale coming out of the sea. I have n't done any cards with whales yet, and I am sure they are not inappropriate. Does n't the Benedicite utter a pious ejaculation of 'O ye whales'? Besides, Miss Judd assures me one can paint exactly what one likes on a Christmas card."

Miss King looked up from her writing, and said she thought whales were not so far out of the way as some other things she had noticed, as for instance a row of little dogs with the illuminated text, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will to Men." "I overheard a woman asking in a shop last year, 'Can you tell me, please, what this row of painted puppies has to do with the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ?' It struck me that the question was almost as remarkable as the combination which

suggested it. I did n't know any one ever stopped to think of the meaning of Christmas, except, of course, in a very general way. The most of us have to forget the things we learned long ago, to make room for the things we have been learning since. That is a sweet story, the story of the angels, and the star, and the shepherds. A pleasant faith; I believed it all once."

"I also believed it once," Sydney St. John went on as the woman took up her pen again; "believed it and understood it perfectly. After I had grown a little older, read a little, seen a little, I forgot it. After I had grown older still, read more, seen more, it came to me to remember again and to believe. I cannot explain how it came; perhaps because I needed it so much, because I found life too hard without it. I believe now with all my heart, just as a child would, only I no longer understand."

The woman rested her hand lightly for a moment on the young man's shoulder. "I like you very much," she said, and went back to her writing.

The days went on; it became vaguely reported that the disabled machinery had been put in order. One morning the rescuing steamer loosened itself from the larger one, hovered in the distance for a time, as if to make quite sure that its aid was no longer needed, and finally at sunset sped out of sight through a sea of gold. But before the sun set again, the pulse of the larger ship lost for a second time its regularity, ominous scraping sounds were heard, followed by ominous gurglings, until at last there was no sound at all, and no motion except a slight rocking to and fro.

Helpless again, and no answer coming, either to the cannon pealing across the fog by day or to the signals burning by night!

The painting of the portrait and of the Christmas cards went on, the complicated crochet work, the writing and reading of journals, letters, and novels.

But to what purpose, the passengers asked themselves daily, since it might be that after a little there would be no further use for these things.

"If I had attempted to describe a situation of this kind, I should have made it altogether different," observed Miss Charlotte King to Miss Eunice Judd, one night, as they were preparing for rest, preparations which consisted in the putting on of heavy garments suitable for any emergency, and securing more carefully their most valuable possessions upon their persons. "I should have made people weeping and rushing about for life-preservers, — sleeping on them, in fact. Very likely I should have had one passenger jump overboard, and another become temporarily insane. We are quite too composed to be natural."

"I suppose you would have had the provisions running low," said Miss Judd, "and the captain standing by the drinking-water with a loaded pistol. Did you notice, by the way, that we had salt pork for dinner? I presume they want us to get accustomed to it by degrees. I forgot to tell you that the cabin boy left word we were to be very sparing of the water."

"It seems the captain has a wife and little child at home," said Miss King; "he was speaking to me about them to-day. And Mr. St. John has been showing me the picture of a young woman with a flower-like face; he gave me a letter for her in case anything were to happen to him which did not happen to me. I have written one or two letters myself; I think I shall give them to you."

"You had better put them in a bottle and throw them overboard; that is the proper way to do in shipwrecks. I am mortified to death at being able to sleep so well. It must be owing to the sea air. I'd keep awake if I possibly could. One ought to be awake when one is more than half expecting every moment to be one's last. Still, I don't know what use

it would be, either. Speaking of letters, one's life is a good deal like a letter, and dying is the signature. Why should there be any fuss or flurry over a signature? I suppose you have very correct ideas about dying. You must have died a great many times in your stories; you have the advantage of practice."

"Yes," the other woman answered. "I have died as a Roman Catholic priest, and a Jew, and a Buddhist, and an out-and-out heathen, and a soldier in the Salvation Army, and an early Christian martyr, and a person spoken of by her neighbors as being unprepared to die. I have generally died rather elaborately, but always comfortably. I believe in that. Death, when it comes, should be sweet. It was intended to be sweet. People who have lived and loved and struggled and suffered have a right to fall asleep quietly and peacefully at the end."

The fog lifted at length. Something drifted by that looked like the fragment of a wreck. After that a ship appeared and disappeared on the distant horizon. Or had it been only the semblance of a ship? The fog closed in again. What lay beyond, — danger or safety, storm or fair weather? And would the little white wings reach land in time to be worn for Christmas?

V.

"A far country," Elisabeth Joy had said that afternoon under the willows. "People always confide in those who are going to a far country." She was thinking of her near approaching journey; she did not know then of another and greater journey which was to be hers before the closing of the year.

No one knew, or would have believed had one been told; indeed, nobody believed it at the first, not even after reading it in the print of the morning papers.

"Miss Elisabeth Joy!" "Oh no,

that was impossible." "Only the other day she had been seen looking like a rose." "There must be some mistake, some confusion of names; it was probably the great-aunt Marjory." But it was not the great-aunt Marjory.

It happened, this setting forth on the greater journey, on the very evening when the passengers of the disabled ship at sea had gathered as one family because of their common need.

There had been a few days of suffering from what seemed in the beginning only a slight indisposition, but which was followed by something growing graver and graver, until, almost without warning, the "little hour" came, a brief period of weakness and weariness, and talking in fragmentary sentences.

"One angel brought a crown of thorns. I wanted to stand near with lilies because of the meaning; I wanted my life to be like that. But he who painted the picture said I was to swing the censer; he said it was quite the same whether one brought suffering, or beauty, or perfume, — one had only to bring whatever one had."

Those about the bed, not having seen the picture, thought that the girl's mind was wandering; but it seemed perfectly clear after this, and she asked when Sydney's ship was expected, saying she should like to see the wise old books again. "I suppose the men who wrote them are even wiser now; that is, if they have not been sleeping. Will one remember books when one is dead?"

"I cannot tell," the great-aunt Marjory answered; "it may be so."

"I think it must be so," the girl went on; "that is, if one has loved them very much in life. Sydney could never forget his books."

Then she asked if the holly had been ordered, adding that should she not feel well enough to go downstairs on Christmas Eve, there was no change to be made in the arrangements she had planned. "But I am going to feel well,

quite well, and I am to wear wings like the wings of a white butterfly, and the crown is to be of white roses. Thoughts are like wings, — they flutter, flutter, no one can tell how far they go. . . . Sing me the hymn they sang in the Dom . . . the one that begins 'Gelobet seiest du.' Martin Luther wrote it. . . . Sing me to sleep. . . . I am tired. . . . I must rest a little before Christmas."

Some one in the room sang softly: —

"Gelobet seiest du, Jesus Christ,
Dass du Mensch geboren bist
Von einer Jungfrau, das ist wahr,
Des freuet sich der Engel Schar.
Kyrie Eleison."

At sea a ship drifted onward. From the quiet room a girl's soul also drifted, drifted in some way to somewhere, and it was all in the night.

In the afternoon before Christmas Day, one of the maids, hearing the street door open and close, went into the hall and found that Mr. St. John had arrived. He gave the maid a large flat box, saying it was to be taken at once to Miss Elisabeth. The maid, not knowing what reply to make, led the way to the library, where the great-aunt Marjory sat by the fire; the box she carried to a room beyond, and placed it beneath the miniature portrait of a child, inscribed "Bessie, aged ten," and upon which the light from a swinging lamp fell softly. There was a letter on the table addressed to Miss Elisabeth Joy. The postman had left it only a few moments before, and the maid, following an inspiration born of devotion and perplexity, had brought it, as she had brought the package, to the portrait of "Bessie, aged ten."

In one corner of the room stood a Christmas tree decked and ready to light. Close beside it was a quaint cabinet organ which had accompanied the baby Alexander's family from the Fatherland.

"When one's self and one's children

and one's parents and one's grandparents have never celebrated the Holy Evening without the assistance of this beloved piece of furniture," said the shoemaker to his wife, as they were on the eve of embarking for America, "then it is no longer a thing; then it becomes an important person, a member of the household."

"Quite right, lieber Mann," returned the wife; "most sensibly spoken."

"Moreover, when it is not being used as a musical instrument, it will always be convenient as a table."

The Haus Orgel therefore emigrated with the family, and with the family had been invited to participate in the evening's festivities. The tree was lighted now, the German shoemaker seated before the organ. His hands ran caressingly over the yellow keys, and the guests entered singing.

Sydney St. John came with the others. As he passed the table where the toys from the last year's Berlin market awaited distribution, his eyes fell on the dove-cote, with its young woman in red and orange scattering grain. He took the toy and concealed it behind a row of books. Another day, perhaps, he would give it to Alexander.

Then he noticed, hanging from the end of the bookshelf, Roswitha's rosary with the label he had printed still attached to it. His hands played absently with the wooden beads. The nun Roswitha herself could hardly have felt farther distant from the scene than he did. That he should have returned to find his playmate gone was not so overwhelmingly strange because of those days at sea. It seemed stranger that these people about him should be living and expecting to live. He felt like a person looking at figures in a play or a dream; as if at any moment the curtain might go down and the lights out, or that he might awaken to see Frau Kringel counting the stitches in her crochet work, and hear the cannon pealing through the fog.

The box had been opened, and the wings it contained placed, outstretched, beneath the portrait. He heard the children telling each other, "Those are the wings of the Christmas angel. That is her picture under the lamp, with the light shining upon it;" and they said, regretfully, in their pleasant little voices, how sorry they were that she had gone away.

Later in the evening, as the guests were preparing to depart, the baby Alexander pulled a chair close to the table under the swinging lamp, and, climbing up, pressed his cheeks against the wings. "Good-night, dear Christmas angel," he repeated in his cooing voice. "I love you, dear Christmas angel!"

Later yet, when the house had grown still, Sydney St. John came back into the room. The chair stood where Alexander had left it. The young man sat down, folded the white wings carefully together, laid them upon the fire, watching them with a far-away look in his eyes until they changed to ashes. Then he took up the letter hidden until now behind the wings. Recognizing the writing, he opened the envelope, and found within some tenderly expressed words of congratulation and good wishes from Miss Charlotte King to Miss Elisabeth Joy, together with a second letter. He opened this also, and read mechanically. It was the one beginning, "My Elisabeth, I feel like a prince in a fairy tale," and had been written from day to day during the voyage. It said: "I have been thinking a good deal lately concerning the life we know, and the life we know not. Do you remember something you told me once that you believed? It was that afternoon when the nun Roswitha did not come to our tea party, and we were talking about a certain little girl who used to blow thistledown up to the angels, and about aunt Marjory's story of thoughts. Keep your belief, dearest, whatever happens, keep it; no one can say it is unfounded, because no

one knows ; and with it, death means not sad separation, only a beautiful mystery.

"Dear aunt Marjory ! If it should be that our ship drifts into the port of paradise, I hope to take her story with me ; I want to see how much truth there is in it."

"Poor prince in the fairy tale !" said Sydney St. John, as he turned the page and read on and on to the end of his own last letter.

After this he took the portrait of "Bessie, aged ten," from the wall, and sat with it in his hand, — sat like one who would never dream, nor wish, nor hope again. He was aroused by the knowledge of a presence in the room. He knew that it was remembering with him the flowers in the great-aunt's garden, the happy German life, the books, the music, the friends, the favorite walks, the river bank, the boat with the man and the woman bringing their fruit into the city.

The light of the lamp above his head,

with the light of the fire on the hearth, made every object in the room discernible. He could have counted the beads in Roswitha's rosary, as it hung from the corner of the bookshelf. These things he perceived with his eyes. He could not tell how he perceived the presence ; only that it stood there under the Christmas tree, that it wore neither butterfly wings nor wings long and sweeping. It was simply Elisabeth as he had been accustomed to see her, and so natural seemed the circumstance of her appearance that it caused no feeling of any unusual occurrence.

The presence went as it had come, quietly.

Then the young man rose, kissed the little picture of "Bessie, aged ten," and hung it again in its place, put out the light of the swinging lamp, and, with a sweet sense of comfort in his heart, left the room.

He was not quite sure whether he had been sleeping or waking. He thought he had been awake.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

VENICE.

ONLY a cloud, — far off it seemed to me
No habitable city, — when, behold,
Came gradual distinctions in the fold
Of tremulous vapor shadowing things to be :
Forms whether of wave or air rose silently
O'er quiet lanes of water, caught the gold
Of the Italian sunset, and thus rolled
The veil from off the Bride of the Blue Sea.
Alas, the irrecoverable dream !
Cathedral, palace, all things, all too soon
Melted like faces in a troubled stream,
And, looking backward over the lagoon,
I saw the phantom city faintly gleam
As mist blown seaward underneath the moon.

Samuel V. Cole.

TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You and I have known and liked each other for several years; and as we cannot meet at present, and you, my valued friend, are very numerous, and I cannot write a private letter to the whole of you at once, it seems natural to address you here. I think of you very often, and always with warm regard and gratitude; regard which has sometimes subjected me to blame at home as an Anglomaniac. Beyond all such general sentiments, however, I have a special matter on which to write, yet one which I am afraid will elude my pen in the very act of writing. There is that between us which is as transparent yet as impassable as glass; and I greatly fear that whoever tries to break it will only cut his fingers.

When we talk, we speak the same language, — only we don't, as Dr. Holmes says. (Yes, I will use the present tense.) If we had met for the first time in Siam, you would have known me for an American, and I you for an Englishman, — each by his accent. You laugh at us for talking as if there could be such a thing as an English accent. But you remember, in Shirley, how the North Country woman among you despises the South Country man for his mincing, feeble talk as being less English than his own; and less *Angle* it certainly is. I will not discuss now if my ancestors did not carry off and preserve as pure an English speech as they left with yours, if Shakespeare is not at this hour enjoying his talks with Lowell more than those with Matthew Arnold. But from a difference of speech which you do recognize let me illustrate a difference of thought which I doubt if you do.

A century or more ago, every one who spoke English wrote *emperour*, *errour*, *favour*, *honour*, and a score of such words. Nowadays you drop the *u* in some of these

words; we are apt to drop it in all. Yet you generally deride or scold us for not making precisely the same omissions that you do. Why should we? Is there any clause in the treaty of 1783 that leaves in England the supreme control of the common language? Yet the same perplexity that possesses you as to this point seems to me to hang round you in all your dealings with us. Some of you dislike all of us because we are Americans. Some of you treat some of us very well, and again some of you have a very friendly disposition to our whole nation, and are eager to learn all about us. But it seems to me as if the kindest and best of you fail to understand us; and this failure, which need be no more, leads to real injustice and unkindness. I suppose you have treated me as well as an American can be treated, yet I who write these lines have suffered in my own person unjust and unkind treatment among you which I cannot think you ever would have put on any Englishman of the same social rank, but which you thought could involve you in no censure that you would care for when done to an American. Just so my nation is subjected by you to many pieces of injustice quite inconsistent with your cordial professions in public and private, and quite inconsistent, as I believe, with the way you would treat us if you knew us.

You may say: "Is not this always the case between two nations? Do you understand a Frenchman? Does he comprehend a German, or either of you a Pole?" Of course not; but that, my dear Johnny Bull, is not the specific trouble between you and me. That trouble is, you will not or cannot see at all that your American cousins are a real nation by themselves. If you could once get hold of that idea, you would know us as you never could hope or wish to know

the child of any other land. If you only would recognize our absolute nationality, you would get twice the good you do out of our real connections with you.

What do you think we are? Still provincials of your own? It seems sometimes that this is your view, as you will persist in calling us "the States," just as you say "the Provinces." That is a name that "the Provinces" give us, but that we do not give ourselves. You would think an American from the United States very ignorant or affected who spoke of your country as "Britain," yet that is more correct than "the States." Could you not manage to learn our name? Or is such blundering all of a piece with that which makes so many of you say Niagara, and Chicago, and Ohio, and Potomac, and the Last of the Mohicans; that made so many of you, in our war, even at Washington, talk of the Secretary of State as Mr. "See-ward" (what would you have said of an American who had sounded the *l* in Palmerston?); the rudeness which allows an Englishman to direct letters to an American whom he has known for weeks "—— Jones, Esq.," because it is too much trouble to learn Mr. Jones's Christian name, and really we ought not to mind? But you see we do mind.

Have you never yet found out, my friend, that we are no longer under you in any way? Very early in our civil war, before actual fighting had begun, and the sympathy of England was, if anything, with the North, I was in company with three of your most thoughtful men, and the talk turned on the troubles arising from secession. A little college chaplain (you know the species; "in the catalogue they pass for men") remarked, in a high-pitched attempt at intoning, "Perhaps the Northern States would like to put themselves under the protection of the British crown." And yet the man was sober! That was a generation ago. No doubt the good man knows better now. Yet occasionally I hear or read something in your mention of us which re-

minds me of George III.'s title of "King of France" retained a century and a half after any king of England held an acre of French soil.

One of you wrote some time ago, "Englishmen have no Fourth of July, and do not want one." Perhaps some of our celebrations on that day are foolish, but at least we do date our years from the day we became independent of you and every one else. But what does your official chronology start from, according to a fixed custom which Mr. Freeman could not break up? From the 14th of October, or perhaps Christmas Day, 1066, when Englishmen lost their independence to the Norman aristocracy, a yoke which they are just beginning to think about shaking off. I like our date better.

It is the truths of the Fourth of July, which you have never learned, as not all of us, perhaps, have learned them. We are a nation equal to and different from — or as you would say, different to — any other. We are not your provincials, nor are we a mass of Englishmen, — separated indeed by distance and circumstances, but Englishmen after all. We have whole communities, rivals of England in size, where the men and women not of English descent are in the overwhelming majority, having completely absorbed and transmuted the blood of the pioneers from the old Atlantic settlements. Scotch, Scotch Irish, Celtic Irish, Germans of many emigrations, Hollanders, old and new, Scandinavians, and various Latin races, they care nothing about Old England; what they know of her they dislike, to put it mildly. Talk to them of the alliance and affinity to her, which you hold up to us as a fetter of control rather than a bond of love, and they laugh at the idea.

There are, I might say, whole States that would enjoy a war with you next week, because they believe the influence of our connection with England is wholly pernicious, and prevents men like myself from becoming true Americans. Do

I hold this feeling? Of course not; a war with you I should deem a calamity beyond thought; but the last way to prevent it is for you to continue your half-petting, half-scolding, governess treatment.

The typical governess of the English novel trains her pupils by a certain conventional rule of propriety, whereby she gauges knowledge and ignorance, social behavior, religious and political opinions, and in fact character. Provided the inmates of her schoolroom keep to the established standard, all is well; if any of them obviously do not care for that standard, they are woes to be borne. In the view of many of you, Americans need a governess.

Some friends of mine, on going to a *table d'hôte* at Athens, heard a lady say to her daughter, in a voice which seemed an echo of Miss Yonge's novels, "Yes, they look like Americans; but we must bear it, me love." It so happened that the terrible, untrained provincials, the Australians of the West, whom she accepted with Christian resignation, were among the most cultivated people who ever took the pilgrimage to Greece; and if such a Primrose Dame knew anything of the historic land she was visiting, she would know that Americans stand far higher in the affections of the Hellenic people than her own countrymen. But what provincialism there was in looking upon it as an *inconvenance de voyage* that this outlying tribe should dare to come between the breezes of Hymettus and her parsonality!

It is not strange that you do not know what we are. What do most of your tourists do, those who stay some months with us? Every year scores of your young men come to our coast cities, are received by families who are fond of England and her ways, and when they are tired of familiar luxuries go bolting off to the farthest West, to play ranch life or exterminate buffaloes, — or as they say, "buffalo," for a sportsman's grammar is as rough as his tastes, — as

if our Western States were entirely outside land surveys and laws, a kind of Uganda or Transoxiana. Back they go, without having stayed a week with the real, average American citizen in any part of our country. They see one section of us which they compare to England; they see another which they choose to consider a No Man's Land; and they have taken no pains to know the real United States at all, probably thinking a cowboy the pure American.

Nay, when some of you do realize we are no part of England, you propose to make us so by colonization. It never seemed, for instance, as if Mr. Hughes's colonists at Rugby started with the idea of becoming Americans; they meant to have a little piece of England in Tennessee. So there are in many parts of our country little Hollands or little Waleses; but they get absorbed and assimilated. There is, my European friends, all of you, an American nationality into which you must be drawn, like Sydney Smith's celebrated description of a pudding: "'Dear me,' says one of the ingredients, 'was n't I an egg just now?' But he finds the batter sticking to him." The Roman *Colonia*, that remained a piece of Rome, has no place here.

Now I know to all this many of you will reply that the common-sense and progressive spirit of England is not responsible for the rudeness and ignorance of Toryism; that it studies, admires, and loves America, — nay, imitates her in more ways than one; that all England is a living testimony to the growing influence of America. It is true; and yet some of you who are our warm friends misunderstand us almost as badly as the old Tories. You seem to think the United States are peopled by a set of philosophical radicals, whose true place is on the Liberal benches, behind Mr. John Morley. Your writers of this school know we are a separate nation; but they are persuaded that it is a nation of philosophers, right out of Plato or Sir Thomas More. Mr. How-

ells has a charming story where a girl from the practical but still visionary "West" thinks Boston is peopled with reformers, who revolve round the abolitionists as bright stars. She is amazed to hear talk an agreeable young gentleman of Boston who never met these people in society, and as far as he had heard of them looked upon them as dangerous eccentrics. Now, some of your highly educated thinkers seem to regard the average American as largely occupied with reading or writing treatises on the philosophy of government, coming down in a long *catena* from Jefferson, and as much concerned with conventions and *referenda*. My friend, we did that once for all when we started; and though no doubt such things are talked of more than they used to be twenty years ago, I assure you we are in the mass anything but a set of theorizing radicals. We are very conservative, very humdrum, much attached to existing machinery, especially in politics, and with a great distrust of Utopian and ideal schemes. Custom is almost as great a tyrant with us as in your Indian dominions. Eager as we are for novelties in dress and buildings, we are hard to stir from our accepted ways of letting ourselves be governed, even when these are tangled and muddy. Our philosophers complain that their speculations do not make the impression they ought on most of their fellow-citizens, who are engaged in the mere work of living. I suspect England is a good deal nearer female suffrage than we are.

When Professor Bryce was last here, he rushed off from all his friends to see what he considered the intensely interesting spectacle of a constitutional convention in the State of Kentucky, an institution to which he had given much space in his very valuable book. I do not believe that at this hour twenty members of Congress outside Kentucky know whether the results of that convention were adopted or not. We can get half

as big a vote again on the pettiest election when the choice is between persons as when people solemnly vote "yes" or "no" on a question of organic law.

No, my old friend, we are not English provincials, we are not half-civilized pioneers, we are not Utopian radicals, above all we are not naughty boys and silly girls. We are not anything that you have decided we must be. There is one liberty we claim as our English birth-right, — the liberty of being illogical when we please, and succeeding or failing according to our own ideas of working out our own problems, whether they are yours or not. If this character of ours is ignored, if you treat us as pets, or schoolboys, or barbarians, or abstract philosophers, instead of the self-sustaining integral part of the civilized commonwealth of nations that we claim to be, we shall not be delicate to show what you call our sensitiveness, and we call proper resentment of what is always disagreeable, and sometimes insulting.

I will test — a word which you call an Americanism — your readiness to learn. When an Englishman has learned how to pronounce the name of the author of Maud Muller, and also that he, and not the peculiar person whose name begins with the same letters, is our truly national poet, I will admit that you are getting some intimacy with our nation. Till then, thanking you again for the repeated kindness you have shown me, and the distinguished way in which you have manifested your appreciation of some eminent individuals among us, I bid you farewell, with this warning, that if you really want to maintain peace between the nations, you must not think it enough to admit certain Americans to "dine and sleep," but must recognize the United States once for all, not as a daughter, a pupil, or a forest guide, but your full equal sister in all that constitutes an enlightened, historic, imperial nation. Your friend,

FRANKLIN EASTMAN.

THE NEW CRITICISM OF GENIUS.

A PRACTICAL application of the teachings of physiology to the conduct of human life is the goal toward which the whole nineteenth century has been groping its way. The movement received its greatest momentum when Morel began to study cases of retrogression, or degeneration, of the human organism, in relation to their effects on actions and states of mind. His *Traité des Dégénérescences*, published in 1857, was the starting-point of an extensive, rapidly multiplying literature, chiefly associated with the name of Maudsley to the English lay reader, but in which the modern French and Italian schools of psycho-physiology and anthropology have distinguished themselves by the most persistent and eager research. Every psychological manifestation that departs from the norm — the conservative norm representing the total of thinking and acting determined upon by the species as best for its general interests in the long run, and therefore the mass of those individuals organically so constituted as to conform instinctively to such thinking and acting — has come to be more and more closely investigated in the light of the degeneration theory. What is degeneracy? Atavistic reversion of offspring, in consequence of abnormal conditions in the ancestry, to types belonging to prior stages in the development of the species. Such types, in those prior stages, were normal, healthy; found themselves in touch with their environment; obeyed its laws. Reappearing, in isolation, at a period when the species has so far progressed as to have lost even a memory of that bygone state, the embodiment of the type is out of harmony with the external world, is conscious of impulses subversive to its laws, represents complete discord in its relations to it. Within the last twenty years

the criminal class has been placed, with growing conviction, among these groups of atavistic revivals. As a consequence of this, new views of penology are gaining ground. As the pathology of insanity claims a more enlightened attention, new angles of vision are possible in the treatment of the insane, and also in the consideration of sundry acute social phenomena. Finally, following this thread, we have been drawn on to the study of the physio-psychology of genius; for genius is a deviation from the norm just as much as criminality or idiocy. When Lombroso undertook to subject the achievements of genius, and the personality of men of genius, to the physiological method of criticism, he did a great work of popularization for the method itself. The general public is likely to be sufficiently indifferent to scientific monographs on the psychoses of criminals and madmen; but for anything which relates to the commanding individualities of its own time, or of all time, its interest is assured. To Lombroso's *Man of Genius* can be traced a large portion of the physiological notions that are now penetrating, in a more or less ill-digested condition, into fiction. This is to be observed in England, France, and Italy, alike. But Lombroso has recently been outstripped, in his work of popularization, by one of his disciples. The German Max Nordau has used the new method in a criticism of some of the æsthetic doctrines of the leaders of contemporary art and literature, — used it with an amount of Teutonic dogmatism that the Italian scientist would probably deprecate.

This book, *Degeneracy*, goes in fact so much further than any yet written, in the endeavor to make clear to the apprehension of the layman the connection between all æsthetic productions and the

physical organism of the producer, that attention should be given to its general premises and conclusions. The nature and character of every work of art is, in its essence, inevitable. It is conditioned by the structure of the protoplasmic cell, by the operation of the end organs, by the perfection of the nerve apparatus, by the degree of inhibitory control possessed by the supreme mind centres. Where there are organic defects, evidences of rudimentary development, deformities of growth, or abnormalities of function, the work of art mirrors that physical circumstance, utters itself forth in conceptions, ideas, judgments, opinions, or in interpretations of sensations, conspicuously at variance with the line of growth and progress along which the species is feeling its way.

This is the ground on which Max Nordau has constructed his book. It is his contention that æsthetic works in which the reflection of a degenerate physical condition is visible are unusually numerous just now. He accounts for this by the nervous exhaustion, tending to hysteria, which modern inventions and the industrial agglomeration in great centres have brought upon us. Nature demands a suitable time wherein to adapt herself; we have been given no time, and the strain of enormously complicated exactions has fallen upon us over night. Weakened parents have produced degenerate descendants. Where to these general causes special and local ones have been added, the result is plainer to the eye. In France, the drain of the long Napoleonic wars, seriously affecting the equilibrium of the nerve centres of the people, was followed, as one link follows another in a chain, by a predisposition to greater nerve unsteadiness in the succeeding generation. This accepted as fact, or hypothesis, many of the more startling examples of æsthetic and moral perversion we have come to associate more particularly with *fin-de-siècle* France cease to excite surprise.

Nevertheless, and though France seemed thus singled out to be the most critical victim of the *Zeit-Krankheit*, it is not there that Max Nordau detects the first outbreak, but in England, with the reactionary Tractarian movement of 1830, the mystic doctrines of Ruskin, the pre-raphaelite creed, — three things that hang together. The high pitch to which English industrialism reached early, the great pressure which the Anglo-Saxon puts upon his capacity for hard work, are sufficient to explain the English initiative in this latter-day madness, to Max Nordau's mind. Present economic conditions are thus insisted on by him as invariably responsible for the contemporary degeneracy in ethics and æsthetics. If an end were made of centralization, he appears to believe that greater sanity would return to the next generations. But in Maudsley's opinion, the primal cause of degeneracy is an egotistic, narrow, unsocial nature in ancestors, — "absence of exercise, and, through disuse, decay of the highest social sensibilities and powers, moral and volitional; . . . therewith lifelong exercise . . . of the egotistic passions in the conduct of life; and consequent moral degeneration, which, by its nature, goes deeper into character than intellectual degeneration:"¹ and this anti-social moral nature is very easily bred where men live far apart. The country has not all the health, nor all the virtue. The most shocking depravity of the moral sense can come from undue isolation as well as from undue herding. We could well — could we not? — refer Herr Max Nordau to some of our own New England villages, practically untouched by the industrial competition, yet where the unsocial nature and strong drink (the chemical action of poisons, notably alcohol, on the blood was, in turn, in the belief of Morel, the initial source of degeneracy) have produced as flourishing a *pro rata* crop of mad people, or "cranks"

¹ Henry Maudsley, *Body and Will*, 1884.

of one sort or another, as exist in any of the most congested centres of industrialism. These degenerates do not supply the world with examples of the "superior" class of their kind; their nerves conduct, their brain-cells discharge, sluggishly, not with over-excited intensity. But they are just as much a shining proof of what ignorance of physiological laws and indifference to the same can do as is the gifted Parisian "mattoid," the denizen of the crowded capital, whose feverish existence has alternately drawn and relaxed his nerves until he is a mere bundle of irresponsible vibrations.

In the midst of the popular hysteria, the "superior degenerates," brilliant and erratic workers with pen, word, and pencil, become oracles quickly, and gather a following; for hysterically inclined individuals respond to suggestion more easily than others. An interaction of pernicious influences takes place. Society, in its present state, produces great numbers of degenerates; when the degenerates are great artists, they, in turn, add to the hysteria of the mass by the potent spell of artistic suggestion. To Max Nordau, almost every salient literary and artistic mind in Europe to-day is that of a "superior degenerate." He arrays all the familiar names: Tolstóy, Ibsen, Zola, Swinburne, William Morris, adding one, that of Nietzsche, which to Americans is still unfamiliar; all the French Neo-Catholics and Neo-Idealists; all the Decadents and Symbolists; all the Impressionists; and at the head of this column he places Richard Wagner, whom he regards as having been "charged with a greater degree of degeneracy in his own person than the whole present generation put together," and whose influence, both through his music, extraordinarily exciting to the nerves, and the erotic character of his libretti, he believes to be one of the foremost upon which should be laid the burden of blame for the fin-de-siècle phenomena.

Throughout the whole of art and literature, at the moment it is certain that even the casual observer is struck by the prevalence of two marked characteristics: artists and writers are stirred by a vague mysticism that at times trenches upon occultism, and they are immoderately absorbed in the noting of their sensations, in the observation of their Ego. These two characteristics, mysticism and egotism, are precisely the great distinguishing mental traits of degeneracy. Add extravagant, unbalanced emotiveness, and you have a rough clinical picture of the state. Mysticism is the stigma of degenerates, gifted or not, because, psychologically, it is the inability to note facts clearly, to shape concepts keenly, — an inability due to infirm attention that does not check the undisciplined association of ideas, but follows it dreamily to the blurred confines of the subconscious. Egotism, what Maudsley calls "egotistic hyperæsthesia," springs from a defective physical mechanism, that severs its possessor from active communication with things without himself, and fills his consciousness instead with impulses, sensations, hallucinatory obsessions, from within. Max Nordau is convinced that careful physical investigation of many of the men who are shining exponents of fin-de-siècle æsthetics, and study of their ancestry, would prove the presence of degeneracy among them beyond a doubt. Since such investigation is not practicable, he reminds us that science has pronounced such mental and spiritual "stigmata" as those just quoted quite as trustworthy for a diagnosis. And it is to this diagnosis that he invites us. In what he says of decadents, æsthetes, and impressionists, the general public is apt to concur. His remarks on Ibsen and Tolstóy will doubtless, on the other hand, offend many sensibilities. In Ibsen, he lays his finger chiefly on what he calls the anarchic symptom of degeneracy. That anarchists are degenerates the specialist in

modern psychiatry does not question. And it is this instinct to destroy the existing order that Nordau proclaims to be the force that animates the numerous personages of Ibsen's plays who continually, though with no particular definiteness, preach, to whoso will listen, the doctrine of emancipation at any cost. It is the instinct of the anti-social degenerate who cannot adapt himself; whose morbid eye is turned inward; who is debarred from all adequate apprehension of the proper relations and proportions of events; and whose violent emotiveness, over which the dulled higher centres have no effectual control, impels him to seek to fashion another state of affairs, in which his exceptional, because perverted, personality will feel itself more at ease. As Ibsen's mysticism (otherwise, according to Nordau, crude, unscientific thinking) is anarchic, so Tolstóy's is inordinately emotive, as witness his vague, impracticable altruism. (The noteworthy fact that the altruistic and anarchic feelings melt, very frequently, into one — of which we have proofs in the humanitarian outpourings of some of the militant anarchists of whom the world has recently heard so much — impresses itself, at this juncture, on the attention.) We do not commonly think of the great Russian novelist in this light. Evidences, however, of the effect exerted on some of the latest French and Italian fiction by the book which, of all he had written, appeared the least likely to have an influence, show that the German critic is not performing an unnecessary task in pointing out that the aberration of the *Kreutzer Sonata* has its recognized place in pathology.

But it is not the purpose of this article to dwell on the details of Max Nordau's work. We began by saying that the effort to make physiology teach the race rules, of something approximating to exactitude, for its conduct through life, was the great endeavor of this century. In Comte it is present in the embryo; it

develops under cover of the Darwinian theories of heredity, and of the survival of the fittest; in Herbert Spencer it advances, such weight does he lay upon the need of physiological knowledge in a complete and rational education, to a clearer consciousness. Any system of education fit to train men for the tasks of self-preservation, of acquisition of the means of subsistence, of social adaptation, and of intelligent propagation of the best in themselves to their offspring, Herbert Spencer has declared impossible unless it have a basis in psychology. But psychology, even within twenty years, has undergone complete transformation. It hazards nothing now without firm physiological ground beneath it. To this ever greater prominence attained by physiology we have already seen how much Morel's degeneration theory has contributed. That we shall ever deduce a precise science of morality from all the physiological learning we can acquire, presumably even the hottest adherents of the new criticism do not believe. To read aright the fearfully and wonderfully complex workings of cells and nerves and organs, we should need to know all the mysteries of biology. Were biology and physiology exact sciences, we might have a science of sociology; a science of ethics; finally, a science of aesthetics. But, as a French thinker has said, the completion of the sciences has never existed save in the head of Auguste Comte, "whose work is a prophecy." We may doubt whether it be even a prophecy. We may question whether an ethical code can ever be made other than relative. But advanced thought is, at least, convinced that the only thing likely to be even akin to an absolute one will be built up in accordance with such measure of enlightenment as we can get regarding the quality of the stimuli that, in human beings, produce psychic reactions of the right and healthy kind; otherwise, thoughts of the right and healthy kind. As we think, so is our life. And as these

stimuli operate, as they are received by organs, transmitted by cells and fibres, interpreted by centres, so do we think.

Average men and women will always, probably, object to diving into the depths of the machinery of consciousness, and it is by no means needful that they should have a taste for that occupation. A strictly empirical idea of the natural sequence of diseased physiological conditions and bad psychical states is quite enough. This, precisely, may be vividly awakened by such studies of the constitution of men of great talent or genius as scientists and vulgarizers of scientific truths are now attempting. When this much has been said for the work of Lombroso and Nordau, we come to a halt. He who should suppose that these labors bring us any nearer to an understanding of what genius is, and of the part it plays, the progress of the species, would make a great mistake. Yet Nordau claims the last, at least. In his estimation, genius may be a terrible curse to the race as well as a blessing, and it is always a curse when it is unhealthy. Every part, then, played by a degenerate genius lures our kind into byways of folly that keep it, for long spans of time, from the highroad of advancement. Now, who shall decide what is and what is not healthy genius? True it is that we have, in a very general, rough way, an idea of the matter that makes us class some great minds—Homer, Goethe, Shakespeare, Lessing, Cervantes, Racine, Tennyson, Raphael, Mozart—among the healthy; and some other minds—Schopenhauer, Leopardi, Shelley, Tasso, Rousseau, Dostoevsky, Dante Gabriel Rossetti—among the unhealthy. But it is a classification that will never stand a rigorously scientific inspection. It amounts to this, speaking loosely: that we divide genius into objective and subjective, and hold the objective to be healthier than the subjective, which, in the widest sense, it is. If Nordau wishes, with support of facts, to prove, however, that every influence exerted by a sub-

jective or (from his point of view) an unsane genius has eventually brought harm to the world, he will find himself embarrassed. Rousseau exhibited in his mental make-up and in his life all the perversions, abnormalities, and extremes of a "superior degenerate." He was, from a clinical point of view, a "beautiful case." Can it be said that the spirit he brought into modern life is therefore void of all good? Goethe had no sympathy with the Reformation. He thought it a reactionary blunder that threw the growing rationalism of enfranchised mind back into the fetters of theological superstition. Max Nordau would doubtless share this feeling, and lay stress, moreover, on the fact that Luther was a neuropath, subject to visual hallucinations. The liberty of conscience, the free expansion of individual judgment, which Nordau would celebrate, nevertheless, as the greatest gain of modern times, it might be as easy to show as flowing forth, in one of its sources, from the fanatical work of the neurotic monk. Influences, good and evil, are inextricably interwoven in the tissue of life. The threads cross and recross, and they are light or dark according to the standpoint of the onlooker, and to the changing shadow that falls upon the web. It is idle to maintain that the scientific student of history can point to this man of genius as having pushed on, to this other as having retarded, the race. At most, he can make a clear case of directly helpful genius for a Columbus, a Newton, a Galileo, a Gutenberg; for the explorers and discoverers who have widened the circle of man's knowledge of the external world, or placed within his hands the instruments for extending such knowledge farther. Once, however, he turns to the realm of abstract thought, and how shall he say what great mind has been the benefactor, what the disturber and destroyer there? If scientific study of history teaches anything, it teaches that we learn from our mistakes as much as from our acts of

wisdom. This wild scheme of a political genius, that crazy doctrine of a religious reformer, though productive of nothing immediately but confusion and obscurantism, may turn out, through some alchemy we know nothing of, to be as helpful as the calmly luminous inspiration of a Harvey discovering the circulation of the blood. Many old philosophies are childish, and we have outlived them; we should not have come to our better ones had we not gone through them; and it is not possible to assert that the work of the "mattoid" genius invariably throws the race backward and delays its progress. Psycho-physiology cannot prove that yet, because it knows nothing definite of the mysterious operations of the emotions; how they are started, how they stimulate volition or determine cognition. While, in the broadest way, it is certain that a man's work is a reflection of himself, and that the emotion it awakens in others will be decided by his own moral status, the matter is not always so simple. Werther predisposed more minds to suicidal mania than the works of the sickliest Romantics. The vigorous genius of Shakespeare produced, in Hamlet, a type which has become the ideal of half the neuropaths of to-day. Again, the influence exercised by the unwholesome genius may work harm to the weak, while it may steel the stronger, by arousing emotions of disgust and repulsion, to firmer resistance. And finally, there is in the really beautiful an unfathomed quality that elevates, and can do nothing else, no matter what its source. The perfect craftsman, when he brings forth a thing of perfect beauty, will always stand a chance of doing good, even though, as a man, his companionship would not be improving. A Benvenuto Cellini, vagabond and criminal, "superior degenerate," may chisel a cup that will mould the thoughts of thousands to honesty in work, to conscientious endeavor, to harmony, purity, nobility of life.

Lombroso is more in the right when

he refuses to determine which are the sane, and which the unsane, or the insane, geniuses. The predominant development of one faculty presupposes lapses, fissures, in the others. They are always found. He is more apt to be near the truth when he gives the brilliant degenerates among geniuses equal credit with the great men of more balanced faculties for advancing the species. They bring new elements into thought; they prepare changes, and change is our greatest means of cognition. German deduction may carry its votaries very far. It once carried Nordau¹ into classifying men of genius according to the predominance of the cogitational faculties over the emotional. A musician, a devotee of the art the most emotional, was at the bottom of the scale of geniuses. A ruler, a conqueror, one who handles men, in whom the will, the judgment, that which most separates a man from an animal, has unfolded most strongly, was at the top. But history, read by the physiological knowledge of to-day, does not uphold such arbitrary theories. The Alexanders, Cæsars, Mahometes, Napoleons, belonged mostly to the epileptoid family, as demonstrated by Lombroso, Bianchi, Tonnini. Their will and judgment were not, then, the proud freemen that they seemed, but often irresponsible slaves that obeyed the obscure impulses sent out by disordered organs. They could combine, foresee, strategize magnificently, once the impulse given, but that impulse eluded their control; they were under its emotional dominion, just as the hypnotized subject or the anarchist degenerate is under the spell of his "fixed idea."

We return to what we remarked before. The new criticism of genius does not lead us to understand the nature of genius, or its function, any better. It has another use. Great men are shining marks that rivet the eye; therefore excellent object lessons for that which Maudsley so urges, "a close and rigid

¹ Paradoxes, Leipsic, 1885.

study of individual psychology." By studying their psychosis, as it is, more or less successfully, laid bare, we may find our desire sharpened to study that of our ordinary selves. For this psycho-physiology of our ordinary selves is the great matter; is what the world needs, and is now in the way of getting, as never before. Close and rigid study of individual psychology is not alone indispensable to the criminologist, the specialist in nervous diseases, who aims at a thorough understanding of some particular case before him. The "psychology of crowds," which has recently begun to enlist the attention of Italian and French psychophysiologists, is destined, haply, to throw a great deal of light on the far-reaching results of every personal state of mind; on the manner in which we all, morally, hang together. The whole practical importance of the physiology of the day lies in this: that each one of us may be led to see that he may have contributed, that he may be contributing, to form a psychic atmosphere in which crimes or misdemeanors he abhors can take root and flourish. A French writer¹ has pointed this out clearly, in treating of one of the great psychic diseases of the time: "One may reasonably ask one's self if anarchy, or the absence of all rule, be not proclaimed by a few because it crops out of our entire organization, out of the contradictions of our public conscience; and if it be not manifested in the latter because each one of us first bears it about within himself. . . . We may have arrived at the recognition that anarchy

is socially unrealizable, . . . an outright malady of the judgment. But it will not be trouble taken in vain to bring some few minds, and those particularly who talk of summarily cutting this noxious growth away, to ask themselves if its living roots are not being nourished within themselves."

What "tone," stable or unstable, of the organization characterized those members of their ancestry whose influence is nearest, what corresponding tone they personally were liable to have been born with, what effect on this tone a given environment is found to have had, — these are questions which parents and teachers are unmistakably now called upon to consider. The pattern upon which they model the growing human material in their charge will be conditioned by the intelligence or unintelligence of the view they have acquired of their own personality. What applies to parents and teachers applies with but little less directness to every member of society, whose thoughts, whose actions, orderly and governed by knowledge, or chaotic, anarchic, are carried farther, transmitted on every side, transformed infinitely according to the media through which they pass.

This empirical application, then, of a few physiological and psychological data, ascertainable about ourselves, to our conduct and our attitude toward society, is what the new criticism of genius helps us to. We may hope, perhaps, that the physiological dilutions of fashionable current fiction may help the mass of readers, who are void of curiosity for scientific inquiry, to a semblance of the same thing.

Aline Gorren.

¹ Paul Desjardins, *L'Idée Anarchiste*, Revue Bleue, December 23, 1893.

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WALTER PATER.

I FIRST met Walter Pater fourteen years ago, at the house of Mr. George T. Robinson in Gower Street, at that time a meeting-place for poets, novelists, dramatists, writers of all kinds, painters, sculptors, musicians, and all manner of folk, pilgrims from or to the only veritable Bohemia. The host and hostess had the rare faculty of keeping as well as of winning friends, and were held in affectionate esteem by all who knew them; but the delightfully promiscuous gatherings, where all amalgamated so well, were due in great part to the brilliant young scholar-poet, Miss A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Darmesteter), and to her sister, now the well-known novelist, Miss Mabel Robinson. Among the many avocations into which Miss Mary Robinson allowed herself to be allured from her true vocation was that of *soror consolatrix* to all young fellow-poets in difficulty or distress; and of these, none had better cause to realize her goodness of heart and illumining sympathy than the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston. In 1880 and 1881, it was rare that a week elapsed throughout nine months of the year when Miss Robinson did not give up at least an hour or two one afternoon for reading to and talking with the friend whom she so much admired and so much pitied. It was within a week after Dante Gabriel Rossetti had sent me with a special letter of introduction to Marston that he, in turn, took me to the house of the only friend in London who in any adequate degree filled for him the void created by the loss of his comrade, Oliver Madox Brown; and though I went with pleasure, having read with keen appreciation *A Handful of Honeysuckle*, I had no idea how much, and in how many ways, my entry into that friendly circle was to mean to me.

One afternoon, Philip Marston surprised me with the suggestion that we should make a formal call at Gower Street. As he had been there, and I with him, for a long "confab," the previous day, and as I knew his dislike of "afternoons," there seemed something perverse in his proposal; but when he added oracularly, "Do come; you won't regret it," there was nothing more to be said. When we entered the drawing-room, at that happy moment when the last day-dusk and the fire-glow are unintruded by any more garish light, I saw that there were a few visitors, all common acquaintances with one exception. The exception was a man of medium height, rather heavily built, with a peculiar though slight stoop. His face was pale, and perhaps a dark and very thick mustache made it seem even more so. There was a singular impassiveness about him, which I noted with vague interest, — aroused, I remember, because of what appeared to me a remarkable resemblance to Bismarck, or rather to a possible Bismarck, a Bismarck who had ceased to be a *Junker*, and had become a dreamer and profound student. He stood by the piano, listening to something said, laughingly, by Miss Robinson, though his face had not even that grave smile that afterwards became so familiar to me, and his eyes were fixed steadfastly on the fire. The glow fell right across them, and I could see how deep-set they were, and of what a peculiar gray; a variable hue, but wherein the inner light was always vivid, and sometimes strangely keen and penetrating. With one hand he stroked a long-haired cat that had furtively crept towards him, along the piano, from a high chair at the narrow end.

When he spoke I could not distinguish what he said, but I was aware of

a low, pleasant voice, altogether unbismarckian. I heard Miss Robinson say something about Philip Marston; but, with the abruptness which later I found to be characteristic, her companion shook hands with her and his hostess and bade them good-by. As he neared the door he passed Marston and myself. He did not look in our direction, yet he had hardly gained the threshold before he turned, came to Marston's side, and, taking his hand in his, pressed it cordially, saying: "I am very glad to meet you. Your poetry has given me great pleasure." Then, with the same quiet abruptness with which he had left Miss Robinson, he made his way from the room.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"It must be Walter Pater," replied Marston, almost in a whisper, for he did not know whether the visitor was still near, or in the room at all.

"Surely not," I urged, having in mind a description of the author of the book that was a kind of gospel of joy to me, — a description ludicrously inexact and inapt, though given by a member of the college of which Mr. Pater was a Fellow.

"Yes, it must have been Pater. I knew he was to be here. That was why I urged you to come. If only we'd come earlier we might have met him properly. I know every other voice in the room; and I am sure *that* was no other than the voice of Mr. Rose."

This allusion to Mr. Mallock's parody was apt to irritate me then, and I was about to jump to that red rag when Miss Robinson came up, seriously reproachful because of the lateness of our arrival. But when she saw how sorry I was not even to have known whom I was looking at, she promised that a more fortunate opportunity should soon occur.

Three days later I received an invitation to dine with my friends in Gower Street, with those welcome words added, "to meet Mr. Walter Pater."

On the second occasion, I saw Mr. Pater in a different aspect. He was suave, polite, with that courteous deference he showed to the young as well as to his equals and elders. I have never forgotten my first impression of him, when he appeared in that austere if not almost sombre aspect which, though more rarely seen, was as characteristic as the reserved cordiality which won him so many friends.

Even at that early period of our acquaintance I noticed how swiftly responsive he was to youth as youth. When he spoke to one of the daughters of his hostess, or to any young man or woman, his face grew more winsome, and a serene, almost a blithe light came into his eyes. He looked so alert, standing by a tall lamp which gave a warmer glow to his complexion than its wont, that he seemed hardly the same man I had met before. I remember the attitude and look well, for it flashed upon me that I had seen, in an old city of Brabant, a portrait of a Flemish gentleman which, but for the accidental differences in dress and the ornamentation of the lamp, might have been painted from him there and then. I suppose he noted my intent look, for, though we had not yet been introduced, he came over to me, held out his hand, and asked how Philip Marston was, saying that he was glad to see him the other day. I was, of course, surprised that he had recognized me; for, as I have said, so far as I was aware he had not looked our way, on the afternoon in question, until he made his abrupt and brief advance to Marston. Gravely smiling, and with eyes filled with a kind and friendly light, he added: "I recognized you at once. I am accustomed to seeing, and noting, young faces; and when once I note, I never forget. But not only do I recognize you; I know who you are."

At this complimentary remark my heart sank, for at that time I was absolutely unknown as a writer, and was

sure that nothing of my youthful scribbling could have come to Mr. Pater's knowledge, or, having come, could have attracted his attention. I feared, therefore, he had mistaken me for some notable young poet or novelist, and that when he learned I was a "nobody" his interest would be less cordial. But his ensuing words set me at ease. This meeting happened at a time when I had begun to see a good deal of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, then so much a recluse that almost no strangers, and few even of friends and acquaintances, penetrated the isolation in which he lived.

With a kind touch on my shoulder he repeated my name, and then asked about Rossetti, and told me that after dinner he wanted to have a chat with me about the poet-painter, "the greatest man we have among us, in point of influence upon poetry, and perhaps painting."

I had been told that Walter Pater was too reticent, too reserved, perhaps too self-absorbed to be a good or even an interesting conversationalist at a dinner party. Then, and later, I had opportunity to note that if he was self-absorbed he did not betray it, and that he was neither reserved in manner nor reticent of speech. That evening he was possessed by a happy gaiety. Humor was never Pater's strong point, but on that occasion he was both humorous and witty, though with the quiet wit and humor of the Hollander rather than of the Frenchman. From the first, I never took Walter Pater for an Englishman. In appearance, in manner, he suggested the Fleming or the Hollander; in the mien and carriage of his mind, so to say, he was a Frenchman of that old northern type which had its meditative and quiet extreme in Maurice de Guérin, and its intensely actual extreme in Guy de Maupassant. Neither mentally nor physically could I discern anything British in him, save in his appreciations; and he had traits which affiliated him to those old Huguenot bearers of his name who

no doubt had a strong Flenish strain in their French blood.

After the ladies had gone, we found ourselves next each other. At once he began to speak to me about Rossetti, asking first many questions as to his health, his way of life, and what he was doing with brush and pen.

"Of the six men now living," he said, "who are certain to be famous in days to come,—Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, and Swinburne,—one is, in my judgment, the most significant as well as the most fascinating. Of these, Ruskin has had by far the most influence over the sentiment of people; Arnold has exercised the most potent influence on intellectual manners, and probably on intellectual method; and Tennyson has imposed a new and exigent conception of poetic art, and has profoundly affected the technique not only of contemporary poetry, but of that which is yet unwritten. As for Browning, he is, and perhaps long will be, the greatest stimulus to hopeful endeavor. He is the finest representative of workable optimism whom England has given us. I am convinced that hundreds of people who delight in his writings are primarily attracted by his robust, happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well-met attitude towards what he himself prefers to call Providence, and to the tragic uncertainties and certain tragicities of life. How often one hears the remark, given with conclusive emphasis, 'Ah, but how hopeful he is of every one and everything!' No one can admire Browning at his best more than I do; but I do not think his genius is so wedded to his conscious and often tyrannical optimism as is commonly supposed."

"Then Robert Browning is not the one of the six to whom you refer so specially?"

"No; certainly not. Browning is a great poet, perhaps a greater than any of us know. Unquestionably, he, and he

only, can be thought of as the successor to the Laureateship, if, as is likely, he survive Tennyson. I think of him sometimes as a superb god of poetry, so proudly heedless or reckless that he never notices the loss of his winged sandals, and that he is stumbling clumsily where he might well lightly be lifting his steps against the sunway where his eyes are set. But I do think he will be much read in the future, as he is now, chiefly as a stimulant to high-heartedness, to high hope and a robust self-assurance. I remember Matthew Arnold saying that he would admire Browning still more but for his depressing optimism. — of Balliol, who had never met Browning, was wont to say that the poet must be, or have been, a very unhappy man. 'Such a robust flouting of probabilities,' he would urge, 'could be due only to the inevitable law of reaction, — the same that made Keats enjoy a beefsteak after the most sentimental deliverances in Endymion, or that made Byron go off with La Guiccioli after he had extolled the beauty of virtue.' But this attitude towards Browning is rare. To most people he is an inexhaustible spring of hope. And hope, I need hardly say, is to most people more vitally near and dear than poetry; or, if you will, let me say that it is poetry, the poetry many of us can feel in the twilight rather than in any poem, or in the day, at daybreak or sunset, rather than in any painting by old master or new."

"Then was your particular allusion to Rossetti?"

"Yes. To my mind he is the most significant man among us. More torches will be lit from his flame — or from torches lit at his flame — than perhaps even enthusiasts like yourself imagine."

At this point a well-known critic intervened, with somewhat obtrusive asperity, to the effect that Arnold would be read when Rossetti was forgotten, that Browning would be read when Arnold was forgotten, and that Tennyson would

still be familiar to all lovers of poetry when Browning would be known only of students and readers curious in past vogues and ideals.

Pater did not often laugh, but when he did it was always with a catching geniality. His laugh at this juncture prevented a heated argument, and enabled him to waive the subject without any appearance of discourtesy. Smilingly he remarked: "We have all drifted into the Future. Posthumous conversation is unsatisfactory. Besides, prophets never think much of other people's prophecies. Talking of prophets, how delightfully cocksure Arnold is when he is in the grand vein, as in that last paper of his! Do you not think?" — And so the breakers were safely weathered, and "the wide vague" safely gained again.

Before we parted that night, Walter Pater had made me promise to visit him in Oxford, — a promise given only too gladly, though without an over-sanguine hope of its fulfillment, a possibility that at that time seemed too good to be realizable. I could not then understand why Pater should take so genuine an interest in a young man who had "done nothing," and of whose possibilities he knew little save by vague and friendly hearsay; but later I understood better. I was young and full of hope and eager energy, and had traveled much and far, and experienced not a few strange vicissitudes. This of itself was enough to interest Pater; indeed, I have known him profoundly interested in an undergraduate simply because the young man was joyously youthful, and had an Etonian reputation as a daredevil scapegrace. Shortly before I first came to London, in 1879, I had returned from a long and eventful voyage in the Pacific and Antarctic; and on that first night, and on many nights thereafter, it seemed to give my new and much-revered friend a singular pleasure to listen to my haphazard narrative of strange sights I had seen and experiences I had undergone. The reason of this

extreme interest in all youthful, unconventional, or unusual life was that Pater himself had never been joyously young, and that he lacked the inborn need as well as the physical energy for adventurous life, whether upon the cricket-field and the river, or on the high seas and in remote lands.

My first visit to Walter Pater was my first visit to Oxford. I leave to enthusiasts for that fair city of towers and spires, who may also be admirers of one of the worthiest of her sons, to imagine with what eager pleasure I went, with what keen pleasure I drank deep during a few happy days at this new fount, so full of fresh and delightful fascination.

Mr. Pater then lived, with his two sisters, in a pretty house a short way out of the actual town. He had, beside, his Fellow's rooms at Brasenose, where sometimes he preferred to stay when much preoccupied with his work, and where occasionally he put up an invited guest. I came to know these rooms well later, but I have not forgotten my first impression of them. The sitting-room, or study, was in a projection of Brasenose, looking out upon the picturesque, narrow public way. There was a snug, inset, cushioned corner, much loved and frequented by its owner, — always thereafter to me a haunted corner in a haunted room. My first impression then of the *tout-ensemble* was of its delicate austerity. There was a quiet simplicity everywhere, eminently characteristic of the dweller; but one could see at a glance that this austerity was due to an impeccable refinement, to a scrupulous selection. There were low-set bookshelves, filled with volumes which were the quintessential part of the library Pater might have had if he had cared for the mere accumulation of books. Most of them were the Greek and Latin classics, German and French works on æsthetics, and the treasures of French and English imaginative literature. To my surprise, I

noticed, in one section, several volumes of distinctly minor contemporary poetry; but these proved to be presentation copies, for which Pater always had a tender heart. "To part with a book containing an inscription of personal regard, affection, or homage," he said to me once, "is to me like throwing on to the high-road rare blooms brought from a distance by kind or loving friends."

While I was examining some of these volumes, that evening, he took a leather portfolio from a cabinet.

"Here is what delights me. This portfolio contains only manuscript poems. Some are manuscript copies of poems that the world already possesses; others are copies of verses which are to appear in due course; and a few are the actual originals, in even the most immature of which I have a rare pleasure. If it were practicable, I would read all poetry, for the first time, in the handwriting of the poet. There is always, to me, an added charm when I can do so, an atmosphere. The poem gains, and my insight or sympathy is swifter and surer. I am conscious of this also in prose, though perhaps not so keenly, and certainly not so frequently. Of course there is one exception, — every one, surely, must feel the same here; that is, in the instance of letters. Imagine the pleasure of reading the intimate letters of Michael Angelo, of Giorgione, of Lionardo, of Dante, of Spenser, of Shakespeare, of Goethe, in the originals! It would be like looking on a landscape in clear sunlight or moonlight, after having viewed it only through mist or haze."

"Several young writers," he continued, "have sent their manuscript to me to look over; and at this moment I have two small manuscript books by undergraduates of exceptional promise. But I will show you what will interest you more. Here is a copy of *The Sea-Limits* in Rossetti's own writing. He made the copy at a friend's request. Here is a page of *Atalanta* in Calydon, which

was given to me as the original, though very likely it is only a copy made by Swinburne. I must find out from him some day. Matthew Arnold gave me this original, or first copy, of the first three stanzas of his *Morality*. All these others, here, are autograph poems, or part poems, or prose passages, by Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Meredith, Victor Hugo; though, alas, few of these are my own, but have been lent to me. Even this vicarious ownership is a joy."

I asked him if he had ever written verse himself. He said he had, and that before his twenty-fifth year he had written a good deal in verse, and had made many metrical translations from the Greek anthology, from Goethe, and from Alfred de Musset and other French poets.

"At twenty-five I destroyed all, or nearly all,—everything in verse which had survived. In none of my original efforts was there any distinction. Not one had that atmosphere of its own which there is no mistaking. But I learned much through the writing of verse, and still more through metrical translation. I have great faith in scrupulous and sympathetic translation as a training in English composition. At one time I was in the habit of translating a page from some ancient or modern prose writer every day: Tacitus or Livy, Plato or Aristotle, Goethe or Lessing or Winckelmann, and once, month after month, Flaubert and Sainte-Beuve."

But though the books in Walter Pater's rooms were a special attraction, the first thing to catch the eye was a large and fine *alto-rilievo*, a Madonna by Luca della Robbia, the exquisite delicacy and soft cream-white tone of which not only harmonized with, but seemed to focus the other things in the room,—the few etchings against the dull yellow wall-paper, one or two old Italian bronze ornaments that caught the sheen of sunlight or lamp-light, a low, wide piece of Wedgewood full of white flowers, a slim gold-brown

vase on the broad sill, containing wall-flowers, or flowering lavender, or chrysanthemums, or winter aconites, as the season went.

The afternoon sunlight pervaded the room with a quiet beauty. The interior looked to me like an old picture, with something of the home charm of the finest Dutch art, and more of the remote grace, the haven-like serenity, so beloved of the early Italians. I noticed a long ray of sunlight slant across the flowers and waver into a shadowy corner, where it moved like a golden finger, and seemed to point out or lead forth unexpected vagaries of light and shade. When I glanced at my companion, I saw that his gaze was arrested by the same vagrant sunbeam. He began to speak in a low voice about gold: the gold of nature; above all, the chemic action of 'golden light; and how it was "the primary color of delight" throughout nature and in nearly all art.

"Through all writing, too, that is rare and distinctive and beautiful," he said, "there is a golden thread. Perhaps the most skillful weavers are those who so disguise it in the web that its charm is felt though its presence is undetected, or at least unobtruded."

Later, when the lamp was lit, he read, at my request, the revised version of his then unpublished (in book form) essay, entitled *The School of Giorgione*: chosen because of the allusions in it to that very alchemy of gold light of which he had spoken: "*coloring*, that weaving as of just perceptible gold threads of light through the dress, the flesh, the atmosphere, in Titian's *Lace-Girl*,—the staining of the whole fabric of the thing with a new, delightful physical quality; "the accidental play of sunlight and shadow for a moment on the wall or floor;" "this particular effect of light, this sudden inweaving of gold thread through the texture of the haystack, and the poplars, and the grass." "Only, in Italy all natural things are, as

it were, woven through and through with gold thread, even the cypress revealing it among the folds of its blackness. And it is with gold dust, or gold thread, that these Venetian painters seem to work, spinning its fine filaments through the solemn human flesh, away into the white plastered walls of the thatched huts."

How well I remember that first lesson in the way rightly to apprehend art; how "to estimate the degree in which a given work of art fulfills its responsibilities to its special material; to note in a picture that true pictorial charm, which is neither a mere poetical thought or sentiment on the one hand, nor a mere result of communicable technical skill in color or design on the other; to define in a poem that true poetical quality, which is neither descriptive nor meditative merely, but comes of an inventive handling of rhythmical language, — the element of song in the singing; to note in music the musical charm, — that essential music, which presents no words, no definable matter of sentiment or thought, separable from the special form in which it is conveyed to us."

When he read, Pater spoke in a low voice, rather hesitatingly at first, and sometimes almost constrainedly. Soon, however, he became absorbed; then his face would light up as with an inner glow, he would lean forward, and though his voice neither quickened nor intensified there was in it a new vibration. Occasionally, he would move his right hand slowly, with an undulating motion.

For three or four days he was my guide in Oxford, but my happiest recollections are of our walks in Christ Church meadows and by the banks of the Cherwell. He walked heavily, and, particularly when tired, with a halting step that suggested partial lameness. He was singularly observant of certain natural objects, aspects, and conditions, more especially of the movement of light in grass and among leaves, of all fragrances, of flowing water; but with this he was, I

presume willfully, blind to human passers-by. Often I have seen some fellow-don wave a greeting to him, which either he did not see or pretended not to see, and it was rare that his eyes rested on any undergraduate who saluted him, unless the evasion would be too obviously discourteous. On the other hand, he would now and again go out of his way to hail and speak cordially to some young fellow in whom he felt a genuine interest.

Although I saw Walter Pater occasionally after this date, I did not stay with him again in Oxford until the late spring of 1884. In the autumn of 1882, I wrote to him telling him that I believed I had discovered and recovered each article he had published, and had had them separately bound; and at the same time eagerly urged upon him that the time had come when he should no longer delay the collection in book form of these essays on literature and art. At the date in question, I was writing that chapter in my *Record of Dante Gabriel Rossetti* which deals with his prose, and had made particular allusion to and quotation from Pater, — an unimportant fact which I appear to have considered worthy of communication to him. On November 5, he wrote with over-generous words of praise, as was his kindly wont with young writers (beginning informally, and adding, "I think we have known each other long enough to drop the 'Mr.'"): —

2 BRADMORE ROAD, OXFORD,
November 5, 1882.

... I read your letter with great pleasure, and thank you very much for it. Your friendly interest in my various essays I value highly. I have really worked hard for now many years at these prose essays, and it is a real encouragement to hear such good things said of them by the strongest and most original of young English poets. It will be a singular pleasure to me to be con-

nected, in a sense, in your book on Rossetti, with one I admired so greatly. I wish the book all the success both the subject and the writer deserve.

You encourage me to do what I have sometimes thought of doing, when I have got on a little further with the work I have actually on hand, namely, to complete the various series of which the papers I have printed in the *Fortnightly*, etc., are parts. The list you sent me is complete with the exception of an article on Coleridge in the *Westminster* of January, 1866, with much of which, both as to matter and manner, I should now be greatly dissatisfied. That article is concerned with S. T. C.'s prose; but, corrected, might be put alongside of the criticism on his verse which I made for *Ward's English Poets*. I can only say that should you finish the paper you speak of on these essays, your critical approval will be of great service to me with the reading public.

As to the paper on *Giorgione* which I read to you in manuscript, I find I have by me a second copy of the proof, which I have revised and send by this post, and hope you will kindly accept. It was reprinted some time ago, when I thought of collecting that and other papers into a volume. I am pleased to hear that you remember with so much pleasure your visit to Oxford, and hope you will come for a longer stay in term time early next year.

At the end of this month I hope to leave for seven weeks in Italy, chiefly at Rome, where I have never yet been. We went to Cornwall for our summer holiday; but though that country is certainly very singular and beautiful, I found there not a tithe of the stimulus to one's imagination which I have sometimes experienced in quite unrenowned places abroad. . . .

The copy of the *Giorgione* essay alluded to in this letter was one of several essays printed at the Clarendon Press in

Oxford at Pater's own cost. I asked him once why, particularly as his was so clear and beautiful a handwriting, he went to this heavy expense when he did not mean to publish (and in some instances the type was distributed after a few copies had been printed); to which he replied that though he could, and did, revise often and scrupulously in manuscript, he could never adequately disengage his material from the intellectual light in which it had been conceived, until he saw it in the vivid and unsparing actuality of type. This copy, besides its autograph inscription and textual corrections, bears the circular stamp of the Clarendon Press, 12th of November, 1878; so it was printed three years before I heard it from manuscript, and more than ten years before it was published in book form along with other papers. As its pagination is from page 157 to page 184, its author must have had quite a large volume printed at the Clarendon Press.

Much as I value this early *Giorgione* copy, and *The Child of the House*, and each of the books given me on publication, my chief treasure is the bound copy of the proofs of *Marius the Epicurean*. I had these proofs for some weeks before publication, and so had the additional pleasure of a thorough familiarity with one of the finest, and perhaps the most distinctive of the prose works of the Victorian era, before the less fortunate public knew anything of it. *Marius* had been begun, and in part written, long before Walter Pater went to Rome, in 1882, for the first time; but it was not till the summer of 1883 that he wrote it as it now stands, — wrote and rewrote, with infinite loving care for every idea, for every phrase, for each sentence, each epithet, each little word or mark of punctuation.

One of the earliest reviews of *Marius the Epicurean* was that which appeared in *The Athenæum* as the leading article, some seven to eight columns in length.

Besides this, I wrote also a longer article upon the book in the now defunct magazine, *Time*. My *Athenæum* review appeared on the last day of February, and on March 1 Pater wrote as follows:—

2 BRADMORE ROAD, OXFORD.

... I have read your article in *The Athenæum* with very real pleasure; feeling criticism at once so independent and so sympathetic to be a reward for all the long labors the book has cost me. You seem to me to have struck a note of criticism not merely pleasant, but judicious; and there are one or two important points—literary ones—on which you have said precisely what I should have wished, and thought it important for me to have said. I thank you sincerely for your friendly work; also for your letter [about *Marius*], and the other article, which I shall look forward to, and greatly value. I was much pleased, also, that Mrs. Sharp had been so much interested in my writing. It is always a sign to me that I have to some extent succeeded in my literary aim when I gain the approval of accomplished women.

I should be glad, and feel it a great compliment, to have *Marius* translated into German, on whatever terms your friend likes; provided, of course, that Macmillan approves. I will ask him his views on this point.

As regards the ethical drift of *Marius*, I should like to talk to you, if you were here. I *did* mean it to be more anti-Epicurean than it has struck you as being. In one way, however, I am glad that you have mistaken me a little on this point, as I had some fears that I might seem to be pleading for a formal thesis of "*parti pris*." Be assured how cheering your praise—praise from so genuine and accomplished a fellow-workman—has been to me. Such recognition is especially a help to one whose work is so exclusively personal and solitary as the kind of literary work which I feel I can do best must be. . . .

From a later passage in this letter—ultimately of so purely personal an interest that its reproduction here would be unwarrantable—it is evident that Pater had carefully read through the book after its publication, to find his fastidious taste offended by one or two little flaws. For, not content with the revised proofs he had given me, he wrote, "I have told the Macmillans to send you a properly bound copy of *Marius*, with only a few misprints."

When I went to stay with him in the late spring of 1884, when Oxford was looking its loveliest, we had many long talks about *Marius* and the new Cyrenaicism, and on all implied in what it has become the vogue to call the new Hedonism.

More and more Walter Pater sought a rarer atmosphere of beauty,—outward beauty, and the beauty of the inner life. His ideals of conduct were Spartan rather than what is so loosely called Epicurean: austerity in clear, lucid, wind-swept thought; austerity in the expression of that thought, even when wrought by it to the white heat of creative emotion, but an austerity that came from the reserve force of perfect and scrupulous mastery, and from no timidity or coldness or sterility of deep feeling; and austerity in life.

How well I remember one evening in the meadows by the Cherwell! It was a still, golden sunset. Already the dew had begun to fall, and the air was heavy with the almost too poignant fragrance of the meadowsweet. I had made a remark about the way some people were haunted by dream-fragrances, and instanced queen-of-the-meadow, as we call it in Scotland, in my own case. Pater replied that certain flowers affected his imagination so keenly that he could not smell them with pleasure; and that while the white jonquil, the gardenia, and the syringa actually gave him pain, the meadowsweet generally gave him a sudden fugitive sense of distant pastures,

and twilight eves, and remote scattered hamlets.

"On an evening like this," he added, "there is too much of it. It is the fault of nature in England that she runs too much to excess. Well, after all, that is a foolish thing to say. There is always something supremely certain about nature's waywardness."

"You remember Blake, — 'The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom'?"

"Yes; it is a notable saying, and, like most kindred sayings, is probably half true, though I doubt if in this instance more than partially, or only very occasionally true. Talking of Blake, I never repeat to myself, without a strange and almost terrifying sensation of isolation and long weariness, that couplet of his:

'Ah, sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun.'

This led on to my asking him what were his favorite *intimate* passages. I have forgotten, or do not remember with sufficient exactness to record them, what he gave; though I recollect that he placed foremost that noble maxim from Plato: "*Honor the soul; for each man's soul changes, according to the nature of his deeds, for better or worse.*"

Every great writer, he said, had serviceable apothegms on the conduct of art as well as the conduct of life. At that time he was re-reading some of the chief books of two great novelists, more radically than merely racially distinct, Balzac and George Eliot. I asked which writer he found the more stimulating, the more suggestive, the more interesting. Balzac, he replied, he found more interesting, though he thought George Eliot the more suggestive. "But of neither would I speak as stimulating." "Balzac," he resumed, "is full of good things, things well said and worth daily remembrance, as for example this: 'Le travail constant est la loi de l'art comme celle de la vie.'"

"A little while ago you said," I inter-

polated, "that Keats was unquestionably right when he wrote that Invention was the pole-star of Poetry. Would you say the same in the instance of every other art?"

"No doubt, no doubt; only one must be sure one knows exactly what one means by Invention. An admirable French critic has said this for us: 'L'Invention, qualité première et base de toutes les autres, dans les opérations des beaux-arts.' And by the way, bear this, from the same source, ever in mind: 'Il y a dans la composition deux écueils à éviter, *le trop peu d'art, et le trop d'art.*'"

It was on this occasion, also, I remember, that, on my asking him what he, personally, considered the most memorable passage in George Eliot, he surprised me by saying, after a brief while for reflection, that it was the remark put into Piero di Cosimo's mouth, in *Romola*: "The only passionate life is in form and color."

His interest in Piero di Cosimo, and Bazzi, and a few other rare and distinctive figures of mediæval Italy, was, I may add, singularly keen. There were two strangenesses, if I may use the word, which always appealed to him strongly: the strangeness that lies in familiarity, and the strangeness of the unusual, the remote, the mysterious, the wild. He loved the vicarious life. His own was serenely quiet and uneventful, but he thrilled with excitement when a foreign element, of altogether alien circumstance, entered it, whether this intruder was a living person or only a mental actuality. He was like those early Italian or Flemish painters of whom he speaks in one of his essays, "who, just because their minds were full of heavenly visions, passed, some of them, the better part of sixty years in quiet, systematic industry." As he says of Wordsworth, "there was in his own character a certain contentment, a sort of religious placidity, seldom found united with a sensibility like

his. . . . His life is not divided by profoundly felt incidents; its changes are almost wholly inward, and it falls into broad, untroubled spaces. This placid life matured in him an unusual, innate sensibility to natural sights and sounds, the flower and its shadow on the stone, the cuckoo and its echo."

It is his apprehension of, his insight into, this subtle, profoundly intimate second-life in every manifestation of human life and nature, of the warm shadow as well as of the sunlit flower, of the wandering voice as well as of the spring harbinger, that is one secret of the immediate appeal of Walter Pater's work to all who not only love what is beautiful, wheresoever and howsoever embodied, but also, as a Celtic saying has it, "look at the thing that is behind the thing."

An apprehension, an insight in some degree akin, must be in the reader who would understand Walter Pater the man as well as Walter Pater the writer and thinker. There are few more autobiographical writers, though almost nowhere does he openly limn autobiographical details. Only those lovers of his work who have read, and read closely, lovingly, and intimately, all he has written, can understand the man. He is one of those authors of whom there can never be any biography away from his writings. The real man is a very different one from the Mr. Rose of *The New Republic*, from "the mere conjurer of words and phrases" of Mr. Freeman, from "the demoralizing moralizer" of the late Master of Balliol, from "the preacher of a remote and exclusive æstheticism" of those who seldom read and never understood him, from the sophisticated, cold, and humanly indifferent exponent or advocate of "art for art's sake alone." In no writer of our time is there more tenderness; more loving heed of human struggle, aspiration, failure, heroic effort, high achievement; more profound understanding of "the

thing that is behind the thing;" above all, a keener, a more alive, a more swift and comprehensive sympathy. If those who have read one or two of the purely art essays only will take up the paper on Charles Lamb or the deeply significant and penetrative study of Wordsworth (surely the most genuinely critical, the most sympathetic and rightly understanding, of all estimates of Wordsworth), they will speedily hear the heart-beat of one who was a man as other clean-hearted, clean-minded, clean-living men are, and a writer of supreme distinction only "by grace of God."

Though there are few so direct autobiographical indications as may be found in *The Child of the House* (essentially, and to some extent in actual detail, a record of the author's child-life), or as the statement in the Lamb essay that it was in a wood in the neighborhood of London that, as a child, he heard the cuckoo for the first time, the inner life of Walter Pater is written throughout each of his books, woven "like gold thread" through almost every page, though perhaps most closely and revealingly in *Marius the Epicurean*. That *Marius* is largely himself would be indubitable even were there no personal testimony to support the evidence. I remember, when he read *Marius* to me in manuscript, that the passage at page 136 (first edition), beginning, "It seemed at first as if his care for poetry had passed away . . . to be replaced by the literature of thought," was admitted by him to be — as again at pages 103, 169, and elsewhere — directly autobiographical. This is the passage wherein occur two phrases now famous: "a severe intellectual meditation, the salt of poetry," and "spontaneous surrender to the dominion of the outward impressions." He had the same horror of snakes and creeping things of which his young Epicurean was so painfully conscious. I remember one occasion when, at Oxford, a small party of us had gone down-

stream, to reach a wood of which Pater was fond in the first hot days of late spring. He was walking with my wife, when suddenly she saw him start, grow paler than his wont, and abruptly hurry forward with averted head. The cause of this perturbation was that, to the right of the pathway, a large "earth adder," or "slow-worm," lay dead or dying. This aversion was excited even by inanimate representations of snakes. Once, when he was visiting us in London, his gaze was attracted by the gleaming of the lamplight upon a circular ornament my wife wore round her neck. It was a flexible silver serpent, made of over a thousand little silver scales, the work of a Florentine mechanic, which I had brought home from Italy. In response to his inquiry, she unloosed it and handed it to him; but as she did so, it writhed about her arm as though alive. Pater drew back, startled, nor would he touch or look at it, beautiful as the exquisitely minute workmanship was; and indeed, so uneasy was he, so evidently perturbed that she should wear anything so "barbaric," that, laughingly, she agreed not to replace it, but safely to lock it up in its morocco case again.

Keenly, too, he had that vague dread of impending evil which perturbed Marius when, on his way to Rome, he climbed the gloomy, precipitous slopes of Urbs-Vetus; that "sense of some unexplored evil ever dogging his footsteps" (page 24); that "recurrent sense of some obscure danger beyond the mere danger of death, — vaguer than that, and by so much the more terrible" (page 124); that dread of which he writes (page 178), "His elaborate philosophy had not put beneath his feet the terror of mere bodily evil, much less of 'inexorable fate and the noise of greedy Acheron.' " He had a great dislike of walking along the base of dark and rugged slopes, or beneath any impendent rock. When, a few years ago, he came to reside for the most part in London, he hoped that this

apprehension would depart, or never be evoked. For a time, London gave him a fresh and pleasant stimulus; but later, it began to weary, to perturb, and at last to allure him into even deeper despondencies than his wont. It was with a welcome sense of home-coming, that, not long ago, he returned to Oxford as his permanent place of abode. But of his gloom, so far as his literary work is affected by it, the aptest thing that can be said is a passage in his own essay on Charles Lamb: "The gloom is always there, though restrained always in expression, and not always realized either for himself or his readers; and it gives to those lighter matters on the surface of life and literature, among which he for the most part moved, a wonderful play of expression, as if at any moment these light words and fancies might pierce very far into the deeper heart of things."

Aside from Marius, the Epicurean, there is a radical mistake on the part of those who affirm that Pater is, after all, but a subtle and seductive writer on art; meaning the arts of painting and sculpture. It is true that, from his first able essay, that on Winckelmann, to those on The School of Giorgione and The Marbles of Ægina, he is the profoundest, and generally the most trustworthy of art critics; but — and again, apart from the creative quality informing each of these essays, making them not only interpretations, but works of art — he is, of course, much more than this. His volume of studies of contemporary poetry and prose, and kindred themes, is alone sufficient to base an enduring reputation upon.

As of the brilliant Flavian who so won the heart of Marius when he left sea-girt Luna for Pisa, we might say of Walter Pater: "What care for style! What patience of execution! What research for the significant tones of ancient idiom, — *sonantia verba et antiqua!* What stately and regular word-building,

— *gravis et decora constructio!*” But, invariably, we have to note also that ever “the happy phrase or sentence is really modeled upon a cleanly finished structure of scrupulous thought.”

Nothing irritated Pater more than to be called a mere stylist. He was a thinker first, and a rare and distinguished stylist by virtue of his thought; for, after all, style is simply the rainbow light created by the thought, and is pure, transparent, precise, and beautiful, or is intermittent, incoherent, crudely interfused, even as is the thought.

Of his more directly or frankly imaginative work, his Imaginary Portraits, from the early Child of the House to the latest, the narrative of Emuald Uthwart, of Gaston de Latour, of Brother Apollyon, I have not now space to speak, nor indeed is this the occasion. But once again I must say that those who would know Walter Pater must read all he has written. In that serene, quiet, austere, yet passionate nature of his, so eminently Teutonic, so distinctively northern, there was, strange to say, a strain of Latin savagery. It found startling expression in the bloody tragedy of the sacrifice of Denys l'Auxerrois, and, in his latest published writing, in the strange and terrifying death of the boy Hyacinth.

Let me, rather, end this article — so slight and inadequate, I am painfully aware — with two noble passages, more truly characteristic of Walter Pater than any of the generally perverted art-for-art's-sake dicta so often quoted from his earlier writings, severed from their illuminating context. The first is that which concludes the earliest of his critical studies, that on Winckelmann: —

“And what does the spirit need in the face of modern life? The sense of freedom. That naïve, rough sense of freedom which supposes man's will to be limited, if at all, only by a will stronger than his, he can never have again. . . . The chief factor in the thoughts of the modern mind concerning itself is the in-

tricacy, the universality, of natural law, even in the moral order. For us, necessity is not, as of old, a sort of mythological personage without us, with whom we can do warfare; it is a magic web, woven through and through us, like that magnetic system of which modern science speaks, penetrating us with a network subtler than our subtlest nerves, yet bearing in it the central forces of the world. Can art represent men and women in these bewildering toils so as to give the spirit at least an equivalent for the sense of freedom? . . . Natural laws we shall never modify, embarrass us as they may; but there is still something in the nobler or less noble attitude with which we watch their fatal combinations. In the romances of Goethe and Victor Hugo, in some excellent work done *after* them, this entanglement, this network of law, becomes the tragic situation in which certain groups of noble men and women work out for themselves a supreme *dénouement*. Who, if he saw through all, would fret against the chain of circumstance which endows one at the end with those great experiences?”

As this is from the first, so let the second be from the last of those memorable critical studies, that on Style, written in 1888: —

“It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *Les Misérables*, the English Bible, are great art. Given the conditions I have tried to explain as constituting good art: then, if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or immediately, as with

Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art; if, over and above those qualities I summed up as mind and soul, — that color and mystic perfume, and

that reasonable structure, — it has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place in the great structure of human life."

William Sharp.

LITERARY LOVE-LETTERS: A MODERN ACCOUNT.

NO. I. INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY.

(Eastlake has renewed an episode of his past life. The formalities have been satisfied at a chance meeting, and he continues.)

. . . So your carnations lie over there, a bit beyond this page, in a confusion of manuscripts. Sweet source of this idle letter, and gentle memento of the house on Grant Street and of you! I fancy I catch their odor before it escapes generously into the vague darkness beyond my window. They whisper: "Be tender, be frank; recall to her mind what is precious in the past. For departed delights are rosy with deceitful hopes, and a woman's heart is heavy with living. We are the woman you once knew, but we are much more. We have learned new secrets, new emotions, new ambitions, in love, — we are fuller than before." So — for to-morrow they will be shriveled and lifeless — I take up their message to-night.

I see you now as this afternoon at the Goodriches', when you came in triumphantly to essay that hot room of stupid, restless folk. The new fad of the Goodriches had been puffing a love-song, and the crowd was clapping in an expected way. There you stood at the door, placing us; the roses, scattered in plutocratic profusion, had drooped their heads to our hot faces. We turned from the music to you. You knew it, and you were glad of it. You knew that they were busy about you, that you and your ami-

able hostess made an effective group at the head of the room. You scented their possible disapproval with zest, for you had so often mocked their good will with impunity that you were serenely confident of getting what you wanted. Did you want a lover? Not that I mean to offer myself in flesh and blood: God forbid that I should join the imploring procession, even at a respectful distance! My pen is at your service. I prefer to be your historian, your literary maid, half slave, half confidant; for then you will always welcome me. If I were a lover, I might some day be inopportune. That would not be pleasant.

Yes, they were chattering about you, especially around the table where the solid ladies of Chicago served iced drinks. I was sipping it all in with the punch, and looking at the pinks above the dark hair, and wondering if you found having your own way as good fun as when you were eighteen. You have gained, my dear lady, while I have been knocking about the world. You are now more than "sweet:" you are almost handsome. I suppose it is a question of lights and the time of day whether or not you are really brilliant. And you carry surety in your face. There is nothing in Chicago to phase you, perhaps not in the world.

She at the punch remarked, casually, to her of the sherbet: "I wonder when Miss Armstrong will settle matters with Lane? It is the best she can do now, though he is n't as well worth while as the man she threw over." And her

neighbor replied: "She might do worse than Lane. She could get more from him than the showy ones." So Lane is the name of the day. They have gauged you and put you down at Lane. I took an ice and waited, — but you will have to supply the details.

Meantime, you remember, they brought out that new *enfant terrible* madam inflicted upon us. He was dribbling notes, and they whispered about in awed fashion, "Only six years old; just watch his little fingers." But you sailed on with that same everlasting enthusiasm upon your face that I knew six years ago, until you spied me. How extremely natural you made your greeting! I confess I believed that I had lived for that smile six years, and suffered a bad noise for the sound of your voice. It seemed but a minute until we found ourselves almost alone with the solid women at the ices. Then you rustled off, and I believe I told Mrs. Goodrich that musicales were very nice, for they gave you a chance to talk. Madam the lion-hunter accepted anything. Forsooth, have I not written a book? And I went to the dressing-room, wondering why a Chicago grain-dealer needed a mediæval fort for his parties.

Then, then, dear pinks, you came sailing downstairs, peeping out from that bunch of lace. I loitered and spoke. Were the eyes green, or blue, or gray; ambition, or love, or indifference to the world? I was at my old puzzle again, while you unfastened the pinks, and, before the butler, who acquiesced at your frivolity in impertinent silence, you held them out to me. Only you know the preciousness of unsought-for favors. "Write me," you said; and I write.

What should man write about to you but of love and yourself? My pen, I see, has not lost its personal gait in running over the mill books. Perhaps it politely anticipates what is expected! So much the better, say I, for you expect what all men give, — love and devotion. You

would not know a man who could not love you. Your little world is a circle of possibilities. Let me explain. Each lover is a possible conception of life placed at a slightly different angle from his predecessor or successor. Within this circle you have turned and turned, until your head is a bit weary. But I stand outside and observe the whirligig. Shall I be drawn in? No, for I should become only a conventional interest. "If the salt," etc. I remember you once taught in a mission school.

The flowers will tell me no more! Next time give me a rose, — a huge, hybrid, opulent rose, the product of a dozen forcing processes, — and I will love you a new way. As the flowers say good-by, I will say good-night. Shall I burn them? No, for they would smoulder. To-morrow they would be wan. There! I have thrown them out wide into that gulf of a street twelve stories below. They will flutter down in the smoky darkness, and fall like a message from the land of the lotus-eaters upon a prosy wayfarer. And safe in my heart there lives that gracious picture of my lady as she stands above me and gives them to me. That is eternal; you and the pinks are but phantoms. Farewell!

NO. II. ACQUIESCENT AND ENCOURAGING.

(Miss Armstrong replies on a dull blue, canvas-textured page, over which her stub pen wanders in fashionable negligence. She arrives on the third page at the matter in hand.)

Ah, it was very sweet, your literary love-letter. Considerable style, as you would say, but too palpably artificial. If you want to deceive this woman, my dear sir trifler, you must disguise your mockery more artfully.

Why did n't I find you at the Kirkwoods'? I had Nettie send you a card. They have a "choicer lot" of our good people than the musical Mrs. Goodrich. If you are to get on and in here at Chi-

cago, you must be less supercilious and dainty, and improve your chances. A bit of advice, sir, in reply to your slurs! . . . Why will you always play with things? Perhaps you will say, because I am not worth serious moments. You play with everything, I believe, and that is banal. Ever sincerely,

EDITH ARMSTRONG.

NO. III. EXPLANATORY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIC.

(*Eastlake has the masculine fondness for seeing himself in the better.*)

I turned the Kirkwoods' card down, and for your sake, or rather for the sake of your memory. I preferred to sit here and dream about you in the midst of my chimney-pots and the dull March mists rather than to run the risk of another, and perhaps fatal impression. And so far as you are concerned your reproach is just. Do I "play with everything"? Perhaps I am afraid that it might play with me. Imagine frolicking with tigers, who might take you seriously, some day, as a tidbit for afternoon tea, — if you should confess that you were serious! That's the way I think of the world, or rather, your part of it. Surely it is a magnificent game, whose rules we learn completely just as our blood runs too slowly for active exercise. I like to break off a piece of its cake (or its rank cheese at times) and lug it away with me to my den up here for further examination. I think about it, I dream over it; yes, in a reflective fashion, I *feel*. It is a charming, experimental way of living.

Then, after the echo becomes faint and lifeless, or, if you prefer, the cheese too musty, I sally out once more to refresh my larder. You play also in your way, but not so intelligently (pardon me), for you deceive yourself from day to day that your particular object, your temporary mood, is the one eternal thing in life. After all, you have mastered but one trick, — the trick of being loved. With that trick you expect to take the

world; but alas! you capture only an old man's purse or a young man's passion.

Artificial, my letters, — yes, if you wish. I should say, not crude, matured, considered. I discuss the love you long to experience. I dangle it before your eyes as a bit of the drapery that goes to the ball of life. But when dawn almost comes and the ball is over, you must n't expect the paper roses to smell. This mystifies you a little, for you are a plain, downright siren. Your lovers' songs have been in simple measures. Well, the moral is this: take my love-letters as real in their way as the play, or rather, the opera; infinitely true for the moment, unreal for the hour, eternal as the dead passions of the ages. Further, it is better to feel the aromatic attributes of love than the dangerous or unlovely reality. You can flirt with number nine or marry number ten, but I shall be stored away in your drawer for a life.

You have carried me far afield, away from men and things. So, for a moment, I have stopped to listen to the hum of this chaotic city as it rises from Dearborn and State in the full blast of a commercial noon. You wonder why an unprofitable person like myself lives here, and not in an up-town club with my fellows. Ah, my dear lady, I wish to see the game always going on in its liveliest fashion. So I have made a den for myself, not under the eaves of a hotel, but on the roof, among the ventilators. Here I can see the clouds of steam and the perpetual pall of smoke below me. I can revel in gorgeous sunsets when the fiery light threads the smoke and the mists and the sodden clouds eastward over the lake. And at night I take my steamer chair to the battlements and peer over into a sea of lights below. As I sit writing to you, outside goes the click and rattle of the elevator gates and other distant noises of humanity. My echo comes directly enough; but it does not deafen me. Below there exists my barber, and further

down that black pit of an elevator lies lunch, or a cigar, or a possible cocktail, if the mental combination should prove unpleasant. Across the hall is Aladdin's lamp, otherwise my banker; and above all is Haroun al Raschid. Am I not wise? In the morning, if it is fair, I take a walk among the bulkheads on the roof, and watch the blue deception of the lake. Perhaps, if the wind comes booming in, I hear the awakening roar in the streets and think of work. Perhaps the clear emptiness of a Sunday hovers over the shore; then I wonder what you will say to this letter. Will you feel with me that you should live on a house-top and eat cheese? Do you long for a cool stream without flies, and a carpet of golden sand? Do you want a coal fire and a husband home at six-thirty, or a third-class ticket to the realms of nonsense? Are you thinking of Lane's income, or Smith's cleverness, or the ennui of too many dinners?

I know: you are thinking of love while you read this, and are happy. If I might send you a new sensation in every line, I should be happy too, for your prodigal nature demands novelty. I should then be master for a moment. And love is mastery and submission, the two poles of a strong magnet. Adieu.

NO. IV. FURTHER AUTOBIOGRAPHIC.

(*Eastlake continues apropos of a chance meeting.*)

So you rather like the curious flavor of this new dish, but it puzzles you. You ask for facts? What a stamp Chicago has put on your soul! You will continue to regard as facts the feeble fancies that God has allowed to petrify. I warn you that facts kill, but you shall have them. I had meditated a delightful sheet of love that has been disdainfully shoved into the waste-basket. A grave moral there for you, my lady!

Do you remember when I was very young and *gauche*? Doubtless, for women never forget first impressions of

that sort. You dressed very badly, and were quite ceremonious. I was the bantling son of one of your father's provincial correspondents, to adopt the suave term of the foreigners. I had been sent to Chicago to fit for a technical school where I was to learn to be very clever about mill machinery. Perhaps you remember my father, — a sweet-natured, wiry, active man, incapable of conceiving an interest in life that was divorced from respectability. I think he had some imagination, for now and then he was troubled about my becoming a loafer. However, he certainly kept it in control: I was to become a great mill owner.

It was all luck at first: you were luck, and the Tech. was luck. Then I found my voice and saw my problem: to cross my father's aspirations, to be other than the Wabash mill owner, would have been cruel. You see his desires were more passionate than mine. I worried through the mechanical, deadening routine of the Tech. somehow, and finally got courage enough to tell him that I could not accept Wabash quite yet. I had the audacity to propose two years abroad. We compromised on one, but I understood that I must not finally disappoint him. He cared so much that it would have been wicked. A few people in this world have positive and masterful convictions. An explosion or insanity comes if their wills smoulder in ineffectual silence. Most of us have no more than inclinations. It seems wise and best that those of mere inclinations should waive their prejudices in favor of those who feel intensely. So much for the great questions of individuality and personality that set the modern world a-shrieking. This is a commonplace solution of the great family problem Turgenief propounded in *Fathers and Sons*. Perchance you have heard of Turgenief?

So I prepared to follow my father's will, for I loved him exceedingly. His life had not been happy, and his nature, as I have said, was a more exacting one

than mine. The price of submission, however, was not plain to me until I was launched that year in Paris in a strange cosmopolitan world. I was supposed to attend courses at the École Polytechnique, but I became mad with the longings that are wafted about Europe from capital to capital. I went to Italy, to Venice and Florence and Rome, to Athens and Constantinople and Vienna. In a word, I unfitted myself for Wabash as completely as I could, and troubled my spirit with vain attempts after art and feeling.

You women do not know the intoxication of five-and-twenty, — a few hundred francs in one's pockets, the centuries behind, creation ahead. You do not know what it is to hunger after the power of understanding and the power of expression; to see the world as divine one minute, and a mechanic hell the next; to feel the convictions of the vagabond; to grudge each sunbeam that falls unseen by you on some mouldering gate in some neglected city, each face of the living wherein possible life looks out untried by you, each picture that means a new curiosity. No, for after all you are material souls; you need a Bradshaw and a Baedeker even in the land of dreams. All men, I like to think, for one short breath in their lives, believe this narrow world to be shoreless. They feel that they should die in discontent if they could not experience, test, this wonderful conglomerate of existence. It is an old, old matter I am writing you about. We have classified it nicely, these days; we call it the "romantic spirit," and we say that it is made three parts of youth and two of discontent, — a perpetual expression of the world's pessimism.

I look back, and I think that I have done you wrong. Women like you have something nearly akin to this mood. Some time in your lives you would all be romantic lovers. The commonest of you anticipate a masculine soul that shall harmonize your discontent into happi-

ness. Most of you are not very nice about it; you make your hero out of the most obvious man. Yet it is pathetic, that longing for something beyond yourselves. This passionate desire for a complete illusion in love is the one permanent note you women have attained in literature. In your heart of hearts you would all (until you become stiff in the arms of an unlovely life) follow a cabman, if he could make the world dance for you in this joyous fashion. Some are hard to satisfy, — for example, you, my lady; and you go your restless, brilliant little way, flirting with this man, coquetting with that, examining a third, until your heart grows weary or until you are at peace. You may marry for money or for love, and in twenty years you will teach your daughters that love does n't pay at less than ten thousand a year. But you don't expect them to believe you, and they don't.

I am not sneering at you. I would not have it otherwise, for the world would be one half cheaper if women like you did not follow the perpetual instinct. True, civilization tends to curb this romantic desire, but when civilization runs against a passionate nature we have a tragedy. The world is sweeter, deeper, for that. Live and love, if you can, and give the lie to facts. Be restless, be insatiable, be wicked, but believe that your body and soul were meant for more than food and raiment; that somewhere, somehow, some day, you will meet the dream made real, and that *he* will unlock the secrets of this life.

It is late. I am tired. The noises of the city begin far down in the darkness. This carries love.

NO. V. AROUSED.

(*Miss Armstrong protests and invites.*)

It is real, real, *real*. If I can say so, after going on all these years with but one idea (according to my good friends) of settling myself comfortably in some

large home, should n't you believe it? You have lived more interestingly than I, and you are not dependent, as most of us are. You really mock me through it all. You think I am worthy only a kind of candy that you carry about for agreeable children, which you call love. To me, sir, it reads like an insult, your message of love tucked in concisely at the close.

No, keep to facts, for they are your *métier*. You make them interesting. Tell me more about your idle, contemplative self. And let me see you to-morrow at the Thorntons'. Leave your sombre eyes at home, and don't expect infinities in tea-gabble. I saw you at the opera last night. For some moments, while Melba was singing, I wanted you and your confectioner's love. That Melba might always sing, and the tide always flood the marshes! On the whole I like candy. Send me a page of it.

E. A.

NO. VI. AUTOBIOGRAPHIC.

(Eastlake, disregarding her comments, continues.)

Dear lady, did you ever read some stately bit of prose, which caught in its glamour of splendid words the vital throbbing world of affairs and passions, some crystallization of a rich experience, and then by chance turn to the "newsy" column of an American newspaper? (Forsooth these must be literary letters!) Well, that tells the sensations of going from Europe to Wabash. I had caught the sound of the greater harmony, or struggle, and I must accept the squeak of the melodeon. I did not think highly of myself; had started too far back in the race, and I knew that laborious years of intense zeal would place me only third class, or even lower, in any pursuit of the arts. Perhaps if I had felt that I could have made a good third class, I should have fought it out in Europe. There are some things man cannot accomplish, our optimistic national

creed to the contrary. And there would have been something low in disappointing my father for such ignoble results, such imperfect satisfaction.

So to Wabash I went. I resolved to adapt myself to the billiards and whiskey of the Commercial Club, and to the desk in the inner office behind the glass partitions. And I like to think that I satisfied my father those two years in the mills. After a time I achieved a lazy content. At first I tried to deceive myself; to think that the newsy column of Wabash was as significant as the grand page of London or Paris. That simple yarn did n't fool me many months.

Then my father died. I hung on at the mills for a time, until the strikes and the general depression gave me valid reasons for withdrawing. To skip details, I sold out my interests, and with my little capital came to Chicago. My income, still dependent in some part upon those Wabash mills, trembles back and forth in unstable equilibrium.

Chicago was too much like Wabash just then. I went to Florence to join a man, half German Jew, half American, wholly cosmopolite, whom I had known in Paris. His life was very thin: it consisted wholly of interests, — a tenuous sort of existence. I can thank him for two things: that I did not remain forever in Italy, trying to say something new, and that I began a definite task. I should send you my book (now that it is out and people are talking about it), but it would bore you, and you would feel that you must chatter about it. It is a good piece of journeyman work. I gathered enough notes for another volume, and then I grew restless. Business called me home for a few months, so I came back to Chicago. Of all places, you say. Yes, to Chicago, to see this brutal whirlpool as it spins and spins. It has fascinated me, I admit, and I stay on, — to live up among the chimneys, hanging out over the cornice of a twelve-story building; to soak myself

in the steam and smoke of the prairie, and in the noises of a city's commerce.

Am I content? Yes, when I am writing to you; or when the pile of manuscripts at my side grows painfully page by page; or when, peering out of the fortlike embrasure, I can see the sun drenched in smoke and mist, and the "sky-scrapers" gleam like the walls of a Colorado cañon. I have enough to buy me existence, and at thirty I still find peepholes into hopes.

Are these enough facts for you? Shall I send you an inventory of my room, of my days, of my mental furniture? Some long afternoon I will spirit you up here in that little steel cage, and you shall peer out of my window, tapping your restless feet, while you sniff at the squalor below. You will move softly about, questioning the water-colors, the bits of bric-a-brac, the dusty manuscripts, the dull red hangings, not quite understanding the fox in his hole. You will gratefully catch the sounds from the mound below our feet, and when you say good-by and drop swiftly down those long stories, you will gasp a little sigh of relief. You will pull down your veil and drive off to an afternoon tea, feeling that things as they are are very nice, and that a little Chicago mud is worth all the clay of the studios. And I? I shall take the roses out of the vase and throw them away. I shall say, "Enough!" But somehow you will have left a suggestion of love about the place. I shall fancy that I still hear your voice, which will be so far away dealing out banalities. I shall treasure the words you let wander heedlessly out of the window. I shall open my book and write, "To-day she came, — *beatissima hora*."

NO. VII. OF THE NATURE OF A CONFESSION.

(*Miss Armstrong is nearing the close of her fifth season. Prospect and retrospect are equally uninviting. She wills to escape.*)

I shall probably be thinking about

the rents in your block, and wondering if the family had best put up a sky-scraper, instead of doing all the pretty little things you mention in your letter. At five-and-twenty one becomes practical, if one is a woman whose father has left barely enough to go around among two women who like luxury, and two greedy boys at college with expensive "careers" ahead. This letter finds me in the trough of the wave. I wonder if it's what you call "the ennui of many dinners"? More likely it's because we can't keep our cottage at Sorrento. Well-a-day! it's gray this morning, and I will write off a fit of the blues.

I think it's about time to marry number nine. It would relieve the family immensely. I suspect they think I have had my share of fun. Probably you will take this as an exquisite joke, but 't is the truth, alas!

Last night I was at the Hoffmeyers' at dinner. It was slow. All such dinners are slow. The good Fraus don't know how to mix the sheep and the goats. For a passing moment they talked about you and about your book in a puzzled way. They think you so clever and so odd. But I know how hollow he is, and how thin his fame! I got some points on the new L from the Hoffmeyers and young Mr. Knowlton. That was interesting and exciting. We dealt in millions as if they were checkers. These practical men have a better grip on life than the cynics and dreamers like you. You call them plebeian and *bourgeois* and Philistine and limited, all the bad names in your select vocabulary. But they know how to feel in the good old common-sense way. You've lost that. I like plebeian earnestness and push. I like success at something, and hearty enjoyment, and good dinners, and big men who talk about a million as if it were a ten-spot in the game.

You see I am looking for number nine and my four horses. Then I mean to invite you to my country house, to have a

lot of "fat" girls to meet you who will talk slang at you, and one of them shall marry you,—one whose father is a great newspaper man. And your new papa will start you in the business of making public opinion. You will play with that too, but then you will be coining money.

No, not here in Chicago, but if you had talked to me at Sorrento as you write me from your sanctum on the roof, I might have listened and dreamed. The sea makes me believe and hope. I love it so! That's why I made mamma take a house near the lake, — to be near a little piece of infinity. Yes, if you had paddled me out of the harbor at Sorrento, some fine night when the swell was rippling in, like the groaning of a sleepy beast, and the hills were a-hush on the shore, then we might have gone on to that place you are so fond of, "the land east of the sun, and west of the moon."

NO. VIII. BIOGRAPHIC AND JUDICIAL.

(Eastlake replies analytically.)

But don't marry him until we are clear on all matters. I have n't finished your case. And don't marry that foreign-looking cavalier you were riding with to-day in the park. You are too American ever to be at home over there. You would smash their fragile china, and you would n't understand. England might fit you, though, for England is something like that dark green, prairie-like park with its regular, bushy trees against a Gainsborough sky. You live deeply in the fierce open air. The English like that. However, America must not lose you.

You it was, I am sure, who moved your family in that conventional pilgrimage of ambitious Chicagoans, — west, south, north. Neither your father nor your mother would have stirred from sober little Grant Street had you not felt the pressing necessity for a career. Rumor got hold of you first on the South Side, and had it that you were experimenting with some small contractor. The explosion which followed reached me even

in Vienna. Did you feel that you could go further, or did you courageously run the risk of wrecking him then instead of wrecking yourself and him later? Oh well, he's comfortably married now, and all the pain you gave him was probably educative. You look at his flaunting granite house on that broad boulevard, and think well of your courage.

Your father died. You moved northwards to that modest house tucked in lovingly under the ample shelter of the millionaires on the Lake Shore Drive. I fancy there has always been the gambler in your nerves; that you have sacrificed your principle to getting a rapid return on your money. And you have dominated your family: you sent your two brothers to Harvard, and filled them with ambitions akin to yours. Now you are impatient because the thin ice cracks a bit.

But I have great faith: you will mend matters by some shrewd deal with the manipulators at Hoffmeyer's, or by marrying number nine. You will do it honestly, — I mean the marrying; for you will convince him that you love, so far as love is in you, and you will convince yourself that marriage, the end of it all, is unselfish, though prosaic. You will accept resignation with an occasional sigh, feeling that you have gone far, perhaps as far as you can go. I trust that solution will not come quickly, however, because I cannot regard it as a brilliant ending to your evolution. For you have kept yourself sweet and clean from fads, and mean pushing, and the vulgar machinery of society. You never forced your way nor intrigued. You have talked and smiled and bewitched yourself straight to the point where you now are. You were eager and curious about pleasures, and the world has dealt liberally with you.

Were you perilously near the crisis when you wrote me? Did the reflective tone come because you were brought at last squarely to the mark, because you must decide what one of the possible con-

ceptions of life you really want? Don't think, I pray you; go straight on to the inevitable solution, for when you become conscious you are lost.

Do you wonder that I love you, my hybrid rose; that I follow the heavy petals as they push themselves out into their final bloom; that I gather the aroma to comfort my heart in these lifeless pages? I follow you about in your devious path from tea to dinner or dance, or I wait at the opera or theatre to watch for a new light in your face, to see your world written in a smile. You are dark, and winning, and strong. You are pagan in your love of sensuous, full things. You are grateful to the biting air as it touches your cheek and sends the blood leaping in glad life. You love water and fire and wind, elemental things, and you love them with fervor and passion. All this to the world! Much more intimate to me, who can read the letters you scrawl for the impudent, careless world. For deep down in the core of that rose there lies a soul that permeates it all, — a longing, restless soul, one moment revealing a heaven that the next is shut out in dark despair.

Yes, keep the cottage by the sea for one more dream. Perchance I shall find something stable, eternal, something better than discontent and striving; for the sea is great and makes peace.

NO. IX. CRITICISM.

(Miss Armstrong vindicates herself by scorning.)

You are a tissue of phrases. You feel only words. You love! What mockery to hear you handle the worn old words! You have secluded yourself in careful isolation from the human world you seem to despise. You have no right to its passions and solaces. Incarnate selfishness, dear friend, I suspect you are. You would not permit the disturbance of a ripple in the contemplative lake of your life such as love and marriage might bring.

Pray what right may you have to stew me in a saucepan up on your roof, and to send me flavors of myself done up nicely into little packages labeled deceitfully "love"? It is lucky that this time you have come across a woman who has played the game before, and can meet you point by point. But I am too weary to argue with a man who carries two-edged words, flattery on one side and sneers on the reverse. Mark this one thing, nevertheless: if I should decide to sell myself advantageously next season, I should be infinitely better than you, for I am only a woman. E. A.

NO. X. THE LIMITATION OF LIFE.

(Eastlake summarizes, and intends to conclude.)

My lady, my humor of to-day makes me take up the charges in your last letters; I will define, not defend, myself. You fall out with me because I am a dilettante (or many words to that one effect), and you abuse me because I deal in the form rather than the matter of love. Is that not just to you?

In short, I am not as your other admirers, and the variation in the species has lost the charm of novelty.

Believe me that I am honest to-day, at least; indeed, I think you will understand. Only the college boy who feeds on Oscar Wilde and sentimental pessimism has that disease of indifference with which you crudely charge me. It is a kind of chicken-pox, cousin-French to the evils of literary Paris. But I must not thank God too loudly, or you will think I am one with them at heart.

No, I am in earnest, in terrible earnest, about all this, — I mean life and what to do with it. That is a great day when a man comes into his own, no matter how paltry the pittance may be the gods have given him, — when he comes to know just how far he can go, and where lies his path of least resistance. That I know. I am tremendously sure of myself now, and, like your good busi-

ness men, I go about my affairs and dispose of my life with its few energies in a cautious, economical way.

What is all this I make so much to do about? Very little, I confess, but to me more serious than L's and sky-scrapers; yes, than love. Mine is an infinite labor: first to shape the true tool, and then to master the material! I grant you I may die any day like a rat on a housetop, with only a bundle of musty papers, the tags of broken conversations, and one or two dead, distorted nerves. That is our common risk. But I shall accomplish as much of the road as God permits the snail, and I shall have moulded something; life will have justified itself to me, or I to life. But that is not our problem to-day.

Why do I isolate myself? Because a few pursuits in life are great taskmasters and jealous ones. A wise man who had felt that truth wrote about it once. I must husband my devotions: love, except the idea of love, is not for me; pleasure, except the idea of pleasure, is too keen for me; energy, except the ideas energy creates, is beyond me. I am limited, definite, alone, without you.

I confess that two passions are greater, than any man, the passion for God and the passion of a great love. They send a man hungry and naked into the street, and make his subterfuges with existence ridiculous. How rarely they come! How inadequate the man who is mistaken about them! We peer into the corners of life after them, but they elude us. There are days of splendid consciousness, and we think we have them — then —

No, it is foolish, *bête*, dear lady, to be deceived by a sentiment; better, the comfortable activities of the world. They will suit you best; leave the other for the dream hidden in a glass of champagne.

But let me love you always. Let me fancy you, when I walk down these gleaming boulevards in the silent even-

ings, as you sit flashingly lovely by some soft lamplight, wrapped about in the cotton-wools of society. That will reconcile me to the roar of these noonday streets. The city exists for you.

NO. XI. UNSATISFIED.

(*Miss Armstrong wills to drift.*)

. . . Come to Sorrento . . .

NO. XII. THE ILLUSION.

(*Eastlake resumes some weeks later. He has put into Bar Harbor on a yachting trip. He sits writing late at night by the light of the binnacle lamp.*)

Sweet lady, a few hours ago we slipped in here past the dark shore of your village, in almost dead calm, just parting the heavy waters with our prow. It was the golden set of the summer afternoon: a thrush or two were already whistling clear vespers in the woods; all else was fruitfully calm.

And then, in the stillness of the ebb, we floated together, you and I, round that little lighthouse into the sheltering gloom of the woods. Then we drifted beyond it all, in serene solution of this world's fret! To-morrows you may keep for another.

This night was richly mine. You brought your simple self, undisturbed by the people who expect of you, without your little airs of experience. I brought incense, words, devotion, and love. And I treasure now a few pure tones, some simple motions of your arm with the dripping paddle, a few pure feelings written on your face. That is all, but it is much. We got beyond necessity, and the impertinent commonplace of Chicago. We had ourselves, and that was enough.

And to-night, as I lie here under the cool, complete heavens, with only a twinkling cottage light here and there in the bay to remind me of unrest, I see life afresh in the old, simple, eternal lines. These are *our* days of full consciousness.

Do you remember that clearing in the woods where the long weeds and grass were spotted with white stones, — burial-place it was, — their bright faces turned ever to the sunshine and the stars? They spoke of other lives than yours and mine. Forgotten little units in our disdainful world, we pass them scornfully by. Other lives, and perhaps better, do you think? For them the struggle never came which holds us in a fist of brass, and thrashes us up and down the pavement of life. Perhaps — can you not, at one great leap, fancy it? — two sincere souls could escape from this brass master, and live unmindful of strife, for a little grave on a hillside in the end? They must be strong souls to renounce that cherished hope of triumph, to be content with the simple, antique things, just living and loving, — the eternal and brave things; for, after all, what you and I burn for so restlessly is a makeshift ambition. We wish to go far, “to make the best of ourselves.” Why not, once for all, rely upon God to make? Why not live and rejoice?

And the little graves are not bad: to lie long years within sound of this great-hearted ocean, with the peaceful upturned stones bearing this full legend, “This one loved and lived.” . . . Forgive me for making you sad. Perhaps you merely laugh at the intoxication your clear air has brought about. Well, dearest lady, the ships are striking their eight bells for midnight, the gayest cottages are going out light by light, and somewhere in the still harbor I can hear a fisherman laboriously sweeping his boat away to the ocean. Away! — that is the word for us: I, in this boat southward, and ever away, searching in grim fashion for an accounting with Fate; you, in your intrepid loveliness, to other lives. And if I return some weeks hence, when I have satisfied the importunate business claims, what then? Shall we slip the cables and drift quietly out “to the land east of the sun and west of the moon”?

NO. XIII. SANITY.

(Eastlake refuses Miss Armstrong's last invitation, continues, and concludes.)

Last night was given to me for insight. You were brilliantly your best, and set in the meshes of gold and precious stones that the gods willed for you. There was not a false note, not an attribute wanting. Over your head were mellow, clear electric lights that showed forth coldly your faultless suitability. From the exquisitely fit pearls about your neck to the scents of the wine and the flowers, all was as it should be. I watched your face warm with multifold impressions, your nostrils dilate with sensuousness, appreciation, your pagan head above the perfect bosom; about you the languid eyes of your well-fed neighbors.

The dusky recesses of the grand rooms heavy with opulent comfort stretched away from our long feast. There you could rest, effectually sheltered from the harsh noises of the world. And I rejoiced. Each minute I saw more clearly things as they are. I saw you giving the nicest dinners in Chicago, and scurrying through Europe, buying a dozen pictures here and there, building a great house, or perhaps, tired of Chicago, trying your luck in New York; but always pressing on, seizing this exasperating life, and tenaciously sucking out the rich enjoyments thereof! For the gold has entered your heart.

What splendid folly we played at Sorrento! If you had deceived yourself with a sentiment, how long would you have maintained the illusion? When would the morning have come for your restless eyes to stare out at the world in longing and the unuttered sorrow of regret? Ah, I touch you but with words! The cadence of a phrase warms your heart, and you fancy your emotion is supreme, inevitable. Nevertheless you are a practical goddess: you can rise

beyond the waves towards the glorious ether, but at night you sink back. 'T is alluring, but — eternal?

Few of us can risk being romantic. The penalty is too dreadful. To be successful, we must maintain the key of our loveliest enthusiasm without stimulants. You need the stimulants. You imagined that you were tired, that rest could come in a lover's arms. Better the furs that are soft about your neck, for they never grow cold. Perchance the lover will come also, as a prince with his princedom. It will be comfortable to have your cake and the frosting too. If not, take the frosting; go glittering on with your pulses full of the joys, until you are old and fagged and the stupid world refuses to revolve. Remember my sure word that you were meant for dinners, for power and pleasure and excitement. Trust no will-o'-the-wisp that would lead you into the stony paths of romance.

Some days in the years to come I shall enter at your feasts and watch you in admiration and love. (For I shall always love you.) Then will stir in your heart a mislaid feeling of some joy untasted. But you will smile wisely, and marvel at my exact judgment. You will think of another world where words and emotions alone are alive, where it is always high tide, and you will be glad that you did not force the gates. For life is not always lyric. Farewell.

NO. XIV. THAT OTHER WORLD.

(*Miss Armstrong writes with a calm heart.*)

I have but a minute before I must go down to meet *him*. Then it will be settled. I can hear his voice now and mother's. I must be quick.

So you tested me and found me wanting in "inevitableness." I was too much clay, it seems, and "pagan." What a strange word that is! You mean I love to enjoy; and perhaps you are right, that I need my little world. Who knows? One cannot read the whole story — even you, dear master — until we are dead. We can never tell whether I am only frivolous and sensuous, or merely a woman who takes the best substitute at hand for life. I do not protest, and I think I never shall. I too am very sure — *now*. You have pointed out the path, and I shall follow it to the end.

But one must have other moments, not of regret, but of wonder. Did you have too little faith? Am I so cheap and weak? Before you read this it will be all over. . . . Now and then it seems I want only a dress for my back, a bit of food, rest, and your smile. But you have judged otherwise, and perhaps you are right. At any rate, I will think so. Only I know now and then I shall wish that I might lie among those little white gravestones above the beach.

Robert W. Herrick.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE ARCHITECTURE OF SCHOOLHOUSES.

THERE is an acknowledged recognition of the fact that man is strongly influenced by his environment, and a natural inference can be drawn that this influence is most active during the early years of his life. Hamerton assumes that the mind crystallizes at the age of thirty-five, and that all subsequent ac-

tion is along the lines of previous trends of thought. However this may be, the surroundings of youth and of early manhood leave most vivid memories, and the reminiscences of after life are prone to revert to early experiences. The adolescent stage should therefore be even more carefully considered in its relation

to public welfare than any other period of man's existence, and the impressions of that plastic time be made beneficial. Of the senses, that of sight is constant in its action, and quiescent only during unconsciousness. Things seen, whether or not appreciated, are developing likes and dislikes, prejudices and opinions. The effect alone of propinquity, of permanent association, accounts for eccentricities of mental attitude, for both coarse and refined tastes, for capability of receiving and giving both pleasure and pain. It does not require an analysis of phrases, such as "to the manner born" or "love at first sight," to make us realize that noble surroundings reflect themselves in manners, or that a sense of beauty accompanies association with it. The recognition of such trite statements as these is so universal, so axiomatic, that the failure of the public to act in accordance with the facts is the more amazing.

Utilitarianism and the desire for beauty appear to be sadly at odds, and the former, being apparently the absolutely necessary thing, is receiving attention, while the latter is considered if time and money will permit. Especially is this the case in architecture wherever it is related to minor public service. In the larger public buildings, there has been an attempt — unintelligent, it is true, but praiseworthy — to make the edifice of importance and of a character befitting its occasion; but in the less pretentious work the general impression of the building is made secondary to its capability for practical use. While this is logical in its inception, and is necessarily the preliminary to all that is best in architecture, it is by no means the entire solution of the problem. The factor of art is as important as the factor of utility. Mere practicability, even under complicated conditions, is but the beginning of the work, and can, by experience and research, be formulated and gradually reduced to recognized methods; but after

this is done, there appears the greater problem of setting these formulated requirements so that they may leave an impression more than that of satisfactory utility upon those who live in and amongst them.

This is the chief *raison d'être* of architecture, and it bids fair to be forgotten. Practicable plan, sanitation, and ventilation, — these are essentials, it is true, and the neglect of proper attention to them is an unpardonable offense; but they are neither inimical to beauty, nor are they productive of it, if dependence is placed upon them alone. In fact, they are merely parts of the healthy organism of that complicated thing, a modern building, and may impress their health upon the observer in the same manner as does the health of a Basque peasant, while being equally ignoble and ugly. The nearer that construction, whether of wood, iron, or stone, approaches to the ideal performance of its duties, the nearer it approaches beauty of form; but this ideal fitness of form to requirement seldom exists, and is more likely to appear in engineering than in architecture. By far the larger number of buildings of the present day are constructed, not ideally, but merely economically, and their skeletons are hideous.

There are now being built in the towns and cities throughout the country small town halls, libraries, and schools, which are to form the ganglia of a higher public life, and will be associated in the memories of the citizens with all that is best in the body politic. The town meeting, the commemorative exercises, and the education of children and youths will be within their walls. To the citizen, next to the love of home will be the memory of these chief buildings of his town. Abroad, each community has the church or cathedral and the municipal building as the nuclei around which the daily life ebbs and flows. With us, the diversity of religious beliefs, the lack of concentration

towards any one faith, has eliminated the preëminence of the church, and the library and school have become the most prominent factors in existence. Fortunately for the architecture of the small libraries, Mr. Richardson developed a type which has been generally imitated, and which, while often primitive, is picturesque. But the school still remains a factory for education. Those of us who have seen Rugby and Harrow, or have visited the board-schools of the smaller English towns, such as Chester or Leamington, remember the fascination of the ivied walls and porches, the long mullioned windows, the oriels and gables, and the surrounding lawns and closes of an English school. And with the pleasure of the memory is mingled the regret that no such association clings to the American school, which is bare and forbidding, set in a waste of gravel, serving its purpose as a shelter, and always kept at an equable temperature. These things we recall, but never can the municipal schoolhouse of America form the background for a Tom Brown. Yet the boy is at his most impressionable age during the years in which he is studying within the walls of the modern school; his hours of work and his time for recreation are influenced by its vicinity, and for eight months of the year at least one half of his waking hours have this school for their setting.

The boy may not feel that his surroundings are anything more to him than a part of the great educational machine that is forming him for future action; if so, the greater pity for a lost opportunity. He may, on the other hand, develop an admiration for the mechanical perfection of his surroundings, in which case he is likely to underestimate and think poorly of beauty which is unaccompanied by technical perfection.

Much of the carping criticism, the dissatisfaction with simple means, that is so characteristic of certain types of citizens can be traced to association with the com-

plex surroundings of modern buildings. The effect of quiet beauty, of walls growing old gracefully with the soft colors that age enhances, of stretches of sward from which vines clamber and cling to projections and spread lovingly over broad surfaces, to gather in swaying masses from stringcourses and label mouldings; the intimate affectionate character of diamond-paned windows, and of postern doorways, which seem to court companionship by the very necessity for close contact in passing through them, — all is absent from the dry formality of the schoolhouse which we build. Perfected methods of lighting, of providing fresh air and of withdrawing vitiated air, of heating and of plumbing, receive full meed of attention; the needs of association with beauty little or none. This is well enough so far as it goes, but is not productive of pleasant reminiscence to the pupil. He is taught little by his environment: there are no sermons in the stones of his school; there is no subtle influence teaching him by the best of examples, that of the object lesson, to appreciate light and shade and color, and to grow fond of them, so that he looks back upon them with affection, and demands that they enter into his life in after years. It is the stimulation of this desire for good things that is so important and so abiding a quality in the education of a child. To have only the best about one means that nothing short of the best will satisfy. And this does not imply extravagant tastes or perpetual disappointment. The best things are more a matter of choice than of cost, and they may be quite as frequent as the inferior products, if we only know how to discriminate between the two. To be educated to know good architecture foreshadows the elimination of bad architecture, and the education is all the better for having been imbibed while young. There are attempts being made to beautify the interiors of schoolrooms, by hanging photographs

and prints of paintings, sculpture, and architecture upon the walls; the walls themselves to be tinted in harmonious and quiet colors. Casts upon pedestals and bas-reliefs used as friezes are also suggested. These are all of value as object lessons; they instruct and influence the pupil's taste, and awake an appreciation that would otherwise lie dormant. It is hardly probable, however, that the memory of these will cause strong affection for the places in which they are to be found; certainly not as strong affection as would be felt for the inclosed playground, the columned porch, and the gabled walls of an English school. It is not sufficient to crown a wall with a pleasing cornice, or to space windows in just intervals upon a plain façade in order to have that façade remembered with pleasure.

Appreciation of subtle proportions is a trained and acquired taste; it does not exist in early years. During the adolescent period of which we are speaking, the fantastic appeals more than the austere, the picturesque more than the classic. These are the days in which we are intense, in which we love *Ivanhoe* and *Peveril of the Peak*, when *Dumas* means much to us, and our heroes are those of the strong arm. Exaggeration is truth to us, and our sense of perspective is perverted. It is almost amusing to read the titles of the early friends amongst books of an architectural student. His first purchases, the small volumes that are all that his purse can compass, are usually upon Gothic art, or upon the luxuriant pomposities of Spain. Finials, crockets, corbels, gargoyles, the very names have a rich, mellifluous sound, and recall depths of light and shade, wealth of color and fascination of grotesque carving. The Hunchback of *Notre Dame* is not more bizarre than the plates in these volumes that, with rich lithographic chiar-oscuro, show the fantastic conceits of the Gothic architect. As time passes, the books that

shoulder each other in the student's library tend more and more towards austerity of line and dignity of mass rather than picturesqueness. Among the more florid Gothic volumes appear works upon Early English mouldings or upon the pure style of the Isle de France, to be succeeded by the delicacies of the style of François Premier. Venetian façades, symmetrical in conception but with constantly varying detail, Byzantine domes rich with the glory of mosaics, the romantic epics of architecture, one by one are found among more sensational predecessors, and in their turn give place to works full of the subtleties of Italian Renaissance; and at last there appear three or four ponderous volumes which give evidence by the wear of their bindings of their frequent use. The choice of the best has at last occurred, and Letaronilly's *Édifices de Rome* and Stewart and Revett's *Athens* hold the honored places upon the shelves.

The sequence is suggestive. The mind of the pupil is incapable of an entire appreciation of the most noble architecture, and the purse of the public is either insufficient or unwilling to provide that architecture in any but its most meagre form. But picturesque architecture is within the public means, and is thoroughly enjoyed by the student. Classic architecture is suited to large cities, where the long lines of buildings, the flat roofs and façades without advancing or retreating planes, do not lend themselves to picturesque groupings; therefore it may be as well to build in classic styles the city schools which are not isolated. But even under these circumstances there should be more motives in the façade than ordinarily occur. There is no objection to grouped windows in schoolrooms, yet they seldom appear, and there is but slight opposition to the use of mullions and transoms, both of which are most effective upon exterior and interior. In isolated suburban or small town schools, the neces-

sity for classicism, caused by the immediate surroundings, ceases to exist, and the picturesque treatment of architectural forms is by far the most agreeable that can be adopted. Greater subdivision of both mass and surface than is now customary is desirable.

There is still another side to the question. Study of any kind, even the enforced study of the child, requires a certain amount of seclusion to produce the best result. Its associations should be those of the library, the recitation room, and even of the cloister. A resemblance to a factory is the last thing to be desired in a school. The bare brick walls and raw beams trussed with iron rods, which are only too evident, and which accompany the so-called mill construction in all its nakedness, are being used in schools in exactly the same manner that they are in mills; in fact, a school interior could often be mistaken for a room in a factory excepting that school furniture is present. It has even been proposed that schoolhouses be so designed that they may have interchangeable parts; that there may be several stock patterns of porches from which to select, cornices of various shapes and patterns, and windows of regulation sizes. To accept such a proposal is to herald the apotheosis of utilitarianism. While this mechanical perfection of assorted schoolhouses may be advocated seriously, it will hardly be accepted in the same manner, but is, nevertheless, an indication of the lack of perception that a school should be something more than a practical workshop. Though the gymnasias of Greece and of Rome, with peristyles and columned façades, approached by avenues between groups of statues, may be impracticable in our congested cities, it is still possible to make dignified the entrances to our schools, and to build them in attractive forms. An attempt has been made in this direction in the rehabilitation of the colonial school, in the adoption of palladian motives

over entrances, and the occasional use of marble with the brick. Much more, however, might be done in this direction, and the colonial façade, which is nothing more nor less than an economical translation of classic forms, while it is a distinct advance in the architecture of a city school inclosed amongst adjacent buildings, is bald and uninteresting when isolated. Under these latter circumstances, it looks what it is, a plausible, praiseworthy attempt to beautify economically an unattractive mass. The monasteries were the schools of mediæval times; and whether from their character of contemplative seclusion, or from the amount of imagination displayed in the curving of their capitals, string-courses, and arch mouldings, or in the imagery of the tympana above the doorways, these monastery cloisters appeal more to the emotions than do many of the nobler forms of classic architecture. The monk in the cloister garden, the bees humming amid the flowers, and the reflected sunlight from the monastery walls lighting the page of manuscript that he is skillfully illuminating, or the black-letter volume which he is reading with such zeal, — this is the ideal of scholastic quiet, of repose, which has not lost its charm even in the midst of the bustle of the nineteenth century. There are many who dream that if such quietude were still possible, they could bring to fruition, under its influence, the seeds of originality that they possess. It is too much to expect that the peace of the cloister can have even a faint reflection in the activity of the school; perhaps it is as well that it should not; but the surroundings of the cloister, which went so far to make the monastic life agreeable, are suggestive in the adoption of a type of architecture for the school. Classic architecture does not permit individuality of minor forms, though it insists upon their refinement to an extent that needs training to appreciate. It requires the use of stone finely cut,

with perfect surfaces and accuracy of detail, and ornament which will show the least deviation from precision of line and modeling. It confines its forms of openings to the lintel, the round arch, and the circle or oval; it permits no accidental effects, no accommodation of one mass to another. Every part must be as perfect as the whole. To construct a small and comparatively inexpensive building in such a style almost necessitates the use of meagre detail. The more picturesque styles, upon the other hand, give much greater latitude in design. At the very beginning, masses do not require such careful balancing; there are all sorts of methods of accommodating forms to one another. Any size or shape of opening may be used; each piece of carving or of ornament may be individual, and may form an object lesson in itself. The variety of material which can be used is unlimited, and brick seems as well suited to the styles as stone. In designing the suburban school, the first thing to be done is to avoid absolutely the appearance of an ornamented box; and this can be done either by the adoption of advancing or retreating wings, or, if this is impossible, by variation in the planes of the façade. The roofs, instead of being flat, should be pitched at greater or less angles. As it is desirable to have as much light as possible in the rooms, and as arched windows cut off the amount of light equivalent to the space occupied by their spandrels, it would be as well to adopt square-headed windows, but these should be grouped with mullions, and perhaps with transoms.

The school should have an inclosure or green upon either front or rear, and it would be better to have this walled than to leave it open. If it is possible to have a colonnaded or arcaded side aisle to this inclosure as an open air space for play in rainy weather, so much the better. The interiors of the schoolrooms should be plastered, and the walls wainscoted with high paneled wainscot; the

expense of this wainscot above that of the usual sheathed wainscot would not be excessive. The large hall should be made as beautiful as possible, with high vaulted or trussed ceiling with ornamented trusses; and this hall should have leaded windows, with the mottoes of the different classes of the school as ornamental escutcheons. These windows should not be of colored glass, excepting of the palest tints, and color should be confined to the escutcheons mentioned. If sculpture is possible, — and it should be possible in memorial schools, and before long in municipal schools by private bequests, — it should be confined to the entrances, to capitals and stringcourses and cornices. Pavements of encaustic tile, the ironwork upon the doors, grilles in the windows, each and all can be made to give character to the work.

It will be seen that the styles best suited to this class of work are the so-called free classic styles; that is, the Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean, and the actual Queen Anne, not its spurious American namesake.

There are, in addition to these styles, suggestions to be found in the architecture of the smaller French towns, especially those of Normandy and of the district of the Loire. This architecture has in common with those of England a freedom from excessive formality, and a consequent attractiveness when adopted for small buildings. If there is opportunity for any considerable expenditure, schools designed with classic porticos, with impressive arched entrances and vestibules, express civic dignity in the noblest terms, but such schools are seldom likely to appear. By far the larger proportion are necessarily of modest requirements, and it is particularly to these that the foregoing remarks are to be applied. When our cities become architecturally as well as numerically great, the school will naturally be built in a style to correspond with the nobility of the architecture surrounding it.

C. Howard Walker.

DR. HOLMES.

It was thirty-seven years ago that Dr. Holmes published in the first number of this magazine the opening paper of a series which gave distinction at once to *The Atlantic Monthly*. Since that day scarcely a volume has appeared without a word from him, and many of the volumes contain a poem, paper, or chapter of a novel in every number. So identified had he become with the fortunes of the magazine that, the day after his death, I received a communication addressed to him as editor. It was very fortunate for all of us that he never was its editor, for he would have been so scrupulous that he would have expended his energies on other people's work, and we should have missed some of his own.

The constancy with which he held to this medium of communication with the reading public hints at a notable characteristic of his nature which finds abundant expression in his writings. Dr. Holmes had the passion of local patriotism. No one need be told who has read his stirring lyrics, his *Bread* and the *Newspaper*, his oration on *The Inevitable Trial*, and his sketch of *Motley's* life, how generous was his affection for the nation: but a great crisis brought these expressions to pass; his familiar habit of mind was cordially local. His affection fastened upon his college, and in his college on his class; he had a worthy pride in the race from which he had sprung, and the noble clannishness which is one of the safeguards of social morality; he loved the city of his life, not with the merely curious regard of the antiquary, but with the passion of the man who can be at home only in one place; and he held to New England as to a substantial entity, not a geographical section of some greater whole.

It would be a perversion of logic to say that all this was the result of condi-

tions of life; that the hard-working medical professor must needs stay at home, especially when, for a large part of his academic career, his duties permitted no long vacation, so that, after the preliminary scamper over Europe which every young professional man was expected to make if he could, fifty years would elapse before the man, crowned with honors, should make a royal progress through England; that the lectures, again, before the medical school precluded those general lecturing tours which gave Emerson and others acquaintance with remoter parts of the country. Dr. Holmes had his little experience of the lyceum. A truer account would reverse cause and effect. He did not travel, because Boston and Nahant and Berkshire contented him. His laboratory was at hand; human nature was under his observation from the vantage-ground of home. With the instinct of a man of science, he took for analysis that which was most familiar to him, assured that in the bit of the world where he was born, and out of which he had got his nourishment, he had all he needed for the exercise of his wit.

He lived to see many changes in the large home to which he remained constant, and some of these changes were due to him. It may be doubted if any city so young as Boston ever acquired in its short life so distinct and self-centred a character. It is true that its founders brought with them a furnishing of customs, traditions, and ideas which gave the place at once a visionary ancestry of its own, and started it in life with a stock of notions; but the after life of the town down to the time when Holmes was a young man was singularly adapted to the creation of a personality such as is rare in modern times. With a very homogeneous population, a diversity of occupations, a commerce which gave its citizens

the sense of being in the centre of the world, a lively interest in politics and speculative theology which forbade intellectual stagnation, Boston was the head of a province, and had its own standards. So late as 1841, Mrs. Child could publish *Letters from New York* without raising a smile.

But when Dr. Holmes began his *Breakfast-Table* series in *The Atlantic*, the great migration from Ireland had been going on for ten years, clippers had given way before ocean steamships, New York was draining the Connecticut valley and the lower tier of New England States, manufacturers were establishing new centres of industrial interest, and political discussions were changing the centre of gravity from party to moral principle. The great westward movement, also, had drawn Boston capital and Boston men into new relations, and the old days of provincial security and self-content were coming to an end.

It was then that Dr. Holmes with one hand held up to view the society whose integrity was about to disappear, and with the other helped to construct the new order that was to take its place. There is no more pathetic yet kindly figure in our literature than Little Boston. With poetic instinct, Dr. Holmes made him deformed, but not ugly. He put into him a fiery soul of local patriotism, and transfigured him thus. Under the guise of a bit of nature's mockery he was enabled to give vent to a flood of feeling without arousing laughter or contempt. All Little Boston's vehemence of civic pride is a memorial inscription, and whatever may be the fortune of the city, however august may be its presence, there lies imbedded in this figure of Little Boston a perpetual witness to an imperishable civic form.

If Dr. Holmes concealed himself behind the mask of Little Boston, he was more frankly in evidence under the humorous conceit of the Autocrat, and the service which he rendered in this char-

acter was an important one. He knew a society in which theological discussion was still largely concerned with abstractions, and warfare was carried on under a set of rules which both parties recognized. Dr. Holmes used his wit not on one side or the other of prevailing controversies, though the conservative party undoubtedly regarded him as an assailant, but with the design of bringing to bear on fundamental questions that scientific spirit which was bred in him by his profession and penetrated by his genius. It was not so much the logic as the ingenuity, the wit, of science which he used to test a good many problems in spiritual life. He angered many at the time, but now that the heat of that day of discussions has gone down, it should be evident that Dr. Holmes had much more of the constructive temper than was then accredited to him, and that he was a poet dealing with fundamental things of the spirit, not a theologian. His good-natured raillery undermined conventions rather than sapped faith, and his wit was an acid which had no mordant power on that which was genuine. There were a good many shocks from his battery, but, after all, those who received the shocks were stung into a new vitality; and, taking his work by and large, it may be said to have had a tonic effect upon the society closest to it; a fresher breeze blew through the minds of men, and intellectual life was freer, more animated, and more on the alert.

This concentration of his power and his affection has had its effect on Dr. Holmes's literary fame. He is another witness, if one were needed, to the truth that identification with a locality is a surer passport to immortality than cosmopolitanism. The local is a good starting-point from which to essay the universal. Thoreau perhaps affected a scorn of the world outside of Concord, but he helped make the little village a temple, and his statue is in one of the niches. Holmes, staying in Boston, has brought

the world to his door, and a society which is already historic will preserve him in its amber. It is the power to transmute the near and tangible into something of value the world over which is the mark of genius, and Holmes had this philosopher's stone.

The death of Holmes removes the last of those American writers who form the great group. This wit and poet lingered long enough to bid each in turn farewell. No doubt a longer perspective will enable us ultimately to adjust more perfectly their relations to one another and to the time, but it is not likely that there will be any serious revision of judgment by posterity as to their place in the canon. When Lowell went, Whittier and Holmes remained, and we kept on, in the spirit of Wordsworth's maiden, counting over the dead and the living in one inseparable company. Now they are all in the past tense, and all in the present; for death has a way of liberating personality, setting it free from accidents, and giving it permanent relations. There is thus a possession by the American people which, in a paradox, could not be theirs till they had lost it; they have lost out of sight the last member of the great group, and they have gained thereby in a clearer field of vision the whole group.

The significance of this will doubtless be more measurable a generation hence than it is now, but an intimation of it is given in a parallel from the political world. We are enough removed from the great group of American statesmen who had to do with the foundation and fortification of our political order to recognize the very great interest which the American people take in their lives and their contribution to our polity. As they recede from the field of personal acquaintance they become more heroic, and stand for the great deeds and thoughts of an historic past. Research may increase the particularity of our acquaintance with their actions, but their char-

acters are substantially fixed, and their images are formed in the minds of each successive generation; growing a little less actual, it may be, but charged constantly with greater power of transmitting the ideals for which they stood.

It is of inestimable value that the political thought of the early days of the republic should have its exponent in this noble group, and though that thought may be run into newer moulds, the characters that gave weight to the thought can never cease to have interest. But after all, general as is the political consciousness of the people, it is not so comprehensive nor so constant as is the consciousness which deals more directly with conduct, and with the whole realm of the spirit; and the existence of a great group of men of letters, appearing as it were after the political foundations had been laid, may be regarded as an event of immeasurable importance. The men whom we have been considering have made their works the entrance way to the world of beauty for a whole people, and if we take into account the probability that in a few years the great body of literature read in the public schools of the nation will be the writings of Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Bryant, and Irving, we may well reckon it of inestimable moment that these writings are charged with high ideals, free thought, purity, a noble love of nature and humanity, a passion of patriotism. Nor is it of scarcely less moment that when the boys and girls who have read these writings turn to the records of the lives of the writers, they will find simplicity of living, devotion to art, and high-minded service.

A common language is essential to anything like common life in the nation. The perils which beset us now in the industrial world are largely enhanced by the lack of a common intelligence of speech. But a common literature is essential to any true community of ideals; and in the work of producing a homoge-

neous nation out of the varied material which different races, different political orders, and different religious faiths have contributed since the war for the Union, — a work which is largely committed to the public schools, — there is no force

comparable to a great, harmonious literature. Therefore, for a generation to come, the spiritual host which Holmes has just joined will be the mightiest force that can be reckoned with for the nationalization of the American people.

The Editor.

TRAVELS HERE AND THERE.

THE summer vacation, always a busy season for the artist, has come to be a period of activity for the writer as well. At every summer resort the portable ink-stand is set up alongside of the easel, landscape and figures are transferred to foolscap as well as to canvas, and atmospheric effects are sought after as eagerly by the word-painter as by his brother of the brush. Mr. James Payn, whose volumes have accompanied many a summer tourist, in his autobiography drew a pathetic picture of the unhappy author, forced to work while other people were playing, and envying the bank clerk his yearly outing. But that was in the days when summer reading was produced in Grub Street by the sweat of the brow, and before the *genre* of summer writing was invented. If Mr. Payn had been a globe-trotter, an outdoor writer, or an idylist, he could have taken a holiday and turned it to account. If a complete rest is denied the weary quill-driver, he can at least vary the monotony of the service by driving a four-in-hand, or going to sea in a bowl, or by taking his readers to some mountain height and instructing them in the open air with less formality and strenuousness than in the study or laboratory. The readers, too, ought to be gainers; for if we cannot demand of holiday writers or travelers an achievement showing "the long results of time," we can at least look to them for novelty

of information, or for some fresh bit of impressionism in literary art.

In characterizing the somewhat miscellaneous group of travel and outdoor volumes before us as a holiday harvest, we have not the intention of implying that they are all the product of that easy writing said by Sheridan to be hard reading. Mr. Norman's book on Japan¹ is the reverse of this. It represents considerable and efficient work in the accumulation of materials, and it is well written and thoroughly readable. Its chapters have been published, we are told, in English, French, and American journals, but they dovetail well and were well worth reprinting, their flavor of cosmopolitan journalism being for the most part thoroughly agreeable, though we confess to a shade of ennui on being called upon at every turn to admire the rare opportunities for information accorded to the author. We must take exception also to the title of the book, if not on behalf of those writers on Japan to whom we have hitherto felt indebted for information as well as pleasure, at least in the interest of readers of our own turn of mind, who may find that to have the whole truth thrust upon them in one pill is no more agreeable or reassuring in literature, or even journalism, than in dogma.

But when we are allowed to forget the finality and the price of the banquet set before us, we find Mr. Norman's book Politics. By HENRY NORMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

¹ *The Real Japan*. Studies of Contemporary Japanese Manners, Morals, Administration, and

full of interesting matter handled in an able and suggestive manner. His account of administrative and judicial affairs in Japan is a very vivid one. The Japanese, in their eclectic renovations, have formed an army of mingled French and German type, a navy after the model of the English. At their universities the teaching is German, while the strictness of discipline goes beyond that of an American college. They have the Continental method of thorough espionage; they have a Bureau of Newspaper Censorship, which, as Mr. Norman tells us, "has plagiarized the methods of Fate. It neither warns, nor explains, nor justifies; it simply strikes." The judicial procedure is French, but to this is joined a system of prison labor and discipline peculiarly their own. Not only various trades, but the finest kinds of art handiwork (the making of *cloisonné*, for example) are taught to common criminals, to each man according to his capacity, with no deterrent fear of competition of convict with other labor, and with the most admirable results in discipline. In dealing with prostitution, too, the Japanese have their own method. Mr. Norman devotes one of his essays to what he terms the unwritten chapter of their life, the Yoshiwara, — a name applied to the quarter in every Japanese town set apart for the courtesan class, and hence to the system, which is that of high license and isolation. He does not make it quite clear how far this insures to the victims of the social evil, many of them the slaves of parental cupidity and of that filial obedience which is still absolute in Japan, an immunity from want; but that would seem to be one of the results of a solution of things which does not profess to be more than palliative, and which seems to work with success. It is not the less interesting from the fact that it may still be regarded as an experiment, having been in operation only about twenty-four years, and that in a country which is undergoing a phe-

nomenal change. We are accustomed to think of new institutions in Japan as foreign, and of native ones as ancient; but the Japanese administration, from Mr. Norman's account, is evidently wanting neither in actuality, nor in disposition to retain the advantages of the old system, and to adjust carefully the importations to the existing conditions.

How far these elements will blend, and what shape the civilization of Japan will ultimately take, is certainly one of the most curious problems of the day. The spectacle of an entire nation with an Oriental past planning for itself an Occidental future; of a people with a clear-cut idiosyncrasy, with traditions the opposite of our own and aptitudes absolutely unattainable by us, learning the language of our civilization down to its newest or finest shade of meaning, is a thing that "may give us pause." Of that most important and obscure element in the problem, the Japanese mind, Mr. Norman gives an analysis, probably as good as can be arrived at by foreign guessing; noting the inherited discipline and docility which are such aids to the excellent judicial and administrative results mentioned above, as well as the frequent occurrence of a high order of intelligence. He points out the development of the imitative faculty among the Japanese, and discusses the question how far their quick assimilation of foreign culture may be due to that faculty alone. Is it not possibly due also to the fact that electricity, bacteriology, and the higher criticism are shibboleths easily learned, that our culture is everywhere diffused by processes partly simian, and that an imitation of it is about as long and as broad as the original?

Mr. B. Douglas Howard has also unearthed a race problem in the course of his travels,¹ which appear to have been extensive. Having traveled to the

¹ *Life with Trans-Siberian Savages*. By B. DOUGLAS HOWARD, M. A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

outposts of Russian civilization in Siberia with the object of investigating the prisons and the condition of the exiles, he was led, by a chance encounter with an Ainu, to visit the region occupied by that ancient race of savages in the island of Sakhalin. Here he spent a few summer weeks as an honored guest, and was even made chief wizard in an Ainu village. It will thus be seen that he enjoyed opportunities for study at least as great as those of Mr. Norman, — opportunities which most readers, however, will hardly be inclined to envy him, as the Ainus are, from his account, owing to other causes than shortness of temper, “gey ill to live wi’.”

From Sakhalin Mr. Howard proceeded to Japan to study the Ainu population there, and to compare them with his Sakhalin friends, with a view to tracing the origin of the race. His book is thus partly ethnographical, but the greater part is a narrative of personal adventure of the old-fashioned sort; such a traveler's tale as Dr. Johnson was wont to explain by the simple formula, “Sir, there is no doubt that he lied.” And while we would not for a moment doubt the veracity of a writer who appears to be a God-fearing and enterprising Scotchman of unexceptional moral tone, we cannot ignore the resemblance to a certain class of fiction in the accuracy and precision with which his savages go through the conventional motions and genuflections, strike fire with a bow, pray to a whitened stick and to the stranger's rifle, offer him their daughters in marriage, tattoo themselves, and lead exemplary lives on a diet of raw flesh. They appear to be mentally equal to the exercise of a certain order of masculine reason, for we are told, in explanation of the fact that women among them are not allowed to pray, or to take part in any religious exercise: “The first reason for this is ancestral tradition; the next is that the men fear that if the women were allowed to pray, they would

be sure to indulge in a lot of tittle-tattle to the gods about the men, and especially about their own husbands.” Which piece of simple wisdom among an ancient people may be taken either as proof of that Aryan origin which Mr. Howard claims for them, or as testimony to a permanence of type among jokes.

A little book of travels which comes to us from the Swiss press, *En Bretagne*,¹ makes no claim to recondite sources of information and introduces no problems, but is interesting as a record of impressions at first hand. It is addressed, as Swiss books are apt to be, to an intimate audience; it has the gayety and vivacity of tone of bright conversation or correspondence, yet is careful and deft in form, and it gives a pleasant picture of a country which, though by no means *in-édit*, is full of resource for writer as for painter. The book is the record of a summer tour which was not only its author's first introduction to the country of Renan and Loti, but that of an inlander to the sea. The mighty deep is served up to him in French fashion at first, with the music of Miss Helyett mingling with its murmurs, and it will not do to take it too seriously; nevertheless the moment is one of importance. “Never shall I forget the emotion which I felt on walking for the first time over that fine sand; on breathing that air full of marine emanations, and hearing the gentle lapping of the waves which came up to expire at our feet.”

Scent and sound are mentioned first, but throughout the book there are pictures of the sea in its various aspects. There is a sunset with a band of rose on the horizon, “and then gold, liquid gold, and above the blue growing deeper and darker towards the zenith,” while “the sea is blue, of a pale electric blue.” And there is this bit of landscape from the Landes: —

¹ *En Bretagne*. De Berne à Belle-Isle. Par ÉMILE BESSIRE. Genève: Ch. Eggimann et Cie. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.

“To the right the sea, which is not always visible, but which one feels to be there; to the left, far away, the gray spires of a few churches; everywhere a gloomy horizon, a *lande* of infinite sadness under a brooding sky. No more cultivation, no more trees, no more bushes; something neutral which is not yet the sea, and which is no longer the earth. And that silence, — that vast silence which recalls that of the high Alps, and which is broken from time to time by the wild, dismal cry of a seagull. . . . In the midst of this solitude a chapel, Notre Dame de Bon Voyage, and here and there an ancient stone calvary.”

There are glimpses of the Creizker with its “adorable spire,” rising “in the blue night among the pale, small stars;” there are little incidents of travel told with humor, and sketches from life of Breton figures effectively done, with a certain alertness of observation. And all this is the work of a blind man. M. Bessire, who is a journalist, a lecturer on French literature at the University of Berne, and professor in the École Normale Supérieure of that city, is a native of Besançon, who lost his sight in 1872, at the age of twenty. Like Mr. Fawcett, he has ignored the deprivation, leading an active and cheerful life, full of literary and social interests. In the book before us there is no allusion to his blindness, and no evidence of it. In describing things seen through the report of other eyes, M. Bessire appears to be aided not only by a memory of unusual accuracy and scope, but also by a faculty which we may call sound connotation, each sound bringing to his mind a whole train of impressions. In other words, he sees with the imagination; and without some such reseeing the writing even of things seen is of small account.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller also shows

this faculty of recasting her observation into definite pictures.¹ Of the Colorado landscape and the brilliant Colorado flowers, already so vividly described by H. H. and other writers, she has made a new and effective use as a background to her figures of birds. The tiny cañon wren flitting before a niche of the precipice in which hangs a great golden columbine is a picture quite in the Audubon manner, and so is the redbird in the rosebush. But Mrs. Miller does not limit herself to word-painting. She follows up her birds, noting them as individuals, and watching their ways and habits from the eggshell. This method gives very pleasing results in observation and outdoor gossip. Her stories are vivaciously told, and if any reader is unfeeling enough to object to the endearments lavished on these little folk of the bird nursery, let him betake himself to a library of weightier tomes.

Though Mrs. Miller starts in Colorado, the closing chapters of her book are devoted to Utah, and the Salt Lake pasture described in them sounds very close to the Mormon village which is Miss Merriam's camping-ground.² Miss Merriam, however, has exchanged her ornithological themes for the study of human life as displayed in Mormonism. She has less literary instinct and training than Mrs. Miller; she gives us her material just as she has found it, and trusts too much to the inspiration of a bright naturalness of manner, and too little to the afterthought of art. She takes the reader too indiscriminately into her confidence, after the manner of those travelers who admit us to a haphazard intimacy during an hour's talk in the train. She alludes confidently, but unnecessarily, to “my friend” and “my friend's daughter” without bringing them into view, and treats the persons who play a more important part

¹ *A Bird-Lover in the West.* By OLIVE THORNE MILLER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

² *My Summer in a Mormon Village.* By FLOR-ENCE A. MERRIAM. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

in her narrative with a similar intimate vagueness. Miss Merriam does herself injustice by this want of restraint, for she shows a considerable aptitude for the delineation of character. In one, at least, of her figures — the landlady who cannot bear to ask for pay in advance of a class of transients who might cheat her, and whose large heart makes her, albeit a Gentile, the mother confessor of the

Mormon village — we have a portrait which needed only a little more largeness of treatment to be as memorable as it is attractive. Miss Merriam gives, from her intercourse with Mormon women, a sympathetic account of the womanly virtues martyred to the cause, and of the religious exaltation, the hope of a heaven upon earth, which led in many cases to their voluntary sacrifice.

SOME RECENT STUDIES OF THE SICILIAN PEOPLE.

To interpret his own country to itself, — what more beautiful work of patriotism can be undertaken by a literary man ! It is this which has been, more or less consciously, from the time of his boyhood, the ideal proposed to himself by Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè, the Palermitan folklorist and physician. For Sicily, — in these days so troubled and confused, — his subtle and luminous comment upon the past origins of its present conditions ought to avail greatly as a lesson in regard to its future.

This year Dr. Pitrè has crowned his labors by the publication of his *Bibliografia delle Tradizioni Popolari dell' Italia*,¹ — a magnificent work, and marvelous also as showing the vast extent and the scrupulous care of his researches in the comparative study of the traditions and customs of Sicily and of the Italian peninsula. Naturally, it is his own land that is the special ground of his observations; and indeed none could be more fertile and rich in material than the wild and beautiful island, from remote centuries desired by many nations, and conquered by them in turn. The Greeks, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Saracens, the Normans, the Spaniards, the French, have contributed to

form its present civilization; and behind the record of their successive reigns appear hints of prehistoric occupation, written in the solemn illegibility of ruins, as those of Solunto and Segesta. The Sicilian character, moulded in crises of conquest, may be fancifully likened to the lava of the island: plastic amid convulsive fires, then hardening to retain durably the impressions received.

Dr. Pitrè, perhaps more than any other folk-lorist, has the gift of intuitive and affectionate understanding of his country and his compatriots. In his quality of physician he enters into the homes of all sorts and classes of Sicilians, and possesses their entire confidence. During his medical visits he sees humanity off its guard, and is able to note emotions, beliefs, phrases, which in his hands are a whole treasury of precious documents. The volumes of his *Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane* illustrate every phase of life from birth to burial, describing the legends and songs, the customs and credences, the agriculture and notions concerning natural phenomena, the cries of venders and the voices of bells, the proverbs of the prudent and the jargon of the lawless. In course of the thirty years during which

¹ *Bibliografia delle Tradizioni Popolari dell' Italia*. Compilata da GIUSEPPE PITRÈ. Con

tre Indici Speciali. Torino — Palermo: Carlo Clausen. 1894.

Dr. Pitrè has been collecting the notes for these studies, he has handled, in order to compare and illustrate his own researches, an immense mass of books, pamphlets, and special articles in periodicals.

The present *Bibliografia* is an admirably systematized index of all this material, comprising 6680 titles, which are furthermore arranged by classification under authors, pseudonyms, subjects of anonymous works, geographical location, and topics. Often a book is summarized briefly, or its contents referred to in a way to give especial aid to students, by sparing them time and fatigue. The result of Dr. Pitrè's labors is a masterpiece of intelligent care; and kindred praise is also merited by the work of the publishing house of Carlo Clausen of Palermo, that, throughout the course of the difficult and not materially remunerative toil of the great folk-lorist, has proved to him a constant and disinterested friendship.

Dr. Pitrè's personality is in full accord with his genius and his studies. Fortune favored us with the opportunity to become acquainted with him in his native city during the past winter of 1893-94, when Sicily was proclaimed to be in a state of siege. Amid the excitement attendant on such a condition, the spirit of Dr. Pitrè, faithful patriot and friend of the people, burned with extreme brilliance. He would not hazard much expression in regard to the subject which occupied the thoughts of every one; he restrained his utterance, which if unbridled would have carried him too far in the way of impassioned eloquence. But in that little which he permitted himself to say much could be divined and comprehended. He well knew how hard is the case of the Sicilian proletariat, under the burden of the dead body of Bourbon traditions, impeded by a confused tangle of petty oppressions, of land rents, of local tariffs, of political rings for the distribution of town offices, — an underbrush which the axes that cut down the forest

of the government of the strangers had not time to clear away. But neither is this remainder of the *selva selvaggia* to be burned off by fires kindled here and there by an ignorant populace.

All this Dr. Pitrè understood, and with his dark face flashing with emotion, he would repeat with his unforgettable southern emphasis, "This state of siege is a Providence for Sicily, a real Providence!" He desired that the people should be saved from themselves, from their own half-savage natures in revolt stimulated by malcontents and demagogues.

The more thorough became our familiarity with Palermo, the more Dr. Pitrè appeared to us its representative and *primo cittadino*. In the hours which he so generously devoted to explaining to us the historic associations of certain places and edifices in Palermo, he evoked with power the spirits of the past and bade them speak sooth. Indeed, Dr. Pitrè might be an Arabian mage, with his intensely black and piercing eyes, his dark masses of hair and beard sparkling with silver, his rapid, gliding motion, his picturesque and courteous speech, the eloquence of his sensitive shoulders and fine, nervous hands. All the past of Sicily is as if present to him, because he is completely penetrated with the sense of its survival in the conditions of to-day; and the lessons received by us from his enthusiastic erudition will remain indelible in their brilliant strokes of first intention, as if from an etcher's needle.

It may not have been inopportune to describe a little the personality of Dr. Pitrè, which adds so much prestige to his work, before offering a very brief outline of his writings. The first excursion of his genius in the way that it was afterward to pursue was in the year 1858, when, a schoolboy of seventeen years, he began to interest himself in comparing Giusti's collection of Tuscan proverbs with the proverbial sayings of Sicily, of which he knew by heart a great number.

In connection with this Dr. Pitrè recalls a striking story.

In 1866, after some years of collating Sicilian proverbs, he had obtained more than eight thousand examples, written on slips of paper. These were kept in a room in the neighborhood of the Church of San Francesco di Paola, at that time a suburb of Palermo. On the 15th of September of that year, the people of the city and its environs made one of their instinctive insurrections, without clearly knowing the reason why; and it was rumored that San Francesco di Paola was to be assaulted. The young Pitrè hastened to his home within the city gates, leaving his proverbs to their fate; which would have been that of all philosophy in times of war, if he had not soon returned to find them, and, aided by his brother, bear them away from danger, crawling on hands and knees in order to avoid the bullets which rained from the Porta Macqueda upon the few soldiers defending the Piazza Ruggiero Settimo. "The words still sound terrible to me," Dr. Pitrè records, "which, when we hazarded to cross that street, were shouted to us by an officer: 'Go on! If you fall, that is your own affair!'"

The young folk-lorist had received his baptism of fire.

His collection of Sicilian proverbs, afterward augmented to the number of thirteen thousand, and compared with nearly seventeen thousand from the other dialects of Italy, as well as with Latin and Biblical citations, forms part of the series of volumes of the *Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Siciliane*.

In 1882, Dr. Pitrè devised the scheme of publishing the *Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, the pioneer of all the journals of folk-lore, which he still continues to edit with the aid of his long-time friend and colleague, Dr. Salomone-Marino. Of course the present *Bibliografia* indexes all the articles which have appeared in this periodical. A supplementary volume will record books and

articles, of various nationalities, which were received by Dr. Pitrè too late to be included in the body of the work.

Next to a prolonged stay in the island, — which sojourn should moreover be fortunate, as was ours, in occasions to gain the friendliness of the people and have access to their daily life, — there is no way to know one's Sicily so well as by the reading of the *Biblioteca* of Dr. Pitrè. It is an infinite comment upon the spirit and manners of the country. The first two volumes of the series are devoted to an essay upon Sicilian poetry, with nearly eleven hundred examples of the lyrics and legends of the people, — which appears a logical starting-point for the study of the folk-lore of the island, when we remember that the origins of the Italian language were in the troubadour court of Frederic II. at Palermo.

(In parenthesis, very subdued, may be murmured a heresy, — a poor thing, but our own, — to the effect that if Dante had been Sicilian instead of Tuscan, the vulgate of Italy, evoked by him from the chaos of dialects and the darkness of the dead Latin, would have attained much sooner to the efficacy, force, and plasticity which it now goes seeking by a more liberal policy of acceptance of provincial idioms, provided these be adjudged useful and not ill constructed. What Hellenic forms, what Oriental color, are in the speech of Sicily and of Calabria! Compared to their eagle cries or nightingale throbs, — this always under privilege of a pagan in presence of the worship of the *Toscaneggiamento*, — the pure Tuscan locution, with its pretty redundancies and suave preciosities, sounds like the warbling of linnets in a bush!)

Italian poetry, then, began in Sicily; and there is a current song of the peasants that boasts, "Whoever wants poetry, let him come to Sicily, for she bears the banner of victory; of songs we have a hundred thousand."

Because of the curious phenomenon of the coincident and equal development

of the cultured and of the popular poetry of Sicily, the task of separating them is extremely difficult; and many acute critics have erred therein, confused by the clever literary imitations of the songs of the people. Here Dr. Pitre's intuition and tact have greatly availed him. From the lips of the peasants he has noted the genuine Sicilian lyrics, imposing in their abundance and variety: love and hatred, jealousy and reconciliation, parting and death, lullabies and the ingenuous and often fantastic invocations of religion, history, and legend, all find their large expression in poetry.

Not less plenteous and characteristic is the collection of popular tales which fill four volumes of the Biblioteca. They have been already somewhat illustrated for American readers by Professor Crane's charming book of Italian folktales,¹ so that little need be said here, except to note the vivid imagination and the extraordinary spiritedness of their manner of telling. They touch the Arabian Nights on the one hand, and the legends of Hellas on the other, yet always preserving the popular tonality. Among them are various anecdotes familiar to laughers in all languages, and attributed to the chief wit of the time and place in which they happen to be related, be he Dante or Sydney Smith, or, in Sicily, the unconscious humorist, Giufà the simpleton.

A volume containing a study of the religious festivals and spectacles in Sicily throws light upon the bizarre superstitions, the touching devotion and faith, the survivals of the pagan spirit, and the natural and pure religion that mingle inextricably in the Sicilian credences and forms of worship.

In four other volumes are recorded the traditions of the secular existence; which, however, are constantly interwoven with the observances of the Church or

with the whims of superstition. What a phantasmagoria of common things taking color from the most improbable fancies and practices! What strange ideas concerning omens and auguries, the intervention of the saints and of the souls in purgatory! The personnel of the Greek and Roman mythology survives to-day in Sicily, baptized or banned, as the case may be. The bountiful Demeter, mother of corn, is still adored as the Madonna del Carmine in her ancient fields of Enna (now Castrogiovanni), and the finest of the wheat is offered upon her altar. Certain saints have assumed the record, more or less revised and corrected, of gods and demigods. Sant' Agata wove and raveled the web of Penelope; the mysterious divinities of the household, the Lares of the Etruscans, perhaps the Dæ Matres of the Romans, appear as the often beneficent, always capricious Donne di Fuora; sylvan spirits haunt the nut-trees; the siren sings on the rocks of the coast; Fate and Death in person are to be met in the roads. Infinite is the imagination that gives to the Sicilian view of existence a constant illusion and a marvelous coloring. The real is always supplemented and rendered significant by the purely ideal, which causes the most surprising contrasts in sentiment and in practice.

A very interesting task of Dr. Pitre's may be noted here, — the commission given to him by the National Italian Exposition, held at Palermo in 1891–92, to prepare a Sicilian ethnological exhibit, which by his care was made to comprise several thousand objects belonging to the manners and customs of the people. Nothing was admitted which was not of traditional as well as of present use. Many of the articles loaned were, after the close of the exhibition, returned to their proprietors; but enough remained of those owned by or ceded to Dr. Pitre to form an instructive and not meagre museum; which he had the goodness to show and explain to us. It is lodged in a storeroom not far from the Porta

¹ Italian Popular Tales. By T. F. Crane. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Carini, — an unpretentious theatre, indeed, for the object lesson upon Sicily brilliantly pronounced there one morning by Dr. Pitrè to an audience very small in number, but in inverse proportion attentive and grateful. A pamphlet at this moment near our hand records the exhibit, illustrating with careful woodcuts the text concerning the costumes, the vehicles, the implements of agricultural and of domestic use, the amulets and charms, the popular art as applied to the painting of *ex votos* or to the scenes of the Carlovingian legend, the children's toys, and the curious forms of loaves and sweets suggested by fancy, or more often by devotional tradition.

Though the titles of Dr. Pitrè's separate publications upon folk-lore amount to no less than two hundred and twenty in number, these brochures and journalistic articles are mostly reprinted in the volumes of the Biblioteca, which, with the exhibition catalogue and the great Bibliografia, represents the career of the Sicilian patriot and man of letters, who has worked always without subsidies or patronage of any sort, spending in the cause of folk-lore the slender gains of medical practice (not a little of which is gratuitous among the poor). For many years he was hindered by ignorant and envious opposition; he was called a fool, and a waster of time and of ink, by persons who later have fully recanted their error, and testified their admiration of his constancy and wisdom. Still in the prime of his powers and in the full impetus of work, he enjoys his due reward in the popular esteem, and in the personally expressed appreciation on the part of the king and queen of Italy.

On the eastern coast of Sicily are the scenes of the studies of rustic life by the eminent novelists Signor G. Verga and Signor L. Capuana. These two resemble each other closely in their theory of art and in the main qualities of their

work; so that it is less by means of generalities than by particulars that criticism can differentiate them. Their recent volumes of short stories — Verga's *Don Candeloro*¹ and Capuana's *Le Paesane*² — were published very nearly at the same time. With all respect to the more famous author of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, it may be frankly said that just now Signor Capuana appears to be doing the better work. They both have great and well-recognized merits. We are not aware whether many American readers are acquainted with the writings of Capuana, but cisatlantic attention has been widely directed to Verga as represented by the libretto of Mascagni's volcanic opera, and by the humane and beautiful novel, the *Malavoglia* (translated under title of *The House by the Medlar Tree*). Both authors are professed realists; they have studied with much care the manners and locutions of their region, the province of Catania, even to the particulars and the prejudices of the "bell-towerism" of their respective towns.

At their best they are very good indeed; so much so that it was easy to condone the rather dogmatic rhapsody with which the American edition of the *Malavoglia* was introduced by Mr. Howells, who perhaps had not read certain others of Signor Verga's writings; and he was quite right in admiring that one. For indeed the *Malavoglia* is a masterpiece in its honest sympathy with the humble fisher folk of *Acì Trezza*, showing the little village as a real microcosm.

In the more limited bounds of a short sketch, Signor Capuana is great when he tells about the "*Tabbù*," the coffin bought at a bargain, and adapted as a receptacle for nuts pending its funereal serviceableness. He appears a Sicilian Dickens who portrays the old *Don Stelario* and his maiden sister *Donna Salvatrice*, with their incredible niggardli-

¹ *Don Candeloro e Ci.* Di G. VERGA. Milano: Treves. 1894.

² *Le Paesane.* Di L. CAPUANA. Catania: Niccolò Giannotta. 1894.

ness, their fear of thieves, their dull, warped affections, in the atmosphere of the smoke-stained, disordered, cobwebby house, two fingers thick with dust, and exhaling the musty odors of decay.

But the defects of the writings of Signor Verga and of Signor Capuana are not those of their qualities, except in so far as they are inseparable from the theories of art rather consciously proposed to themselves by these novelists. Their fault, their very great fault, is literary absenteeism. They have acted upon the proverbial paradox that "the longest way round is the shortest way home:" they have gone to Paris in order to look at their Sicily; they have absorbed the studies made by M. Zola to the end of becoming acquainted with their own fellow-townsmen. They have not neglected to note Sicilian details of places, customs, superstitions, sayings; they have transferred types, often with admirable efficiency. But they have remained too far away to impart to their stories the odor of the Sicilian soil, the breath of antique romance which breathes there like the perfumes of the *zagara*. (One likes the pretty Sicilian word, of Arab strain, which means inclusively the flowerage of the lemon, the orange, the citron, and all their golden kindred.)

Signor Verga and Signor Capuana, yet always asserting their aim to be that of interpreting the Sicilian character and manners, have adopted as their means a predetermined and emphatic tone of Gallicism, than which nothing could be more discordant with the temperament of Sicily. France, for causes easily understood, has never possessed the sympathies of the Sicilian people; instead, its name suggests to them ideas of distrust and enmity. It appears almost like a betrayal, this use of the French lorgnette of M. Zola, in the hands of Sicilian observers of their compatriots. This lens, let us be aware, — especially if we aspire to the large art of true realism in fiction, not being merely "lovers of ignoble realities," as

Flaubert said, — this lens, then, has the perverse property of magnifying disproportionately all that is vicious, squalid, base; and of minifying to the vanishing point those ideal satisfactions of which, however poor or vague they may be, no conscious life is quite deprived.

The disciples of the school of M. Zola mistake the exceptions for the rule: they photograph monstrosities; they insist upon the sordid accidents of life as the whole and final meaning of the earth and of its creatures; they would deny to humanity that little gleam of inward poetry — none the worse if this remain unformulated — which illumines and comforts the personality of every one.

How much an artist is to be blamed, or, on the contrary, pitied, for "seeing ugly" is another question. It may be an affair partly of temperament, partly of a willful pose of pessimism. At all events, the opposite disposition of view is worth cultivating, especially for the sect of realists who like to declare themselves the ardent friends of the poor humanity whose nature they do not at all flatter in their art! In effect, they protest against injuries by means of insults. One distrusts, somehow, the philanthropists who court disillusion, and as eagerly announce it.

Perhaps for Signor Verga and Signor Capuana absence has been able to chill somewhat their appreciation of their fellow-countrymen. There is a sort of familiarity which, proverbially, breeds contempt; but there is also that familiarity which is impelled by good will toward its object, and whose result is intelligent sympathy. An important difference between the writings of these novelists and those of Dr. Pitri is that for the former the Sicilian people are like so many models who stand before the artist, amid the technicalities or the blague which may be the atmosphere of his studio; while for Dr. Pitri the proletariat is ignorant, unfortunate, sometimes criminal, but always to be dealt with fairly, studied in

a spirit of kindly philosophy, in order to make it comprehended by the Italy of which it is part.

In turning the pages of the present volumes, it is noticed that Signor Capuana has secured a tone of unity for his group of sketches by confining them to stories of peasant life. Among these emerge the *Tabbùtu*, already praised; *Tre Colombe* ed *Una Fava*, not too finely sifted, but veritable comedy; *Lo Sciancato* and *Quacquarà*, in which the pathos of a fixed idea is raised to a truly poetic height; *Gli Scavi di Mastro Rocco*, diggings inexhaustible of figurines of the goddess *Ceres*; and, most dramatic of all, the *Assise*, with its piteous heroine, half-unconscious cause of the tremendous passions that had whirled so tragically around her.

The sketches of Signor Verga are found to be less Sicilian, both in conception and in language, than those of Signor Capuana. Verga has absorbed the French sentiment and idiom until his style has become to no slight degree denationalized. In adherence to his theories of realism he sometimes misses the point of his own story. *Don Candeloro*, for example, is the narrative of the career of a manager of a theatre of marionettes, — a type peculiarly Sicilian, and essentially comic in the seriousness, anything but ignoble, with which it takes itself. One could wish that Signor Verga had chosen to set forth the guild of marionette managers with the dignified self-esteem, the solemn artistic convictions, the improbable ideals of chivalry, which are the badge of all their tribe (and in which, indeed, *Don Candeloro* is not al-

together lacking), instead of making prominent the vulgar escapades of the prodigal daughter *Violante*.

Paggio Fernando is another sketch of life behind the scenes of the minor drama, and is very good in its provincial atmosphere. *La Serata della Diva* is a sophisticated impression of the more ambitious *coulisses*; also *Il Tramonto di Venere* has nothing to do in this *galère* of rustic types. Signor Verga depicts with considerable truth and humor various figures from the populations of the convents, in these days becoming extinct in Italy. *Epopèa Spicciola* is a grim fragment of war as seen by an old peasant, who cannot give himself a reason for the carnage and the disorders, ignorant of the purpose of the conflict, viewing it all divested of illusion, only an inhuman horror and pity.

There are many admirable qualities and brilliant passages in these two volumes of Sicilian stories; but it is not possible to commend them as a whole, or to indorse them as a just characterization of the people of Sicily. If only Signor Verga and Signor Capuana would decide to unite themselves with Dr. *Pitrè* in filial and sincere studies of their mother country, honoring her in her traditions and in her language, — and this ought not to be difficult for either of them, surely not for the author of the *Malavoglia*, — what characteristic, illuminating, sympathetic fiction they could create! It is such a dreary business, that of certain realists who advertise themselves as chiropodists of the feet of clay of the image of humanity, never raising their eyes to regard its head of gold.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau, edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. B. Sanborn. (Houghton.) Readers of the old volume of Thoreau's Letters, as edited by Emerson, were somewhat surprised when, a year or two ago, The Atlantic published a group of Thoreau's letters. These seemed to be written by another Thoreau, and the explanation lies in the fact that Emerson's judgment led him to print mainly what he thought reflected the permanent Thoreau. But a man is kept alive by his whole self, and it is not wise to give the world merely one's own view of a friend. Mr. Sanborn, in editing this fuller collection, has done much to rescue Thoreau from the exclusive company of the woodchuck, and the book becomes, in connection with his writings, a most satisfactory exhibition of the man. Many will revise their judgment upon reading it. — *Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke.* (Harpers.) A two-volume work containing the published studies of the great military critic and commander upon various questions of a diplomatic or military character connected with modern European history. Then follow speeches delivered by him in the Reichstag and in the Prussian House of Lords, as well as drafts of speeches delivered in the Customs Parliament. As these speeches extend from 1868 to 1890, and as Moltke spoke only when he had something to say, it will be seen how living a comment they afford upon very recent history. Finally, there are a number of lively reminiscences of the great field marshal by members of his family and others. — *Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke as a Correspondent*, translated by Mary Herms. (Harpers.) Another of the series of volumes setting forth the great soldier, this time under his more familiar aspect. Many of the letters are trivial, but even these help to bring out the character of the man by the little touches of affection and friendship. The former part of the volume is taken up with letters to his family, the latter with letters to his friends. — *Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier*, translated by Charles E. Roche. Vol. III. (Scribners.) This vol-

ume covers the period of the first Restoration, the One Hundred Days, and the beginning of the second Restoration, the last records being of the autumn of 1815. We have before spoken of the quite exceptional value and interest of the work, which gives the experiences and impressions of a singularly clear-eyed and unimpassioned observer, who throughout the greater part of his narrative is in a position to know the inner history as well as the outward show of the events he describes. We see that notwithstanding the brilliant success of the first days of Napoleon's return, sagacious men, not carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, calculated pretty accurately the probable duration of his power; added light is thrown upon the diplomacy of Talleyrand, and the perfidy of that universal deceiver, the ex-Terrorist, Fouché, who, to show perhaps that nothing is incredible in French politics, was for a brief space one of the ministers of Louis XVIII. Of the high position which these Memoirs will permanently hold among the authoritative documents of the Napoleonic era there can be no question. — *Costume of Colonial Times*, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) From old letters, diaries, inventories, and the like, with the very material assistance which the advertisements in old newspapers so often give in showing us our forefathers in their habit as they lived, Mrs. Earle has constructed not only an entertaining volume, but also one that should have a permanent value. Though with all her skill and patience in research she has not been able to solve every mystery, such cases are rare, and usually her explanations and illustrations are admirably clear and explicit. Much is condensed into a moderate space, and the alphabetical arrangement makes reference easy. The book should be especially useful to artists dealing with the colonial period, and may help to dispel the idea, among others equally rooted and erroneous, that one unvarying mode, commonly that of about the year 1770, with occasionally a premature Empire gown thrown in, characterized the whole eighteenth century. But why does Mrs. Earle imply that so general an article of attire as the band was par-

ticularly Puritan? — unless, perhaps, as the records might lead us fondly to imagine, seemly and, to the credit of the mothers of New England, well-cared-for neckgear was more universal in the eastern colonies than elsewhere.

Literature. Abraham Lincoln. Complete Works, comprising his Speeches, Letters, State Papers, and Miscellaneous Writings. Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. In two volumes. (The Century Co.) The writers of the comprehensive Life of Lincoln do well thus to bring out an authoritative collection of Lincoln's writings. It will be a surprise to some to see how large was Lincoln's contribution to political literature before he was President. One volume is occupied with this period, but it is swelled, wisely indeed, by the inclusion of Douglas's rejoinders in the great debate. There is an admirable index, but no table of contents. The volumes may be regarded as an accompaniment to the Life, yet we think it was a mistake in editing not to give more head-notes or other explanation of the circumstances under which important addresses were given. For example, the last speech of Lincoln has no explanation of the occasion of its delivery. — Mr. A. M. Williams's *Studies in Folk-Song and Popular Poetry* (Houghton) include not only what we ordinarily mean by popular poetry, as, for instance, the Scotch and English ballads, or the folk-songs of Hungary and of Roumania, but also such diverse subjects as American sea-songs, the folk-songs of the civil war, and the poetry of Lady Nairn. In method and treatment, these studies are popular rather than scholarly. They do not carry research to original sources, and they are not exhaustive. But perhaps on these accounts they are none the less appreciative, and they have the great merit of being written out of a genuine, intelligent interest in the subject, so that the book is not at all a piece of mere book-making. — *American Authors, a Hand-Book of American Literature from Early Colonial to Living Writers*, by Mildred Rutherford. (Franklin Printing and Publishing Co., Atlanta, Ga.) The work of an enthusiast, apparently, who loves literature, who has a patriotic sense of the value of American literature, and a desire, moreover, to see the Southern section properly presented. Miss Rutherford has been diligent in collecting anecdotes, and desires

to make her readers students of history and literature, for she intersperses questions and reviews, and she adds also a good many portraits. Some of the comment thrown in is entertaining. We advise Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith to read by himself the chapter devoted to him. — Alongside of Fielding, in J. M. Dent & Co.'s pretty reprint, should be placed the half dozen volumes of Laurence Sterne, in the same style, issued by the same publishers. (Dent, London; Lippincott.) These volumes, like Fielding, are edited by Mr. Saintsbury, and illustrated by E. J. Wheeler. Readers of *The Atlantic* have lately been reminded of Sterne by Mr. Merwin, and these attractive books afford an excellent opportunity for revising one's judgment and reviving one's memory, or it may be, making new acquaintance with one of the imperishable names. It is not necessary that he should be altogether acceptable at the present day; it is enough that he was one of the sure spokesmen of his own day; and so long as literature is historically interesting, so long certainly Sterne will need to be read, and the necessity will bring some agreeable things in its train. — The illustrated edition of Irving's *Sketch-Book* in two volumes (Lippincott) has an interest, apart from the comely form in which it comes to the buyer and reader of to-day, in the use which it makes of a series of illustrations prepared long enough ago to make the representation of them now a means of comparison with the work of current draughtsmen. Darley, Hoppin, McDonough, McEntee, William Hart, Ehninger, Bellows, Edwin White, — these and others were once names to conjure with; and on the whole, though the fashion has somewhat changed, the cuts, in spite of the rather heavy printing, have a certain mellowness which is not unattractive. We suspect some of the excellence is due to the fact that these artists themselves drew on the block. — Messrs. Scribners have begun the publication of a reprint of the principal novels of Henry Kingsley with the issue of *Ravenshoe*, in two attractive volumes, agreeable both to the hand and eye. The selection for the opening work of the new edition is a wise one, as this vigorous and exceedingly interesting tale, undeniably its author's most notable work, will be his best introduction to a new generation of readers. — *The Temple Shakespeare* (Macmillan) is en-

riched by two more volumes, *The Merchant of Venice* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, each, after the manner of the edition, fronted by a pretty vignette, and equipped with a frugal but satisfactory apparatus of introduction, glossary, and notes. The fifth and sixth sections of the *Ariel Shakespeare* (Putnams) contain twelve volumes, and these complete the series, the whole consisting of forty pretty little volumes, printed with clear black type on good white paper. The volumes are neatly bound, and the text, though open to query now and then, certainly is not carelessly edited. The *Poems* are given in one volume, the *Sonnets* in another, and a *Glossary*, with a convenient *Index of Characters* also, makes a volume by itself. Altogether this is an attractive edition.

Fiction. *Perlycross*, by R. D. Blackmore. (Harpers.) After the unwholesome atmosphere of those fictions of the day whose writers think that the close of the century must needs be its decadence as well, *Perlycross* comes like a breath of pure country air. Though the story proper of the book is very slight, and told in the slowest and most digressive fashion, and though one of the leading characters, the Spanish Lady Waldron, — in intention an impressive figure, — is a rather pronounced failure, the reader soon begins to find a peculiar pleasure in his leisurely progress, and lingers willingly by the way. The mere story matters little; the humors, prejudices, superstitions, foibles, and virtues of the rural Devonians who play more or less, often less, important parts in it are a never failing delight. It is Mr. Blackmore's misfortune always to be compared, usually to his disadvantage, with himself. His best book remains alone, but among those which without derogation may be called his second best the graphic records of *Perlycross* sixty years since should take a high rank. — *Eyes Like the Sea*, by Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. (Putnams.) This tale, crowned by the Hungarian Academy as the best Magyar novel of the year 1890, is declared by the translator to be the most brilliant of its distinguished author's later works. Though Mr. Bain confesses to an acquaintance with but five-and-twenty of Jókai's one hundred and fifty romances, he has so greatly the advantage of almost all readers of English that they can hardly controvert his opinion in the matter. In his own

proper name and person, the writer himself is the hero of his tale, and there is much in the reminiscences of his boy life and his later experiences in the Hungarian struggle for independence to appeal strongly to his country folk, and indeed to be found readable by outsiders, even after it has passed the ordeal of translation. But to them the real interest of the book will probably centre in the extraordinary story of Bessy and the five men who, legally or illegally, succeed each other in her affections, this history being the connecting thread in a most loosely woven narrative. The presentment of the lawless lady with eyes like the sea, a heroine in some respects *sui generis*, is an exceedingly vivid one. — *The Prince of India*, or, *Why Constantinople Fell*, by Lew. Wallace. (Harpers.) An historical novel in two volumes, told with the abundance of detail and succession of highly wrought incidents which make this writer's books marvels of literary industry, impelled by an imaginative force which has been stored up for much better uses than the construction of commonplace melodramatic stories. — *A Change of Air*, by Anthony Hope. (Holt.) This is not a tale of romantic adventure, like the story by which "Anthony Hope" is mostly known to American readers, but is moderately realistic in tone, though there is perhaps an element of romance in the abundant prosperity which in the young hero's case results from the writing of revolutionary and erotic verses. The poet takes a country house for a time, is graciously received in county society, falls in love with the squire's charming daughter, and, as a consequence, becomes reconciled to the institutions of his country; thus exciting to frenzy the village doctor, an ill-balanced enthusiast who has taken the earlier poems for his gospel. The book shows the author's epigrammatic cleverness in dialogue, and is agreeably readable, but it will not be likely to add materially to his reputation. His portrait and a brief sketch of his life are prefixed to the volume. — *A Saint*, by Paul Bourget. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. (Roberts.) The story of a modern miracle wrought by a rather old-time saint. Incidentally, it makes a contrast between an earlier world of superstition and the present decadent age of restlessness and irony, — a contrast that, on the whole, is disappointingly inef-

fective. The characterization, on the other hand, is as clever, and sometimes as subtle, as one would expect of M. Bourget. — *Pastime Stories*, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Harpers.) The old-fashioned custom of having a little word at the start with the "gentle reader" Mr. Page has revived rather unfeiliciously. He is even unreasonable enough to ask the "gentle reader" not to complain if the stories in question are not entertaining; for the writer *tried* to make them so! If he had not succeeded, the "gentle reader" might not have thought it worth while to complain; but when stories are worth noticing at all, then he may reasonably insist upon his right to criticise as he must. In the present case, it seems to us — who were ever gentle — that Mr. Page has neither made nor marred his tales in the telling, and that the least said about it would have been the better. — *Brander Matthews' Vignettes of Manhattan* (Harpers) illustrate an artistic tendency, which we usually associate with the French, to present reality vividly, whether it be beautiful or not. In style these sketches are brisk and specific, but at the same time they are somewhat academic. They lack sympathetic quality; they lack atmosphere. But in substance they suggest, again and again, a strong sense on the part of the author for a baffling aspect of the life with which he deals, for its meaningless tragedies, its unordered, inconsequential course. — *Katharine North*, by Maria Louise Pool. (Harpers.) Miss Pool has an ingenious faculty for seizing upon some very trying and uncomfortable situation, and then making it yield all sorts of complications and excitement. Here a widower lays siege to the heart of a young girl, and by the aid of her mother succeeds nominally in getting possession. But the moment the decisive word is said the girl asserts herself, and thereafter tries to live her own life, with the result of becoming really in love, and being called on to resist this new enemy. The book is strained and tortuous, and one cannot help feeling that much good work is misspent upon a forced situation. — *Peak and Prairie*, by Anna Fuller. (Putnams.) This series of Colorado sketches deals with the variety of subject and interest natural to the curiously transplanted life of a great health resort, a life in no way native or indigenous. Its special character and its scenic background

these stories do not suggest with complete success. At the same time they are pleasing in tone, and have something like the bright and tonic quality of Colorado air. — *Endeavor Doin's Down to the Corners*, by Rev. J. F. Cowan. (Lothrop.) A tale in rude country manner of the doings of the Christian Endeavor Society in a rough New England neighborhood. It is corduroy-road-traveling to go through the book, and genuine New England wit and humor are hard to find; one has to put up with well-worn phrases and uncouth spelling in place of the more ingrain quality. But if one takes the trouble to get at the actual contents of the book, he will find some sensible wrestlings with powers of darkness. — *Salome Shepard, Reformer*, by Helen M. Winslow. (Arena Publishing Co., Boston.) An attempt, in fiction, to set right the relations of employer and employed in a factory village, when the two elements in a common purpose have drifted apart. The application of the rule of Christianity is good, but we fear the fiction will scarcely do much toward solving the actual problems. — *Seven Strange Stories*, by J. Wallace Hoff. (Brandt Press, Trenton.) The rather common interest in weird things which had better be left to the Society for Psychological Research is forever seeking expression in literary art. Among the evidences that might be mentioned of this are the seven pale unrealities before us. Such significance as they may have in this way is, however, their only value. — *J. K. Bangs' Water Ghost and Others* (Harpers) are the jolliest set of spooks we ever met. If more uncanny spirits haunt you, they will drive them off. Though they bear you company after candlelight, they will leave only the memory of extravagant fun and farce to hover about you at bedtime. — *Balsam Boughs*, by A. C. Knowles. (Porter & Coates.) An amiable but futile effort at telling a few Adirondack stories. — "Out of the Sunset Sea," by Albion W. Tourgée. (Merrill & Baker.) A romance evidently designed for the World's Fair trade. The money-making motive sometimes stimulates the production of great artistic work; but when this motive gets the better of a writer's desire for truth and beauty, it vulgarizes his art most abominably. — Among the paper-covered novels are, a reissue of *Upon a Cast*, by Charlotte Dunning (Harpers); and

The Damascus Road, by Léon de Tinseau, translated from the French by Florence Belknap Gilmour (George H. Richmond & Co., New York), a not very alluring book, neither the content nor the manner having any attraction. — The Sea Wolves, by Max Pemberton, has been added to Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Books for the Young. Among the unfailing *avant-coureurs* of the holiday season are certain books for boys, whose popularity may be considered as assured. Foremost among these are the tales of G. A. Henty (Scribners), with their illuminated covers, green-edged leaves, and three or four hundred amply filled pages, a length which somewhat daunts the older reader, but is regarded by the younger with a sigh of satisfaction, because the story "will last so long." We are sure to meet the same modest, manly, well-bred English lad, whatever be the age or clime in which he has his being, who, after many haps and mishaps, will be finally left in peace and prosperity. This year he first appears in *Wulf the Saxon, a Story of the Norman Conquest*, as a valiant young thane, a ward of Earl Harold, and faithfully follows his lord from the days of the Norman captivity to the end at Hastings. He figures in *When London Burned*, a Story of the Great Plague and Fire in London, as Sir Cyril Shenstone, the orphan son of a ruined Cavalier, and, after serving in the Dutch war and escaping harm from plague and fire, he triumphantly comes to his own again. As Tom Wade, a seeker after fortune in the Far West a generation ago, he is the hero of *In the Heart of the Rockies, a Story of Adventure in Colorado*, and his search is rewarded by the discovery of a gold mine. These are spirited, wholesome tales, and the first two follow history, so far as events go, with reasonable accuracy. — Mr. Kirk Munroe, who rivals Mr. Henty in the favor of the American lad, is more sensational in his methods than his co-worker, and his boy, while sharing many of the estimable qualities of his English fellow, is less amenable to authority, more self-confident and self-assertive, and so oftener falls into difficulties of his own making. In *The Fur-Seal's Tooth, a Story of Alaskan Adventure* (Harpers), we find the writer in a new field, whose possibilities in the way of exciting narrative are by no means exhausted in this volume. There is the usual

breathless succession of thrilling situations and hair-breadth escapes interspersed with a good deal of information regarding the hunting, lawful and unlawful, of the fur-seal. — Another annual is *The Boy Travelers in the Levant: Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Greece, and Turkey, with Visits to the Islands of Rhodes and Cyprus, and the Site of Ancient Troy.* (Harpers.) The "two youths," who must, in the course of their wanderings up and down the earth during the last fifteen years, have stumbled upon the fount which eluded Ponce de Leon's search, are, after the boys we have been considering, rather wooden young gentlemen. But the mixture of story and guide-book which records their doings, is usually readable, often instructive, and always popular, aided as it is by an abundant supply of altogether admirable illustrations.

Travel and Nature. *Three Years of Active Service, an Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84, and the Attainment of the Farthest North*, by Adolphus W. Greely. (Scribners.) Lieutenant Greely published, shortly after his return, an official report and one for the public. He has now gone over his material again, with the view to presenting clearly and in more moderate compass an account of an expedition which has not been surpassed in late years in positive results. He has used illustrations and maps freely and made a handsome volume, but we cannot help wishing that he had taken the occasion to bring his material into still more compact form. We think he would have increased the number of his readers. — *A Japanese Interior*, by Alice Mabel Bacon. (Houghton.) Miss Bacon has already proved herself an admirable reporter of woman's life in Japan in her *Japanese Girls and Women*. This second book is even more direct in its report, since it is practically a rehearsal of her own life, and that of her comrades engaged as teachers or pupils in the *Peeresses' School* in Tōkyō, as they set up housekeeping by themselves, and thereby entered more intimately into Japanese daily life. Based on letters written at the time, the book strikes one as truthful, and certainly is interesting, the interest springing from the fidelity of the narrator, and not from any effort to make a good story. Miss Bacon has made a real addition to our knowledge of Japan. — Brief

Guide to the Commoner Butterflies of the Northern United States and Canada, being an Introduction to a Knowledge of their Life-Histories, by S. H. Scudder. (Holt.) The main part of this manual is occupied with a catalogue raisonné of the commoner butterflies in their separate stages, the technical description being followed in each case by a less formal account of peculiarities, food, habits, etc. An introduction goes rapidly, but clearly, over the general subject of the butterfly, caterpillar, and chrysalis, the eggs, difference in sexes, mimicry, classification, and the book is at once a very convenient manual for the young collector and an intelligent introduction to a delightful study. — What might be called an untechnical monograph by the same author (Holt) is the *Life of a Butterfly*; a Chapter in Natural History for the General Reader. Here he has taken the milkweed butterfly and followed it through life, making each stage furnish a text for a liberal study, one may say, of all butterfly life at that stage. It is a most enjoyable little work, and gives a glimpse of what is possible in our natural history literature when precise knowledge is joined to a power of seeing and presenting relations of a single type. — In the convenient though somewhat unequal series of University Extension Manuals, edited by Professor Knight (Scribners), is a volume by Patrick Geddes, entitled *Chapters in Modern Botany*. It illustrates well the method by which the more agile lecturer seeks to start students by an appeal to their curiosity and interest, and, while developing the science in an orderly fashion, constantly stimulates inquiry, and leads to independent search, if not research. To the reader already familiar with botanical study the book is a delightful résumé, and we do not see how it could be taken up seriously by a novice without inspiring in him a desire to know the matter by personal observation.

Education and Textbooks. Practical Lessons in Fractions by the Inductive Method, accompanied by Fraction Cards, by Florence N. Sloane. (Heath.) Miss Sloane's method, which she has worked out and tested, is the simple one of making actual divisions of circles of pasteboard by which to illustrate to the eye various fractions. The book contains a large number of examples. — In the series Readings for Students (Holt)

two books have come to our notice: Selections from the Prose Writings of Coleridge, edited by H. A. Beers, and Specimens of Argumentation, compiled by George P. Baker. The former gives extracts largely from literary criticism; the latter brings together an interesting and varied group of argumentative speeches. It is a capital idea to put these in the way of a student as exercises in analysis. — Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* has been brought out with explanatory notes, by Maynard, Merrill & Co. — The same firm issues also Motley's essay on Peter the Great.

Religion. In the series of American Church History volumes, publishing by the Christian Literature Company of New York, a useful compendium appears which presents The Religious Forces of the United States, Enumerated, Classified, and Described on the Basis of the Government Census of 1890, with an Introduction on the Condition and Character of American Christianity, by H. K. Carroll. The volume is mainly statistical and descriptive, and it is in the introduction only that the editor ventures upon generalization and characterization. He shows a candid and catholic spirit here, and the conclusion he reaches when he says, "Evangelical Christianity is the dominant religious force of the United States," is the result plainly of a wide range of observation. — In the same series is a more specific volume, A History of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States, by Henry Eyster Jacobs. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.) This is a more historical work, devoted to origins and development, written of course in sympathy with the church, but not in a partisan spirit. — Sabbath Hours, Thoughts, by Liebman Adler. (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.) A series of discourses and practical application of Old Testament truths by a Jewish rabbi who lived long in Chicago. It is interesting to see in this book, full of lessons of high morality, the kind of preaching which would result were men to be content with the Sermon on the Mount without the preacher behind that sermon.

Sociology and Hygiene. Masses and Classes, by Henry Tuckley. (Cranston & Curts, Cincinnati.) This book, which introduces itself rather pretentiously as "A Study of Industrial Conditions in England," must not be taken too seriously, for it is neither exhaust-

ive nor scholarly, but slight, sketchy, journalistic. Nevertheless, it rather forcibly suggests the deplorable condition — a condition so very much worse than anything in America — of English wage-earners. — *Vagaries of Sanitary Science*, by F. L. Dibble. (Lippincott.) Dr. Dibble, having been irritated by what he conceives to have been the unscientific theories of certain sanitary experts, sets to work, by the accumulation of a great number of cases, to disprove some of the generally accepted theories of the origin of disease. He holds a brief for filth, bad drainage, tainted meats, dead bodies, polluted springs, and other much-abused public offenders, and, after the manner of a criminal lawyer, girds at the public prosecutor. We leave him to the tender mercies of the women and the plumbers.

Household Economy. The Chafing-Dish Supper, by Christine Terhune Herrick. (Scribners.) Formerly the chafing-dish was regarded as a somewhat Bohemian utensil, associated with bachelor apartments, happy-go-lucky "light housekeeping," and the evening Welsh rabbit, a mild dissipation of many conventional households; but now it has received wide social recognition, and even appears in solid silver as a rather

needless adjunct to rich men's feasts. Mrs. Herrick gives some very sensible advice as to its use, and furnishes a variety of excellent receipts, all of which will be found practicable for chafing-dish cookery, though we think it would be more convenient to relegate some of them to the kitchen and the prosaic sauce-pan and frying-pan. The book is brought out in the same attractive style as *The Little Dinner*, and should win equal favor with house-mistresses.

Ceramic Art. The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States, an Historical Review of American Ceramic Art from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Edwin Atlee Barber. With 223 Illustrations. (Putnam's.) A book chock-full of forgettable details, but containing also much admirable material. The author is an enthusiast, and drags the reader in bewildering fashion from one pottery to another, introduces the principal persons in the business, and sometimes narrates their personal history. The subject is treated largely from the commercial point of view, but the illustrations give a good idea of what has been achieved, and the book is a fair bird's-eye view of the present condition of the pottery industry in the United States.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Horse-Car Psychics. FOR many seasons — nay, many years — it had been my habit to regard, first with dismay, and later on with complacent scorn, such persons as would knowingly avoid payment of a small debt; especially if such avoidance premised no very active measure of dishonesty or actual jeopardy in the performance. Of course we all look with severe moral disapprobation upon him who defrauds his fellow-man, while we maintain stoutly that it is not so much the amount of the swindle that concerns us, — it is the principle of the thing, you know! As a matter of fact, our disapproval is greatly modified by the extent of the damage thus inflicted. The promoter who by means of a scheme brings ruin on our unsuspecting neighbor comes in for a share of virtuous indignation both loud and deep; at the same time, the malefactor whose

frauds extend no farther than a postage stamp or a car fare we regard with but little indignation, although with a good deal of scorn, — scorn which seems to imply a conviction on our part that, if a man must be a thief, it were better to be so on a scale which commands the respect of his fellow-purloiners, real or would-be!

But alas! that deceptive equation which has been the undoing of many worthy souls, the law of compensation and equivalents, had to step in and make havoc with a conscience as sensitive by inheritance as it was alert through cultivation; and this was the manner of the "decline and fall-off."

On one occasion, having given a horse-car conductor a quarter of a dollar, I watched him proceed to pocket the same and pass on with the indifference of one who has closed a transaction. To my demand for change

he turned a deaf ear. On the demand being reiterated more loudly, he produced from his pocket a five-cent nickel, declaring that was all I had given him. Redress was out of the question. A policeman who happened to be riding on the platform evidently regarded me as a troublesome person, and refused to entertain my complaint. For a brief moment there were thoughts of revolution, of clamorous denunciation, of assuming the martyr's rôle of one forcibly ejected for principle's sake; but wiser counsels prevailed, for here again the baneful law of equivalents told me that all this trouble would be dear at twenty cents, and besides, I could not recover the money, anyhow; so I resigned myself to the sulky pose of a man with a grievance, and thereafter my comments on the inefficiency of the road were uttered with the justifiable acerbity of one who knows by bitter experience whereof he complains. Thus far reprisal had not been thought of except in the form of that liberty of speech so dear to the heart of every American citizen. But a day came when the wily conductor gave me in change a pewter half-dollar at a time when the late twilight rendered detection improbable. After this I found my mild revolutionary tendencies began to take practical shape.

Sitting lost in thought one afternoon, I abstractedly ignored the conductor as he was collecting his fares, and was somewhat surprised to find, on alighting from the car, that my fare rested tranquilly between thumb and finger. Here was a revelation. I did not hurry to give him the nickel, for I had once been told that a conductor had rather pay a neglected fare out of his own pocket than plead guilty to a degree of remissness which might cost him his place; and then, without any definite purpose, I fell to speculating as to why some people are asked for their fares, and why others are not. I pretty soon established the fact that the solution which has satisfied scientific investigators of the phenomena of mesmerism, namely, the theory of "expectation," would suffice for this problem. As an impressible woman under the hand of the hypnotizer is led to believe whatever that worthy suggests, so the horse-car conductor, I learned, promptly collects fares from all who have the look of "expectation" in their faces. This look, I further observed, is usually supplemented by appropriate gestures;

and this train of thought caused me to remember that the famous line,

"I tore up Fortune by her golden hair,"

was said to have been produced whilst the poet was occupied with fishing for a sixpence in the bottom of his trousers pocket.

Pursuing this line of investigation, I noticed that persons looking into space, or reading, or otherwise mentally absent were frequently ignored by the man of pence. It was not long before I ascertained the exact degree of wooden inexpressiveness on my part which would procure me a like immunity. Chuckling over my new-found treasure in economics, I even went so far as, in my thoughts, to pervert the text of Scripture which bears allusion to some who robbed, and others who passed him by. Parenthetically, I recalled to mind that, in the present case, the robbing had amounted to seventy cents, and the passing by scarcely to a dime.

There are many things beside edged tools which are unsafe in all hands, and a natural gift at sleight of hand, a deft faculty of unlocking desks with a hairpin, with other accomplishments meant to be used only in fun, has turned out in the long run as disastrous as that unloaded gun which every week, almost every day, is pointed sportively at some unintended victim.

And now, with averted face, I confess that, moved by a strong sense of profitable reprisal, I did practice that wooden look and that vacant stare, to mine own emolument and the company's loss, while hugging myself in the gleeful delusion that it was all done only as a mental exercise. For a while I salved my reddened conscience by giving such reservation of nickels to the poor, dropping the coin through the eleemosynary slot as a scarcely admitted conscience fund or blood money. Some of it even went in donations to the deserving poor who desired something to drink; and I have no doubt that in time I should have become, from mere force of habit, acclimatized to this new atmosphere of petty peculations. I found that, in strict justice, I was beginning to differ only in degree from a financier of that day whose assets were usually alluded to as "ill-gotten gains."

Also, the fact that I had companions in turpitude, and those far from prepossessing, gave me pause. Yes, there were other passengers of the street-car line who were adepts in a practice in which I was but an

amateur. And yet my attention was first called to their existence by the non-success of the stratagem, and by hearing the muttered ejaculation of the conductor, "Got on to that wooden face!" Of such as were thus detected that official collected fare twice, proving that the stratagem, unfortunately, worked both ways.

Under the — Every one has felt at some Golden Rose. moment that Shakespeare was not quite right when he said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and I am sure of sympathizers when I confess that we were attracted to the old inn by its shining title. It was a many-leaved, mammoth brass blossom, projecting far over the quaint Tyrolean street, glinting gayly in the sunshine and gently creaking when the wind blew, which lent its name to the friendly hostelry, and its perfume of Provençal song and romance overcame in our minds the attractions of the Post and the Eagle, though I own that I did sometimes feel drawn to the Moonshine which flaunted its suggestive crescent across the way. Such disloyal leanings, however, were always promptly smothered by succulent appreciation of the wonderful puddings concocted by our blue-eyed hostess. In Moonshine should we not be expected to fare sumptuously on dew and clover honey?

I think I must not tell the name of my Tyrolean village, and so reveal it to the irreverent transient tourist. If *you*, lover of leisure and the picturesque, wish to discover it, seek it by these signs which I confide to you alone. Set in broad green meadows which were once a goblin-haunted swamp, at the foot of snow-topped mountains, you will find a long, tortuous street spanned by a tall clock-tower with a delicate lancet window, standing astride the way like a one-eyed giant keeping guard. Every house is roughly stuccoed a different color, pale green, cream, lavender, or dove, and finished off in its own wise at the top. Some are machicolated, some rise to tall Gothic points, others are scalloped in the most varied manner, and all are generously supplied with small, red-capped bay windows filled with scarlet geraniums and distributed in irregular fashion over the house fronts. These gay, picture-book dwellings are like raw recruits in the matter of keeping line, — some jut out, and some stand back; but the commanding captain seems to

be the delightful old marble Rathhaus with its great protruding corner of bow windows which rise one above the other in a sort of tower, and make a background to the stone fountain and mitred bishop. Pass through the pointed arch, climb the stairs, and you will find the interior no less interesting. The paneled bow window, with its lozenge panes, ancient settles, and comfortable round table, clamors in your mind for six ruddy, burly, green-waistcoated old burghers gloriously draining their foaming tankards. Around the walls hang queer sacred pictures of the fifteenth century, and from the centre of the ceiling is suspended the pride of the town's heart, the chandelier for which the proverbial Englishman vainly offered thirty thousand gulden. It is a woman's head and bust of carved wood developing mermaid-wise into the long curved horns of a chamois.

Cæsar's dictum, "Better be first in a small Iberian village than second in Rome," often occurred to me as we three American girls wandered bare-headed up and down the quaint street to rummage the garrets for antiquities, or filled the small pastry-cook shop with jollity while we wavered between the attractions of hazelnut and cream cakes. The flirtatious young draper who came in the evening to play the zither in the *Gaststube* of the Golden Rose seemed to fall into an ecstasy of bowing delight when we crossed his threshold for a bit of tape or six shoe-buttons, and his rival, a little farther up under the arcade, threw the deep devotion of an ancient liegeman into his solemn "Empfehle mich." When one of the trio stopped in a tiny shop to purchase a Tyrolean pipe for somebody's brother across the sea, the saleswoman prolonged the transaction as much as possible to extract detailed information about the party, and I suspect that, in spite of her scant stock and the lilliputian dimensions of her domain, the price of the pipe was at that moment of very secondary importance.

In truth, my little town, though accustomed to transient German and Austrian pedestrians, was not hardened to the excitement of an American quartette settling for a month in the midst of it. The tall, stately guardian of Castle Sprechenstein pronounced the girls "*drei schöne Mädchen*," and other vague, insinuating bits of flattery floated to the American ears. The kitchen

Vehmgericht at the Golden Rose declared the delicate, scholarly face of the party's head "most beautiful and fatherly;" and when the trio sallied forth in all the bravery of their girlish finery to drink coffee with the doctor's daughter from Meran, every window held an admiring pair of eyes, and the culinary corps suddenly and simultaneously needed water at the roadside fountain. Each morning our bedroom bouquets of carnations and passion flowers were renewed by the faithful Anna, and offerings of delicately arranged wild flowers came, as dainty tribute, from other well-wishers. As an offset to this æsthetic side of life, the family digestion, on Saturdays and Mondays, went through a stern German ordeal of pork, cabbage, dumplings, and noodles which made existence a dim, doubtful joy, only illuminated by the pudding moment, when every countenance lighted as the two Tonys came proudly in bearing the generous results of Frau Obexer's skill.

The way the table was waited on never ceased to be a source of amused impatience. Not a scrap was served until the very last straggler of the twenty boarders established himself at the table; then the Tonys went around collecting information as to the varieties of dark beer, Pilsener, and red or white wine wanted. In removing the courses, Tony No. 1 took off the plates, and Tony No. 2 followed for the knives; Tony No. 1 gave each person a clean saucer, and Tony No. 2 came on behind with a spoon. It never seemed to occur to any of the Teutonic minds that this order might be accelerated or simplified.

Our table's claims paled before those of the adjoining room, where athletic young members of the Alpine Club were entertained; and we never wearied of seeing Tony No. 1 sit down by a tall fellow's side, with her arm confidently laid on the back of his chair, to make out his bill. Is it treason, under the rose, to tell how Tony No. 2, a veritable Tyrolese beauty, was discovered one day contentedly sitting on the knee of an old gentleman who was taking his beer in the garden?

All day long, rain or shine, our Germans tramped, but after supper everybody sat around the long table and waxed sociable. The young dentist from Munich contrived animals and acrobatic skeletons out of bread crumbs and toothpicks, which were admir-

ingly passed from hand to hand; Joachim's pupil from Berlin made her violin say strange, wonderful things; and everybody drank beer. Sometimes the whole tableful would swing out into a rhythmic German song to the sound of the violin, and then again there would be a juvenile stampede to the Gaststube and the tinkling zither. Here, under the unfailing black crucifix of the Tyrol, the village beaux played billiards and drank their beer, and in a few seconds the room would be full of mazy motion, softly blurred by the blue smoke of many pipes. I never expect to see anything more graceful than the two Tonys gliding smoothly through a waltz together, but the favorite sight was that of the two pretty American sisters; and a boyish young fellow in a crisp pink shirt stumbled against public opinion when he blurted out that, according to his Leipsic code, only peasants reversed and danced so slowly. From time to time traveling musicians discoursed throughout the evening really exquisite music to an appreciative audience.

Space fails me to tell of all that filled that Tyrolese July: of the dark, windy night when a reiterated horn-blast resounded through the street and narrow alleys to summon help for a burning farm far up the valley, and the girls dashed away to the spot through the shadows and dusty whirlwinds; of the expeditions to Reifenstein Castle, with its Gothic furniture and its frescoed room of that weird green color like the rust on old coins, suggesting by its dim, eerie atmosphere the mysterious workshop of some terrible magician; of the picnic in the pine woods beneath the glistening glaciers; in short, of what made this Tyrolese nook dear to the quartette.

The last night came; Suzel wept, and her cheerful aunt melted to tears. Edith was handed a smooth white rock on which she was requested to write her name, to consecrate it as a paper-weight to be kept for life in memory of the beloved Americans; another admirer presented Louise with pressed Alpine flowers, and a Tyrolese picture dedicated by a note in which the donor called herself a "humble mountain blossom," and the recipient "the magnificent flower of America." Anna, the chambermaid, proudly produced three large bouquets framed by broad lace paper collars (which the girls carried seven miles to spare her feelings), and the dining-room was a chorus of "Happy

journeys," "Auf wiedersehens," and ejaculated wishes that it might rain on the morrow and prevent the departure of the pedestrians. It *did* rain, and the chagrined party had to meekly come down to eat breakfast, dinner, and supper again with their vociferously rejoicing friends. The second edition of the leave-taking, perhaps a shade less mournful, took place that evening to the sound of steady rainfall, and to our astonishment the next morning dawned brightly, luminously clear, with tidy white sheets of gleaming snow drawn neatly over every mountain top. Most people were still asleep, but we were again embraced and wept over by Suzel and the aunt. We shook hands with Herr Obexer and the pudding-maker, with Anna and the two Tonys. Our collared bouquets held proudly aloft, we marched away up the bright little street, and until we turned the curve we could descry Suzel and the aunt apparently waving themselves out of their bow window, and blond Herr Obexer bowing double in the arched doorway just under the Golden Rose.

"The Marchioness." — There were already four cats on our premises, — four cats belonging to nobody in particular, — when the Marchioness elected to make her abode with us.

Now, besides the fact that four cats are rather more than a sufficiency for any well-regulated establishment, the Marchioness had no attractions to recommend her to our favor as a superfluity. She was what boys call a "gutter kitten;" and, like the Marchioness of the immortal story, "she must have been at work from her cradle." An unrelaxed "striving for dear existence," a bare, unbeautiful existence, had obliterated all the sleek feline graces. She was handicapped at the start by a coat of brindled gray; the best wear, no doubt, for a gutter kitten, making of her an inconspicuous speck to escape observation; but had she been "a motley to the view," appealing to the lust of the eyes in the variegated glory of sumptuous tortoise-shell, haply some cat-lover had rescued her from a fate forlorn before she forgot the frolic uses of a kitten's tail.

The Marchioness was still a kitten when she came to us; an *old* kitten, in whom the juvenile spirit had perished utterly. She had no mind to frisk, and she manifested a distinct aversion to petting. Superannuated

by the uses of adversity, all she demanded was to be let to live. She did not seem to expect to be fed, always preferring to forage for herself at haphazard. Snatching scraps and dodging missiles had been the two imperative problems of her existence, and she knew nothing else. But constant practice in these accomplishments had developed in her a wariness and a promptitude not to be excelled.

The little vagrant made it evident, from the first hour of her arrival, that she had come to stay; and because she was all skin and bone, with a voice that hardly exceeded a whisper, and eyes forever on the alert, we let her stay, for very pity, and we gave her a name that we loved. Very soon it was discovered that if the Marchioness had no beauty, she had in no small measure the gift of character; and character, though it does not assert its claims so immediately as beauty, excites a livelier curiosity, creates a keener interest, establishes a more lasting impression.

The four cats of old possession, the Jet, the two Snowballs, and the Tortoise-Shell, eyed the intruder with supercilious disdain, flaunting their prescriptive privileges as if to proclaim to the forlorn plebeian that her betters had arrived before her. But the Marchioness was not expecting to be adopted; all she sought was a chance "to quench her hunger" a little less precariously than street vagabondage permitted. Brickbats and broomsticks, and such like violence, she had so long been habituated to that mere slights made no impression. As to the soft places, the cosy nooks, where luxurious naps were to be enjoyed on chair cushions or sofa pillows, the Marchioness, having no knowledge of such indulgences, did not aspire to them. It fulfilled her idea of comfort that she was left unmolested to snooze in the sunshine, on the piazza edge, outside the railing; and in all her coming and going she maintained her isolated existence, in serene oblivion of the pampered quartette.

But the day of her supremacy was to dawn ere long. Hitherto the four associated cats had lorded it over the premises by right of having no rivals and no determinate owner, — a questionable advantage, indeed, since in such cases ownership means championship. But there came a rival at last, a formidable rival, accredited to a responsible

master, — a magnificent young Newfoundland dog, so black that, until a more appropriate name suggested itself, he was known by the elaborate title of the Ace-of-Spades. The Ace-of-Spades "played the deuce" with the cats. Considering himself monarch of all he surveyed, his first decree was that all felines must go.

Cats, however, especially long-established cats, are obstinately loath to change their quarters. Neither the Tortoise-Shell, nor the Jet, nor either of the Snowballs, indeed, presumed to offer battle; they fled precipitately to the roof or the treetops, upon the first canine demonstration; but they returned again and again. Yet could they never evade the vigilant Ace-of-Spades, ready to pounce upon them the instant they descended. Then would ensue a dash, a growl, a bark, a squall, a scamper, and a scurry for safety; until, wearied out with this persistency of attack, the persecuted quartette took refuge permanently in the orchard, over the high fence of which it did not comport with the dignity of the Ace-of-Spades to follow.

While this lively warfare endured, the Marchioness pursued the even tenor of her way, protected by her insignificance; but when at last the Ace-of-Spades had effectually banished his four adult aversions, his eyes were opened to the "impertinent individuality" of the little scrawny gray kitten. When first he took notice of her existence, she was performing her morning toilet where the sunshine flooded the piazza. The Ace-of-Spades approached for a nearer view of the microscopic object, and, recognizing his lawful prey, made a premonitory dash, with the short, sharp bark, his signal of attack, as he crouched, and brought his nose on a level with the midgut.

It was a breathless moment, the crisis of her fate; for one tap of his vigorous paw would have annihilated that mere anatomy. But the Marchioness was equal to the emergency. Before we could rush to the rescue, she had reared back upon her haunches, quivering in every fibre, but "game" every inch of her; and stretching her meagre jaws to emit the faint squeak that served her on all occasions of protest, she raked the Ace-of-Spades severely across the nose.

The giant recoiled with a low whine of pain and astonishment, and stared at the audacious speck incredulously. The audacious

speck stared back unflinchingly. Then, in the language of defiant kittenhood, with a voice that was but a sound this side of silence, she said plainly, "Now I hope you are satisfied, you great brute," and soberly walked away to the other corner to resume licking her dingy fur.

The Ace-of-Spades gazed after her and pondered deeply, — or seemed to. When next he made advances to the Marchioness, they were of a pacific nature. But the Marchioness was a wary young one; distrusting caresses, she first resented, and long steadily resisted, his friendly overtures. In the end, however, the indomitable subdner of felines prevailed; and one day, the Marchioness, being minded to make experiment of a softer resting-place than the piazza floor, crept between the great black paws that once had threatened her life, curled herself up in comfortable security, and went to sleep. The Ace-of-Spades watched over her slumbers with dignified indulgence, and from that time forth became her pillow, her shelter, her protector, her *friend*. Needless to say what name the Newfoundland thus won for himself.

— It is what Carlyle called a *Lady Tramp*. "leafy Sussex lane." It was a favorite lane with young Arthur Stanley when yonder rectory was his temporary home, and fame far before him. But a short bird's flight away is the cottage in which John Sterling lodged during the very brief time that he served the Church; through these hedgerows Frederick Denison Maurice often passed, seeing only the world within him.

It is a lane of English poetry and idyls; withdrawn from a quiet highway, and winding through cornfields past a stately mansion with Jacobean windows blocked up and Victorian children about the door, till it dwindles to a mere track across the ancient deer park to the ruined castle.

Because of its seclusion it was chosen by one easily mistaken for a lady gathering flowers, perhaps even for the *châtelaine* of yonder towers gathering simples for the still-room; a dignified attitude, figure even stately, the dress (twenty yards away) entirely ladylike.

But why that blue vapor rising timidly but an inch or two above the grass? Has a lady of the olden times here set up her delicate laboratory to distill sweet fra-

grances and perfumed oils and essences, within touch of the vast and silent one of nature herself?

"I am not a good fire-maker," said a gentle voice, a voice that might have given command to many men and maidens.

The speaker wore a hat becoming her age and face. A queen of fashion could not have better chosen. It was a close, lace-trimmed, black hat, precisely such as dowager duchesses wear in their gardens; under its drooping brim, snowy hair, a refined but weather-beaten face, sound but neglected teeth. A faded cloak, once elegant, the remnants of a cotton frock, and ragged boot soles under more ragged white cotton stockings had no suggestion whatever of the neatness which makes poverty respectable. Instead of neatness and respectability was an air those decencies never have, *le grand air*.

In the midst of the timid smoke was a biscuit tin, set among smouldering twigs gathered by the wayside. "Would you kindly smell of it, madam," she mildly said, "and tell me how it seems to one who fares daintily? I have scraped away all the maggots." Had she said "lady," the shibboleth of menials, I should never have seen the inside of that biscuit tin with contents gently seething, ornamented with a bit of parsley, and sending up no odor, so far as I could tell.

"Thank you," re-covering the tin. "Now it will taste better. A butcher's kind wife gave it to me."

Her glances about her were as timid as her timid fire. "I asked a lady outside the lane if any trouble could come upon me here, and she thought not. I should like a cup of tea" (she said "cup," but meant her rusty cocoa tin) "better than this flesh food, and people will rarely refuse us hot water, though they refuse us everything else."

That "us" was the first actual clue to her condition.

"I did not sleep well last night. A cup of tea cheers without inebriating, after such a night;" adding naively, "Do you not find it so?"

Only in answer to questioning, felt under the circumstances to be grossly vulgar and impertinent, she told that, although last night's lodgings had been satisfactory, the sound of whistling outside had several times disturbed her slumbers.

"Who whistle are honest," said the visitor.

"Of just such we are, unfortunately, afraid," she answered simply. "The single woman seemed delicate, so I gave her my corner, away from the door; the married couple took the fagot-heap; so I had Hobson's choice inside the empty coal-bin, although I did not know it till I found bits in my mouth; but, as Shakespeare says, where ignorance is bliss 't is folly to be wise."

"Where are your fellow-lodgers? Why did you not keep with them?"

"Why should I? I knew not who and what they were. Doubtless they were decent enough, but one must be very careful in making acquaintance when one takes to the road. The single woman was rather clever; she told me not to be afraid of dirty water, for all comes clean when it is boiled. But she had biscuits and sugar, and the married couple had tea. I had nothing, so I left them all together."

The tanned and dirty hands were soft and still shapely. "Picking oakum is their severest labor," she said. "I avoid the Shelters as much as possible on that account; also because in the most of them the officers speak as if you were dirt under their feet. The last one I entered at Hastings is a very ill-bred affair; so is that at Hailsham. I have turned sixty, but I can still walk all night rather than bear with rudeness. I am getting on to the Hailsham Shelter now, but if the sky clears I shall make an effort to pass it; they keep you in until eleven, the best time of the day. Hopping begins next week; I shall probably have a pound at the end of it, enough to pay my winter's rent. I cannot earn now the wages of twenty-five. At twenty-five I paid wages; at fifty I was servant in a clergyman's family, but I could not get on with his wife; her accent was atrociously vulgar; in Warwick we use good English; so I took out a five-shilling license to sell the bit of lace I crochet; and now I have neither license nor lace."

"Husband? He died of riotous living. Children? Both dead, and I have no abiding city, no home made with hands."

Was she going to cant? Did she take me for a Bible reader, as van people usually do?

"Sad, is n't it?" she laughed gleefully, seeing my perplexed face.

"You don't look your age, dear" (when told it). "But it's sheets." Here she drew herself up as do tragedy queens. She flour-

ished a rusty case knife and a battered cocoa tin, not violently, but in a grand manner. "Sheets," she crooned, — "sheets, white, clean sheets; under them a bed, over them soft, white blankets! In them one may turn as far as one's arms can reach. Oh, the blessedness of sheets, sweet-smelling sheets, sheets! Can such things be without our special wonder? the Bible says."

The Lady Tramp then deliberately turned her back on me. She had asked for nothing, and I felt dismissed with a whole Longer Catechism yet unanswered.

When I returned, half an hour later, madam had tied her biscuit tin and contents in a grimy cloth to sling upon her arm. She accepted a small parcel with a stately bow. "You are not a Christian," she daringly said; "Christians don't give away grocer's parcels of tea. You are better, — you are a lady!"

As she placed the parcel in her ragged satchel she saw an inquisitive gaze rest upon a few yellow rags neatly folded.

"My clean handkerchiefs," she explained.

Franklin's — A house standing at one end
"Our Lady of Auteuil." of what was then the suburban village of Auteuil, with a long, narrow strip of two acres of ground behind it, and a small one-storied pavilion or annex at the extremity, became in 1773 the residence of Madame Helvetius, and the resort of some of the best thinkers in France. Blessed with twenty brothers and sisters, of good birth but without a dowry, and not expected to have a husband, Anne Catherine de Ligniville had been saved from the otherwise inevitable cloister life by being adopted by her aunt, Madame de Graffigny, an amateur dramatist and novelist. But in 1751, at the mature age of thirty-two, "Minette" ("Pussy"), as she was called, had accepted the hand of Helvetius, the son and grandson of Dutch doctors, butler to Louis XV.'s queen, and enriched by tax-farming. After twenty years of happiness with a husband whose virtues, as Rousseau told him, belied his materialistic doctrines, the widowed lady, having seen her two daughters married, quitted Paris for this suburban retreat, to which her lively conversation, her simplicity and kindness, attracted excellent company. Laroche, a secularized priest, ex-librarian to the Duke of Zweibrücken, a collector of books and curiosities, was a permanent inmate, and

another priest, Morellet, was installed in the pavilion, though he spent half the week at Paris. From 1778, moreover, there was an adoptive son, Cabanis, of whom Madame Helvetius was wont to say that, were transmigration a fact, she should believe that the soul of her only son, who died at the age of fourteen months, had been reincarnated in Cabanis. Her friends forbore advancing the objection that for nearly a year the two infants were contemporaries, and would thus have had but one soul between them. The young medical student, the future physician of Mirabeau, whose agony he refused to shorten by opiates, went to Auteuil on what was to be a short visit, but it lasted thirty years. The habitual callers included Chamfort, that "ill-licked cub," as Madame Necker styled him, whose misanthropic talk made the hostess melancholy for the rest of the day; the poet Roucher, with his wife and daughter, little Eulalie, on whom Madame Helvetius conferred her own old pet name of "Pussy;" Turgot and Condorcet, inseparable friends, full of faith in the regeneration of mankind; Volney, who had mused on the ruins of Palmyra; and Sieyès whose pamphlet in 1789 was to electrify France. Last, not least, there was Franklin, who, introduced by Turgot and Malesherbes, walked over twice or thrice a week from the adjoining village of Passy. He it was who styled the hostess "Notre Dame d'Auteuil," while he named her married daughters "les deux Étoiles."

The lady took such a liking to the American philosopher as to relax her rule of seclusion, and, accompanied by Laroche, Morellet, or Cabanis, she paid a weekly visit to Passy. During one of these visits she insisted on the destruction of the cobwebs which had perhaps afforded Franklin matter for meditation; whereupon, acting as amanuensis to the flies, he presented her with their address of thanks. It must, however, have been at Auteuil that Madame Helvetius, who had already, it is believed, refused Turgot, declined to become Mrs. Franklin No. 2, — a refusal so amiably expressed that Franklin sent her the next morning an account of his charming dream of the condolence on his rebuff offered him in the Elysian fields by Helvetius, who had there found a helpmeet in Mrs. Franklin No. 1. With good-humored irony Franklin professed to have been told by Helvetius that

his suit might have prospered better had he got Morellet to plead for him, or Laroche against him. Across the street lived Madame de Boufflers, the lady whom Dr. Johnson, in the most negligent of toilets, escorted to her coach in Fleet Street, and visitors often went from one house to the other. Well might Franklin, from the other side of the Atlantic, sometimes wish himself back at these feasts of reason, of which no record, alas, remains, — feasts almost devoid of belief in theology, but full of belief in human progress. Turgot's death in 1781 and Franklin's departure four years later made serious gaps in the circle. Turgot had enjoyed a Pisgah view of the Revolution; Franklin lived to see its brilliant dawn. Both were spared the spectacle of the atrocities of the Terror. As for the remaining "Academicians," we may imagine their enthusiasm in 1789, Morellet being the only scoffer, and indeed turning traitor by a malicious pamphlet against Madame Helvetius and Cabanis. Alas! the guillotine was destined to claim Roucher; Condorcet escaped it only by poison; and even the inoffensive Laroche, after his brief honors of the village mayoralty, suffered imprisonment. Sex, moreover, was no protection, for poor Madame de Boufflers underwent incarceration; but Madame Helvetius was, happily, unmolested. Yet prepared at any moment for arrest, she is believed to have buried a large sum of money in her park, and to have been unable, the danger over, to recollect the spot. The story would seem to have better foundation than other traditions of hidden treasure, for her heirs, on selling the ground, reserved their right to any eventual discovery.

Auteuil enjoyed a kind of Indian summer after the fall of Robespierre, but its hostess never forgot its early luminaries. She fainted on having one day to pass through the Place de la Concorde, which recalled the fate of Roucher and Condorcet, and she especially liked, as Helen Williams testifies, to speak of Franklin, who seems to have stood second in her affections to her husband; and him she counted on rejoining when the time should come for her ashes to be laid in a corner of the garden which she calmly pointed out to her visitors. She continued to feed troops of birds in winter on her balcony, and her eighteen cats were too well fed and lazy to

interfere with them, or even with the mice which scampered about her drawing-room. The ideologists, as the surviving Girondists were now called, were deluded into applauding the eighteenth Brumaire, mistaking Bonaparte for a French Washington who was to restore liberty as well as order. He used them, as he did other parties, for his own ends, and then dismissed them with contempt, or muzzled them by public appointments. Yet on one of his three visits to Auteuil he partially unmasked himself by commenting on the smallness of the park, whereupon Madame Helvetius replied, "You do not know, general, what happiness can be found in two acres." That happiness had been heightened in 1796 by the marriage of Cabanis with Charlotte Grouchy, Madame Condorcet's sister, and the children born to the pair gladdened the hostess's last days.

When she peacefully expired with the expiring century, at the age of eighty-one, her daughters scrupulously respected her desire — for the law did not allow her to command — that Laroche and Cabanis should remain in their old home. Laroche, however, after being a deputy, retired to the country in 1803, but Cabanis retained possession till his death in 1808. Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, already separated from the wife who had insisted on still calling herself Madame Lavoisier, then hired part of the house. He occupied it till his decease in 1814, Cuvier and a few other friends keeping up with him the traditions of genial conversation. Three years later the property was sold by the descendants of Madame Helvetius. In 1871, the house, already stripped of most of the park, was burnt down, and a Jewish college now occupies the site. The pavilion was destroyed six years afterwards, and the spring in the street facing the house, where Louis XV. used to drink on his way to the hunting-box at La Muette, has also disappeared. Thus no material trace remains of this rendezvous of wit and enlightenment, except that two or three trees behind the Jewish college look as though they might have been saplings a century ago. But M. Antoine Guillois, with the aid of his ancestor Roucher's documents, and with access to the papers of Cabanis and Condorcet, has revived the memories of Auteuil in his charming little volume *Le Salon de Madame Hel-*

vetius, while the eloquence of the hostess's great-grandson, M. de Mun, a French deputy and Catholic lay revivalist, shows that ancestral talent in the intermediate generations was not probably extinct, but merely dormant.

"As Others See." — Not long ago it was my fortune to have an experience not usually vouchsafed, — at least seldom in so poignant and complete a degree as it befell to me. With the Club's permission I will record.

It was on a dull, rainy day in winter, such weather as increases immeasurably the clang of the city street, and renders the pedestrian's career a most tedious undertaking, from the tendency of multiplied and hurrying umbrellas to interlock overhead, after the manner of the Roman artifice of shields. It was the sort of day when, by natural law, the spirits take their barometrical position at the very bottom stratum, and when humanity appears altogether unlovely, save, perhaps, to the resolute philanthropist. My errand, among a series of petty commissions, was to have a prescription filled for an invalid friend. For this, however, I did not intend to go out of my way; the next apothecary shop would do as well as any other, although the street through which I was passing was unfamiliar.

In the usual repetend of shops of all kinds, a drug store was soon reached. It was of considerable pretension, extending, as it appeared to me on entering, quite through to the next street, so uncommonly well lighted were the generally dingy recesses of the dispensary. When the prescription was filled, I resolved to take a cross-cut to the adjoining street, and was passing rapidly through the long room when I was stopped by one of those fatuous encounters with strangers which might well be called impromptu dodging-matches, and in which each person turns simultaneously to the right, to the left, and *da capo*, yet neither seems able to effect a passing.

I shall leave it, eventually, to the reader to decide why the person I thus met excited in me an ire and an impatience quite disproportionate to the occasion. The woman, — I felt that I could scarcely call her a lady, such was the entire absence of bearing and of self-possession displayed by her

in the matter, — the woman had a face that was distinctly careworn, the expression jaded, yet with the suggestion of a capacity in the wearer to be roused into a light-minded interest in tiresome details such as a cultivated mind very properly abhors. She was, I saw, no longer young (I shall not forget that fact); and I distinctly remember how ill her rather shabby clothes hung upon a figure pronouncedly lank. But then the wet weather drives us into the unhappiest acquaintances; so I would withhold criticism on that point.

We dodged to right, to left, and *da capo*. She appeared as much annoyed as myself; but how I wished she would forbear a most disagreeably conciliatory way she had of smiling at each ineffective mutual bob! Moreover, I thought I saw, as her eyes more directly met mine, a tendency to the sardonic jocularity of that class of citizeness who should say, "Give it up, ma'am!"

The woman was just putting her lips in motion, perhaps for the enunciation of that conjectural remark, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a voice at my side, whose tone was one of courteous alarm, "Madam, the mirror! *This way, please!*"

The drug clerk had saved me from the destruction of valuable property (sparing, incidentally, the leanest of all purses). The quicksilver charm was dissolved, and yet not until I had cast an involuntary glance at my late fellow-dodger, and she had thrown me one, of mingled relief for herself and contempt for my maladroitness. Besides, I have since thought she may have been a person of some sagacity; for it seemed to me that in that fleeting final glance I detected an amused apprehension of my thoughts on class distinctions in which she had figured to such disadvantage.

In brief, I had frequently heard that to see one's double is significant of one's approaching dissolution. My own experience in the matter leads me to affirm that such an apparition does certainly, sometimes, forewarn the demise of that very large part of ourselves which we term Vanity. Posthumous reflections on this subject may be salutary, but they are not conducive to moral comfort; and I often rue the day that I saw the shabby woman in the mirror.

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